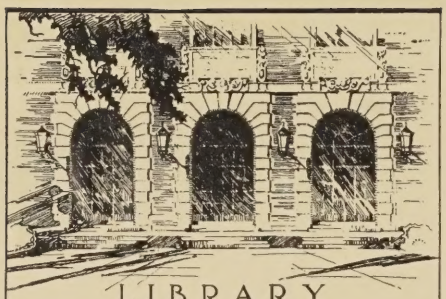
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# The Nation

VOLUME V.

April 3rd, 1909, to September 25th, 1909.

LONDON: 14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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v.5

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED,
WHITEFRIARS HOUSE, E.C.

# The Nation

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 1.] SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

Last winter the financial seers all prophesied that Mr. Asquith's estimates of revenue would prove far too optimistic. Certainly the example of all the other great countries would have led us to expect a very heavy deficiency. But fortunately our case is unlike that of Germany and the United States. Our revenue does not fluctuate very widely in times of trade depression; for we do not depend in the same way on the customs. The income tax is our great stand-by; and it has come in so well during the last few weeks that it has yielded almost a million more than Mr. Asquith anticipated. It is believed also that merchants interested in sugar, tea, and spirits have taken the precaution to lay in heavy stocks of these articles in case the Chancellor of the Exchequer should find it convenient to increase the existing scale of taxation. As regards tea and sugar the apprehension is probably ungrounded. An increase might easily lead to a Government defeat, just as last year Mr. Asquith was unable to resist party pressure for a reduction in the sugar tax. It is very likely also that old age pensions have increased the consumption of tea and sugar amongst the poor.

* * *

Although every newspaper makes a different estimate it seems pretty certain that the realised deficiency (after allowing for some savings in expenditure) will be about three-quarters of a million. If Mr. Lloyd George bases his estimate of next year's revenue on the realised revenue of the financial year which closed on Wednesday night, he will have to fill up a deficiency of some fourteen millions, thanks mainly to the enormous additional sums that are required for old age pensions and the Navy. We are inclined, however, to think that the trade outlook offers a more hopeful prospect, although something must be allowed for a further loss on the sugar duties. Probably the deficiency may be about twelve millions, of which four, it is feared, will be abstracted from the Sinking Fund. The simplest and, perhaps, the best way of getting the remaining eight millions would be by means of the licence duties, the estate duties and the income tax. The principle of graduation is certainly the right principle to go upon, and there is no reason why it should not be carried up into the higher reaches of income and capital. But if Mr. Lloyd George has the courage to be bold, he will have been studying the history and present state of the ancient land tax. Other sources of revenue may be found in the increased taxation of Stock Exchange transactions, and possibly in a small duty on newspapers or advertisements.

* * *

On Monday Prince Bülow delivered a long and elaborate address to the Reichstag on foreign affairs. He began with a defence of his Morocco policy, and the Franco-German agreement, the object of which was to substitute for antagonism co-operation in opening up Morocco. He admitted some inconsequence in regard to Morocco, but declared that an audacious opportunism was the best foreign policy. Turning to the Balkan crisis, he stated that from the very beginning Germany had announced her resolution to support Austria, a course imposed by treaty obligations and necessary for the maintenance of Germany's influence in Europe. Germany had offered her mediation wherever practicable, but she remembered that her mediation at the Berlin Congress had put her in the black books of all the Powers, and she held that, in so far as Servia was concerned, Austria's right was beyond question.

* * *

Prince Buelow read his statement with regard to England, every word of which was carefully weighed. The exchange of views, he said, between England and Germany with reference to an agreement for the restriction of their naval programmes had been wholly informal, and England had never put forward a proposal which could constitute the basis of official negotiations. The German fleet was not designed to rival the English, but solely to protect the German shores and German commerce. The German programme had been made public; there was no dissimulation and no intention to accelerate construction beyond the rate laid down in the navy law. Every report to the contrary was false. In the autumn of 1912 at the earliest Germany would have ready thirteen "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles."

* * *

Since the Hague Conference no disarmament formula had been devised which took account of the very divergent interests of the various nations and offered a favorable basis for negotiation. As long as that was

lacking, the German Government would maintain its point of view; namely, that all negotiations for a limitation of naval construction, whether entered upon by two or more Powers, offered no hope of practical issue. The Imperial Government's intentions were humanitarian and peaceful, and it would continue to cultivate friendly relations with England. Admiral von Tirpitz, the Naval Secretary, speaking after Prince Bülow, elaborated his account of the present position of German construction. Private yards in Germany, he said, could build a battleship in thirty-six months, Imperial yards in forty months, and to this period several months must be added for trials. Two ships of the 1909 programme had been ordered last autumn from private yards at a low price, subject to the Reichstag's approval, to prevent a ring of the private yards sending up prices if four had been ordered all at once. These two had only been promised. No contract had been made nor would be signed until after the estimates were voted. The period for building them was thirty-six months, beginning April 1st, 1909, and not a farthing would be paid until April 1st. The tenders for the other two would not be asked for till the end of summer, and the orders not given till some months later. In autumn, 1912, Germany would have ten "Dreadnoughts" and three "Invincibles," thirteen big ships in all, not seventeen.

* * *

The vote of censure, moved on Monday night by Mr. Arthur Lee, in a mild edition of his scare speeches, was rejected by 353 votes to 135. Only two so-called Liberals, Mr. Bellairs and Captain Kincaid-Smith, voted with the Opposition. The speech of the debate was Sir Edward Grey's, which deeply impressed its hearers by its power of statement, its gravity of tone, and its very pessimistic statement of the European situation. The Foreign Secretary justly charged the Opposition with making the Navy a party question, which he called a "criminal" proceeding, and he repudiated their call for the immediate construction of eight "Dreadnoughts." As for the Government, they asked not for a party victory, but for national "confidence." The German creation of a fleet of thirty-three "Dreadnoughts" imposed on us the necessity of rebuilding the whole of our fleet, but he affirmed our superior building capacities on every point but that of gun-mountings, where we were prepared to retain our old advantage. The Government were not therefore afraid of a contest in armaments.

* * *

Sir Edward's view of the immediate prospect in diplomacy was fairly hopeful. Our relations with Germany had improved since Algeciras, and now there was a "wide space" in which both Governments could walk in "amity and peace." The conditions were, first, that we should not try to "isolate" Germany; secondly, that Germany should not isolate us by trying to "dominate and dictate the policy of the Continent," a phrase, we are afraid, which lends itself to a wide interpretation by a British statesman of the "forward" school. He doubted whether an arrangement as to naval expenditure with Germany was feasible on the only possible basis, namely, a superior British fleet, and he had not had a "whisper" from Germany that this might be brought about if we changed our view of the capture of private property at sea.

* * *

As to programmes he stated that the four conditional "Dreadnoughts" did not necessarily imply a limitation of next year's programme. Neither, we imagine, do they forecast an addition to it, the Cabinet being free to build either two or four or more "Dreadnoughts" next year, as it thinks necessary. If in future there was a "doubt" as to German intentions and actions, the Government would give the benefit of it to "national security." Half the revenues of the great European peoples were now being spent on preparations to kill each other, and national burdens were tending to national bankruptcy. But the danger could not be averted by one country alone, and we in particular could not afford to become the "conscript appendage" of some stronger Power. Mr. Asquith practically repeated the pith of this argument. He added that our productive naval capacity was being increased, though on this point his statement that orders to this effect were given to the big shipbuilding firms in January has been contradicted by a member of Armstrongs. He said that if necessary the Government would not hesitate to lay down four extra "Dreadnoughts," and, treating the Vote of Censure as a mere party move, said contemptuously that it merely indicated the Opposition's belief in their own superior powers and patriotism.

* * *

Meanwhile Mr. Balfour has frankly turned the Navy into a Tory asset. He has made three speeches, at the House of Commons, at the Agricultural Hall to the National Conservative Union, and in a so-called citizens' but obviously Tory gathering at the Guildhall. For each of them he and the nation, should he ever return to power, will have to pay dearly. The first effect of his conduct was seen in Australia's withdrawal from a tentative proposal by New South Wales and Victoria to offer a second "Dreadnought." The Federal Government's opposition—Mr. Deakin, by the way, appears to be friendly—and Australia's fears of being drawn into British party conflict were plainly responsible for this decision. Mr. Balfour's tone has been strongly anti-German. He insisted, at the Guildhall, that Germany was building against us, adding, untruthfully, that her power of production was as great as our own, and insisting that in return we should "build without delay, without hesitation, without waiting for contingencies, for obscure circumstances, for future necessity"—senseless words which will come back heavily on their author.

* * *

Abandoning his calculations of 21 or 26 German "Dreadnoughts" in 1912, he suggested that the danger lay in the creation of new German ships of a superior type, which might be rapidly multiplied in 1913 and 1914. Thus, unlike our ancestors, who fought and destroyed actual Armadas without an Armada of their own, we fear Armadas that have not been built, or even begun. At the Agricultural Hall he openly linked his naval policy with Protection, declaring that the one was a complement of the other. On the other hand, Lord Brassey, who has forgotten more about ships than Mr. Balfour ever knew, stated at the Guildhall meeting that the Government were wise in going slow with the "Dreadnought" type, and that money had been wasted on cruisers and vessels of small fighting efficiency.

* * *

The Austro-Servian conflict has been settled, and with it the Balkan trouble is practically over. During

last week Sir Edward Grey was trying to arrange joint intervention at Belgrade by the Powers in terms quite satisfactory to Austria. Russia stood in the way, but on Thursday Russia's resistance collapsed, and she announced that she was ready to give immediately her individual sanction to the annexation of Bosnia. An agreement was then speedily reached. It took the form of an undertaking to Austria by the Powers to recognise the annexation of Bosnia and the presentation to Servia of a Note for submission to Austria. Servia, of course, was compelled to accept the Powers' advice, and the Note drafted by them was, equally of course, pronounced thoroughly satisfactory by Austria. By its terms Servia acknowledges that the *fait accompli* in Bosnia did not affect her rights, and promises to abandon her hostile attitude, to change her policy, and to reduce her armaments to a peace footing. It will be seen that Austria has been completely victorious, and secured everything she wanted. Some French papers and the anti-German papers in England declare that Russia gave way before the threat of a German attack. There is no evidence of this, and it has been semi-officially denied in Germany. Russia doubtless gave way because she found that Austria was determined to hold her ground, while she herself was unwilling to make any sacrifices for Servia, and had already cut the ground from under her feet by recognising King Ferdinand.

* * *

Sir William White, one of the ablest naval constructors of our times, has an instructive and very reassuring article in the "Nineteenth Century and After" on the naval situation. We set out his main conclusions:—

(1) That now and for some years to come the main strength of the Navy will consist, not in "Dreadnoughts," but in pre-"Dreadnought" vessels.

(2) That Mr. McKenna's statements as to German acceleration were not a "fact" as regards two of the ships, and not "a new fact" as regards the other two.

(3) That the so-called secrecy of the German Admiralty was brought about by the secrecy of our own.

(4) That it is not wise, until we know more about "Dreadnoughts," to go on building them "on an increasing scale of size and cost."

(5) That this country has still a distinct superiority over Germany in the manufacture of materials for war vessels, and that Mr. Lee's statements on this point are not credible.

(6) That Mr. McKenna underestimated the number of slips in this country capable of receiving "Dreadnoughts."

(7) That the method of laying down a great number of ships simultaneously is useless as a device for stopping German competition.

(8) That there is no justification for the scare, and that our naval supremacy will be in no danger three years hence.

We hope that Sir William White's article will be read by those whom it closely concerns. They, we are afraid we must add, include most of our leading statesmen.

* * *

The House of Commons passed the second reading of the Indian Councils Bill on Thursday without a dissentient voice, Mr. Asquith contributing a stout and powerful defence of the Bill, and Mr. Balfour solemnly washing his hands of it. The clause excised by the Lords is to be restored. The Prime Minister strongly defended the appointment of Mr. Sinha to be a member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, on the ground that, if on personal grounds the choice was thoroughly fit, race could not, under the King's Proclamation, act as a disqualification. It is clear, in view of Mr. Balfour's attitude, that the Bill will now pass intact through the Lords—a great triumph for Lord Morley.

* * *

Mr. Birrell moved the Second Reading of the revived Irish Land Bill on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Mr. Campbell's proposal to reject it was defeated by 275 to 102. It will be carried to a Committee of the whole House, not to a Grand Committee. The debate showed the terrible extent of Mr. Wyndham's miscalculation of the cost of buying out the Irish landlords. The cost will not be a hundred millions, but 204 millions, and the bonus to the Irish landlords will be not twelve millions, but seventeen millions, while the taxpayer will have to pay twenty-seven millions for discount. No wonder that the "Freeman's Journal" says: "The adventurers of Cromwell and the followers of William received no such rewards as Mr. Wyndham achieved by his legerdemain for their descendants." Mr. Birrell's proposed amendment of the Treasury's plan of cutting down the bonus from twelve to three per cent. is to add three millions to the total, and to pay it out under a scale proportionate to the price of the land. Landlords will be able to get payment partly in cash and partly in stock at 92. The House of Lords will do well to accept this for its Irish friends. They will never get such terms again.

* * *

Mr. Raphael's plucky fight in Croydon against the cry of "Eight 'Dreadnoughts'—won't wait," was unsuccessful, but he slightly increased the good Liberal poll of 1906, securing 8,041 votes, against Sir R. Hermon-Hodge's 11,989. Mr. Smith's tactless and pointless Labor candidature was almost ignored by the electors, who only gave him 836 votes. This is a direct intimation of the obvious fact that in times of Tory reaction Labor shares and does not gain by Liberal losses.

* * *

The trading community has been very much alarmed by the terms of the Bill which amalgamates the G.N., G.C., and G.E. Railways. We do not suppose the Board of Trade likes it. Mr. Churchill would probably have preferred to introduce a railway nationalisation Bill, and in his speech on Wednesday he hinted significantly that such groupings paved the way and proved the case for "much more extensive groupings." But we doubt whether traders and passengers, remembering the fatal case of the Chatham and S.E. amalgamation, will accept the Board of Trade clauses as adequate. These provide for the calculation of rates on the three railways as if they were one railway, protect existing facilities for passengers and merchandise in transit, and forbid the joint companies to dismiss any of their servants within three years of the passage of the Bill in consequence of economies in management. But the Government have not thought it wise to put their Whips on to the division, and Mr. Mond, in a brilliant speech, declared the fear and horror of the traders at this tremendous combine—a prelude to a huge railway monopoly. It looks as if the democratic House would reject the Bill, which practically annuls competition, the condition on which all the great railway companies have got their powers.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE BANKRUPTCY OF STATESMANSHIP.

In an able and exceedingly grave speech in defence of the Government on Monday night, Sir Edward Grey asserted the failure of European statesmanship. Half the national revenue of the great countries of Europe is, he tells us, being spent on preparations to kill each other. The expenditure has grown, is growing, and will grow. "Not in our generation, perhaps, but if it goes on at the rate at which it has recently increased, sooner or later I believe it will submerge civilisation." Already it is a standing menace to public credit, and if it goes on unchecked, it must lead to national bankruptcy. The best men in all countries are desirous of checking it, but no country will, or, according to Sir Edward Grey, can, lead the way. To do so is to court slavery. "If we fall into a position of inferiority, our self-respect is gone." We must be able to repel force by force, or we shall cease to count for anything among nations, and in the end shall be fortunate if "we do not become the conscript appendage of some great Power." Thus, in language which might be deemed sensational if it came from a journalist seeking to depict the evils of militarism, does Sir Edward Grey paint for us the international situation. Here are from three to four hundred millions of men, organised in different nations. All are progressing rapidly in the arts of peace. On all sides material comfort is extending, and within each State with few exceptions the hundred years that have passed since the Revolutionary wars have seen important steps in the direction of social progress. Education spreads, the principles of freedom and social justice are slowly but surely making their way. Violence diminishes, public health rapidly improves, and within the borders of each State a better order is maintained. Doubtless grave problems remain, and what has been done is but a fraction of that which remains to do. Nevertheless, if each State of Europe, with perhaps the single exception of Russia, were left henceforward to work out its own salvation unhindered, there would be no reason to fear the result.

It is when we turn from the progress of internal order to international relations that the whole prospect undergoes a change. For the thirty-eight years since the siege of Paris the great Powers have been at peace. In the ninety-four years since Waterloo wars among them have been exceedingly rare as compared with those of any former period since their rise into great States of the modern type. But though war becomes less, the dread of war becomes keener, the rumors of war thicker, the preparations for war daily greater. They absorb a larger proportion of the national resources; in rich countries they skim off all that surplus of wealth that might go to education and to the direct relief of poverty; in poor countries they inflict a crushing burden on the people; in all the interest which they excite, the panics and rumors to which they give rise, repeatedly distract attention from peaceful progress, and offer a useful weapon to unscrupulous politicians.

What is the cause of this violent contrast between the internal progress of each nation and international retrogression? Are we to sit down helplessly before it, to watch the progress of the armed peace rolling in its inevitable course towards general bankruptcy or internecine war? Can we believe that a situation so poignant in its contrasts is founded on permanent realities? May we not rather be sure that, in so vast a system of mutual fear, there is an element of the illusory and the unreal, and can we suppose that the conscience and the common sense of mankind are so permanently enfeebled that they cannot get below this web of Maya to the solid realities? To begin with, as a matter of fact, we can trace, with some clearness, the causes of the trouble. We know the effect of Bismarck and his demonstration to Europe that, in international relations, force and fraud, if thorough-going enough, could be carried through to the culmination of a brilliant political success. The triumph of Bismarck, unpunished by any apparent retribution, sowed the seeds of mutual suspicion, and they fell on the fertile ground of minds prepared to believe in the value of force by the universal acceptance of the conception of the struggle for existence as the law of life.

But behind these apparent forces, lay social conditions on which still more depended. The educated classes, coinciding too closely with those who own property and have a material stake in the established order, found themselves menaced by the newer ideals of social justice and internal progress. They were glad to accept new weapons of defence, intellectual and social. They were not averse from emphasising the value of force, of race, of aristocracy, of military discipline, of all that maintains a set of exclusive social hierarchies and may serve as a bulwark against democracy and internationalism. Their attitude constituted an atmosphere in which ideals of militarism and "real-politics" could flourish. The ground was thus made ready for those whose interest in militarism and in military preparations is no sentiment, no piece of misplaced idealism, but a matter of pure business, whether they are contractors or workmen employed on shipbuilding or in gun foundries, or whether they are concession-hunters in every part of the globe to which the mission of civilisation is being carried. Sometimes it is one, sometimes another, but there are always men who have an interest in war or in preparations for war, and they have permanent allies in those whose interest is rather in rumors of war; that is to say, in the Press which finds "Eight 'Dreadnoughts'" as good a cry as a first-class murder. Between them all, the contractor with his experts, the Press with its headlines, ably seconded by its congeners over the water, the mob—of all classes—with its mouth gaping for a sensation to distract the half-hour in train and tram-car, they have the country for the moment in their hands. Only a strong man who bears in mind that if he holds on for a week or two, all this froth will be bubbling round some other excitement point, can stand against them. Lastly, in

every country there are the same or similar elements, and they call to one another across land and sea.

Such is the disease. In itself it is not deadly, given the doctor with courage to apply the remedy. Such remedy must consist in essentials in appealing to the permanent moral forces, the reason and good sense of humanity. Such forces are never extinct, and, as all that we have said of domestic progress shows, they are on the whole stronger and more active in our time than in most earlier phases of history. Taking the modern world through, say from the 17th century onwards, it reveals a progress not continuous, not rapid, but on the whole clear beyond doubt, massive and fundamental in the rational control of life. Is it to be believed that in the end it will fail at this obstacle, this barrier of national distrust, which is three-fourths compounded of mere air-bubbles of sensation, suspicion, and sheer lies? In the end it will not fail, but its success is to be won by trusting not only to the diffused good sense and upright feeling of individuals, but to their organised expression. Sir Edward Grey shows that the modern statesmen have failed. Well, they did not always fail. There were those who made a real impression on the Europe of their day, and who by mere force of personality raised the standard of nations. As long as Gladstone lived it was felt throughout the world that in every crisis there was one voice that would be raised for the righteousness which in international relations is the sole alternative to force and fear. Gladstone could make his protest not only because he was a man of great powers—powers which it is not in men to command—but far more because he had a trust, which is not beyond the capacity of contemporary statesmen. He trusted the British people, and among them above all he trusted British Liberalism to respond to his call, and he was rarely deceived and never wholly disappointed.

While Gladstone lived the great Liberal Party of this country was an organised expression of the moral force which alone can break through the meshes of militarist delusion. On his departure from politics the organisation crumbled, and the way was made straight for Imperialism. Yet the bulk of Liberals quickly learned their lesson, and from the moment when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman boldly challenged the policy and the methods of the South African War, his supremacy, and the renewed vitality of the party, were alike assured. For Liberalism lives by moral force, by humanitarian feeling, and by the bracing tonic of the conflict. When its own leaders call in the enemy to suppress the more ardent of their followers, what chance has such a party of presenting a solid front? But of one thing we may be sure. There exists in the Liberal Party of to-day, and in the ranks of organised labor all the world over, latent but real, the same feeling for peace and the things that make for peace, the same readiness to respond to guidance in the paths of international sanity, to weather the storms of the Press and the pavement, the same willingness to maintain, and the same capacity to carry through to success, the old battle against international hatred as the main obstacle to domestic progress. The forces are there. They need only the inspiring voice and the guiding hand.

## THE FIGHT FOR THE BALANCE OF POWER.

The Balkan crisis is apparently at an end, and after six months of unrest and alarm the peasants who were called to the colors, wondering why there should be war, are trooping back to their villages wondering as helplessly why there has been no war. There will be marriages and betrothals instead of funerals, and if incidentally "the balance of power" is altered, and a disreputable Servian Prince is made to shake upon his throne, no real human interest will suffer much thereby. Indeed, when one surveys the long risky entanglement, which for half a year has agitated a continent, it is hard to realise that any real human interest ever was at stake. When Austria tore up the Berlin Treaty to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina there was, to our thinking, only one vital interest concerned, and that has not even been considered. Bosnia means to our minds the two millions of men and women who inhabit it and till its fields. Theirs was the only opinion which seriously mattered, and theirs was the only opinion which was never sought. All through the crisis they sat gagged and silent, producing from time to time those eloquent newspapers with the blank censored spaces for which editors are "doing time" in Austrian gaols. If any Power had dared to suggest that the annexation must be undone, if any Power had proposed that the Bosnians should be empowered to decide their own fate by a *plébiscite*, if even, failing these heroic courses, guarantees had been asked for the establishment in these provinces of elementary civil rights, one would have felt that the crisis with all its risks was morally justifiable

But the annexation was never for a moment in question. The theory of sovereignty on which all the Powers reasoned was a pedantic and anti-popular doctrine. Bosnia was for them simply an estate of which the Sultan of Turkey was the titular landlord, while the Emperor of Austria was a lessee who had gradually acquired proprietary rights by long possession and costly "improvements," consisting mainly in barracks, military roads, and strategic railways. Queen Victoria, arguing against her Whig Ministers in 1848, declared that it would be a disaster for all time to come if populations were allowed by their own free will to transfer their allegiance from one sovereign to another. That "disaster" is unthinkable to-day; our Whigs have abandoned their fathers' thesis. The only rights seriously considered were the paper rights which the Sultan of Turkey possessed over an alien race which thirty years ago had revolted against his misrule. These rights were assessed at two millions sterling, and the Bosnians sold at twenty shillings a head. For the rest Servia has been forced by the Powers to declare that she "abandons her attitude of protest and opposition" to an annexation which the Powers themselves have declared to be a violation of public right, and compelled to disarm, while Austria maintains her armaments on the common frontier. That any principle has been established, save the right of the stronger and an anti-popular theory of sovereignty, no one can maintain. We are glad that the Young Turks managed to levy a fine upon the aggressor, and it is salutary that the offending Power has paid heavily for its enterprise. Peace, after all, has been maintained at

some cost to principles, and the credit for that achievement must be divided between Sir Edward Grey, who drafted the Servian renunciation, and Prince Bülow, who coerced Russia. The climax makes a pitiable end to a crisis which began with a bold declaration of this country's intention to vindicate the sanctity of treaties.

This conflict between bad law and good armaments has established only one indisputable fact—the distressing weakness of Russia. It is still rather uncertain what argument it was which brought about M. Isvolsky's sudden surrender to German pressure last week. A Russian paper has talked of German mobilisations on the frontier, for which there is no other evidence. The "Times" on Wednesday, eager, as usual now, to make bad blood with Germany where, in all conscience, enough is flowing, referred to an "ultimatum" of which it gave no particulars. The "Temps" declares that the decisive fact was a letter from the Kaiser to the Tsar. In one form or another German pressure was used. It is also generally understood that M. Isvolsky at a few hours' notice accepted the annexation of Bosnia, without so much as consulting the two Powers which were acting with him. He abandoned the Servians to their fate; he also deserted his ally and his friend. It is true that Russia is quite unable to face a German army, but such precipitancy argues something worse than weakness. It suggests disloyalty, insincerity, and divided counsels. Throughout the crisis M. Isvolsky was in contradiction with himself, and he was also in contradiction with his colleagues in the Foreign Office and with the Court. Some weeks before the annexation took place he assured Baron von Aerenthal at Buchlau that he would not regard it as a *casus belli*. But he did not share his foreknowledge either with London or with Paris. His first instinct was to claim compensation for Russia in the Dardanelles. The Pan-Slavist pose was a later phase, imposed on him by others. From those others the Servians must also have derived the disastrous conviction that if they were attacked Russia would fight. In the last phase of all—that of surrender to Germany—it must have been the Court, always sensitive to influences from Berlin, which asserted itself—precisely as it was the Court which recognised Prince Ferdinand as a minor Tsar, also without consulting London and Paris. Russia has been throughout the weak and divided anarchy which she is both at home and abroad. Her Court and her Ministry are agreed neither when they are slaughtering Jews, nor when they are aiding the Persian Shah, nor when they are running in harness with civilised Powers. Sir Edward Grey aimed at restoring Russia to her place as a Great Power. He has discovered that she has neither an army, nor a treasury, nor a diplomatist. Nor will she have any one of these things until she has first set her own house in order. It takes more than a royal visit to make a Great Power.

The European situation which emerges from this struggle has none of the elements of stability. Our influence is still strong at Constantinople, though it is not what it was before the fall of Kiamil Pasha, when British official opinion almost declared war on the Committee of Union and Progress. Bulgaria has returned from her Austrian flirtation to her traditional Russian allegiance. Servia has been taught the folly of leaning on Russia, and must now accept the brutal fact of Austrian supremacy. The larger aspects of the question are more doubtful. The central fact is the affirmation of the solidity of the Austrian-German Alliance—to speak of a Triple Alliance is hardly accurate, for Italy stands aloof, weak but suspicious. France is manifestly on better terms with her powerful neighbor than at any moment since 1903. The Moroccan question is, happily, settled. Prince Bülow is all suavity, and there are even rumors of a meeting between the Kaiser and President Fallières. Of Russia's attitude it is premature to speak. People and Press are ashamed and indignant, and only confirmed in their traditional dislike to Germany. But the bureaucracy is no more obliged to follow public opinion in its foreign than in its domestic policy. Subjects who may be exiled and hanged without trial may also be disregarded. M. Stolypin has never forgotten that the friendship of Germany is necessary for the coercion of Poland. The Tsar leans, naturally, to the only other European monarch who claims to rule by right divine. The probability is that Russian diplomacy has returned to its opportunist courses. From France it will take what she can give—loans. From us it will take what we can give—Persia. From Germany it will accept what she alone can bestow—peace. And the last of these gifts is the chief.

The total result will be to bring Germany much nearer than she has been, since we entered into Continental combinations, to the position of an arbiter. Two things Sir Edward Grey has declared to be intolerable, that we should isolate her, and that she should isolate us. But what does isolation mean? Germany felt herself isolated when we improved our relations with France and Russia. Should we feel ouselves isolated if she, in her turn, were to improve her relations with them? In this incessant struggle to achieve a balance of power there can be no finality. Each crisis leaves a new bitterness behind it, and each registers its influence on the progression of European armaments. It was, we were told, the weakness of Russia which disturbed the balance and forced us to intervene. That weakness is proved to be permanent; must our intervention be yet more strenuous? Sir Edward Grey has appealed to the traditional policy of Britain in resisting the attempt of any single Power to obtain a supremacy on the Continent. Has civilisation then learned no lesson since the days of Marlborough? It is an impossible *rôle* which we have set ourselves. Neither sea power nor a long purse can weigh in the Continental balance against the compact weight of the two German armies. Blenheim was fought before the days of conscript armies, and the "Observer," which pointed out that for this game a conscript force is necessary, was perfectly logical. Not all the "Dreadnoughts" in Mr. Balfour's programme would have enabled us to protect Russia against the ultimatum which she is said to have received. Our policy has outrun our armaments. If we aspire to play the part of a Continental Power, we must have a Continental army. From that conclusion

Mr. Balfour would recoil no less than Sir Edward Grey. This foreign policy of the balance of the power must be abandoned, if Liberalism is to maintain its opposition to the acquisition of the instruments which are necessary to its success.

## THE AIM OF GERMAN ARMAMENTS.

> "An England pacific, Gladstonian, free trading, relying upon voluntary service for her armed force—such an England may have as large a fleet as she pleases without exciting any alarm. But an England that is aggressive, Protectionist, armed to the teeth by conscription, is another proposition altogether. Against the latter England we must, in self-defence, push on our naval forces with the utmost rapidity."—"*Michel*," *on "The German Naval Case," in the "Contemporary Review."*

We are afraid that the British public does not realise how gravely the words and acts of the last fortnight have influenced for evil the future relationships between this country and the German Empire. Those relationships have for long been discussed as if they were a mere problem in mathematics or in naval construction, or, as a paper which calls, and doubtless imagines itself, Liberal remarks, a matter of pure "science," to which "democracy," its ideas and mental habits, must "give place." No shallower or falser calculation could be made. The problem is a human, not a material one. Germans, strange as it may appear, can feel, and resent, and suspect, and fear, much as we do. The number of German "Dreadnoughts" does not depend, as Sir Edward Grey truly said, merely on the number of English "Dreadnoughts"; it depends, in a large degree, on the view which their statesmen take of the tendencies of our foreign and domestic politics, the developing character of our people and statesmen, and the use that they are likely to make of the enormous material forces they control. An England in which the Maxses and Harmsworths are forces of any account may seem right to its own special world; to the German observer of the Jameson Raid, of the South African War, and of the Chamberlain-Balfour coalition it appears, in the words of the writer we have already quoted, "the old grey wolf of the Northern seas," "ruthless and hungry as in the days of the Vikings." Is that a caricature? To the average right-thinking Englishman or Scotchman it is. But not to the German reader of Mr. Lee's and Mr. Balfour's speeches, of the "Observer," or of the article in last week's "Spectator," which, while it calls upon the nation to prepare for war "on the largest scale," plumes itself on the national grace that makes us shrink from an immediate attack on the German fleet while it is still comparatively weak. It is in such utterances, and the thoughts and passions that lie behind them, that the measure of German preparations must be sought. When Sir Edward Grey records with astonishment the German theory of a sudden British descent on their coasts and ports and their now widespread mercantile marine, he forgets that the fears that dictate such plays as "An Englishman's Home" are daily borne, with far greater force, to millions of owners of German homes.

This is not an academic matter; it is a vital point of practical politics. The Government have set up a contingent programme of shipbuilding—a programme whose execution clearly depends on whether the German programme is to be accelerated or not. It is of the highest importance to the country to spare it the cost of hurrying forward these four "conditional" "Dreadnoughts." Hitherto Germany has been most explicit, most lavish, in her assurances on points of fact. She has declared that her programme is open to the world, that so far as the dates of completion are concerned, there has not been and cannot be any such acceleration as Mr. McKenna suggested. These declarations, if the Government and the country would only see it, are at least consistent with her naval policy. Germany wants a strong fleet. Why? The preamble of the Navy Bill states the reason with sufficient frankness. "Germany," it says, "must have a fleet of such strength that even for the mightiest naval power a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own security." In a word, she is afraid of us, and she wishes to be strong enough on the seas to make us pause once and twice before we attack her or use a powerful diplomatic screw against her. She admits one aim—a powerful checking force. She denies another aim—the only one which need concern us—that of upsetting our naval supremacy. The end that she avows is at least in harmony with the balance of "Dreadnoughts" which she says she will secure in 1912—11 and later 13, to our 18 or 22. But if she counts all the unfavorable British factors—the Government's cold scepticism, the unmeasured anti-Germanism of the Tories and their leader, the cries for a crushing programme of "Dreadnoughts"—we cannot be surprised if she hurries and conceals, and conceals and hurries. She does not know our party politics as we do. She does not realise that the statesman who betrayed Free Trade while he still believed in it, is equally capable of making a passionate party cry of national defence for the mean end of winning a by-election and the selfish end of getting back to power. Foreign nations take unprincipled party manœuvres for more than they mean; and we confess that when Germany surveys the mass of lies, abuse, suspicion, exaggeration, and flat discourtesy that make up three-fifths of British opinion about her, she has at least a superficial cause to fear and beware.

Let us turn, therefore, to Sir Edward Grey's speech, and see what chance of amelioration lies in it. Its tone is admirable, in every way a contrast to Mr. Balfour's. But we will say at once that we wish that our statesmen would do Germany the common justice of supposing that she does not say black when she means white. We are getting rid of some of the misconceptions. We no longer talk of two years as the term of German shipbuilding. We no longer affirm that her general building capacity is equal to ours. The fable of twenty-one "Dreadnoughts" in the spring of 1912 is gone, that of seventeen "Dreadnoughts" is going. Ministers do not talk as if the contest in naval power were a mere affair of "Dreadnoughts," and calmly overlook our fleet of forty pre-"Dreadnoughts." But why, when the

Germans say that they can only have thirteen "Dreadnoughts" by 1912, and prove that, if anything, they are well behind time with their ships, does Sir Edward Grey inform us that he accepts this statement merely as proving that they will not have thirteen in 1910? And why, when Admiral von Tirpitz expressly states that Germany's building period of thirty-six to forty months is exclusive of a further period for trials, does Sir Edward insist that it must be inclusive of them? Cannot we even take a simple statement of detailed fact as if it possessed an element of truth? Our statesmen must recognise that, on this basis of distrust, no chance of accommodation exists. Flying high or flying low, the anti-Germans always find a way of escape. Repulsed on 1911 and 1912, they have recourse to 1913 and 1914. If the Germans are not advancing whole ships, they are advancing gun-mountings. If we can meet them on the present scale of "Dreadnoughts," they will yet beat us by building still bigger and stronger ones.

We hope that our statesmen will now quit these nightmare calculations, and looking not to what is base or foolish in our surface politics, but to their own wiser thoughts, and to the deep needs of the two peoples, betake themselves to the ground of reason. Sir Edward Grey detailed, with his usual care and moderation of style, the several hopes of an agreement with Germany on naval matters. A superficial view of his speech might incline men to say that he had rejected them all. There cannot, he says, be a general naval agreement on respective strengths, because Germany could not meet us on the only basis we can accept—namely, a permanently superior navy. Secondly, the Government had had no "whisper" from Germany that an arrangement might be arrived at on the basis of a British change of view on the question of the capture of private property at sea. Thirdly, German suspicions stood in the way of a mutual exchange of information as to programmes. This seems forbidding, but we observe with satisfaction that the reference to the capture of private property, unlike most of the speech, has been well received in Germany, and is interpreted as a possible hint of a change of British policy. We think this interpretation not improbable. Our authorities are undoubtedly shaken in their earlier opinions on this question, and it is impossible to say that if Great Britain's vote at the second Hague Conference were reversed, Germany's view of the whole naval problem as between the two countries would remain the same. At least, we are bound to test this point. Hitherto we have made this great amelioration of naval war impossible, and we cannot be sure that Germany will shake her head over a proposition that we have never made to her. As to the exchange of programmes, Germany has been extremely frank with us during the last few weeks, and we have not been backward with her. It is surely incumbent upon us to aim at realising the unanimous *vœu* of the Hague Conference. Had such an arrangement been made, the alarms of the last few weeks might have been spared. It is in this direction that Sir Edward Grey is called on to act equally in the spirit of Liberalism and of his own plain and most solemn responsibility to his country, and to the cause of peace and civilisation. That duty he cannot evade, cannot ignore. Negative talk behind massed and ever-increasing squadrons of "Dreadnoughts" will not do. Liberal statesmanship, Liberal policy, Liberal feeling, Liberal hopes for the world, cannot live upon it; and if this is all the Government have to offer us, everything that is sound and strong in the party will turn to richer sources of inspiration.

## TRADE BOARDS AND SWEATING.

The introduction of Mr. Churchill's Trade Boards Bill last week, and the debate which followed two days after upon the Sweating Industries Bill, are of historical importance, as indicating that all parties in the State are committed to the principle and policy of a legal minimum wage to be measured and enforced by public authority. It is true that both proposals are limited in immediate scope and tentative in application, and, in view of the delicacy of the task which they essay, such moderation is felt to be befitting. But Mr. Churchill's Bill contains, in embryo, the boldest and most far-reaching of all the social reforms which separate modern constructive Liberalism from the older policy that bore that name. Based on a plain public recognition of the utter failure of the competitive wage system in low-skilled unorganised trades, it empowers the Board of Trade to organise these trades on a representative basis, and to endow these organisations with power to secure rates of pay for workers which are fixed by considerations of human needs. The trades selected for the first experiment are notorious sweating trades, the ready-made and wholesale bespoke tailoring, cardboard boxes, machine-made lace and net-finishing, and the ready-made blouse industry. A very large part of such work is done at home or in small workshops, and most of the victims of such sweating are women: the rates of pay and the conditions of work vary enormously with firms, localities, and classes of employers; employment is, in most instances, irregular, many of the trades fluctuating with season and fashion.

These conditions make it evident that the task Mr. Churchill is essaying is one of uncommon difficulty, and it is no matter of surprise that, even in the ranks of labor, there are a few, like Mr. J. R. Macdonald, who repudiate action by Wage Boards as impracticable. But while it may be true that Australasian experiments, successful during a period of advancing trade development, furnish no sufficient warrant for sanguine expectations here under conditions of depression, they cannot properly be used to deter us from all direct attacks upon our parasitic industries. For the principle invoked by the present measure is not the supersession of private bargaining throughout the industrial system by State arbitration, but the necessity of stamping out certain pestilential practices injurious to sections of our working population and to the body politic.

Mr. Churchill's measure has been subjected to considerable criticism by some friends of Wage Boards who find it too timid and too dilatory for their taste. The wage rates are at first only to be obligatory upon public contractors, who are to be used to entice "good employers" to come under the standard rate, though after

six months the rate may be made obligatory upon all the trades, if the Board of Trade, "having regard to the general opinion of the trade and to the other circumstances of the case," think it expedient. Labor men not unnaturally kick against this "permissive" character, which, as they rightly urge, has proved exceedingly obstructive in many cases of industrial legislation. And if the measure were intended to be confined to the particular trades scheduled in the Bill, we should endorse this criticism. But it must be remembered that the Board of Trade is empowered to apply the provisions of the Bill to an indefinite number of unspecified trades. If effective, it is intended to extend its operation to a great variety of industries. Now, if it must be made at once obligatory upon the whole of every trade to which it is applied, ordinary motives of caution are likely to restrict its application far more narrowly than would be the case under its present permissive character. There will be some trades the uncertain state of which renders it most desirable that Governmental interference should go slow, proceeding as far as possible by persuasion and inducement rather than by sudden force. The advisability of this discretion rests upon the complexity of the economic reactions which such public fixing of wages involves. It will be found that the legal minimum will operate very differently in different trades. In some cases, enforced throughout the trade, it will simply bring up the worse employers to the level of the better ones, the higher wage bill coming, partly out of the increased productivity of labor, partly out of the sweating profits. In other cases a higher price for the goods can be got from the consumer without any considerable shrinkage of the market.

But there will remain some cases where the sudden application of compulsion throughout the trade will mean either the abolition of out-work in favor of the factory or the disappearance of the trade from this country. Now, either of these consummations may be most desirable, for it is the fundamental assumption of this legislation that a sweating trade is a source, not of wealth, but of "illth" to the nation. If a trade cannot afford to pay a standard wage, we should not desire to retain it in the country. But the adoption of this position does not warrant us in preferring sudden blows to persistent pressure. Until our other schemes of social reform, in particular our unemployed policy, are sufficiently advanced to furnish a sure and adequate support to workers displaced from sweating trades, it would be most undesirable to deprive the Government of the option of proceeding slowly where there is danger of a sudden wholesale operation thrusting into deeper misery the very victims whom it seeks to rescue. For these reasons we are disposed to retain the permissive character of the measure until experience has shown how far and how fast it can be applied with safety, and until our housing, unemployed, Poor Law, and other remedial measures are brought into organic relation with this wage law. For similar reasons we feel disposed to defend the central control by the Board of Trade, which is also made the object of attack by certain critics of the Bill. Local administration, though perhaps more energetic, would involve greater risks: disturbed in one district, a sweating trade would seek another hiding-place where administration was more lax, while the reactions of one process on another, one trade upon another, are so important and so intricate that the supervision and control of a single trade authority should be recognised as essential. How far such central control can be made consistent with elasticity of local administration is matter for experiment. Both are necessary to any real succcess in enforcing wage rates and other minimum conditions; but we are convinced that any weakness of the central authority would soon discredit the whole course of anti-sweating legislation.

On one other point we would say a word, viz., the contention of Tariff Reformers that, because we prohibit sweating here we should exclude the alleged products of a foreign sweating system. Why should we do so? If we do our best to ensure that all the work done in our country conforms to a reasonable standard of wages and other industrial conditions, why should we attempt to do the same for Holland or Germany? The obligation to protect their country from this industrial degradation rests with them, not with us, for they alone can make the requisite inquiries, they alone are able to apply the remedies. We do not possess the means of ascertaining the facts about "sweated goods" in other countries, nor, if we did, have we the power to interfere effectively. The claim that we should prohibit imports which we may believe to be produced under sweating conditions, because we have stopped their manufacture here, is simply one more instance of the muddle-headedness which proceeds from tariff-mongering.

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[We are obliged to hold over till next week our article on the highly important conclusions embodied in "The Declaration of London."]

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# Life and Letters.

## IN PERIL OF ITS LIFE.

"Roll up the map of Europe"—so ran the most famous of historic declarations. "It will not be needed for a generation." "Roll up the map of Social Progress" is the command from whatever malign spirit broods over Europe a century afterwards, "and for an indefinite future concentrate your energies upon the apparatus of war." Nothing new to the student of present affairs has been revealed by the debates and alarms of the past fortnight. That competition in armaments is spreading from the land to the sea, that the nations of Europe are confronting each other across frontiers mined with explosives and bristling with bayonets, that one half the national expenditure of all the peoples is devoted to the apparatus of destruction, that a whole civilisation, subtle and cunning in invention, is moving along the pathways of Fear and Hatred towards bankruptcy or some cosmic catastrophe—these are facts which the prophets of modern days have emphasised with mournful iteration. But they are facts specially brought home in such moments as the present, when one particular people is compelled to take stock of its own position. In each human life the individual is running a losing race with death. Sooner or later will come an end of the struggle which each day brings nearer. But, for the most part, he pursues his business undisturbed, thinking that he will endure for ever. Only occasionally—in the loss of a friend, through the warning of disease, by some arresting acci-

dent—he is brought sharply into contact with reality: into the sudden realisation of his hazardous and transitory condition. Something similar to this sharp contact with reality in the life of the individual has happened to-day in the life of the nation. We face a cross section of a race to ruin. Liberal statesmen, heirs of Gladstone, and Cobden, and Bright, can but proclaim melancholy forebodings and warnings of disaster, such as those which this week in the British House of Commons, a Liberal Foreign Secretary has proclaimed to an attentive Europe. All those unclean forces which flourish upon confusion and hatred rejoice in the triumph of their cause. The prospect of peace and good-will, and the effort towards making the life of the laboring populations something removed from an unintelligible struggle in the darkness against hunger and cold, vanish before the vision of the nations concentrating their energies and aims, with treasure wasted as water and all invention directed towards one end, the elaboration, for the destruction of their fellows, of more certain instruments of death.

The actual wealth expended is perhaps the least of the losses involved. Yet this wealth, in the main mulcted from the working peoples, is itself becoming an intolerable burden. Of all the necessary arts of government—education, social reform, adventure against disease, maintenance of public order, encouragement of industry and trade—one half the total amount extorted from the people with less or greater unfairness between class and class, is to-day devoted to military and naval armament. And the result—in Germany, in England, in Russia, even in that America which was to reveal a "new start" in the "progress of humanity"—is the exhibition of huge financial deficits, which the wealthy manage steadily to edge off on to the shoulders of the poor. What alternative were possible, if men, as in the romance of a modern novelist, were, through the advent of some kindly comet, suddenly to become sane and kindly and courageous? In these islands alone the liberation of sixty millions a year—now as completely wasted, for all humane and rational purposes, as if spilt in the gutters; a sum which it is scarcely too much to say, if wisely used, would effect almost the complete abolition of "poverty" as it exists to-day amongst those who inherit little or nothing of the advantage civilisation is supposed to bring. But beyond the actual waste of material resource there is the far more deplorable damage in the deflection of intelligence and the highest skill into the ingenuity of destructive weapons. "In the arts of life," is the boast of the Devil to Don Juan, "man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence, and famine." "In a battle two bodies of men shoot at one another with bullets and explosive shells until one body runs away, when the others chase the fugitives on horseback and cut them to pieces as they fly. And this, the chronicle concludes, shows the greatness and majesty of Empires and the littleness of the vanquished. Over such battles the people run about in the streets, yelling with delight, and egg their Governments on to spend hundreds of millions in the slaughter, while the strongest Ministers dare not spend an extra penny in the pound against the poverty and pestilence through which they daily walk." That "Devil" might find a special cause for merriment in the estimates of the British Government of last month—a decrease in the expenditure upon education, an increase of three millions upon armaments.

"So it has been from the beginning," the plain man may say with a shrug of the shoulders; "so will it be to the end." This is a misunderstanding of the situation. So has it never been from the beginning. Wars and rumors of wars have, indeed, scourged mankind since the dawn of history. But never, at least in European history, has there been exhibited the condition of the past thirty years, with—in practice—every male citizen a soldier, and no limit possible or conceivable to the multiplication of the instruments of war. From big ship to bigger ship, from gun of two miles to gun of ten miles range, from battle on land to battle on sea, from the surface to underground, soon from war in the ocean to war in the air, the process is never backward or stationary. It is always advancing to more complex, more costly, and more universal absorption in armaments. Where is it all going to end? Or, if it is to have no end, but to be prolonged as a kind of indefinite nightmare, who is to estimate the cost, upon each successive generation, in a burden ever increasing in weight, laid upon nations already troubled by a social discontent which they can neither appease nor forget? And all on such a thin plank of security together, at best like shipwrecked mariners floating on an uncharted sea, the prey to inimical or indifferent natural forces, an earthquake which in five seconds will make an end of a hundred thousand, pestilence, famine, gaunt poverty, an uncertain future, death so speedily coming to each, to make an end (for him) of all labor and delight under the sun.

The Governments and the Governing Classes have failed. That is the lesson of the present controversy. Some speak to-day in more amicable, others in more truculent accents. The decent, bewildered peasant and artisan populations look on, helpless, while those who stand for their interests glare and gibber at each other across artificial frontiers, encourage the "martial spirit," crimp and conscript them into enormous armies, suck out the fruits of their hard labor to pay for floating islands and sea monsters of destruction. "We can scarcely hesitate to conclude universally," declared Godwin, "that law is an institution of the most pernicious tendency." The East still prays for delivery from pestilence, robbery—and Government. And the East which, until now, had let the thundering legions pass, in an indifference to things so irrelevant in life, so limited and austere, may—in any final estimate—have given at least a forecast of a way of escape. "Ces diables de rois," said Panurge of the "Roi Anarché," "ne sçavent ny ne valent rien, sinon à faire des maulx es pauvres subjectz, et à troubler tout le monde par guerre pour leur inique et détestable plaisir." It would be interesting—and humiliating—to read those pages of history, written as to-day the history of declining Rome is written, by a generation detached and impartial, telling the real, intelligent, human verdict upon twentieth century Europe. It will be the story of a civilisation in bondage to Governments and governing classes absorbed in their foolish diplomacies, the "game" that they play so assiduously and so clumsily, only revealing at times, as in the memoirs of a Hohenlohe or a Bismarck "with how little wisdom the world is governed." To-day, in the announcement made from every capital that Fear is master, and that this race to ruin must continue in blind senseless competition towards bankruptcy, the Governing Classes proclaim their impotence. Is there more hope from the "intellectuals": the classes which in early Victorian England stood most completely for the attainment of sanity in international friendliness and agreement? From these, it must be confessed to-day, least of all. The German "professors" outrival in truculence the intellectuals of our older Universities, and descend even to the platforms of the hated Socialists to plead for increase of Naval Armaments. The high priests of the new religion of humanity excel even the official heads of the Established Church in the appeal to panic fear. The lunacy of the halfpenny Press pales before that of the sixpenny review or the half-crown magazine. Commercial and financial interests perhaps present a bigger hope for the future. Prince Bülow struck a real blow for peace when he emphasised the tenacious web of trading connections which were binding England and Germany together: and although Commerce has not altogether fulfilled the high hopes expressed in such poems as those of the early Tennyson, undoubtedly it offers through the time of the present confusion the best guarantee that, though war is always "inevitable," war may never come.

But it is not only war, but the preparation for it which weighs to-day so heavily upon mankind; and against this preparation commerce is no protector. The "common people" alone would seem to be the real hope of averting this gigantic cataclysm. There is a sentiment and a determination growing up independent

of Governments and in the heart of all Governments which will one day surely declare that this hideous progress must cease. Those who have nothing to gain from any conceivable conflict may be found, to the consternation of all who delight in war, to declare that wars shall cease: that the price paid for the pleasure of this entertainment is more than intelligent human life will continue to pay. In the "Solidarity of Labor" between nation and nation would seem to be bound up all the hope for the future of the world. It may mean revolt, denunciation, sacrifice, individuals in passive resistance, perhaps a "martyr" nation. It may only come from some renewal of a spiritual faith, a new vitality for a religion which in its older forms amongst the industrial peoples is dying or not yet born. "The cause of the wretched condition of the Christian nations," says Tolstoy, "is the absence of a supreme conception, common to them all, of the meaning of life, of faith, and of guidance for conduct resulting from faith." *Il n' y a plus d'Europe* is a cry which has been raised this week in face of a particular unpleasant diplomatic incident. *Il n' y a plus d'Europe* may be a permanent verdict upon a Europe fissuring ever deeper into vertical divisions between nation and nation and horizontal divisions between class and class. It is something if we can still strongly hope, in face of these staggering realities, that the common sentiment of the industrial peoples will come to arrest a progress before which the present governing classes acknowledge their helplessness. Else it may be, as in the old Norse vision, that only after the completion of the catastrophe in a final cosmic struggle between the blind, brutal forces, all destroying, and all at last destroyed, there can rise from "the twilight of the gods" the dawn of a new world.

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## A BOOK OF VERSES.

It is a land of misty estuaries, where the low tide exposes broad levels of shining mud. So far does the water intermingle with solid ground that the brown sails of slow-paced barges appear from a distance to be moving through hedgerows over cornfields and rough meadows. The plover and the sheldrake are swept across its windy lengths of heather and gorse. Indigo lines of fir close the horizon, or a wood of scraggy oaks is rooted where the clay soil has held the surface against the sand. A sloping field is something of an event, and so imperceptible is the course of streams that a river will hesitate twelve miles parallel to the coast line before it breaks the thin bank of pebbles, and at last enters a brown and cheerless sea, strewn with wreck and dead men's bones.

Up and down the country, ancient villages and small towns are scattered in impenetrable tranquillity, the comfortable red houses of doctor, lawyer, and parson abutting flush to the roadside, the squire's hall withdrawn up a drive and protected by a lodge. Here dwells a solid people, proverbially distinguished for heavy simplicity, but strictly following the precept that conduct is nine-tenths of life, and occupying their intelligence in discussing the observance of that precept among their friends. Habit and precept alike direct their lives along a safe routine, and, for art, you may hear a harmonium droning down the street the hymns of an American revival of thirty years ago. Search the world round and, outside the Arctic circles, you will not find a scene less like the land where the nightingale sings to the rose, and a ruby kindles in the vine.

Yet Edward FitzGerald was born in that country just a hundred years ago, and lived there almost without a break. He was, indeed, peculiarly at one with it. To outward appearance his own nature resembled one of those drowsy, slow-paced barges, and the course of his life passed with a scarcely perceptible motion, like a river that hesitates to reach the sea. George Crabbe, grandson of the Suffolk poet, describes him as "always like a grave, middle-aged man; never seeming very happy or light-hearted." His pleasures were of the simplest and most innocent kind. He sailed the heavy water in a heavy boat, accompanied by a longshore boatman, whose wits were far from light. He hated the gaiety and stir of town. "When I get back to Boulge," he wrote from London, "I shall recover my quietude, which is now all in a ripple." And, again, when he was little over thirty, he wrote to a correspondent in his own country:—

> "I hold communion with Suffolk through you. In this big London, all full of intellect and pleasure and business, I feel pleasure in dipping down into the country, and rubbing my hand over the dew upon the pastures, as it were. I know very few people here: and care for fewer: I believe I should like to live in a small house just outside a pleasant English town all the days of my life, making myself useful in a humble way, reading my books, and playing a rubber of whist at night."

The life he said he would like, that he received. At one time almost rich, and always well-off, he never had to work a single hour for his food. There was no stimulus of any kind to his existence, whether of love, hatred, pleasure, or ambition. Day succeeded day, like the cows following each other across his flat meadows for milking. He hardly ever stirred from home—sometimes to London, once to France, once to Ireland, and perhaps a time or two North. The well-known story goes that, on a journey to Scotland, seeing a train returning to Suffolk, he immediately returned in it himself.

> "London melts away all individuality into a common lump of cleverness," he wrote to Frederic Tennyson. "I am amazed at the humour and worth and noble feeling in the country, however much railways have mixed us up with metropolitan civilisation. I can still find the heart of England beating healthily down here, though no one will believe it."

Unchartered freedom appeared to tire him only at intervals. He spent much of his time in music; for he was an excellent musician, and pursued the study with something more than the languor of an amateur. In music he loved especially the great composers of classic form—Handel and the men whose limits were strict. In literature it was the same. Patient study and the incommunicable gift of nature made him an unerring critic. His letters—shamefully published as they are, without index or headlines—form a treasury of criticism, for those who have time to search through 500 pages for one passage. His reading, however copious, was always of the best, and he counted as masters only the solid and restrained writers, whose limits also were strict, and whose meaning unquestionable. Of most modern stuff he had a poor idea: even Shelley, he says, was too unsubstantial for him; and one of the saddest things in his letters is the inexorable solicitude with which he traces Tennyson's slow decline. For himself, he wrote very little in a long and unoccupied life—a few translations, a few classic imitations, not one of which is opened now, except by curious investigators. He early recognised in himself something torpid and indolent, something that could not be kindled by the creative breath. "I have been all my life apprentice," he wrote, "to this heavy business of idleness, and am not yet master of my craft." And when he was forty, writing to Professor Cowell, he says:—

> "Ten years ago I might have been vext to see you striding along in Sanscrit and Persian so fast; reading so much; remembering all; writing about it so well. But now I am glad to see any man do anything well; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within myself whether it *is* done well."

One might have taken him as the very type of the literary man, paralysed by a competency and infinite leisure. We find in him the shy and sensitive nature, the hesitation and infirmity of will. We find in him every literary quality but vanity. It was well said of him that he took more pains to avoid fame than others to seek it, and though he was on terms of intimate friendship with many of the greatest writers in his time, he never for a moment begrudged their renown, so long as they wrote well. Their gradual neglect of him was one of the saddest things in the story of a nature so affectionate that, on hearing the death of James Spedding, whom he had not seen for over twenty years, he wrote: "He lives, his old self, in my heart of hearts: and all I hear of him does but embellish the recollection of him, if it could be embellished." Thus endowed with every literary quality, except vanity, and further paralysed by "in-

dependent means" and even by his affectionate and unselfish admiration for his friends, he might have stood as the very model of the ineffectual scholar, too self-conscious, perhaps too critical, for any vocation but to stand and wait.

What made his drowsy and meditative inactivity almost tragic was that he himself was among the first to recognise the necessity of action for the best kind of writing. In that same letter to Professor Cowell he goes on to speak of Thucydides, how he fought in the war and then wrote the history of it:—

> "Fancy old Hallam," he adds, "sticking to his gun at a Martello tower! This was the way to write well; and this was the way to make literature respectable. Oh, Alfred Tennyson, could you but have the luck to be put to such employment!"

Two or three times again he returns to the same theme, as when, writing to Frederic Tennyson, he says:—

> "It is the cursed inactivity (very pleasant to me who am no hero) of this 19th century which has spoiled Alfred. I mean spoiled him for the great work he ought now to be entering upon."

That was in 1850, before FitzGerald himself entered upon the one great work which has given him fame in spite of himself, has caused the letters of one of our best letter-writers to be collected, and keeps alive the memory of a nature which all its simplicity, appreciative power, and unselfish affection would not have saved from the scholar's oblivion. How strange were the contradictions between the theme, the setting, and the poet! Except in hot-houses of the nobility and gentry, FitzGerald had never seen a vine. Except the Wicklow Hills, he had probably never seen anything fit to be called a mountain when he uttered the spirit of the land where mountains guide the caravans to the passes of the Hindu Khoosh. And as to the "Cypress-slender Minister of Wine"—well, he lived in a Suffolk village. It is strange to see the Persian spirit catching, as in a noose of light, the village spires of the Anglican Church, creeping like fire over foggy estuaries and banks of mud, kindling like the vine's ruby in fir and oak, calling to the tavern door to open, no matter what the licensing authority said, and crying with the seabird over those cold and brownish waves for answer to the inexplicable questionings of fate, while the wind blew the drizzling clouds low across the Heaven:—

> "Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
> In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
> Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
> And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn."

That East Anglian scene, those English villagers, that demure and meditative scholar, "always like a grave, middle-aged man, never seeming very happy or light-hearted," and, on the other side, the tent, the desert, the potter's wheel, the grape, the mighty Mahmud, the Moon of delight—seldom in literature has there been a contrast so striking, seldom so visible a proof of the soul's unexpected and incalculable powers. It is not that the Rubáiyát advocate a Bacchanal revelry or abandonment to easy pleasures. On the contrary, Fitzgerald was right in saying that they are saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry, and we doubt if even the middle-aged enthusiasts who sometimes almost weary us with the very name of Omar ever rose to the affectation of a frolic or drank more red wine at their club dinners than is customary in their domestic circles. The strange thing about the contrast is, not the hedonism of FitzGerald's version, but its beauty. It is the very triumph of thought inseparably united with expression—the perfect accomplishment of style. One has but to remember the first lines of those familiar stanzas and then realise what style can do: "The Moving Finger writes," "With Earth's first Clay they did the Last Man knead," "After a momentary silence spake," "Would but some wingéd Angel ere too late":—

> "Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
> That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
> The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
> Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!"

There breathes in those brief hundred stanzas a spirit more poignant, more profound, than such lamentations as the Preacher or Horace could utter over transitory joy and life's unanswerable speculations. That such a spirit should find complete and perfect utterance, first in Naishápúr, and then, far from Persia's rose-gardens and palaces, among the quietude of Suffolk fields and through the mouth of an outwardly indolent and rather colorless literary man, is, as we said, an evidence of the soul's unexpected and incalculable powers. It is as truly a vindication of man's spiritual greatness as any miracle could be.

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## EVERY IDLE WORD.

Browning several times gives curious pictures of the impression made by the talk and ways of common men upon the uncommon man. Lazarus, in "An Epistle," is one case of a man who eyes the world like a child, with other values for words and things than the men around him. The prodigious armament assembled to besiege his city, the passing of a mule with gourds, the death of a child, a child's ill-humored word—big things and little, what do they mean to him? Which is most important? The explanation of his curious interest and lack of interest is, it is suggested,

> "Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
> Earth forced on a soul's use while seeing heaven."

The same is true of the poet of Valladolid, with his curious interest in little things, common sights and sounds of the streets, obvious habits of speech—

> "He took such cognisance of men and things,
> If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
> If any cursed a woman, he took note."

We can understand how strange both men were—

> "it was not wholly ease
> As back into your mind the man's look came,
> Stricken in years a little,—such a brow
> His eyes had to live under!—clear as flint
> On either side the formidable nose."

Probably something of the kind is true of every man of genius. There is Carlyle in Mrs. Austin's drawing-room—around him "Sidney Smith guffawing, other people prating, jargoning"—and on him, as he sat, "Death and Eternity glaring in." We know how the talk sounded to him.

It is interesting to turn again to the Gospels and to collect what Jesus says of the talk of men, and it is surprising to find how much it is. One gathers that here was one who watched men and their words closely, on whose ears the words fell, not as old coinages, but as new minting, with the marks of thought still rough and bright on them—indexes to the speaker.

Proverbs of the market every people has of its own. "It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer, and after he has gone his way he boasteth." And the seller has his *caveat emptor* ready to retort. In the East and in antiquity we find the same uncertainty in every transaction as to the value of the article, the same eagerness of seller and buyer to get at the supposed special knowledge of the other, the same preliminary skirmish of proposal, protest, offer, refusal, and oath. Jesus stands in the market, watching some small sale with the strange, bright, earnest eyes, whose fixed gaze the Gospels so often mention. The buyer swears "on his head" he will not give more than so much; then "by the altar" he won't get the thing. "By the earth" it is not worth so much; "by heaven" the seller gave more for it. At last, after a lot of this, a bargain is struck. The buyer raises his price; the seller takes less than he had given for the thing; and the keen eyes of the onlooker see that each feels that he has over-reached the other. Heaven has been invoked—and what is Heaven? As the words fell on his ears, he saw the Throne of God, and on it One before Whose face Heaven and earth will flee away—and will be brought back again for judgment. And by Heaven, and by Him who sits on that Throne, men will swear falsely for a copper or two. How can they? It is that nothings grow something; the words make a mist about the thing. So Jesus told his own followers to stick to Yes and No.

A leader in the religious circles passes, and the loiterers have a new interest. "Rabbi, rabbi," is heard,

and the great man moves onward, obviously pleased with the greeting on the market-place. As soon as he is out of sight, there is idle talk about him. How little the fine word meant! How lightly is a title given! But there is worse than that, for the title of respect will stand between a man and the facts of life. Some will use it to deceive him—others, impressed by it, are silent in his presence; and one way and another the facts are kept from him. Seeing, he sees not. How many of us to-day will say what we think before a man in clerical dress? "Be not ye called 'Rabbi,'" was the advice Jesus gave his friends, and he would not take the title himself, neither "Rabbi," nor "Good Master." If he was Rabbi, why would they not "do the things that he said"? They had excuses, of course, and reasons—one teacher "had a devil," another kept low company, and so forth. His parable of excuses is familiar. And then they would come to him and say, "We know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither regardest thou the person of any." He had heard such things before, and was not trapped. "Hosanna in the highest"—strange to think of the quiet man in the middle of the excited crowd, unmoved and undeceived—as little perturbed, too, when his name is cast out as evil. How little men's praise and blame matter, when you have God and His facts to be your friends and your inspiration! Yet how much they mean, if you have not God and His facts with you!

By and by talk veers round to what Pilate had done to the Galilæans—he had killed them when they went up to Jerusalem—yes! mingled their blood with their sacrifices, one might say. Of course, no one knew what he would do next. A Theudas or a Judas was needed—there must be one some time—it would not be surprising if . . . and the voice sank. There were no newspapers, no approved and reliable sources of news such as we boast; all was rumor, talk of the market, "Lo! here!" "Lo! there!" *Prohibiti sermones ideoque plures*, said Tacitus of talk in Rome. The Messiah must come, said one man, suspected by some of being a zealot. In any case, those Galilæans had probably angered Heaven, and got their deserts. Ill-luck like that could hardly come by accident. There was the story of the Tower of Siloam too. Any one could read a conspicuous judgment. Might it not be said that God had discredited a Baptist whose head was cut off? Even Saul of Tarsus felt for long that a crucified Messiah was refuted, was a contradiction in terms. Jesus had seen through all this, and was radiantly clear about it.

So they talked, and he listened. Then the talk veered round again, and tales were told—eyes flashed and lips smacked as one story-teller eclipsed the other in the familiar styles. "The Arabian Nights" are tales of the vulgar, it is said, rather than literature in their origin, and will give clues enough to what might be told. Jesus heard, and he remembered the hour, and said to his friends: "Out of the heart proceed thefts, murders, uncleanness, the evil eye, folly."

By and by he spoke himself, and everyone was shocked, and said "Blasphemy!" What could they mean? They would swear falsely by God, and then speak of blasphemy. Did they attach any meaning to words? What could their minds be like? Words, loose and idle words—and yet how potent they were! The magic in the idle tale—ten minutes, and the memory stained for ever with what one could never forget. A story whispered—and a name smirched for ever by the witty improvisation. God dragged in and flung out—a counter in a game of barter. How could words be so light and have such power?

He soon saw how. They come from within, and the speaker's whole personality, false or true, is behind what he says, and makes it tell as it does. The good man out of the good treasure of his heart has one sort of thing to produce—the bad man has another sort, and can no more bring out what is good than a thorn-bush can bear grapes. No wonder that of every idle word men shall give account on the day of judgment. The idle word—the word unstudied—comes straight from the inmost man, the spontaneous overflow of the spirit within, natural and inevitable, a certain proof of his quality. What better evidence could there be? Rogues never understand the insight of true men. Jesus was quick in reading character. He "needed not that any should testify of men." The young ruler speaks, and Jesus, looking on him, loves him; the ruler of the synagogue speaks, and Jesus sees through him at a glance—a poor, shallow word-monger, playing with phrases. Zacchaeus, everybody knows, is a publican; but Jesus has looked at his face and at his words—he is a son of Abraham, the true breed, and we know how God values that type. And if man can judge men by their idle words, cannot God? *Does* he not rather? Are not the merchant, the Rabbi, the story-teller judged already—victims of their own light words?

What of himself and his followers? "My words shall not pass away," he said. His words tallied with thoughts, and the thoughts with facts—rang true on the table of God's eternal truth, and would last while that did. It was the plain language that he used himself that he recommended to his friends—Yes and No unvarnished, Yes answering to the inward Yes and the eternal Yes, and No to the real No. Here he is like every true thinker, poet or philosopher. Wordsworth would have words so plain that the bare fact should stare through them, and the poetry should be the poetry of the thing itself, not mere word-play and colored phrase. So Jesus talked himself, and his words were facts.

It is significant that he told his friends not "to think what they should speak." The interval that thought would make between fact and word would falsify the fact. Then how were they to speak at all? "Cleanse that which is within," he said. They took him at his word, and found themselves always supplied with the right thing to say—and sometimes it was brief enough. *Christiana sum*, said the martyr, and was condemned; and then she added, *Deo Gratias*. Jesus said nothing at all before Pilate. In short, if the disciple's mind is in tune with his Master's—as right within and as true—he will speak or be silent to the same effect. The right thing will say itself—and will say itself with awful precision. This is how genius speaks—the only way of speaking, as Jesus saw.

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## A SCANDAL IN "THE FIELD."

We are astonished and distressed at the familiar knowledge of the Otter which was not long ago displayed by our venerable contemporary "The Field." It has been discussing the subject without the slightest regard to the fact that the thing is horrifying to every country gentleman in the realm. To readers of The Nation, of course, all that is known about the Otter is that it has something unlawful to do with trout-fishing. Many of them cast angle in the brook; but all of these, save a savage and inconsiderable Tory here or there, do so on the dry-fly method, which is a sure way of seldom killing anything except the King's English in the subsequent prose-poem about the daisies and the lark and the perfumed breeze. We must therefore tell what the Otter is. How do we know? it may be asked. Well, we were boys once. We are not ashamed to say that we did not have an ethical head on our young shoulders. There was no reasonable outrage on law and order in which we were not ready to have a hand. We used the Otter, and rare good sport it gave.

Our brother-in-law's head gamekeeper was partly to blame. This is said not to excuse ourselves but in order to be comprehensive in our confession. Three hours of hard work on the loch had led to nothing but luncheon in a rather dismal mood. "If you'll excuse me," said Duncan, rising to his feet and the occasion, "I wull go to my cottage and bring something that wull catch a troot or twa." Thereupon he stalked off, uphill, through the copse; and soon he was back, bearing in his hand what looked like a deep-sea line on a frame. On close inspection we saw that it was a line indeed, but that the wood on which it was wound was of a shape and structure suggestive of some ulterior purpose. The

wood was a bit of plank about eighteen inches long by ten or twelve broad, and to one of the rims on the longer extension was fixed a strip of lead. The line ended in a gut cast of great length, to which many flies, apparently two dozen at least, were attached. Carefully Duncan unwound the line, of which there were eighty yards or so; then the cast uncoiled; that was tied to a string fixed at either end to the face of the board and hanging like the "belly-band" of a kite. The whole thing looked extraordinarily clumsy. The line was coarse, and so was the gut; the flies, which hung from the cast at intervals of little more than a foot, were the most ridiculous lot we had seen; they were of all shapes, colors, and sizes, and a few of them were dressed on plaited horse-hair.

"You don't mean to say you expect to catch anything with that!"

"I wull be a wee bit disappointed if we don't," said Duncan.

He was smiling seraphically as he placed the board in the water at the edge of the loch. Instantly it was evident how the gear was to work. Instead of floating flat, the board went down on the leaded rim, and floated so, with the opposite rim appearing just above the surface. It slanted outward, and it went in that direction as Duncan, walking along the shore, paid out the cast and then the line. It took that course from precisely the same cause as that which determines the upward movement of a kite. The end of the gut was tied to the "belly-band" in such a position that, just as the kite, with the string similarly attached, rises aslant upon the opposing breeze, the board, as Duncan, walking, pulled, went out aslant upon the resisting water.

"This is what we ca' the otter, Maister William."

The appropriateness of the name was manifest. Furtively making way through the ripples, what could be seen of the board was highly suggestive of an animal's head and neck. Almost we expected to hear a low whistle as it swam.

It was not allowed to go very far. A long voyage seemed to be unnecessary. We had not gone twenty yards from the place of starting when Duncan exclaimed, "There's one!" He was not looking out upon the loch, but simply strolling along the shore, with the end of the taut line in his left hand. He seemed to be listening through the line, his hand, and his arm; but that, of course, was not the real state of affairs. All that was in play was his sense of touch. "Another!" said he. He repeated the remark in about half-a-minute, and again and again within similar time; then he lapsed into silence. Nevertheless, he was still smiling. On our demanding to know the meaning of his happiness, Duncan explained that he had lost touch and therefore count. "After half-a-dozen fish are on, ye see, it's no' easy to tell when another comes—unless, of course, he's a ferox or a salmon."

Within the next ten minutes we were leading the otter ashore. This was by the simple process of going back upon our tracks. In the board came, fluttering; and when the gut cast appeared, what a spectacle began! There was a trout on every hook!

Instead of having to receive from the Laird the reproaches which were due to a duffer, we should enter his presence as the most skilful of all the anglers who had tried the loch for many a day! He himself had said in the morning that we should catch nothing or next to nothing; the weather was unfavorable.

That, however, is another story. The question in "The Field" was nothing less than this: "Are Trout Intelligent?" If they are, why, even at times when they will not look at the daintiest fly most deftly cast from a rod, do they so readily impale themselves on the monstrous lures which are trailed on the leash of the otter? Here is one of the conjectural answers offered to the alarmed and scandalised Editor of our estimable contemporary: "Gregarious animals are always attracted by the sight of one of their number feeding. Every time you scatter grain for fowls or ducks you note that some of the birds leave the grain which is on the ground to pursue companions that carry off a mouthful. Probably the spectacle of an excited trout flopping among the flies attracts other trout to the feast."

That is ingenious and plausible reasoning; but we reserve judgment until we have heard counsel from among our readers. Although we have been boys again for a reminiscent hour, we are not young enough to be cocksure.

# Short Studies.

## THE PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR.

The thought has often occurred to me: what would Tolstoy's disciples, rich or otherwise, do if, by some stroke of fate, he were suddenly deprived of three things—his title, his independence, and his prestige, I mean his prestige as a prophet perpetually facing the supposed dangers of a fixed residence in Russia? What would become of him were he to land in England to-morrow possessed of nothing but the clothes on his back, with no prospect of future social or political glory? If I know the world, and I think I do, here is something like what would happen.

Scene.—*The wealthy* soi-disant *Christian Socialist, Sir Percy Prim and Lady Prim, in their home.*

Sir Percy: And so Tolstoy has actually arrived in London! We must have him here to tea.

Lady Prim: That would be very nice, if we could get him before Lady Castlegarden has him at her house. You know what an outspoken enthusiast she is about all such things: Christian Science, Christian Socialism, and especially Tolstoy and his teachings, and she is sure to be among the very first to invite him; you know how very up-to-date she is, and she says old-fashioned people always make her feel weak, they "draw" from her. She is certain to pounce on him like a hungry old cat on a country mouse.

Sir Percy: Country mouse, perhaps, but anything but a young one.

Lady Prim: In the eyes of Lady Castlegarden young and old are all one if up-to-date.

Sir Percy: Well, anyhow it's about time we offered our friends something in return for entertainment they have given us lately. That last evening at Lady Van Zant's—quite entertaining!—although no one pretends to understand the airs and tricks of that prodigy with his fiddle, young Vichy—Vichy—what's his name? Quite amusing Lady Van Zant declaring that the saucy brat is not doing it himself, but Paganini is doing it through him. Quite novel, I must confess.

Lady Prim: She draws the bow rather long, but you know she loves the sensational.

Sir Percy: And there is Lady Castlegarden, with her mind-reader, who failed to tell the number of the banknote I had in my pocket, but described in detail the ticket the pawnbroker gave the Duchess of Rigglesworth when she pawned a tiara to raise money to send a missionary to the niggers in Fiji. Most amusing—the silly geese! I think if we can't off-set that by showing them the greatest Russian that ever lived, a born nobleman and a gentleman, a prophet in his own country as well as out of it; if we can't go them one better on their puppy prodigies and mind-reading buffoons the sooner we cease trying to entertain anyone the better. And, then, the one man in all the world who has made Christian Socialism respected, the man who has made the whole world look towards the Russian Bethlehem with awe and reverence—in one word, the saviour of modern society.

Lady Prim (*opening the latest edition of the evening paper, and reading*): What's this? I can hardly believe my eyes! Tolstoy is no longer a count, and he has landed here without a penny in his pocket!

Sir Percy: Who says so?

Lady Prim: Here it is in the paper. He has lost *everything*, and is now no better than the rest of them. We couldn't have him here without appearing flagrantly absurd and highly provincial.

Sir Percy: Good heavens! I'm glad we knew that

in time. Had we invited the old fellow here he might have asked me for money.

*Enter the* COUNTESS OF CASTLEGARDEN:—

LADY CASTLEGARDEN: Have you heard the news? Tolstoy is in London!

SIR PERCY: Yes, but stripped of everything, without so much as a change of clothes, everything gone, titles, estates, everything!

LADY CASTLEGARDEN: And my son Robert comes of age next week, and he has always declared he will give half his income to Tolstoy for the propagation of his teachings!

LADY PRIM: But something must be done!

SIR PERCY: Certainly something must be done, and done in time. He must be kept away from Tolstoy.

LADY CASTLEGARDEN: How fortunate! Here comes Robert now! Do you know, we were just talking about something very serious? Your idol, Tolstoy, is in London, but broken and utterly done for. He is no longer even a Russian Count!

ROBERT (*coolly*): I hope I'm not so stupid as to assist a man who has nothing to recommend him but his writings.

SIR PERCY: Most certainly not! A man must at least be a gentleman, and these writers without means are simply vagabonds in disguise—that's what I say!

ROBERT: Somehow I had an idea Tolstoyism wouldn't last very long.

LADY PRIM: In my opinion, when he lost his title he lost everything.

SIR PERCY *nods his head*, LADY PRIM *frowns, and* ROBERT *looks up vacantly at the ceiling.*

*The scene changes. A group of successful literary men*:—

FIRST WRITER: So the old fanatic is actually here at last!

SECOND WRITER: "Old fanatic" sounds good, coming from one who was received in Russia by Tolstoy, and who wrote a glowing account of the visit to the "Daily Boomerang," in which the "Count" was depicted as a man with the face and the figure of a prophet, only a little lower than an archangel.

THIRD WRITER: Well, I always knew there was no bottom to Tolstoyism. All an illusion, you see—illusion of time, place, and circumstance.

FIRST WRITER: How's that? What do you mean?

THIRD WRITER: I simply mean that Tolstoy managed things while he was at it much as Rockefeller managed things in the oil line, and just as successfully, except that he asked for no money. Tolstoy was something more than a novelist *à la mode*; he was a great psychologist. He knew how to bring the English and Americans to his home, and how to make them talk about him after they left. What the world wants is not a poor shoemaker sitting mending shoes, but a live prophet, dressed like Elijah; only, instead of being fed by ravens, fed by a mighty good cook, and a small army of servants in attendance, with a fashionable countess to give them their orders, and to take good care that the prophet has everything his mind and body require to make his journey through this vale of tears as jaunty and luxurious as it is possible for money to make it.

SECOND WRITER: We *are* living in a picturesque age.

FIRST WRITER: Don't you think it is sentiment that has turned picturesque?

SECOND WRITER: Most men are like most women; they like sentiment, but they want plenty of "show" behind it. They want it picturesque.

THIRD WRITER: Romantic, in one word.

SECOND WRITER: Certainly, but they want their romance with all modern comforts.

THIRD WRITER: If Tolstoy's cook had fed his foreign visitors on cabbage and celery tips he would have had few callers from a great distance.

SECOND WRITER: Snobbery avoids three things—individualism, inconvenience, and indigestion.

THIRD WRITER: And that leads me to what I was going to say about Tolstoyism being founded on illusions. You know the old saw, "Distance lends enchantment"; well, this question of distance was a great factor in Tolstoy's life. When we know a man is difficult to get at our desire rises fifty per cent. in the scale of illusions. Follow this up by the illusion of place, his remote country mansion, all in the Russian style, so unlike anything in the lives of western authors; follow that up again by the peculiar circumstances of his strange existence, the flat contradictions, the impossible paradox, and I say you have enough to float the reputation of three novelists and keep them well above the Wilbur Wright line of successful aeroplane manœuvring. It is wonderful what proper management will do. Tolstoy was a great manager. He neglected nothing that could by any possibility attract the gaze of the whole world to himself. His contradictions and denials of men of genius equal to, if not greater than, himself, was a tactical stroke in keeping with everything else in his luxurious and easy life.

SECOND WRITER: It is amazing what an attraction there is in cheap things that are not quite easy to get.

FIRST WRITER: As a proof of that, compare the miracle worker, the late Father John, with Tolstoy. Father John expected money from the rich to carry on his charitable work; he was a poor priest with no social standing, and the English and the Americans ignored the humble priest and passed on to Tolstoy, who was more difficult to reach—and cheaper. There was absolutely nothing to pay.

SECOND WRITER: Sometimes I wonder if Tolstoy did not begin by taking to heart Carlyle's saying that most people are fools, and simply acting on that.

THIRD WRITER: All the same, I'm sorry this thing has happened. Had Tolstoy remained in his old position in Russia two months longer I should have been better off by nearly four hundred pounds. I was making arrangements to go out and beard the prophet in his palatial den, take a series of sensational views, one or two sketches, something novel, my own idea, be away about a month, spend twenty or thirty pounds, come home, and clear about three hundred and eighty, with the satisfaction of having had a rousing good time.

FIRST WRITER: Lucky thing for some people that Tolstoy was not in the boot and shoe business instead of a great landed proprietor.

SECOND WRITER: Shoemaking is not romantic enough!

THIRD WRITER: Yet, I'll bet you it's the last profession he will stick to now that he is in England dead broke.

*Scene changes again. A fine country house in the Surrey hills. Rich proprietor known as a keen disciple of Tolstoy, enthusiastic, always willing to spend money on the Tolstoyan Utopia. The proprietor is sitting at his desk, engaged in writing a pamphlet on how best to disseminate the Tolstoyan idea. Enter a newspaper reporter from London*:—

REPORTER: Have you heard what has happened?

PROPRIETOR: Nothing very serious, I hope.

REPORTER: Tolstoy has arrived in London without a penny; his title, his estates, his social prestige, all gone.

PROPRIETOR: What! You mean to say he has nothing left!

REPORTER: Nothing but his genius.

PROPRIETOR: Great Cæsar! Then he is only another Maxim Gorky!

*He sits back in his chair, stupefied.*

REPORTER: He is stopping at a cheap hotel in the Strand, and has been assisted by some working-men who have pawned their watches for the purpose. They say Tolstoy must come out here to you, where he can have a good home; he intends setting up as a shoemaker, working at the usual rates at that trade.

PROPRIETOR (*gasping*): You don't mean it!

REPORTER: That is the intention.

PROPRIETOR: This takes my breath away! What

am I to do? This thing has knocked me all in a heap. It is a nightmare! And, hang it all, Tolstoy on his estates in Russia is one thing, Tolstoy a beggar living on my estate is another. And, besides, fancy people coming here to have their boots mended. Why will Russian counts get broke and turn themselves into dirty mujiks!

REPORTER: Perhaps you could take him for a few days, and then pass him on to the common workingmen, who seem to have remained his warm disciples in spite of all.

PROPRIETOR (*tapping his forehead*): Stay! I have an idea. Tolstoy is an old man. He can't live long at the most and worst. His keep would not cost much. I have a vacant room in the servants' house, at the top over there, where he can mend boots and write without bothering me, and at the same time things will appear to be as they were. No one need be compromised.

REPORTER: And when he dies bury him in your back garden.

PROPRIETOR: A splendid idea! And, hang it all, later on I'll reimburse myself by charging the beggars a shilling per head when they come here on their annual visits to view the grave. His drawing power is gone now, but his grave will draw later on. A splendid idea!

FRANCIS GRIERSON.

# Present-Day Problems.

## FROM EATANSWILL TO TAMMANY.

THE Croydon election will take its place in time's museum as a very neat example of the contemporary art of the "Mafficker." Both the material and the atmosphere favored such workmanship. A "scare" about our national security was born almost out of the same moment of time as the occasion of the vacancy. This was the material. The atmosphere was charged by dexterous party management and a willing Press with the requisite degree of irritation and alarm. The election was consequently watched from the point of view of its bearing on the preoccupation of the moment. A naval scare cannot, however, be counted among the permanent resources of the party manager, and the handling of one is an art in which repetition emphatically does not make for better success. There were things, however, at Croydon less apparent to the public mind, but of perhaps more durable significance than the demonstration of hysteria which it was made to evoke.

On the Saturday before the election there defiled through the streets of Croydon, like a train of heavy artillery, about twenty Conservative vans. They had been stationed at various points of the constituency throughout the week, each with its driver, its staff of orators, and its equipment of literature, and they were now mobilised for the tremendous cannonade with which it was part of the plan of operations that the campaign should, on Saturday night, close. A party which has almost unlimited wealth is entitled to use it, and, if it so please, to bring up all its troops from the base and throw them on the pass which is at the moment in dispute. It must not, therefore, be made a subject of complaint that in point of the men, equipment, and stores of a regular army the Liberals should have been almost absurdly outmatched. But a Geneva Convention is wanted to regulate the indiscriminate use of auxiliaries, of rough-riders, and sharp-shooters who, however effective their service to those with whom they fight, pass as non-combatants when the presiding officer surveys the accounts.

The use of these irregular troops was a feature of the election at Newcastle. At Croydon the licensed trade was temporarily in reserve, but its place was adequately filled. Societies organised to raid the public till, still more powerful societies fighting for a privilege, with back to wall, invaded the borough, and, whatever their purpose, whatever their attitude to society, whether of offence or defence, flocked to the banner which bore the name of Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge. The Tariff Reform League was at every street corner. The Anti-Socialist Union directed a rather strident voice against the Labor candidate, but the Conservative, again, got the benefit of such argument as it could make heard above the general din. A tea-pot is an unusual emblem on the table of the Conservative chairman, and its presence was permitted as a grateful recognition of the services of the Anti-Tea Duty League. The Hop-Pickers' Defence League had its platform, and so had the retrenched servants of the Woolwich Arsenal. The Imperial Maritime League and—with more restraint—the Navy League may be said to have taken the place of the Coal Consumers' League, whose occupation is gone. Even Mr. Hunnable has outlived his days of irresponsibility, and is now definitely ranged on the side of Conservative principles. Finally, there were the Women's Social and Political Union and the Women's Freedom League. Travelling a different road, to a different destination, they had yet come to the same conclusion as the rest—that Mr. Raphael must, in the interests of their special cause, be kept out.

The result of all these combined activities was to turn Croydon, as it turned Newcastle, into something resembling a large fair-ground on the culminating night of the fair. The streets were carpeted with trodden literature printed in the interest of the Conservative candidate, but at the expense of someone else. Applied science was pressed into the cause. Out of the mouths of gramophones came philosophy and figures for the Mafficking multitude; the cinematograph taught the new economics on a white sheet, exhibited dazzling portraits of great "Imperialists," and, lest even this should unduly strain the popular attention, varied epigrams and object-lessons with serio-comic scenes from "the Halls." Meanwhile the human voice was doing all it could; sometimes, as in Wagner opera, more than, according to the ordinary measurement of the human compass, it should be asked to do.

For Tariff Reform, seeking to recommend itself as a popular cry, has had to choose its methods accordingly. The voice and the manner which served the Protectionist orator very well for the dinner of a "Farmers' Club" will not avail the Tariff Reformer with several thousand people to talk down at one time. Accordingly, the vocal powers which the Tariff Reform League require of their peripatetic speakers are very high ones. The standard must be difficult to satisfy, and the test not less distressing to the judges than to the aspirants. Some, however, are so richly endowed that they can afford to be prodigal of their gifts. Thus, an elderly gentleman who, on the note and at the range he had set himself, seemed in urgent need of an exceptionally condensed style, was so confident of his powers that he insisted on giving every Privy Councillor whom he named his full official title—Mr. Lloyd George was always "the Right Honorable Lloyd George," and Mr. Chamberlain, whose name the speaker evidently regarded as a peroration in itself, was always "the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain." It was by dint of powers like these that Tariff Reform was advertised as a cure for every social ill. Where the audience seemed to require it, Tariff Reform was to pay for "Dreadnoughts." Foreign goods would then come in. To other audiences, Tariff Reform was to give work to everyone. Foreign goods would then stay out. "Tariff Reform and Work for All." From the showman's equipment only the drum was absent, and many "walked-up," carrying to this resort the desperate hopes which at the last election they confided to Socialism and a Socialist candidate. It is some years since we abolished the hustings, and for a time elections were conducted with the comparative decorum of Mid-Victorian days. The Primrose League played on that acute sense of social distinction which is almost native to the British mind, and must, therefore, be accounted a comparatively respectable thing. Then in May, 1903, the signal was given to the marauders, and we have travelled from Eatanswill only to come within sight of Tammany.

# The Drama.

## PAMPHLET PLAYS.

It is clear that interest in the social question, as well as the personal influence of Mr. Bernard Shaw, are becoming responsible for a type of play, the intellectual qualities of which go ahead of their dramatic power. The conventional stage is mainly filled by writers who can construct on approved models, but do not think or feel, or who, like Mr. Pinero, cleverly simulate thought and emotion, and bustle round the movement of the world without being truly part of it. The unconventional stage is occupied by writers whose feeling is by no means unreal, but who have not yet learned their business. Ibsen, being a dramatic genius of the first rank, was able to combine perfect stagecraft with the power to lift the action of a play into an atmosphere more refined than any of his predecessors had tried to reach. But Mr. Shaw and his school do not aim so high. They are critics, talkers, *raisonneurs*, rejecting poetry and sticking to bare earth and its problems. The result is a tendency to produce pamphlets in the guise of plays, and, though one does not reject this form of production, and often admires its sincerity and thoughtfulness, one sees that its absence of form, its want of direct emotional power, may ensure its downfall.

The Incorporated Stage Society produced on Monday two such pamphlets in the shape of Miss Mack's "Unemployed" and Mr. George Calderon's "The Fountain." Miss Mack's little one-act piece is almost a play in dumb show. She shows us a situation and no more; a mere flash-light scene of a dying tramp, flung on to the doorstep of a houseful of rich, trifling folk. That is significant, no doubt, but it is not enough if we are to think of the theatre as illustrating a higher form of art than the bioscope. Unless tramp and idlers are brought into some close, powerful relationship with each other, we can feel no more emotion at such a meeting, and it can make no more serious intellectual impression on us, than if we saw, or took part in, some such scene on the Embankment. Mr. Calderon's play is more important. It is witty, with a certain high-spirited brilliancy that makes us feel that its writer, not unknown in satirical literature, has a future, and it is a clever and truthful work of social analysis. The theme, while it resembles that of "Major Barbara," is developed with some originality. Mr. Calderon introduces us to the world of good intentions, in which we all love to dwell, and where the sin of doing the wrong thing presents itself in the guise of noble inspiration. The chief of these unconscious sinners is a young married woman of property, Chenda Wren. Chenda, tired of her "Shavian" husband's demonstrations of the hopelessness of saving the world by meddling piecemeal with its arrangements, plunges into action in the shape of East End charity. Here her guide is a doing parson instead of a talking philosopher. Charity demands money, and more money, and this must be got from her estate. But the Church, after its fashion, has not looked into the title-deeds, and is ignorant of the character of the property it is supposed to administer. When, therefore, the blundering, self-confident curate, Mrs. Wren's guardian and cousin, calls on her agent to force another £100, or £200, from her revenues, it must all come out of the pockets of the people for whom she is furnishing a sanatorium, and whose shiftlessness she fosters by amateur pawnbroking. The poor themselves look on, half-amused, at her philanthropy, and altogether bent on profiting by it. They fleece her good-naturedly, the more honest abuse her, none of them allow her to interfere seriously with their lives, or show the smallest sign that her impulsive good-nature is of any moral value to them. At length, after she has rated the rent-collector and the lawyers for raising her own rents on her clients, she discovers the truth, and retires, discomfited, to the arms of the Socialistic aphorist, fortified with her first lesson in political economy. Incidentally, Mr. Calderon flings out a symbolic hint or two as to the meaning of life, the hardness and blindness of human justice, the consolations that the sheer thoughtlessness of the poor brings to them. Thus, while Mrs. Wren is denouncing the rent-collector as a hardened ruffian because he ruthlessly shears off the small superfluities of these people's lives, his clients are gaily drinking at his expense, and the slum that she and the parson would elevate enjoys itself thoroughly on its own slatternly level. The great human machinery may or may not yield to Socialistic treatment—Mr. Calderon does not seek to enlighten us on this point—but it is clear that it will not bear handling by the amateur charity-monger. Even if it did, he would not have the right to interfere; for what he gives with one hand he takes with the other. All of us are included in the same condemnation.

Mr. Calderon keeps his little piece on the borders of farce, he does not attempt to develop any sustained human interest from it, and, though his wit is his own, his method is a little too like Mr. Shaw's to enable the critic to say with confidence that he possesses an individual dramatic gift. His form is faulty and confused, but he can think on the dramatic plane; perchance the faculty of significant and powerful expression may be his also.

H. W. M.

# Communications.

## THE ART OF J. M. SYNGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—It must have been about 1899 that Mr. Yeats came across a young compatriot in Paris, studying modernism, trying to write the morbid, remote poetry—"images reflected from mirror to mirror"—which Englishmen and Frenchmen were writing at that time. He had been in many quiet and busy places, seeking a means of expression, looking at life, but because he had not yet found his focus he had fallen back, as so many do, on other men's visions. To make literature out of literature, to refine the refined, was the tendency of the day. Mr. Yeats, who himself had trod these paths, was weary of them, tired of the art which comes from brooding over things far from realities, and in love with the life of simple folk. So he sent his decadent to the lonely, windy Aran Islands to save his soul and "express," as Mr. Yeats said, "a life that has never found expression." It was John Millington Synge whom he thus rescued, and, whatever other claims Mr. Yeats may have on our gratitude, this will not be counted least among his good works. So strong a personality must at length have found itself, but Mr. Synge could not have spared many more years for wandering.

For he died the other day in a private hospital in Dublin, aged only thirty-eight, but assured of a place in the memory of all who love writing which is beautiful and true. Among the Irish peasants he had indeed found a vision which Europe could not give him and a mode of expression not to be learned of all the poets of Montmartre.

Slight in bulk as his work is, Mr. Synge has left curiously complete data whereby to measure his intention and his achievement. Two short prefaces tell without obtrusiveness all one needs to know of his artistic creed. "On the stage one must have reality, and one must have joy," he wrote; and he could not find these qualities in the modern intellectual drama. He knew that it is not theories, but life only, which can give vitality to art. His method was as far removed from the realism of Ibsen—"as old-fashioned as the pharmacopœia of Galen"—as from the unrealism of Maeterlinck or Mr. Yeats in his most mystic temper. By living with men who are too near life and death to vex themselves much with the problems of the cultured, he was able to create a drama, which is a new thing, and yet seems a very old one. Not for nothing did he set one of his scenes in "some windy, mountainous district on the east of Ireland one or more centuries ago." Time matters so little when one gets behind fleeting fashion; but the winds and the mountains are eternal.

His book, "The Aran Islands," is, as it were, the raw material of his five plays, all of which are concerned entirely with the peasants and fisherfolk. He learned their language, the rhythmic English of men who have not forgotten the Gaelic, and with it, using only the words and images they

use, made a prose of a beauty scarcely to be equalled by anything outside the English Bible. Some of his plots were taken from tales he heard over the peat-fires. That of "The Shadow of the Glen," for example, is very little modified from a story told in "The Aran Islands."

"The Shadow of the Glen," together with "Riders to the Sea," two very short plays, were his first work published only four years ago. These were quickly followed by "The Well of the Saints," in which a miraculous cure seems so natural as to render necessary a new definition of realism. "The Playboy of the Western World" brought Mr. Synge's name into as much prominence as it is likely at present to achieve. The Dublin public, accustomed to sentimental representations of the peasantry, objected to its truthfulness. Something like a tumult arose in the Abbey Theatre, and the actors were reduced to dumb-show. "The Freeman's Journal" described the play as "calumny gone raving mad." Even without this adventitious aid, however, it is probable that "The Playboy" would have become more widely known than any of Mr. Synge's other plays. It is the most dramatic, the most theatrical, without being any the less true. According to your mood, it is either tragic or comic, and that, perhaps, should be the final test of a play's truthfulness. For tragedy and comedy are the duality, one and indivisible, which is called life. The last play, "The Tinker's Wedding," published just a year ago, though written earlier, is purely farcical and yet full of the beauty which Mr. Synge has found among the men of the mountains and the mists, so spiritual and yet so frank in their earthly desires. Like all the others, it gives us the "nourishment on which our imaginations live," the author's own standard of the seriousness of drama.

But the play of all Mr. Synge's which appeals most to the imagination, in which the essential stands barest, is the little "Riders to the Sea." All the terror of life in the fretted islands, all the mystery and cruelty of the sea, are in it; and the paganism bred therefrom, the ironic fatalism which can synthesise the almighty and most merciful Father with the "blind gods that cannot spare." "The maternal feeling is so powerful in these islands that it gives a life of torment to the women," Mr. Synge writes; and this play is his commentary, with the mother's cry, when the last of her six sons rides down to the waters that have destroyed the rest:—

> "If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?"

And the hardness that must come when life is at everlasting war with the elements is in the daughter's words:—

> "It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?"

And its bitterness when the mother complains:—

> "In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old;"

And its fatalism in her words when the last of her sons is carried in:—

> "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening."

But though Mr. Synge got thus closely into touch with the elemental, he did not lose what the Parisian days had taught him—only gained infinitely. He can be named without discord among men who have found their visions in a more artificial light. His work has something of the quality of folk-poetry; but he got by an austere eclecticism the effect which the best folk-poetry has gained from generations of selection and rejection. He was as consciously an artist as the decadents from whom he escaped, and more eclectic even than they; for they made their choice now from life or its outer garments, and now from other men's fancies, while he refused all but life only. He could feel with the best of them an "exquisite satisfaction" to find himself "making away from civilisation" in a primitive canoe, and his eyes were always open for artistic effects. It is interesting to note the difference of his descriptive style when speaking through the mouth of one of his peasant characters and when in his own person:—

> "I'll be getting my death now I'm thinking, sitting alone in the cold air, hearing the night coming, and the blackbirds flying round in the briars crying to themselves, the time you'll hear one cart getting off a long way in the east, and another cart getting off a long way in the west, and a dog barking maybe, and a little wind turning the sticks."

That is the language of imaginative but simple folk. This is the language of the imaginative graduate of Trinity College:—

> "About the sunset the clouds broke and the storm turned to a hurricane. Bars of purple cloud stretched across the sound where immense waves were rolling from the west, wreathed with snowy phantasies of spray. Then there was the bay full of green delirium, and the Twelve Pins touched with mauve and scarlet in the east."

The observer never quite identified himself with his island friends, but stood a little aloof, not so far as to lose his vision. "On some days," he writes, "I feel this island as a perfect home and resting place; on other days I feel that I am a waif among the people. I can feel more with them than they can feel with me." Thus and not otherwise could he have been the artist he was. For it is after the mood has passed, not while it is on him, that the artist fashions it to his will.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE GERMAN DECLARATION OF INTENTION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is perhaps well to explain a doubt named by you in your last issue. Referring to a speech by me in the House of Commons upon naval strength, you write: "One important point which is disputed, that the Powers had agreed, as a result of the Hague Conference, to communicate their programmes to one another as far as possible." No dispute can arise upon my words as recorded in the uncorrected official report of the sitting of March 22nd. The "Times" report involves a different condensation. It runs thus: "COMMUNICATION OF PROGRAMMES.—Their national attempt to reduce naval armaments by agreement failed, and after it failed, The Hague Conference agreed that the Powers should communicate their programmes to one another, as far as it could possibly be done. As he understood it, this communication, to which he had referred, must have been based upon that suggestion, and had this importance, that however little it might yield, it was the only chance of anything like international action leading towards reduction of armaments. . . . He was most anxious that they should respond with the most exquisite courtesy to any offers of this kind that might be made." The Paris correspondent of the "Times" explained this condensation by a gloss which was inaccurate: "Sir Charles Dilke seems to have stated in the House of Commons on Monday that the Powers . . . . at the last Hague Conference had there agreed to submit to one another in advance their annual naval estimates. This is a mistake." Of course, it is a mistake; but not mine. My reference was in the terms of the Protocols (page 31), from which it appears that Great Britain proposed to confirm the Resolution of the first Hague Conference. The President, in explaining it, added that "It will be an honor for the second Peace Conference to have contributed to it . . . by carrying it at once." The result was that the Resolution, in the words of Sir Edward Fry, was "unanimously acclaimed." It is a "vœu" that the Powers should "consider the possibility of coming to an understanding" as to limitation attained through communication of programme; and this was how I put it, although condensation has produced an almost inevitable over-statement. No one who heard me expressed a doubt as to the accuracy of my statement or failed, I think, to follow the moderate argument based upon it.

All may still regret that in the earliest Government speeches, and in the latest, there was not the clear statement of the facts which was given by Mr. Asquith at question time on an intermediate day. Mr. Gretton asked, in sub-

stance, whether that which I had already explained in the speech referred to was correctly stated, and Mr. Asquith in a second answer is reported as having said that on March 10th a definite statement, called a declaration of intention, had been made by the German Ambassador to Sir Edward Grey. The Prime Minister showed that our Government thought that the words "not more than thirteen complete by the end of 1912," excluded the great cruisers, and that it was only on March 16th that it was made clear to them that the statement did include cruisers, as well as battleships. In my previous speech I had mentioned that there had been complaint that we had not understood the "voluntary declaration, which was definite as regarded the number of ships: 'There would not be more than thirteen "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles" complete by the end of 1912." The official report, misled, no doubt, by a well-meant interruption, "1911"—again corrected by me at the time to "1912"—has printed "1911"; subsequently corrected for the second edition to 1912, which is what I said.—Yours, &c.,

76, Sloane Street, S.W. CHARLES W. DILKE.
April 1st, 1909.

## "THE MOTIVES OF GERMAN POLICY."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Will you allow one—who, I believe you know, is neither a scaremonger nor a jingo—to make a remark on your article with the above title?

When you speak with reference to Germany's naval strength of "a much stronger Power," you can mean only this country; for no other State is much, or even moderately, stronger on the water than Germany is already. You believe that the Germans may "naturally desire to have a powerful fleet for purposes of defence." Surely it is absurd to suppose that, if the German Navy were but half as strong—both absolutely and relatively—as it is now, we should be able to attack Germany. Her defensive power, quite independent of her fleet, would put that out of the question. To those who are conversant with the conditions of naval warfare, it is evident that the German naval strength far surpasses the amount that on any reasonable calculation can be considered merely defensive.

If it is to support her diplomacy, as you suggest, then Germany—adopting your view—must go on strengthening her navy till it is fully equal to the greatest in the world. Would it be safe or desirable for us to remain inactive observers of the carrying out of your suggestion?—Yours, &c.,

R. N.

March 28th, 1909.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The correspondence on this subject which has already appeared in THE NATION is sufficient evidence of the existence of two strikingly divergent views of the proper relationship of examinations to education. These views are not new, and it is pretty certain that nothing that can now be said on one side or the other will influence the opinions of the members of the Royal Commission as to the respective merits of examinations conducted by the students' teachers or by an absolutely independent examiner.

Nevertheless any one who is interested in the future of education in London must welcome the sound of the clash of arms after the unnatural silence that has prevailed during the last ten years. For this silence has not indicated peace but a transference of the conflict from public debate to the council chambers and senate house of the reconstituted University.

The great need of the moment is that the Royal Commission should recognise that these two ideals of education, an external examining board and a local teaching university, though temporarily combined and working without outward manifestations of strife, are as hopelessly at variance with each other as they have been at any time during the last fifty years. If this is recognised, and it is further agreed that each of these ideals manifesting itself in its appropriate institution can serve a really useful purpose in the State, it is surely a mistake to hamper the growth of each by insisting on their forces being combined in a single institution.

It is much to be hoped that "Liberal Graduate," "Interested," and others, who are equally confident that the external or the internal ideal is the only one worth fighting for will use their energies to bring evidence before the Commission in favor of dividing the existing University into two autonomous institutions. By this course alone can London take its proper part in higher education, providing on the one hand an absolutely impartial degree for students educated in any and every part of the Empire, and, on the other hand setting up a true local University for the citizens of London.—Yours, &c.,

A LATE MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

March 29th, 1909.

## "THE SUFFRAGETTES."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As a witness of the scenes outside the House of Commons last Tuesday, I should like to ask two questions, if you will allow me.

A deputation of women started from Caxton Hall that afternoon for the purpose of calling on Mr. Asquith in the House. That the Prime Minister refuses to receive any deputation of women is one of those things that discourage Liberals like myself, who still regard him as the leader of our party. But my first question now has not to do with the ruinous tactics of our leader, but with the orders given to the police. They said they had orders to make no arrests. The consequence was that for nearly an hour the women of the deputation were hustled to and fro, driven up and down, and very violently used. In the end, as they persisted in their efforts to enter the House, many of them were arrested. The same scene was repeated next day.

I do not blame the police. They acted under orders, and most of us think obedience to orders a sufficient excuse for anything. But by what right does a Minister give such orders? Either it is legal to go as a deputation to the Prime Minister, or it is not. If it is not, the women ought to have been arrested at once, without first being exposed to violence and ill-usage for nearly an hour. In its attempt to avoid the unpopularity of arrests, the Government incurs the responsibility for the ill-treatment involved in its orders.

My other question concerns the behaviour of Members of Parliament at these scenes. Do they think it worthy of their position to stand as spectators, usually behind the shelter of some door or railing, to mock and jeer at women who, rightly or wrongly, are attempting to vindicate their political claims? I think ordinary men would not join in laughter at the sight of women treated as these were, no matter what opinion they might hold about the women's object in coming to the House. But Members of Parliament, who have never suffered in any cause, and never will, can stand and deride women who suffer for their cause with a courage that the members are naturally incapable of comprehending.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

National Liberal Club,
Whitehall Place, S.W.
April 2nd, 1909.

## IMPERIALISM AND MILITARISM.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Frederic Harrison's letter in last week's NATION does not assist matters. After reading Mr. Harrison's long letter in "The Times," most people, who are not blinded by the fear of invasion, would agree with THE NATION that it was one of the most sensational ever seen in the Press.

The war scare appears to have fastened its grip on men we have hitherto regarded as stalwart Liberals. Liberals are voting Tory, because the "Harmsworth Brand" have told them that revolvers are far more important than "idle talk about Peace and Brotherhood."

A Member of Parliament would be thought "rather crazy" if he rose in his place and quoted Tennyson's familiar lines:—

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

The man who is considered sane nowadays is the man who manufactures a heap of useless articles, which he compels the aborigines of South Africa and elsewhere to buy at the point of the bayonet, and thereby flatters himself that he is civilised.

The comfortable classes are clamoring for more "Dreadnoughts," but when the bill for these unsightly monsters is sent in, they will rise to a man and protest.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.

War Coppice, Caterham, Surrey,
March 30th, 1909.

## THE DANGER OF A NATIONAL THEATRE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I read with consternation in your paper of last Saturday that the scheme of the National Theatre is coming to birth. In treating of this last year I did not believe that the scheme was more than a dream, to be treated, to some extent, in a spirit of levity. It was known that a handful of impenitents had designs of forging fresh chains for us. But that the Lord Mayor was a traitor, who would have guessed?

They said of old that art was the handmaid of religion; to-day we should say that either she is twin sister or the same saint in another mood. And is it so long since we have thrown off the chains of a national religion that we have forgotten their weight and seek to burden the sweet sister Art? Indeed, do we not still feel the burden in daily life, in politics, in education, and in the soft collar of social esteem? I can fancy this National Theatre for the next few years, giving us the best of Shakespeare, of Sheridan, and, perhaps, of G. B. S. Then, gradually, the direction will fall, like that of the Royal Academy, into the hands to which all administration gravitates, the hands of the respectable. And then our National Theatre will be draped with flags and we shall flock up from the country to the "Englishman's Home," or its progeny, and get in for sixpence. And we shall know that it is the right thing because it is national.

Then, presently, we shall offer scholarships for the training of young actors. And they will first be put through a test of their dramatic faith. Can we not see the dismal enslaving of the mind that nationalised taste must bring about?

And what is it to foster? "Especially the representation of Shakespeare's Plays." Poor William Shakespeare! As the name of him who spent his life in warring against Pharisaism that the soul of man might rise on free wings, was used for the heaviest weights man ever bore and at last threw off, so now the name of the greatest teller of "Man's unconquerable soul" is to be nationalised and —administrated.—Yours, &c.,

EUPHEMIA STEVENS.

Bradfield, near Reading,
March 29th, 1909

## "SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The communication of news about foreign events is a vitally important function of the daily Press. I hope, therefore, that you will allow me space for a demonstration of the way in which that function is often discharged.

The course of affairs in regard to the German naval programme is the most important foreign matter at present offered to the consideration of our country. Last Wednesday the Reichstag passed the second reading of the Navy Estimates. The Socialists, for reasons which their spokesman explained, postponed all they had to say until the forthcoming debate on the Chancellor's vote. The result was that the Estimates were passed with unusual speed and smoothness.

This event has been described in some of our newspapers in such a way as to suggest that this speed and smoothness were the result of an unanimous patriotic determination to push on naval construction. I proceed to analyse some statements made in the Berlin telegram published in last Thursday's "Daily Mail":—

(1) "*Amid scenes of enthusiasm, the Reichstag this afternoon passed, without a dissenting voice and without a syllable of debate, the Navy Estimates for 1909.*"

Under present conditions only the Socialists ever oppose Navy Estimates, and they announced this time that they were saving their ammunition for a later discussion. Four persons spoke on this occasion. One of them, a Socialist, made a speech filling five of the quarto pages of the official report.

(2) "*The Chamber and galleries were crowded. . . . The impression was general that an important official announcement on Anglo-German relations would be made.*"

To this I oppose the statement that it is seldom that one sees the House, the ministerial benches, or the galleries more empty than they were on this occasion. This seems to me to dispose of the second of the above sentences as well as the first.

(3) "*Amid an intense silence the President of the Chamber stated that not a single deputy had expressed a desire to discuss the Navy Estimates.*"

To this I oppose the statements that the reading of the Estimates by the "reporter" was inaudible owing to the conversation of the small number of members present; and that the President, even after ringing his bell, had to raise his voice to make the above announcement heard.

(4) "*Admiral Tirpitz's salary was thereupon unanimously voted, and the House broke into prolonged applause.*"

Some of the members present cried "Bravo!"

(5) After mentioning Herr Singer's explanation of the Socialists' abstention from opposition, the telegram says that "*with the exception of another Socialist interruption,*" there was no more discussion.

This interruption was the five-page speech referred to above.

I have nothing to add to these statements of fact. I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

E. CLERIHEW.

Highgate, March 30th, 1909.

## OUR FOREIGN INVESTMENTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. G. Eckhard is unduly severe upon me. I am not a "moderate Tariff Reformer." I am a rabid Free Trader. How Mr. Eckhard came to make such a mistake I don't know. There is nothing in my previous letter to you to justify any such inference. I was simply endeavoring to point out that your article on the subject of foreign investments was based to some extent on a misapprehension of the Tariff Reformers' views, and to state, as clearly as I could, what I understood those views to be. I am sure that Mr. Eckhard will agree with me that an honest attempt to understand our opponents' arguments is not entirely incompatible with the profession of Free Trade principles.

As to the causes of our foreign investments, I never for one moment suggested that a loss of credit was the sole cause. On the contrary, I was merely contesting the general proposition (which I understood your article to lay down) that an outflow of capital was always a healthy symptom, and I instanced a blow to national credit as one of the possible causes of such an outflow.

I can assure Mr. Eckhard that I am enough of a logician to understand that because impaired credit is followed by an outflow of capital, it does not follow that such an outflow is always preceded by impaired credit.—Yours, &c.,

H. W. GOLDBERG.

11, New Court, Carey Street,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
March 15th, 1909.

## THE TEXT OF HAMLET IN THE FIRST FOLIO.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In 1620 the fate of Bohemia as a Protestant country was decided at White Hill, near Prague, where Tilly, commanding the army of the Catholic League, defeated the (German) Protestant Union. Alarmed by the

fate of their co-religionists, the Protestant States of North Europe, with James I.'s brother-in-law for leader, endeavored to form a Northern coalition powerful enough to cope with the Catholic League.

The King of Denmark and his party naturally counted on the energetic co-operation of James. It is said to have been at the instigation of his wife, daughter of James, that the Elector Palatine had headed the Protestant Union. As a consequence of the White Hill disaster, he almost immediately found himself in imminent danger of losing for ever, not Bohemia only, but his Electoral rank, and the Palatinate itself. For dynastic reasons, therefore, which he rated very high, James was deeply interested in the North European scheme. The cause of Protestantism also was thought to be at stake, and both people and Parliament were eager for war on behalf of the unlucky Elector and the cause with which he was, in their minds, identified. This in essential was the state of affairs which confronted James I. during the years 1621-2-3.

Addicted, maybe, to thinking too precisely on the event, James failed to back the scheme in the only effectual way. History says not whether, like Hamlet, James cursed *spite that ever he was born to set right* a dislocated Europe. But perhaps the curse was inarticulate. Exactly what the Protestant world thought of the English Solomon's *gran rifiuto* we can never know. But it may be taken for granted that he was accused of more than all the faults with which Hamlet stood charged at the bar of his conscience—pusillanimity, cowardice, brute-like oblivion of plainest obligations, infirmity of will, fatuous reliance on mere words, &c.

During this period the First Folio of Shakespeare was being engineered, under the auspices, if not of the Court of Whitehall, of courtiers of the highest rank—Prince Charles, I suggest, being one of the prime movers. When the editor-in-chief (probably Ben Jonson, with Heminge and Condell for stalking-horses) came to revise the Hamlet quartos (possibly also the *grand possessor's* MS.), and had reached the wonderful soliloquy of Act IV., he may well have decided to consult his patrons upon it.

> "How all occasions do inform against me | And spur my dull revenge! What is a man, | If the chief good and market of his time | Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more | . . . . Now whether it be | Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple | Of thinking too precisely on the event, | A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom | And over three parts coward, I do not know | Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do'; Sith I have cause and will and strength and means | To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me: | Witness this army . . . '| Led by a delicate and tender prince, | Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd | Makes mouths at the invisible event, | Exposing what is mortal and unsure | To all that fortune, death and danger dare, | Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great | Is not to stir without great argument, | But greatly to find quarrel in a straw | When honour's at the stake."

Imagine the Earl of Pembroke's feelings by the time he had read thus far. One can almost hear him exclaim, "This will never do, it would be wormwood to his Majesty; the whole speech must be left out, no matter how great the injustice to its author's genius."

Such I take to be the reason for an omission which has given pause to many an editor of Shakespeare, from Jonson's day to the day before yesterday. Taken by itself, the explanation—which may, without my knowing, have been offered before—is of no great value. But it will be found useful in dealing with sundry other enigmas involved in the First Folio.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD W. SMITHSON.

Hitchin, March 29th, 1909.

## THE FIGHTING VALUE OF "DREADNOUGHTS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In the letter, "Are 'Dreadnoughts' Worthless?" published in your issue of March 20th, the writer makes the very serious statement that the "Dreadnought" and her improved sisters are "Frauds."

He gives as his reason for the statement that the "Dreadnought's" guns are built for armor-piercing only, whereas the Russians at Tsushima were defeated by high explosive shells. He erroneously states that none of the Russians were sunk in consequence of penetration of armor, but Captain Semenoff clearly states that the Oslyaba was sunk by this means early in the battle. In that author's interesting book he states that the long shells (12 in.) were those which, in exploding, did such awful damage, while the Russians looked upon the 6 in. as nothing. Quoting from the same author, "Hullo, that is only a 6-in., no more portmanteaus (12 in.) now."

Is the writer aware that 12-in. guns can fire either an armor-piercing or a high explosive shell, and what reason has he for supposing that we intend using only the former in the "Dreadnoughts"? Further, why does he suppose that both the Russian and the Japanese latest ships have a main armament of 10 in. or 12 in. guns, presuming such guns are not the best?

It is specially mentioned in the book from which he quotes so much, *i.e.*, the battle of Tsushima, that the light Russian cruisers, Svietlana and Donskoy, although attacked by seven Japanese cruisers, were able to hold out for a considerable time because the Japanese had no heavier guns than the 6 in., in which they were unable to use the high explosive shells. It would be interesting to learn, therefore, what is to be the armament of the small craft, to cost £100,000, "four of which are to equal a 'Dreadnought.'"—Yours, &c.,

C. G. WALKER.

Knowle House, Mirfield.
March 25th, 1909.

## THE REFORM OF THE DEATH DUTIES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As Mr. Turnbull has discovered your printer's error, and correctly assumed that I wrote "estate," and not "State," I shall only trespass further on your space to note that we are agreed that "the dead man can decide out of whose share of his estate the claims of the State shall be met."

This at least removes the element of unfairness, which I thought, perhaps mistakenly, that Mr. Turnbull in his first letter attributed to the Finance Act.

While Mr. Turnbull holds that "in the case of the death duties payment is ultimately made by the persons who succeed," he confirms our agreement by asserting that "the desire to evade the higher rate" (if there *were* graduation of the rates of succession duty) "would influence the mind of the testator."—Yours, &c.,

D. B. MCLAREN.

Strathire, Haslemere,
March 28th, 1909.

## ACCURACY IN POETIC ILLUSTRATION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Isaac's vindication of the accuracy of Tennyson about Bees and Elm-blossom induces me to draw attention to an illustration used by Mr. W. H. Davies in his verses in your last number.

Mr. Davies writes, in expectation of the arrival of his books:—

> "They'll come like Snowdrops to a Bee."

But Tennyson speaks of

> "The Snowdrop cold,
> That trembles not to kisses of the Bee."

Has the Bee, in fact, ever the chance to woo the "February Fair Maid"?—Yours, &c.,

JAS. B. WINTERBOTHAM.

Cranley Lodge, Cheltenham.

## FASHIONABLE CACOEPY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Of all the senseless affectations indulged in by those who wish to advertise their superiority to ordinary folk, none is more wanton and uncalled for than the adoption of arbitrary mannerisms and irregularities in diction, pronunciation and spelling. While really learned men, like Professors Skeat and Lounsbury, are laboring towards the simplification and reduction to order of our chaotic so-called orthography and orthoëpy; others, like some of your recent correspondents, seemingly take a delight in inventing or propagating new or old solecisms, for no apparent reason than because they happen for the time being to be fashionable among a certain class of would-be smart

society, thus adding further snares and pitfalls to the many already awaiting our devoted school children.

Surely we already have trouble enough with our much-abused aspirate without going out of our way to introduce another category of words in which it is to be immolated, such as "humble," "herb," hostler," "hotel," "humor," "habitual," "historic," "heroic," "heterogeneous"! Dr. Murray very sensibly advocates the sounding of "h" in every case where it is practically possible; that is, in all words but "heir," "hour," "honor," "honest," and their derivatives, and there is, indeed, no etymological reason why it should not be restored to these also. Even he, unfortunately, has not the courage of his opinions sufficiently to insist on it in "exhaust" and a few other such—though he does in "exhale"—such is the tyranny of indolent, ignorant, thoughtless custom.

If our self-constituted instructors would but spend half the energy in discovering and setting forth the correct, analogical, and regular forms of words that they devote to the spread of pedantic snobbisms, we might have our language enriched and beautified, instead of vulgarised and disfigured. Thus we continue, parrot-like (to confine myself to misuses of this one letter) to say "yellow-hammer" for "-ammer," "hermit" for "eremit," &c., and to write it, wrongly, in words like "gost," "gastly," "gurkin," though religiously suppressing its sound in "honorarium"—which, being a purely Latin word, might at least be excepted from the bad example of "honor"—and both sound and sign in "heureca," the first syllable of which is evidently taken by these clever people as identical with that in "eulogy," &c.—Yours, &c.,

EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

## EQUALITY AND VARIETY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In a sympathetic and interesting article on William Morris in a recent issue of THE NATION occurs the following passage. Speaking of "the degradation and joyousness of the working people," and how these haunted Morris, the writer says "they forced him to gospels of equality when all his nature as artist cried aloud for variety of life."

The suggestion here seems to be that equality would tend to exclude variety. The question whether it does so or not is so interesting that I will ask your permission to say a few words on it.

I think it can be shown that the deadly monotony in the externals of present-day life is largely due to the vast inequalities of means and of social status in the communities of to-day; and that the only chance of our attaining to a healthy, natural variety is by abolishing these differences and placing the members of the community on a plane of equality. Equality is not identity, nor even similarity. In mathematics "equals" are not "similars." You may have any number of equal triangles without any two of them being similar. Whether in figures or solids the variety of form may be infinite among shapes all mathematically equal. Now Morris sought an equality of means and of status which would leave every man free to be himself—to be as individual as he pleased without troubling himself about his gentility. For Snobbery is twin sister to Inequality, and when people mix in classes above or below them—*i.e.*, with their social "superiors" or "inferiors"—snobbery is very much to the fore. The man who is socially small, dining at the table of the socially big man, knows that he cannot be equal, but he may be "similar." This can be done by going to the same tailor and getting a suit of clothes without a single spark of individuality, and precisely resembling those of his titled host. Thus the result of inequalities of status is that at that table all the men are dressed exactly like. But the same principle runs all down the scale. The man who has no chance (unhappy being) of dining with a peer, may dine with a man who dines with a peer, and must (literally) follow suit, and so on through all the grades.

And what is true of clothes is also true of houses, and all the paraphernalia in which the various grades struggle to assert their gentility when mixing with the grade next above them.

Bellamy, in his "Equality," points out that if we want to know the relative heights of a new squad of men, we must put them on a piece of level ground; and in like manner if we want to know the real differences between men in society, we must place them on an equal footing. With our present inequalities, the real and interesting differences are swamped by the vast mechanical and artificial differences in social position. One man is raised upon a mountain of wealth, and another is sunk in a ditch of poverty. What can we know of the real relative value of the two? But the differences are not only disguised and concealed—they are largely suppressed. What chance has either of these had of being what he might be? The one born and reared in squalor, and the other born and reared in idle luxury, are alike undeveloped human beings—neither has had a chance of finding his own individuality.

It is in the educated middle-class where men and women have to work, but with reasonable chance of maintenance, that we have the nearest approach to equality of means and status, and it is here that the largest numbers develop into interesting personalities. I think no one who has the happiness to live in this favored class will complain that there is lack of variety among his friends, or would desire to see some of them changed for so many ragged loafers from the slums, or for so many pheasant-shooting or bridge-playing loafers from the "élite."—Yours, &c.,

HENRY HOLIDAY.

Oak Tree House, Hampstead, N.W.

# Poetry.

## THE MESSAGE.

Zweet child, dear child, what troubled your soul
  That ye cudden bide in your quiet tomb?
'Tis a month and more zince the bell did toll,
  And we carr'ed ye down through Kinder Combe;
To Clavering Church in Kinder Combe;
  And left ye under the ellum tree,
With your grave avire wi' the crocus bloom,
  And the robin's zong to hearten ye.

Yet dree nights zince, as I laid awake
  And thought on my darling buried deep,
To a vearsome wind the house did shake,
  Though the night was ca'am as a child asleep,
Zo ca'am as my little maid asleep!
  And I heerd a step on the criking stair.
And the heart in my bosom zimmed to leap,
  Vor all of a sudden, you was there!

Aye, you stood there in the moonlight cold,
  Clear shine o' the moon 'longside my bed:
All zilver litten your curls o' gold,
  The crowded curls of your pratty head:
Dear child, your shining golden head!
  You zmiled so sweet, and you stood zo near!
But I cudden 'tarpert the words you zaid;
  They was far and faintlike, Janey dear!

Dear! but 'twas hard! And I did try!
  Zimmed I'd a died vor to understand
What you vramed to say, with your pleadin' eye
  And the beckoning wave of thuck tiny hand!
Dear child, your little lovin' hand!
  I strove to touch un, but all in vain;
Like a dog as zees his measter nigh,
  And chok's hissell on the cruel chain.

Twelve years! a spotless vlower she grew!
  Twelve years! a lily undefiled!
What sorrow, what zin she niver knew
  Could break the rest o' my darlin' child?
My lily alone, my darlin' child!
  Ah! not for your sake you came, but mine,
Vor the Lord would carl me home to you,
  And sent me his angel for a sign.

EDWARD S. TYLEE

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

A BIOGRAPHY of John Dee, the famous Elizabethan mystic and astrologer, has been written by Miss Fell Smith, and will be published during the present year by Messrs. Constable. Dee had been imprisoned as a heretic by Mary, but on Elizabeth's accession he became a great favorite. He was employed by the Queen to cast her horoscope, to choose a lucky day for her coronation, and to ward off the effects of a spell which the discovery in Lincoln's Inn Fields of a small waxen figure transfixed through the heart by a pin, led her to believe had been employed against her. He also won great reputation by the mechanical devices which he employed at a performance of the "Peace" of Aristophanes in 1547. In later years he travelled much on the Continent collecting manuscripts and searching for the philosopher's stone. It was through his influence that a Bill was introduced into Parliament in 1585 adopting the Gregorian calen lar for England. Religious prejudice caused it to be dropped, and it was not until nearly two centuries later that the reform was carried. Dee seems to have been a mixture of dupe and philosopher, believing that he had found the *elixir vitae*, but stimulating research by his writings and influence. Miss Fell Smith's biography throws much fresh light upon the beliefs current among the educated classes of Elizabethan England.

* * *

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. are preparing a new edition of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," with Beardsley's famous illustrations. It will be remembered that these drawings were Beardsley's first work for publication, and that they at once established the nineteen-year-old boy as an illustrator of the first importance. The original edition has long been exhausted, and copies sell at a high price, so that this new issue will be welcomed by book lovers. It is already printing, and will be published at one guinea net.

* * *

A HISTORY of the third French Republic, dealing in anecdotal style with its leading celebrities—political, social, and literary—has been written by Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly, and will be published next month by Messrs. Collier. Mr. Vizetelly was at Paris throughout the Commune, and remained as a journalist there for several years. His translations from Zola and his biography of that writer are well known to English readers. We understand that Mr. Vizetelly is the author of the anonymous "Court of the Tuileries," which was published a year ago by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It is one of the best books in English upon the Second Empire.

* * *

THE charm of the bicycle has never received in literature the definite recognition it deserves. As a rule, the delights of cycling have been neglected for the simple humor and obvious gibery of petty disaster—punctures, side-slip, the uncontrolled marauding hen, and the like. But now Mr. J. W. Allen has written, and Mr. John Lane will presently publish, a little volume with the happy title, "Wheel Magic," which, in a dozen or so of essays, explores the pleasant domain of cycling. It shows a light touch, and an agreeable vein of fancy and philosophy, and the work will be dedicated to Mr. T. S. Seccombe, who shared in many of the rides commemorated.

* * *

THERE seems to be a demand for anthologies of French verse just now. Mr. St. John Lucas's "Oxford Book of French Verse" holds the field at present, but it is to have a rival in a book on somewhat similar lines, which Mr. F. Y. Eccles has prepared for Messrs. Constable. We learn that Mr. Daniel O'Connor, who initiated Messrs. Dent's "Classiques Français" series, and is now editing the "Classiques Français Illustrés" for Messrs. Bell, has also completed a selection of representative extracts from the great French poets.

* * *

MR J. A. HOBSON'S new study in economics, the object and scope of which we have already told our readers, is now in the Press, and will be published towards the end of the month. Its title will be "The Industrial System: An Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Income," and the publishers are Messrs. Longmans.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER has nearly finished the fifteenth and concluding volume of his great history, "L'Empire Libéral." He has been engaged upon the work for nearly twenty years, and the veteran author and statesman is to be congratulated on the completion of so arduous an undertaking.

* * *

THE sale of the second part of the late Lord Amherst of Hackney's library ended on Saturday, and will rank as one of the most important book auctions ever held in this country. The total amount realised—allowing for the £25,000 which it is said was paid for the Caxtons—during the seven days was £57,592. There were 1,031 lots, which thus fetched the amazing average of over £50 a lot. No one can see a great collection of books dispersed without feeling a certain amount of regret, though by putting uncommon and scarce books upon the market, a sale of this sort helps buyers with slender purses to add something of interest to their libraries. When auctions of books were first introduced into this country, they met with many opponents, and Evelyn speaks of an auction, "I may call it a diminution, which in a day or two has scattered what has been gathering many years." The first English sale was of the books of Dr. Lazarus Seaman held in October, 1676, by William Cooper, a bookseller who had his shop at the "Pelican" in Little Britain. Some interesting information about these early sales is to be found in Mr. John Lawler's "Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century."

* * *

MR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE'S recent topographical book on "Lausanne" introduces the reader to many names famous in the world of books. It was to Lausanne that Gibbon was sent to be re-converted from Catholicism, and where he employed his time flirting solemnly with Mademoiselle Curchod. Later on he returned to Lausanne, and it was there that he finished his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It was at Lausanne also that Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël met for the first time. Sainte-Beuve gave the lectures upon which his great history of Port Royal was based at Lausanne, and Alexandre Vinet, a theologian and critic meriting more attention than he now receives, was a professor at Lausanne. Others associated with the town are Voltaire, Juste Olivier, Madame de Montolieu, and Dr. Tissot. Mr. Gribble gossips very agreeably about them all and treats also of other aspects of the town and neighborhood. His next book, part of which has already appeared in the "Fortnightly Review," is to be called "Chateaubriand and His Court of Women," and will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

* * *

MR. EVELEIGH NASH announces a new book on Jane Austen by Mr. W. H. Helm, the author of "Aspects of Balzac." Mr. Helm's book is not a biography; his aim has been to form an estimate of Jane Austen's character and genius, based almost entirely on the evidence afforded by her novels and correspondence.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The City of Jerusalem." By Colonel C. R. Conder. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"William Blake." By Basil de Selincourt. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Sixty Years in the Wilderness." By Henry W. Lucy. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Struggle for Imperial Unity." By Colonel G. T. Denison. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"A Holiday in Connemara." By Stephen Gwynn. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A Lute of Jade: Being Selections from the Classical Poets of China." By L. Cranmer-Byng. (Murray. 2s. net.)

"God the Known and God the Unknown." By Samuel Butler. (Fifield 1s. 6d. net.)

"Fresh Leaves and Green Pastures." By the Author of "Leaves from a Life." (Nash. 10s. net.)

"Brittany to Whitehall: The Life of Louise Renée de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth." By Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Modern Research as Illustrating the Bible." By the Rev. S. R. Driver, D.D. (Frowde. 3s. net.)

"Studies in the Teaching of Religion." By William Scott Palmer. (Longmans. 1s net.)

"The Half-Moon." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Nash. 6s.)

"Bussy-Rabutin: Sa Vie, ses Œuvres et ses Amies." Par E. Gérard Gailly. (Paris: Champion 6 fr.)

"La Cathédrale de Notre Dame de Paris." Par Marcel Aubert. (Paris: Longuet. 2 fr. 50.)

"Le Talion." Roman. Par Victor Margueritte. (Paris; Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## THE WORLD OF GEORGE SELWYN.*

In his very interesting and agreeable book, Mr. Parnell Kerr wonders whether Wesley and Selwyn ever met in the course of their travels to and from the West of England. It would have been a strange encounter. Yet, if the types they represented were incompatible and mutually unintelligible, they both belong fundamentally to eighteenth century England. The England of Selwyn, the England, as Mr. Kerr calls it, of Fielding and Hogarth, the England of Wesley—to understand one of them is to understand all three. Now George Selwyn was not the most distinguished, the most brilliant, the most witty, or the most wicked of the fashionable society to which he belonged. He owes his immortality to none of those excellences, but to Walpole's industry as a letter-writer and to the avarice for gossip and scandal about smart society, which is strong and persistent in the English nature. As Mr. Kerr says, the witty sayings that go to Selwyn's credit in contemporary letters and memoirs are not particularly striking. Nobody would think of mentioning him in the same breath as Fitzpatrick or Sheridan or Canning. But he has in a special degree the tone of his world; his career is the kind of career that a man in his position ought to run; he is pre-eminently characteristic, and, as a consequence, he survives. The world has swallowed volumes about him already, and there is every sign that it is prepared to swallow a good many more.

The life of this fashionable world, with its reckless pleasures, its travels, its love of clever and piquant conversation, its degree of culture, its respect for scholarship, has often been depicted. Birth was not the only passport to a circle that was proud of Hare, and afterwards idolised Beau Brummel, but its standard of tastes and manners was exclusive. This isolation was illustrated, as Mr. Kerr says, by the creation of the famous clubs which separated the aristocratic clique from the common intercourse of the coffee house. The amusements of the more reckless of its members were in a sense their profession. For the men who would now give their names to a company in the City devoted themselves then to running a faro bank. But these men, it must be remembered, were not like the French aristocrats, mere pleasure-seekers, kept apart from politics and affairs by the policy of the Crown. They were the governing class. Some of them did directly very little governing, but they all enjoyed the profits of that class. Take Selwyn's career as an example. He was Member of Parliament either for the family borough of Lugershall or for Gloucester for forty-three years. His public importance has been summed up in one sentence by Sir George Trevelyan: "George Selwyn, who returned two members and had something to say in the election of a third, was at one and the same time Surveyor-General of Crown Lands, which he never surveyed; Registrar in Chancery at Barbadoes, which he never visited; and Surveyor of the Meltings and Clerk of the Crown in the Mint where he showed himself once a week in order to eat a dinner which he ordered but for which the nation paid." Of these sinecures, the richest, the office of Surveyor-General of Crown Lands, was bestowed on Selwyn by Pitt in 1784, after Burke, in his comprehensive measure of 1782, had abolished a sinecure which Selwyn had enjoyed for twenty-seven years—the office of Paymaster of the Works. Now this sinecure system was a regular part of the economy of eighteenth century government. It was one of the ways in which the nation paid its governing class. The nominally honorary character of public work has always been a feature of aristocratic government in England. The comprehensive functions entrusted to the Justice of the Peace in the eighteenth century carried with them no emoluments. Much of the work that was done in France by salaried intendants was done in England by this unsalaried class. But the governing class did not do its work for nothing, nor did it accept as full satisfaction for its claims the power which it enjoyed and used of directing public policy in its own interest. It received as a further endowment the right of providing for its younger sons out of the system of sinecures. Every now and again there was a revolt against the extravagances of this system. Such a revolt occurred in 1782, when the Rockingham Government carried a measure which, considering the interests affected and their power, can only be described as a remarkable reform. But still a great deal remained, as was shown in the next great agitation in the early nineteenth century, and in 1810 sinecures swallowed up a million and a half a year. Horner, it is true, defended sinecures as a means of enabling poor men to go into politics, but the argument in dangerously like the defence of pocket boroughs as a system for bringing men like Burke into Parliament. The Selwyns were maintained by the nation in return for having its affairs conducted and its justice administered by a class. It was an excellent bargain—for the aristocracy, whose rents increased and whose dominions expanded.

It is interesting to note that there never was a time when money was so much prized by politicians as in the days when it was supposed that politics were the preserve of the aristocracy. When Colonel Barré, to whom Pitt gave the Clerkship of the Polls (worth £3,000), was dying, Dr. Goodenough wrote to Sidmouth, who had just made him Dean of Rochester: "I understand that Colonel Barré is in a very precarious state. I hope you will have the fortitude to nominate Harry to be his successor." Harry was Sidmouth's son and a boy at Winchester. Sidmouth did not disappoint the Dean. Such fortitude was not uncommon.

It is no wonder that this exclusive class thought it a sacrilege that outsiders should dream of invading the world in which they divided these prizes. Selwyn was troubled once by the opposition of a timber merchant who started a dangerous candidature in Gloucester. "I am heartily sorry, my dear George," wrote Gilly Williams, "that this damned carpenter has made matters so serious with you." "I was very sorry to find by your last," wrote Carlisle, "you had an opposition at Gloucester. Why did you not set his timber yard on fire? What can a man mean who has not an idea separated from the foot square of a Norway deal plank by desiring to be in Parliament?" The distribution of sinecures was too lofty a business for anyone but a gentleman. This idea was rooted in the aristocracy, and it has been shrewdly remarked by Professor Lowell that when the governing class agreed to the abolition of patronage in the civil service. it was from a fear that the command of that patronage was about to pass into other hands.

In one of his charming digressions in the "Wealth of Nations," Adam Smith analysed the causes of the different standard by which "the vices of levity" are judged by the "common people" and the "people of fashion." He argued that luxury, wanton mirth, intemperance, and the rest might be enjoyed by people of fashion for many years without ruin, whereas a single week of such conduct was often enough to undo a poor workman for ever. "As a consequence these vices were hated and dreaded by the wiser of the common people, whereas people of fashion thought of them indulgently and regarded it as one of the privileges of their position that they were able to practise them without harm or reproach." This certainly was the view of the reckless society whose qualities, bad or good, fill so great a part of the records of the eighteenth century. The Selwyns had their imitators in other classes, and the pages of Fielding and Richardson introduce us to other worlds where a certain character for dissipation was prized as an evidence of social position and fortune.

But if the Selwyn world had an influence as an example, it had an influence as a warning. Cobbett would have hated to have it supposed that there was anything in common between him and Wilberforce, yet many of the pages of the "Advice to Young Men" might have been written by Wilberforce himself. Now there is no doubt that Cobbett was brought to condemn "Tom Jones" and Sheridan's plays, and to preach a hard and rather morose morality just because he saw, as Adam Smith had seen, that the poor cannot afford any of the enslaving vices, and in his anxiety to save the English peasantry, he had his eyes on the imitative extravagant habits that had brought so many of the small farmers to ruin. Wilberforce and his friends looked at the question from a different point of view. They had resumed and revived the great Puritan

* "George Selwyn and the Wits." By S. Parnell Kerr. With sixteen illustrations. Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

tradition. Their dislike of the vices of levity arose not from a fear that they would make the poor still less able to defend themselves against the rich, but from their whole conception of life and virtue. They hated these habits wherever they found them, and they made war on all happiness except Puritan happiness. It did not much affect the rich, and none of Selwyn's friends were ever punished for their delinquencies. But it did affect the poor. Poor men were prosecuted under the fierce laws that the Saints brought into play, and, as a consequence of the Puritan restraints on all forms of social pleasure, the poor in the English village, while paying a heavy bill for Selwyn's dissipations, were deprived themselves of innocent joys that might have brought a little color into their sombre lives.

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## "O. K."*

Mr. Stead has chosen a popular but not an accurate title for his collection of Madame Novikoff's letters when he describes her as "The M.P. for Russia," the representative in this country of the Russian people. "O. K.," during her long residence in England, has represented the three causes of Russian autocracy, Russian orthodoxy, and the ideals and policy of Pan-Slavism. But we are not aware that she ever affected to speak for the Russian people. As a matter of fact, her influence on British public opinion began and ended with her powerful and brilliant representation of the cause of the Slav states in the Balkan peninsula, at a time when their oppression happened to coincide with the dominant political and sentimental forces in the Russian Empire. While it lasted, Madame Novikoff, by the energy of her character, her gifts as a journalist and a pamphleteer, her association with powerful men in this country, and her personal magnetism, put the cause for the Russian policy of those years on lines which finally broke up the senseless and now completely discredited pro-Turkism of Lord Beaconsfield. It ended, when "O. K.," erstwhile the champion of a "Bulgaria, United and Free, from the Danube to the Ægean"—the woman who declared that the betrayal by the Treaty of Berlin of the Southern Slavs left her "so distressed, so ashamed, so wretched"—became the bitter enemy of their union with their brethren, and, later on, the apologist of Lobanoff's abandonment of Armenia.

Mr. Stead thinks that her career was the main factor in the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian *entente*. But Liberal sympathy with the idealist movement of 1876 owns little or no kinship with the diplomatic and material weapon, forged for strictly interested purposes, of 1908. Gladstone, who plays so great a part in these volumes, drew emphatically away from Madame Novikoff's purely Russian and absolutist policy when, apropos of Russia's final betrayal of Bulgaria, he wrote to her, "I have nothing to do with Imperial negotiations; Peace, and then Liberty, are my watchwords." Peace, undoubtedly, was Madame Novikoff's message to England in the 'seventies. It is doubtful whether Liberty, in our sense, ever was. Mr. Stead certainly possesses no power of criticising the idol which in these two over-long, but fairly interesting, volumes he has set up for us to worship. His book is a mere pæan of adulation of a woman who, while perfectly sincere and straightforward, was an ardent and highly accomplished advocate of purely national, highly exclusive, and entirely authoritarian notions. Mr. Stead does, indeed, in one passage, not more naïve than many others in these volumes, attribute part of Madame Novikoff's influence to her youthful beauty. "It is one thing," he says, speaking of her brother's death as a volunteer in the Servian insurrection, "to read of, or to imagine, misery at a distance, it is another thing to witness it close at hand, and quite another to see a young and handsome woman prostrated with inconsolable grief."

But neither Madame Novikoff's personal attractions, nor her obvious sincerity, nor her gift of feeling enthusiasm and inspiring it in others, allow us to accept without reserves a portrait steeped in the spirit of partisanship, tactless and commonplace in execution, and heavily ornamented with flattery. A more discriminating hand might, we think, have made of this interesting and in some ways important book a trustworthy as well as a brilliant piece of biography. Any woman able to retain friends and admirers so diverse as Gladstone and Kinglake, Freeman and Froude—the four chief figures in Madame Novikoff's social circle in London—must have possessed not only considerable powers of mind, but many solid and also piquant points of character. Kinglake, with playful irony, called her "Miss," and at her instance modified the preface of his "Crimean War." Gladstone gave her his arm after one of the most remarkable public meetings ever held in England, and used her armory of facts and arguments to strengthen him in his war on Jingoism. She seems to have kept the wayward and often intolerant Froude fairly true to the right cause in Eastern Europe. She achieved this singular hold on leaders of opinion in a foreign country without using any power that can be called unworthy, and she undoubtedly formed a link between enlightened policy in two great and widely separated communities. Such a figure undoubtedly deserves a place in the gallery of famous women.

We should not call Madame Novikoff a very literary woman. She had few unconventional opinions, her letters show little freshness or charm of temper, her books are less interesting than her pamphlets, she was more an honest political enthusiast than an adroit or far-seeing diplomatist. Kinglake, indeed, thought her influence on Gladstone a little uncanny. "England," he said, "is stricken with incapacity because you have stirred up the seething cauldron that boils under Gladstone's skull, putting in diabolical charms and poisons of theology to overturn the structure of English polity." Possibly "O. K." played a little with Gladstone's interest in the old Catholics, his hatred of Vaticanism, and his views on Christian reunion. But there is no sign, in these letters at all events, that she either bemused or consciously flattered him, and his letters to her, in spite of Mr. Stead's abundant gift of indiscretion, show him always in a favorable and not seldom in a noble light. His friendship was entirely admirable, kind, gracious, perfectly self-contained, and conducted with due regard, not merely to his own firmly held opinions of public policy but to the interests of his own country and of European freedom. Mr. Stead sees only the devices of the partisan in his drawing away from her later anti-Bulgarian and anti-Armenian views, and her refusal to see the atrocities of Russian irregular troops in Turkestan and elsewhere where they plainly existed. Most Liberals, who do not, with Mr. Stead, regard Jingo as a mere term of abuse for anti-Russians of all types, will think that, save on the Penjdeh incident, when Gladstone was badly informed, and allowing for a tincture of anti-Mohammedan prejudice, his views of Russian policy were sound and just. Agitator and statesman, he kept the two *rôles* apart, and his tone towards Madame Novikoff grows more cautious as he becomes sensible of the shadow of approaching power. But he was neither faithless nor oblivious of old friendship. One incident his admirers will regret, namely, the pressure which, at Madame Novikoff's instance, he brought to bear on Lord Eversley and Mr. Acland, then members of his Government, to withdraw from membership of the Society of "Friends of Russian Freedom." But it is certain that had he lived through the later period of the Russian terror, he would have taken a different view. What he saw of the Anglo-Russian situation in 1876 to 1878, impelled him to the right course, and he saw it and such agents as Madame Novikoff with sane and truth-loving eyes.

The other chief characters who figure in these letters are too thinly painted to acquire much distinction. Froude's letters are the freshest, Kinglake's the most ironical and acute. Froude's touch is often brutal, but usually sincere. Here is a characteristic note on Tolstoy: "Tolstoy, as I make out, led a loose existence till he grew too old to enjoy it, and then went in for religion and revolution." And on the dying Carlyle: "Carlyle grows weaker and is sulky because he is obliged to go on living. He has lost his interest in everything that is taking place on earth, and is more and more absorbed in the thought of what is coming. He assures himself that Goethe believed in a future life, and he wonders why. Goethe, I imagine, looked at it like Rabelais—as a Grand Perhaps; Cæsar said emphatically, No. For which I praise his sincerity and superiority to cant." For the rest, it would, we think, have been better if Mr. Stead had omitted to praise his own brilliant articles in the

* "The M.P. for Russia." Reminiscences and Correspondence of Madame Olga Novikoff. Edited by W. T. Stead. Melrose. 2 vols. 32s. net.

"Northern Echo," and to quote liberally other people's praise of them. He would also have done well to omit much which he has inserted in this volume, and, best of all, considering his many gifts and services, to bury in deepest oblivion such hysteria as the following letter to "O K.," written in March, 1878: "How awful to think England—that is myself—should meet with its death-blow from Russia—that is you—or *vice versâ*!"

## THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.*

The most detailed part of this very interesting book begins with the invention of printing and ends with the Restoration. These two centuries mark a well-defined period in the history of the grammar schools. The invention of printing gave them their text books; the Restoration killed their exclusively classical character. "Under the Commonwealth a Latin secretary was employed for official correspondence. After the Restoration French became the diplomatic language." That sentence tells us what the grammar schools were trying to do during these two centuries. They were trying, with the aid of the resources of the Renaissance, to teach their pupils to speak with ease, correctness, and elegance a language which was in daily use. Latin was not only the language of the diplomatist and the lawyer: it was the language of business. As Mr. Leach, in his work on the grammar schools, put it, everyone who was neither a mere soldier nor a mere handicraftsman wanted not a smattering of grammar, but a living acquaintance with the tongue, as a spoken, as well as a written, language. And, of course, as the language which carried men from one country to another, the use of Latin was encouraged by the Renaissance leaders. The medieval symbol of the unity of Christendom had become, as Professor Watson remarks, the symbol of the unity of scholarship. It is not surprising, for example, that Vives, who was born in Spain, lectured at Oxford, and after being driven out of England for taking the side of Catherine of Aragon, lived and died at Bruges, should have written his "School Dialogues" to teach boys colloquial Latin. Many boys were brought up like Montaigne in France, or the family of Sir Thomas More in England, in a Latin nursery, hearing nothing but Latin all round them from parents, tutors, and servants. The classics that the grammar schools mainly employed were Cicero's Letters and the comedies of Terence. Wolsey laid great stress on Terence in the Statutes for Ipswich School, and in almost all schools the acting of Latin plays was a regular and important institution. Ben Jonson in the Staple of News says of schoolmasters: "They make all their scholars play-boys! Is it not a fine sight to see all our children made interluders? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn them grammar and their Terence, and they learn them play books."

It is the distinction of Professor Watson's book that it is based on a careful study of the actual text books used in the grammar schools, but though it is in this sense a book for specialists, it possesses a great interest for a much wider world of readers. For here we can trace a good deal of the history of education down to the Restoration, and the subject throws much light on the social life of England. That history Professor Watson traces back to Charlemagne's proclamation bidding the clergy give gratuitous instruction to the children whose parents wished it. Side by side with the great palace schools for the children of courtiers and nobles, there spring up the cathedral and church schools for the poor. From these beginnings there developed the different classes of schools described in Mr. Leach's well-known book. There were, as Mr. Leach showed, at the time of the Reformation a large number of grammar schools, schools connected with cathedral churches, with monasteries, with collegiate churches or colleges, with hospitals, with guilds, with charities, and, lastly, independent schools. Dr. Hastings Rashdall's investigations led him to the conclusion that "it may be stated with some confidence that at least in the later Middle Ages the smallest towns, and even the larger villages, possessed schools where a boy might learn to read and acquire the first rudiments of ecclesiastical Latin; while except in very remote and thinly-populated regions he would never have had to go very far from home to find a regular grammar school." Now the chantry schools, the largest class of all, disappeared at the Reformation. A chantry was an endowment for a priest to sing mass for the soul of a dead person. Gradually these endowments came to be used for purposes of education, and the chantry priest had superimposed on his original duties the duty of teaching the poor. Mr. Leach quotes the deeds of a foundation of Dr. Langley, Bishop of Durham, in the 15th century, which shows that the main duties of the two chantry priests in that case were to keep a grammar school and a song school, "teaching gratis the poor who ask it humbly for the love of God, but charging the rest moderate fees, such as are usually paid in other grammar or song schools." By the time of the Reformation these schools, which were of all kinds, embracing grammar schools and elementary schools, were extremely numerous, and hence their disappearance under the severe administration of the Chantries Acts of 1546 and 1548 caused at once a great loss and considerable disorganisation. Professor Watson traces the results in the grammar schools. The Chantries Acts, as he says, dissolved the elementary schools, and the "post Reformation" educational system started with a number of re-founded grammar schools only. The place of the old chantry schools was not easily filled. We find first a grammar master combining grammar and elementary instruction; then in anticipation of the systems of Lancaster and Bell, the introduction of pupil teachers to teach the *petits*, or petties, and finally the substitution of an elementary master for the pupil teacher. At Christ's Hospital there were two masters for the petties, but in an unhappy hour one of them was converted into a pluralist, being given the office of barber in addition, with the result that he neglected his duties as teacher. The schoolmaster for the petties was paid £2 13s. 4d., the barber £2.

The most important type of elementary school, says Professor Watson, before the Reformation was neither the A B C school, nor the writing school, nor even the reading school, but the song school, and he quotes the saying of Horman, "No one can be a grammarian without a knowledge of music." This was, of course, natural enough in an age of oral teaching. Grammar and music were the qualifications of a Chantry priest ("bene legere, bene construere et bene cantare," for example). Nor did all this training go exclusively into the service of the Church. Dr. Watson quotes the career of Thomas Tusser, who studied under Redford in the song school of St. Paul's Cathedral, who became successively a fiddler, farmer, grazier, and poet. In particular, song schools turned out large numbers of pupils who could easily be trained as actors. With the disappearance of the song schools, the school teaching of music declined: in elementary schools where they were founded, arithmetic took its place, and in grammar schools music, like other things, was driven out by the exacting demands of the classics. It remained as an institution in certain schools. The City of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in the charity schools of Bridewell and Christ's Hospital as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices, or husbandmen! Westminster and Dulwich, among a few other schools, made some provision for it. But if the Renaissance overwhelmed the teaching of music in the grammar schools with the passion for the classics, it stimulated the art and enjoyment of music in life. Professor Watson reminds us of Deloney's description: "Tinkers sang catches; milkmaids sang ballads; carters whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs; the bass viol hung in the drawing rooms for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cithern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of the barber's shop." In this respect the grammar schools, as Professor Watson shows, got out of touch with the social activities of the times. But, in general, the grammar school system, he thinks, entered deeply into the national life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and though he quotes the writer on education who speaks of "the reading of Isocrates, Demosthenes, and

* "The English Grammar Schools to 1660: Their Curriculum and Practice." By Foster Watson, M.A., Professor of Education in the University College of Wales, Aberstwyth. Cambridge University Press.

the most reverend author and orator, Christ Jesus, with the apostles," he argues that the religious motive was throughout the governing element in the foundation and organisation of schools. In this characteristic was preserved the continuity of education from the days of the medieval school. The grammar schools turned the gifts of the Renaissance to the service of religion, and gradually new subjects, such as English literature and history, won their way into the curriculum, not so much for their own sake, as for their value in teaching and developing the use of language. Thus, history provided subjects for an essay, English literature was an aid to rhetoric, and natural history suggested metaphors and phrases. The result may be seen, as Professor Watson remarks, in the resources of expression that mark the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

## CURRENT FICTION.*

Curiously unearthly is the imaginative force shown in "Jimbo." The first few chapters which describe how the robust and bluff colonel discovers that his delicate little son, Jimbo, is an "imaginative child," and sends for the self-confident and practical governess, Miss Lake, to "clean out that fanciful brain of his and prepare him for school with other boys," show that the author has the rare power of thinking himself back into the dream states of a child's morbid apprehensions. Miss Lake makes a bad blunder when she suggests that the Empty House which, standing near the Park gates, figures as "an object of somewhat dreadful delight" in the children's fancy, is tenanted by Bad Things which "might run out and catch you some day when you're passing there alone, and take you back a prisoner." At once Jimbo's imagination begins to be peopled with uncanny nightmares, and when "the shock" comes, and Jimbo is tossed by a bull and succumbs to an attack of brain fever, he has already accumulated all the material for his future wanderings in the chaotic dreamland of delirium. Mr. Algernon Blackwood has set himself a daring and difficult task to picture forth in orderly and artistic sequence this impalpable world of the sufferer's ghostly visions, and to keep a thread of contact between them and the body of the unconscious boy lying on the bed, but he has undoubtedly succeeded. The narrative of Jimbo's dream captivity in the Empty House, kept a prisoner there by the stealthy, hooded, black-winged figure of the monster, Fright, and haunted perpetually by the troop of thin, shadowy Frightened Children, with their sighing, melancholy refrain, all this is eerie beyond question. The paralysing effects of fear, and its fluctuations from the state of choking excitement to that of numb terror, are suggested with nightmarish power by the author, who is too much of an artist, however, to overdo the horrors, and so weaken their grip upon us. The relief comes in the figure of the woman who appears in the Empty House, to aid Jimbo, and, in teaching him to fly, fosters in the little boy's heart the seeds of self-confidence. The later chapters that recount Jimbo's aerial adventures, while on the wing, are again intensely imaginative. It is curious how actual are the sensations, therein communicated, of sailing, soaring, sweeping through the air, and rushing through the night heavens, sustained on skimming, powerful wings. Mr. Blackwood almost persuades us that he has opened the door to some misty state of pre-existence when we were feathered things, and thought in terms of flying. And it is curious, indeed, that in our dreams we find ourselves sometimes flying as easily and as naturally as we walk on earth. As a work of imagination "Jimbo" is quite *sui generis*, though its uncanny passages hold us captive with a spell that recall certain chapters in Mr. W. H. Chesson's novels.

In "Rachel Chalfont" Miss Sophie Cole accomplished a very interesting piece of work, and it is with sympathetic interest that we follow the doings, thoughts, and feelings of her heroine, Marjorie, in "Arrows from the Dark." Marjorie, who belongs to a lower-middle class environment, has a weak and shifty father, and is engaged to a common and obtuse young shopman in the Tottenham Court Road, is typical of an enormous number of girls in her class, whose mental refinement is far in excess of the means available for satisfying it. Brought by accident into contact with the upper-class hero, the Hon. Tom Trevor, a good-natured, manly, and attractive young Englishman, who sets her up in a Bond Street business, Marjorie, of course, falls in love with him as the ideal man, and it is to the credit of the author's originality that she does not allow any dubious shade to mar the purity of their friendly relations. Tom is in love with his cousin Eugénie, a neurotic and passionate girl, who has, unknown to her family, committed herself with the dead master, Werner Stehmann, the great pianist. Madame Stehmann, in revenge for her husband's infidelities which come to light only at his death, has published anonymously a volume of his correspondence, with the compromising feminine letters included, all, however, unsigned. So far as the shades of feeling between all the women characters are concerned, we have nothing but praise for the book. Eugénie and several of the fashionable women who meet and gossip at Marjorie's bonnet-shop, have been among Stehmann's correspondents, and the emotional tension, and the atmosphere of veiled mutual suspicion, are very true to life. Unfortunately, the author has not caught the tone or shades of breeding of the upper-class environment, in which Eugénie and Tom Trevor are supposed to move. Many of the conversations are crude, and those intimate little touches by which alone an environment becomes convincing, are absent. Humanly the relations and the feelings of the characters are true, but as a social picture "Arrows from the Dark" is naïve and devoid of actuality. Miss Cole will do excellent work, we are convinced, if she will write of the life she has observed, and not of that which she imagines.

Literary confectionery is always popular with the idle class of reader who cares more that the dainties should come from a fashionable shop than that their ingredients should be of the purest quality. The late Mr. Henry Harland had a very light hand in the whipping-up of trifles, such as "The Royal End." His heroine, the fascinating Miss Ruth Aldgate, who has a fortune of several millions, and spends her time in Europe in refusing to marry members of the British aristocracy, including a duke, has "an odd, pretty, witty, frank, clear face," which proves too much for the peace of the Serene and Semi-Royal Highness, Bertram Bertrandoni of the State of Altroude. The amiable and adorable Henry Pontycroft, "one of our great landowners, the head of one of our oldest families," conducts an airy flirtation with Miss Ruth through three hundred pages, both in "the Val d'Arno, with its olive-colored hills, its cypresses, its white-walled villas, and Florence shining like a cut gem in its midst," and in the old colonial home of the Aldgates in New England Oldbridge, with its faint breath of austere Puritanism, drowsy quietude, and serene meadows. The fastidious reader may ask himself indeed whether, in this literary patisserie, too much cheap sugar and dubious butter has not gone to the baking. The characters, in spite of their incessant persiflage, are not really at ease either in their "hereditary" or in their novel surroundings: their thoughts run too much upon the luxuries of bought culture, upon "sumptuous landscapes," and other delights and surfeits of the "sweets of Europe." After "walking in marble halls, and running away from the outrage of the offer of a morganatic marriage with a Crown Prince," Miss Aldgate returns to her New England "wilderness," where, of course, she is soon sought out by the elegant Pontycroft, who comes as an Ambassador "in order to ask you to wear with King Bertram the ermine and the purple." Miss Aldgate answers practically in the historic phrase, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" and the curtain descends upon a most unreal piece of love-making, and on the American girl's words: "It's a delicious destiny . . . . to be married in the little parish church by that Saint of a Priest, and to live here 'for ever afterwards'! with a break now and then to Europe." The fact that the author is gallantly making believe most of the time, and that his three leading characters are the idealised representatives of a cosmopolitan epicureanism, redeems "The Royal End" to a certain extent from the charge of deliberate vulgarity.

* "Jimbo: A Fantasy." By Algernon Blackwood. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.
"Arrows From the Dark." By Sophie Cole. Mills & Boon. 6s.
"The Royal End." By Henry Harland. Hutchinson. 6s.

## AN UNCOMFORTABLE FAMILY.*

It is recorded that at a certain performance of Shakespeare's greatest tragedy, an American woman in the audience remarked all too audibly—"An uncomfortable family, these Lears." Certainly, a perusal of their story conveys the same feeling with regard to the women of Bonaparte's household. This sense of personal discomfort extends to the two books before us. In travelling over the same ground we feel that both are given over to the infinitely trivial. One starts with a prejudice against both books upon external grounds. Why is M. Turquan's portly volume described on the title page and on the back of the volume as by "W. R. H. Trowbridge," while the author is ignored? There have been translations greater than their originals—this is not one of them. Mr. Trowbridge has abridged M. Turquan's narrative, and made a very lively volume of it, but he is not the author. In the case of Mr. Noel Williams's volumes, we are repelled by the "thirty-six illustrations." They are very poor examples of half-tone process. A few good photogravures in each volume would have done the publishers more credit. Of the two books, Mr. Trowbridge's is conveyed in the better English, Mr. Williams's is the more rich in detail. We resent with the latter author a number of quite common colloquialisms, as, for example, when we are told that Madame Bonaparte was beginning to find her eldest daughter "somewhat of a handful." Mr. Williams is able to correct M. Turquan at many points, although both in the main naturally use the same authorities. As Mr. Williams includes the mother of Napoleon in his narrative, he has naturally gone to Baron Larrey's "Madame Mère," and Madame Tschudi's book, which is better known to English readers. Both writers have drawn largely upon the "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantès" and the "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat," but while these earlier books have abundance of justification, we fail to find any in the volumes before us. They have much the effect upon us that we should experience if we were to read a "Life of Queen Alexandra" compiled with the aid of disconnected scraps from a society journal pieced together without much skill. They are not co-ordinated. They have but little relation to the great events of the periods in which these whimsical creatures played so sorry a part. Perchance a book might be written upon the women Bonapartes which might justify itself, a book in which Madame Mère was presented in her relations to her son, showing precisely where and when she affected his policy in national and international affairs. We might learn from such a book precisely how far these three Corsican damsels—the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Queen of Naples, and the Princess Borghese—really assisted their brother or marred his prospects. We are disposed to think that they were for the Emperor an entire misfortune. All were in truth little better than vulgar courtesans, although we have a kindness for the beautiful Pauline, the only one of Napoleon's brothers and sisters who clung to him when adversity came. We have conscientiously read through the eleven hundred pages of which these books are made up, and we feel that one chapter of the old memoir writers, of the Duchess d'Abrantès, or of Pasquier, for example, is worth the whole of these three solid volumes. Why are not the "Memoirs of Madame Junot" reprinted in their entirety, in a new translation? The eight volumes before us are dated 1833. Or if we must have a book of more modern character, we advise a translation of Baron Larrey's "Madame Mère," or a rendering of M. Frédéric Masson's "Napoléon et sa famille," of which we have a fragment in an English dress. Of M. Houssaye's volumes on "Waterloo and After," less than a fourth part has been translated. But whatever may be said against the modern tendency to novel-reading, much of it is less unprofitable than books of the type for which Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Noel Williams have here made themselves responsible. It is too great a glorification of the trivial.

* "The Sisters of Napoleon: Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. After the Testimony of their Contemporaries." By Joseph Turquan. Translated and Edited by W. R. H. Trowbridge. T. Fisher Unwin.

"The Women Bonapartes. The Mother and Three Sisters of Napoleon I." By H. Noel Williams. With thirty-six illustrations. Two vols. Methuen.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Greek painting, particularly the fresco-painting, of the fifth century B.C., is only familiar to us through the written descriptions of masters and masterpieces, that have been handed down by the ancients. Not a single specimen has been preserved of the painting of this, the most famous period of Greek art; Parrhasius and Zeuxis are only known to us through the pages of contemporary literature, and it is on this literature that all those modern authors who have attempted to reconstruct the art as a living force have had to rely. But in regard to the Greek vase-painters of the same time we are more fortunate, since several pieces are still extant. Their value, moreover, is not confined to helping us to understand this particular phase of art industry. They give us no insignificant clue to the character of the lost frescoes, many of which, according to authorities, were—like the vase-paintings—drawings in flat colors. So valuable, indeed, are the vase-paintings considered in this connection that they have frequently been reproduced as illustrations to books on other forms of Greek pictorial art. In M. Edmond Pottier's volume on "Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases," which has been rendered into English by Miss Kahnweiler (Murray, 7s. 6d. net), we have an interesting study of one of the most famous fifth-century vase-makers and painters. Douris was one of a group that included Euphronius and Hieron; and though here he is the principal theme, the book is also a sketch of the band of potters who helped to make the Golden Age at Athens. It shows how commercial utility, rather than artistry for its own sake, was the foundation of their craft. The close connection of ceramic art with the enormous export trade in wine and oil, which Greece possessed at the time, should suffice to prevent our regarding this pottery as *bric-à-brac* for the connoisseur. In dealing with Douris himself, the author is illuminating, in spite of the lack of any biographical material. Explaining, to begin with, that he selected this vase-artist not only because there are more of his pieces in existence than can be attributed to any other potter of the period, but also because of his undoubted originality, he builds up a very complete picture of his methods and achievements. It is shown how, as a painter, he progressed from a stiff archaism to freedom of style, how he represents the average Greek's pictorial treatment of mythology, and how he was a pioneer, though not the only one, in the introduction of military and other genre dealing with the life around him. The relation of this art to the Greek epic and the theatre is clearly suggested; and the chapter on Douris's workshop and tools gives much information as to the conditions of labor, brushwork, and colors, and other pertinent matters. The book is finely illustrated throughout, the color plates being specially noticeable for their truth of tint and texture.

* * *

The English episcopal bench is not often recruited from the ranks of men who have done pioneer missionary work in distant colonies, but the present Bishop of Norwich is an exception, and a record of his adventures has been made by the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie in "A Bishop in the Rough" (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.). Dr. Sheepshanks began clerical life, as so many of our present bishops have done, by becoming a curate at Leeds Parish Church, then under that sturdy and attractive old churchman, Dr. Hook. In response to the call for men at British Columbia where gold had just been discovered, Dr. Sheepshanks set out with one companion for that district in 1859. The work was hard but full of incident, and its monotony was broken by the adventures which a man who seeks them is sure to find in a newly opened country. Dr. Sheepshanks visited Salt Lake City, where Brigham Young invited him to conduct Sunday service, saying, "You can have the morning service all to yourself. You can have my chair, and choose your own hymns. You may say what you like, and do what you please." Mr. Duthie claims that this visit paved the way for the sending of a bishop and clergy from the Episcopal Church of America, some years later. Among other places which Dr. Sheepshanks visited was Jamaica, which he reached the year following the Negro Insurrection of 1865, and with the fatality which seems to dog the steps of bishops, he sided with the notorious Governor Eyre, whose cruelty in quelling the insurrection roused so great a storm in

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**THE INSUFFICIENCY OF SOCIAL RICHTEOUSNESS AS A MORAL IDEAL.** Rev. P. T. Forsyth, D.D.
**THE OVER-EMPHASIS OF SIN.** Rev. Alexander Brown.
**THE MESSAGE OF MODERN MATHEMATICS TO THEOLOGY.** Professor Cassius J. Keyser, Ph.D.
**CHRISTIANITY AND THE EMPIRE IN CHINA.** Rev. P. J. Maclagan, M.A., D.Phil.
**DIVERGENCIES BETWEEN MATTHEW AND MARK.** Rev. B. H. Alford, M.A.
**ON THE DISLOCATIONS IN JOHN'S GOSPEL.** Rev. F. J. Paul.

With a Number of Discussions, Signed Reviews and Bibliography of Recent Theological and Philosophical Literature.

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England. Perhaps the most interesting section of the book is that describing a later expedition through China into Mongolia and Siberia. Dr. Sheepshanks can boast that he has seen the Grand Lama receiving the adoration of his people at the palace of Khutuktu. The book is a fresh and entertaining record of travel in many parts of the world put in a racy style.

* * *

In these days a writer with some knowledge of history and command of a fairly easy style is put to little trouble if he wishes to produce a book which will be sure to hit the taste of the circulating libraries. He need only make such perfunctory historical researches as will enable him to discover one or two fresh facts about some dead and gone scandal, season with plenty of personal details, add a piquant title, and his task is done. Its title led us to expect that Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport's "Royal Lovers and Mistresses: The Romance of Crowned and Uncrowned Kings and Queens of Europe" (Greening, 16s. net), would be a book fashioned according to this formula, but we were pleased to find that its author must be judged by a standard inapplicable to the mere compiler. He has thoroughly digested his material, and though it may be questioned whether many of the subjects he treats are worth the trouble, he has certainly succeeded in making a readable excursion into the by-paths of history. Foremost among the royal lovers treated in the volume is Henry of Navarre, and thenceforward the reader is taken through the Courts of Europe and introduced to all the reigning favorites of distinction. If there is little of value to be learnt from these compressed biographies, Dr. Rappoport gives us excellent pictures of the different Courts, though we miss any attempt at characterisation of either the Sovereigns or their mistresses. Such a feature, if well carried out, would have lifted the book into the region of serious historical study. As it is, we are forced to describe it as a chronicle of scandals which may possibly appeal to lovers of a certain sort of gossip.

* * *

Mr. R. L. Hobson's book on "Porcelain of All Countries" (Constable, 6s. net), which has now reached a second edition, is as comprehensive in its scope as the title suggests, and, while more severely technical than most of the cheap hand-books published on this always interesting subject, should be popular with all who have studied old porcelain seriously. The first part of the work, dealing technically and historically with the porcelain of China and Japan, is by far the more important and thorough, the periods of manufacture being treated in painstaking detail; but there are useful accounts of the Meissen factory, near Dresden, and its wares, of all the principal French and English establishments, and an outline of what has been achieved in porcelain-making by European countries less conspicuous in that field. It is singular that, although China laid herself out for the export of her porcelain for two or three centuries beforehand, the secret of making the true or "hard paste" porcelain, with which she is associated, was not revealed to Europe until 1709, when it was discovered by Bottger at Dresden, and was made use of by him at the Meissen factory. Vienna, Berlin, Sèvres, and other European centres were quick to adopt this hard paste as an addition to the "soft paste" ware to which they had previously confined themselves. In England, however, the manufacture of Oriental china was less readily acquired. It seems, indeed, to have been restricted to some factories at Plymouth and Bristol, and to have been carried on only for about twelve years. Yet at one time our appreciation of, and desire to make, it was so keen that recourse was had to the rather ignominious practice of grinding-up imported Oriental specimens, in order to make English "hard paste"! It is conceivable that the expensiveness of this method discouraged English manufacturers from further experimenting, though there were doubtless more potent causes as well.

* * *

Books advising this dyspeptic generation what to eat, drink, and avoid, have lately been showered upon us in profusion. Nearly all of them have contained some good counsel, but as the majority were written mainly to expound the virtues of this or that dietary creed, their value as a guide to the individual must not be accounted too high. We may take it that Dr. Stanford Read's "Fads and Feeding" (Methuen, 2s. 6d.) is intended to counteract what is baneful in the faddist type of volume, and to checkmate the dietary adviser who "authoritatively and unscientifically shows the public that for centuries they have been courting disaster by swallowing the wrong food." At any rate, the chapters on vegetarianism, Fletcherism, and other dietetic fancies are distinctly adverse to the unreserved adoption of these by the average healthy individual, while the well-reasoned apologia for the ordinary British dinner should comfort the person who feels he cannot do without it. At the same time, those with only moderate digestive powers are advised to feed little and often, rather than infrequently and much. "Instinct controlled by reason" is the maxim the author would have them follow in regard to most questions of food and drink; but a factor like alcohol is better avoided on the grounds that its abuse comes more readily than its use. There is a breezy, be-sensible quality in his advice, and the book is brightly written.

* * *

Half of Mr. Thornton Hall's "Roads to Riches" (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net) might be described as an elaborated "Who's Who" in money-making. We are given a circumstantial account of sundry millionaires, principally American, of course, and are shown how various occupations, including writing, even, have brought riches to their zealous followers. The "Romance of the Diamond Fields" and the "Luck of the Gold and Silver Mines" are the titles of two subsequent chapters; these, together with "Gold Worship at Monte Carlo" and "Money-making on the Turf," are self-explanatory. The conclusion of the book is devoted to showing how millionaires hoard or spend their gains; and though the daily papers have recently given us one or two startling examples of the freaks and follies of Croesus, the information given in these pages is sufficiently extensive and peculiar to cause the reader surprise. Mr. Hall has evidently been at great pains to collect his material Even the cynic, who may smile contemptuously at the frank wealth-worship that pervades these pages, will find the stories of fortunes made or lost quite pleasurable reading for a spare half-hour.

* * *

Mr. Henry J. Barker has made a special study of the humor of school children, and his latest collection of stories, published under the title of "Merry Moments" (Harper & Brothers, 1s. net), contains some very choice specimens. As an example of the reply unexpected, nothing is better than that on page 41. A teacher had been relating to his class the Biblical tale of Elisha and the she-bears which came out of a wood and devoured forty-two of the children who had mocked the prophet. "And what," asked the narrator, in conclusion, "does this story show?" "Why, sir," came the answer from one examinee, "it shows how many children two she-bears can hold!" Some of the essays on every-day subjects by the intelligent poor have a touch of pathos concealed within their naïveté, and the confusion of ideas betrayed by other pupils suggests a sober thought as to the efficacy of the existing system of teaching, even while it raises a laugh. Apart from this, the book is thoroughly good fun.

* * *

Friends of the late Joseph Cowen will probably appreciate the volume of his political "Speeches" (Longmans, 2s. 6d. net), as edited, with care and judgment, by his daughter. The book will also appeal to a restricted number of outside readers by reason of its informative character and literary quality, and in view of the fact that many of the questions dealt with in the discourses are still very much alive. Mr. Cowen made a special study of the Near Eastern question, and his knowledge of foreign politics in general far exceeded that of the average Parliamentarian. The speeches extend over a period of twenty-one years (1876-97). Some of them have been published in the "Life and Speeches of Joseph Cowen," compiled by Major Jones, others in a little book of "Election Speeches"; the rest have been rescued from the files of the daily papers. The views expressed in them recall Mr. Cowen's place in the political world clearly enough. He was a Liberal Imperialist, who was more of an Imperialist than a Liberal, a staunch Home Ruler, and one of those political philoso-

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**THE PERIODICALS.** Contents of this Month's Reviews and Magazines.

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phers whose independence is the despair of party Whips. His "last message to his fellow-citizens" took the form of a letter denouncing the "insolent brutality" of the Boers.

* * *

Walt Whitman appears to have been the predominant influence on both the style and the argument of Mr. Robert Gardner's "In the Heart of Democracy" (New Age Press, 3s. 6d. net). Whitman's gospel of the will to love is assuredly the keynote of Mr. Gardner's philosophy; Whitman's literary method is reflected in this author's writing, though its outward form is prose, not verse. A Thames-side wharf with its daily illustration of labor serves him for a kind of pictorial setting for the expression of his ideas. He appears to have studied his philosophers from Schopenhauer to Edward Carpenter, and to have evolved out of these and the New Christianity some theories of his own concerning the Cosmic Man. It is unfortunate, therefore, that he should wrap them up in a verbosity that all but conceals their merits. A flash of plain hard truth, such as "Socialism will never conquer as an economic theory, but as a super-economic fact" (p. 82), makes one wish that he would condescend more often to be merely intelligible.

* * *

The story told in "The Letters of a Remittance Man to his Mother" (Murray, 3s. 6d. net), by Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis, is familiar enough to all who know anything of life in Canada. It is that of the young Englishman whose parents, because they cannot find him a suitable opening at home, pack him off to be a Colonial farmer; this in the belief that a thousand pounds and a colossal conceit are sufficient to ensure his success in the *rôle*. The Remittance Man who makes himself known through these letters is an exceptionally foolish specimen of his kind, but his parents are, perhaps, a little less foolish than the average in that, after their offspring has wasted his substance on a worthless farm and on one or two other Remittance Men less guileless than himself, they cease sending him remittances. The consequence is that he meets hardship face to face, learns a little wisdom through adversity, and finally emerges on top. We confess, however, that we do not very much care about him, even when he marries a Salvation Army lass and appears in a fair way to prosper. His letters rather suggest that he has grown out of a blatant idiot into an equally blatant prig. Still he contrives to embody a fair amount of information about Canadian life in town and country in these epistles; also much moral advice to the effect that Young England should be taught to make money before learning to spend it. The study of the "remittance man" tribe is forceful enough to act as a warning to those middle-class English parents—if there are any left—who cherish the belief that Canada is the natural refuge for the fool of the family.

# The Week in the City.

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While our statesmen have been indulging in such pronounced melancholia, the City and the Stock Exchange have been quite cheerful. In the Foreign market, the only dark spot has been the Peruvian Corporation, which has been very weak, partly on traffics, partly on rumors. It does not matter to investors and speculators whether Russia has been humiliated or Servia has had to eat the leek. What they care about is that the war cloud in the Balkans has been removed, thanks to the strong pressure brought by Germany upon Russia. This has, at any rate, saved Russia from immediate bankruptcy, and there is always the hope that in the interval some bold financier may spring up at St. Petersburg—some Turgot who will be allowed to save the financial situation. I notice that better trade is predicted both by Lord St. Aldwyn, presiding at the half-yearly meeting of the Bank of Africa, and by the chairman of the Chartered Bank of India. Unhappily, the price of wheat is still rising, the gazette price being actually 36 shillings. Other provisions, however, are mostly cheaper than last year.

### The Revenue and the Budget.

On March 31st the financial year came to an end. All the newspapers tried to find out what the deficit was, and the results varied from the "Morning Post's" £192,000 to Mr. Chiozza Money's two or three millions. The proper figure is somewhere between £700,000 and £800,000—a very satisfactory result considering that five or six millions was expected by most of the experts a couple of months ago. In estimating the prospective deficit, there are some elements of uncertainty; but we shall probably be safe in placing it somewhere between 11 and 14 millions.

### The Guildhall Meeting.

I hear that some prominent City Unionists, as well as Liberals, refused to sign the requisition to the Naval Scare meeting at the Guildhall. They thought it undignified and unnecessary. Certainly a great many of the big wigs were conspicuous by their absence from the platform. The truth is, of course, that, while Germany is unpopular in the City, there are strong commercial and financial ties between London, Hamburg, and Berlin. Of our big merchant houses, I suppose half are at least half-German, and the relations of the City to Berlin and Frankfurt are so intimate and important that anything approaching war would be well-nigh impossible. The amount of money employed and property owned by German bankers and merchants in London is simply prodigious.

### The Steel Corporation's Report.

The Steel Trust's report for 1907 has reached London this week, and quite confirms the impression made by the preliminary figures and the trade reports that have come over to this country. The slump in the American steel industry has been tremendous, and few manufacturers in Great Britain can ever have known such a sudden change from high prosperity to deep depression. The earnings of all the companies in the Corporation amounted during the year to 91,848,000 dols., against 160,965,000 dols., a drop of 69,117,000 dols., or approximately 43 per cent. From this have to be deducted various sums for sinking funds, depreciation, and replacement, and the net earnings work out at 74,883,000 dols., against 133,245,000 dols., a difference of 58,362,000 dols. The amount available for dividend—45,635,000 dols.—is less than half that of last year, but the preferred and common stock, of course, get their 7 and 2 per cent. respectively. Last year out of the surplus net income the directors managed to put aside 54,000,000 dols. (nearly £11,000,000) for expenditure on new property, more particularly the plant at Gary, Indiana, but now such lavish appropriations are clearly out of the question, and the whole of the net surplus is carried to the profit and loss accumulations. I see that in the American papers a great deal of credit is given to the Corporation on the ground that it can still pay its normal dividends in spite of the reduced profits. To a certain extent that praise is certainly justified, but 2 per cent. is, after all, not an exciting dividend for the largest steel company in the world working behind a high protective tariff. Much, too, is being said of the great reduction of debt and the improvements to the property made out of revenue in past years; and the report shows that since the incorporation in 1901 more than 220,000,000 dols. have been used in this way. That, again, is a very creditable record, but it has been necessary mainly because of over-capitalisation at the beginning, and because the directors have decided very wisely to "squeeze out the water." The steel industry does not seem, so far, to be improving, and the New York correspondent of the "Financial News" says this week that the Corporation at present is not earning its dividends. The fluctuations of the preferred and common stock have been very wide in the last eighteen months:—

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*Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:*

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO. LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

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# ENGLISH REVIEW

## For APRIL

**Will contain Contributions by THOMAS HARDY, ARNOLD BENNETT, EDWARD HUTTON, JOSEPH CONRAD, BARON IGNATZ VON ASCHENDROF, STEPHEN REYNOLDS, EDWARD GARNETT, EDWARD THOMAS, EDGAR JEPHSON, DR. LEVIN SCHUCKING.**

The Editorial will deal with THE TERRITORIAL MOVEMENT, and there will be a Special Article by the celebrated International Criminologist, DR. SIMON, on

# CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN FRANCE.

**Contributors to the preceding numbers have included Messrs. Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Geo. Meredith, T. Watts-Dunton, John Galsworthy, Violet Hunt, Count Tolstoi, Anatole France, Emile Verhaeren, D. G. Rossetti, Gerhardt Hauptmann, W. B. Yeats, Granville Barker, H. G. Wells; and among the contributors to the early numbers of Vol. II. will be found M. Camille Pelletan and the President of the United States.**

Owing to the exigences of the American Copyright Act President Taft's article on his Judicial Decisions and on his Election cannot appear until the June Number, but he is contributing to the May Number of the *English Review* an article on the Panama Canal.

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# ENGLISH REVIEW

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 2.] SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

The statements of the "Observer" that the eight "Dreadnoughts" are "secured," and that the Prime Minister has "decided" that they must be begun and provided for within the present financial year, like so many statements of the same kind which have appeared in that journal, are a mere invention. No such decision has been taken or, in the nature of things, could be taken. The same statement applies to the stories in the "Daily Telegraph" of dissensions in the Cabinet on the subject of the Budget. There has been no dissension, and there is every reason to believe that the Cabinets which have discussed and helped to shape the plan of the Chancellor of the Exchequer have been marked by unbroken harmony.

* * *

The Conservative Party have now officially decided to turn the scare about the Navy into material for a party campaign. Meetings are to be held all over the country, the substance of which will be a call for eight "Dreadnoughts." Mr. Balfour has thus made himself responsible for one of the most contemptible and factious moves in party politics. A recent speech of Lord Derby would seem to show that it is not unconnected with a plan to spur the House of Lords up to the point of rejecting a Budget which would be odious to them, not so much because it provides too few ships as because, to use Mr. Runciman's phrase, it is likely to "make the patriots squeal." All that we can say is that we shall believe the Lords capable of such a plunge into revolution only when we see them take it. They cannot reject a Budget, for to do so would be to throw the services into confusion, and even to make the collection of certain annual taxes illegal. Mr. Balfour is an unprincipled and, in some respects, an almost reckless party leader, as every student of his career well knows, but even if he is so uncalculating, the moderate spirits in Conservatism are not. Meanwhile, the unreality of the scare is seen in the steady rise of Consols and various gilt-edged securities, and the gradual revival of trade.

* * *

The success of the French postal strike has precipitated the question of the right of association of State employees. The great Act of 1884 gives private workers the right to form trade unions in the fullest sense, and to strike. But the Government and Parliament have always taken the view that this Act does not cover State employees. Nevertheless, the legal position of civil servants has not been defined. Many sections of them have formed simple friendly societies; others have organised themselves in trade unions and co-operated with other trade unions. The postal strike has determined Parliament to take in hand a law defining the right of association of civil servants on the basis of permitting them to form friendly societies, but denying them the right to strike. Under the auspices of the "revolutionary" Federation of Labor a huge meeting was held in Paris last Sunday to protest against this measure.

* * *

Most of those present were private workers, but there were a number of civil servants, and the speakers included several State employees who had been dismissed for "revolutionary" activity. The meeting adopted a resolution demanding the fullest freedom of association for all civil servants, repudiating the Bill before Parliament, and offering the civil servants the assistance of all organised workers in resisting it and to protect any who might be punished by all means, including the general strike. It was further resolved that certain trade unions should approach the associations of civil servants with a view to nominating a joint vigilance or strike committee of 24.

* * *

Our Paris correspondent writes: "The Conservative press is in a panic about the new movement and its consequences. The 'Temps' and the 'Journal des Débats' prophesy the imminent dissolution of society, followed by the disappearance of France from the map of Europe. The reactionary press talks of the downfall of the Republic, and prepares to reap advantage from the general scrimmage. It is not probable that things have gone quite so far as this. Undoubtedly the postal strike has materially altered the situation. The public servants, instead of being ruled by a quasi-military discipline, will henceforth have to be taken into consultation. It is the inevitable result of democracy, but many people who think themselves democrats do not realise its implications. Meanwhile the elections of last Sunday once more showed a Socialist advance. Everywhere the Socialist polls increased at the expense of the Radicals. An interesting feature of the elections was the large poll of M. Marc Sangnier, the leader of the *Sillon*, in one of the arrondissements of Sceaux. He

received a large number of Radical votes, and was beaten by the Socialist by a majority of only 1,100 odd. M. Sangnier declared himself a Catholic, a democrat, and an anti-clerical; his character is singularly amiable and elevated, and he has long been the leader of a democratic semi-Socialistic Catholicism. His relative success will hardly be agreeable to the Vatican, especially as he seems to have received the bulk of the Catholic vote."

* * *

Liberal nervousness about public opinion should be stayed by the result in East Denbighshire, where Mr. Hemmerde, met with a strong Unionist candidate, beat him by 2,721 votes, 70 within the extraordinary majority he secured at the General Election. Mr. Hemmerde fought his contest not on any trimming policy, but on advanced Radicalism, interpreted by a vigorous message from Mr. Lloyd George, calling on the electors to vote for peace and social reform. The Navy scare was vigorously worked, but does not seem to have influenced a vote. Mr. Hemmerde, in a speech of thanks for his return, well said that the message of the constituency to the Government was: "Do not be afraid of Liberal principles."

* * *

Captain Kincaid-Smith, who went with the Opposition in the Vote of Censure, and has never been more than a Liberal of the Liberal League type, has definitely seceded from his nominal party, and proposes to resign his seat in order to fight it as an advocate of "national military training," which he quaintly distinguishes from "conscription." His constituency, South-West Warwickshire, was an old Unionist stronghold, and he only won it in 1906 by the narrow majority of 148 votes. Naturally, therefore, having alienated the Liberals, he makes his appeal to the electors to "cast aside party ties." But the patriots of the Navy campaign having, as the "Times" correspondent suggests, their own "national defence candidate," prefer him to Captain Smith, and will undoubtedly support him. The incident, small as it is, is a much-needed lesson in the inwardness of these "patriotic" campaigns, in which the only genuine currency is the small change of party advantage.

* * *

There is very little left of the various legends that Russia yielded to Austria under "pressure" from Germany, or a threat of mobilisation or war. The "North German Gazette" gives these fables an authoritative denial. Servia, it says, would not give up her claims upon Bosnia until the Powers sanctioned the annexation. Thereupon the German Government, "in accordance with its traditional friendship with Russia," suggested that she might end the Balkan crisis by announcing her willingness to sanction the annexation. "The result of an exchange of opinion between Berlin and St. Petersburg was Russia's assent to Germany's well-meant proposal, whose entirely friendly and peaceful character was thoroughly appreciated." There was no trace of a threat, and there could, therefore, be no yielding to a threat. The "Rossiya," M. Stolypin's journal, confirms this account, and adds that Germany pointed out that if her mediation was not accepted, she would have "to leave her ally the choice of methods called for by the circumstances. The Russian Government had, therefore, to consider, on the one hand, the certainty of an armed Austro-Servian conflict, and on the other the substitution of one method of expressing the collective will of Europe for another." If the Russian, French, and English papers have circulated the fable of German threats, the explanation is easy enough. The Russians who are Liberal hate Germany because they think she supports absolutism; those who are reactionary are also Panslavist. The French Press has not yet entirely shaken off its taste for picking quarrels with Germany, while no tale which promises to make bad blood between this country and Germany is too gross for our own Jingoes.

* * *

Portugal is going through her second Cabinet crisis since the assassination of King Carlos fourteen months ago. The Amaral coalition Government, formed then to pacify the country, broke up at the beginning of this year, and the majority of the Liberals, headed by Senhor Vilhena, withdrew their support from Senhor Campos Henriques, the new Premier. The new Cabinet did not last long. The Opposition attacked it vehemently, and its guns were turned in particular against Senhor Espregueira, the Minister of Finance. This Minister was denounced for having contracted a loan on exorbitant terms, and having himself made a profit out of it by allotting a portion of the loan to a bank in which he was interested. The Opposition demanded an inquiry, and when it was refused commenced a systematic obstruction which made Parliamentary business impossible. The Government was compelled to resign, and until now no party leader has managed to form a Cabinet to take its place. Nothing has been done since Dom Carlos's murder to set the country in order, and there has been simply a return to the old "rotativism" of parties and the old corruption. The State is completely in the hands of the priests and the financiers. The Monarchy has lost all prestige, and the Republican movement becomes more formidable every day.

* * *

The South African Parliaments have been busy during the past week discussing the Draft Constitution. On Friday the Orange River Colony Legislature approved it without amendment. On the same day, after a three days' debate, the Transvaal Assembly unanimously accepted the Constitution, and on Saturday the Transvaal Senate did likewise. The Act of Union has a harder road in the Cape Colony and Natal. In the Cape two different lines of attack have been opened. Mr. Schreiner objects to the color discrimination—it should be noted that there is a tendency in the Transvaal to regard this discrimination as not stringent enough—while the friends of Mr. Hofmeyr dislike the single transferable vote, and think the country districts are not given a fair weight. In Natal the criticisms are economic. Natal is afraid that rival industries may be developed in the Transvaal, and some people dislike the strongly unitary character of the Constitution and the whittling down of provincial authority. Probably the Constitution will get through the Cape Parliament without serious amendment, if any at all; but amendment is more probable in Natal. Natal is to have a referendum after her Parliament has pronounced.

* * *

The Housing Bill, which has been much improved by last year's exhaustive examination in Committee, was proposed for second reading in the House of Commons on Monday. Mr. Burns and Mr. Masterman were able to satisfy the Commons Preservation Society that open spaces will not be endangered by schemes of town planning, and protective words will be introduced in Committee. The County Councils have been restored to their proper place in the hierarchy of local authorities, and pressure by the Local Government Board has been somewhat lightened. The proposal for a local register of houses was much welcomed by reformers. Mr. Burns laid

special stress on the lengthening of the period for the repayment of loans to eighty years, on the prohibition of cellar and back-to-back dwellings, on the strengthened obligation put upon landlords to keep their houses in a state fit for human habitation, and on the excellent provision that in future every County Council is to have a medical officer at its sole disposal. The Opposition was captious, but not seriously hostile.

* * *

The Reichstag has separated for the Easter holidays with the fate of the *bloc* still unsettled. The blow dealt by the intimation of Herr von Norman in the name of the Conservatives to the Liberals and Radicals that these parties could not co-operate to carry out the reform of the finances has been somewhat softened by the subsequent eagerness of the Conservative press to explain that the intimation was informal; but the determination of the Conservatives to retain the bounty given them by the present spirit duty was interpreted by some Radicals as inconsistent with the continuance of the *bloc*. Prince Bülow, speaking on Tuesday week, tried to persuade the Reichstag that the *bloc* was sound at the root, and would spring up afresh and outlive them all. The party leaders, in reply, were at least good enough not to call it dead: but they are no nearer now than ever to an agreement with regard to the new taxes. On the other hand, the Liberals and Radicals are hardly less anxious than Prince Bülow to keep the *bloc* alive. If it breaks up, the Conservatives and the Centre will be the governing parties. Prince Bülow, after his repeated declarations, can hardly work with the Centre, and the most live part of German Liberalism is a liking for official sunshine and a hatred of clericalism.

* * *

Bishop Gore's inhibition of Canon Henson from preaching at an Institute connected with Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, and the threatened proceedings in the ecclesiastical courts raise a point of some importance regarding the future relations of Churchmen and Nonconformists. The contention that every Anglican vicar can prohibit any other Anglican clergyman from preaching in a building that happens to be situated in the geographical area covered by his parish is absurd, though not more unreasonable than several other provisions of ecclesiastical law. In practice it means that all residents in a parish, whether Churchmen or not, are debarred from inviting any Anglican clergyman to address them if his theological views are not in agreement with those of the incumbent. The English Church of to-day is the home of so many warring theologies that a rigid application of this law would be intolerable, and we have every sympathy with the Bill introduced by Sir George Kekewich on Wednesday, abrogating this system, and giving facilities for the interchange of pulpits between Churchmen and Nonconformists. On the particular quarrel Canon Henson's retort to Bishop Gore that, "in the teeth of the plainest declarations of law," the Bishop tolerates certain Ritualistic practices, because "their suppression would inflict a grievous wound on many consciences," is a rather deadly criticism of his position. The whole episode is an ironical commentary on the Easter messages of unity proceeding from so many Christian pulpits.

* * *

Since December 27th, Japan and China have been trying to settle by negotiation a series of disputes relating to Manchuria. The negotiations have led nowhere, and lately the Chinese Government formally proposed to submit the whole case for decision by the Hague Tribunal. The matters at issue are of great importance. They include the veto by Japan on the Fa-ku-Menn railway for the building of which Englishmen hold the concession; the refusal of Japan to allow the Northern Chinese Railway to be extended to Mukden; the building of a branch line to Niu-Chwang; and the possession of the Chien-tao territory, a huge district which has long been occupied by China, but which Japan now claims to belong to Korea. The Japanese Government has refused arbitration point-blank. The official *apologia* says that diplomacy has not been tried, and that the matters in dispute are not suited to arbitral decision. This explanation convinces nobody. It is the general opinion that the Chinese case is so overwhelmingly strong that Japan dare not risk appearance before a judicial tribunal, and prefers to trust to superior power to squeeze out of China what Japan has no right to have.

* * *

We are glad to see that the English Positivists are not following Mr. Harrison in beating up for an Anglo-German war. We have received the following address, by the "Church of Humanity" in Liverpool, to the "women and workmen of Liverpool":—

> Do not be deceived into supporting the cry for larger naval and military armaments.
>
> The cause of the people is the same throughout Europe and the world; any increased military expenditure in England stimulates those interested in military expenditure in other countries to put still heavier burdens upon working people.
>
> Insist on your leaders pursuing a friendly policy towards other nations, and there will be no fear of war. A navy stronger than that of any other country is felt by other nations as a menace, and may encourage your own leaders to be unreasonable in any differences that may arise. Trust the women and workmen of other countries to restrain their leaders. The burden and cost of armaments has to be borne by the workers, directly or indirectly.
>
> Peace and Goodwill Among Men.

* * *

We are also informed from an authoritative source that practically the entire Positivist body in this country repudiates Mr. Harrison's letter to the "Times," as we hope practically the entire Labor Party repudiates Mr. Blatchford's incitements to war. In the Church of England, we note that the Bishop of Hereford, the Bishop of Southwark, and Canon Hicks have vigorously denounced the scare, and its authors. Mr. Jowett and Mr. Horne have spoken for Nonconformity. But on the whole, it has been silent. Surely it does not accept the criticism that while it speaks freely on political issues, it is dumb when moral issues arise.

* * *

The University Boat Race ended, as the more careful critics expected, in a victory for Oxford. The race was stubbornly contested up to a point below Barnes Bridge, when, after holding Cambridge well, the Oxford stroke quickened, and his boat went straight away from the Light Blues, who never again caught them, or looked like catching them. Both crews were exceptionally powerful—the average height in each boat was 6 ft. 1 in.—but Cambridge approached staleness, while, on the Oxford side, eight promising, if rather ragged, oarsmen were in a fortnight whipped up to the utmost point of excellence by brilliant coaching. Therefore, when the famous Cambridge stroke, Stuart, made his usual attempt to row down his opponents in the first stages of the race, he found himself beaten by the strength and the fine oarsmanship of Oxford.

# Politics and Affairs.

## IDEALS AND PRACTICE.

It is the fate of this generation to be met at every point with the contrast between its ideals and its practice, and between the various forms of its activities. In the week when the Christian world celebrates the great example of unresisting surrender to violence and death, its statesmen are endeavoring to fix it more firmly than ever in the doctrine of meeting force with force, and base even their hopes of peace on the proper adjustment of national armaments. And, on the other hand, so far from countering or abating all those influences which tend to bring men together for common purposes of livelihood and assistance, the chief citizens of these armed States forward and encourage them. On the one hand, they speak of an inevitable war between Germany and ourselves; on the other, they, or their countrymen, are parties to innumerable acts of peaceful co-operation wherein Englishmen and Germans, so far from killing each other, feed each other, clothe each other, visit each other, exchange each others' discoveries and ideas about religion, science, literature, social reform, municipal government, and even the means of lessening the area, the occasions, and the ravages of war, and founding and extending the reign of international law. So that, as the result of these forces, the world, in spite of its tariffs and frontiers, is more united than it ever was; exchanges more services than it ever did; is more like a single State than at any other period of its history. While it talks of battles and invents new and terrifying machines of slaughter, it becomes more and more unwarlike, and fosters the science of healing in all its branches, even those which mitigate the horrors of war. Many tendencies, which superficially point to an aggravation of war, point in this direction. Private murder, capital punishment, all forms of violence, become more and more repugnant to the average ideas and consciences of mankind. Other stimulants to force are disappearing. Science, for example, is killing the glamor, the element of personal excitement, of war. The days of hand-to-hand encounter are over; modern land campaigns mean in the main endless marchings and fatigues, with huge armies pining away in mud ditches, and suffering heavier losses from disease than from wounds or violent death. Moreover, calculations that depend on mechanical instruments like "Dreadnoughts" become more and more doubtful and insecure. We see, for example, that at the Mansion House meeting of the Aerial League Sir Hiram Maxim stated that in his opinion the "advent of the flying machine would have a strong tendency to do away altogether with warfare between the civilised nations," while an English firm in Paris wrote declaring that the "time was coming when big battleships would be obsolete." War, therefore, is threatened, even while men talk most wildly about it, with fresh obstacles which spring from the clearer moral purpose of men, and from the unconscious reaction of one form of their activities on another form. As against the fears and forebodings of social dissolution, thousands of individuals—laborers, women, self-sacrificing and helpful personalities of all classes—keep society together by the inevitable law of daily life—the law of mutual helpfulness and affection, and preach the falsehood and folly of racial or national antagonism.

It is indeed the constant war between the ideals and the normal actions of men and their professional and political creeds which accounts for so much of the unhappiness and pessimism of our time. We are unhappy because we do things which we know are not right, and many of us rage inwardly and outwardly at the rebukes which such action meets. Mankind resembles in its present state those spirits of Swedenborg who, being neither determinedly good nor fixedly evil, hang between Heaven and Hell, scorched on the one hand by that light and tortured on the other by those flames. This contradiction besets Liberalism as it besets every other contemporary form of intellectual activity. The party which lives by moral force finds itself responsible for government at a time when belief in material strength seems to rule the European world, and when to the superficial eye it appears impossible to approach the special type of men who rule German or Austrian destinies with other than material weapons and calculations. Yet this account even of the diplomatic world is not true, either for us or for our neighbors. It was not physical force which settled South Africa, any more than it is the element which binds the Colonies to the Mother Country. And, on the other hand, the frightful collapse of the Russian revolutionary movement was due to the use of physical force, just as the slower fall of the remains of autocratic rule is decreed by its intellectual weakness and its failure to satisfy the public opinion of Europe or of Liberal Russia. It is here, indeed, that we touch the new source of strength for democracy and civilisation. In the end public opinion, if it can be organised and saved from the perversities of the sensational press, constitutes a moral factor of incalculable vigor. It is not, perhaps, a quickly evolving agent of change. But, on the other hand, it is not a mere conservative or stationary element in modern society. It moves, as the earth moves, not before the eyes, but in clear view of the intelligence of mankind. And its influence makes against all those excesses of material power of which Sir Edward Grey spoke with such grave concern in his speech of last week. Badly as the Russian movement for freedom has gone, European opinion has sensibly modified the reaction. And in its turn it would be hostile to any such movement for "dominating" Europe by armed force as our Foreign Secretary predicates of the German Empire. Moral considerations helped the Finnish patriots, and, even through the badly tangled controversy in the Balkans, had much to do with its issue. All theories to the contrary implicitly deny the progress of the race. They assume that some fiendish and intractable element resides in society. But this is a conclusion which, in his private life, man knows to be baseless or mistaken. The great mass of his fellows are not fiends, and if bad and misguided or short-sighted and egotistic personalities often get to the top, their power for evil is limited. In spite of some recent lapses

and errors of tone on the part of its chiefs, Liberalism will not be identified with Imperialism, but, as the naval scare shows, will be compelled to leave that *rôle* to the party which is able to speak the Jingo accents as if it believed in them.

It is, therefore, essential for enlightened men to distinguish between what is bad in their political institutions, what remains to them as the inheritance of old passions and forms of unsettled or barbarous existence, and the new light which streams irresistibly on civilised mankind. The future is not with war. It is with arbitration. It is not with any form of coercive institution. It is with persuasive, reasoned forces of government, interpreting the enhanced moral sense, the less aggressive, the more reflective and tempered, qualities of mankind. Much that we call decadence is precisely this more rational outlook on the problem of existence. The gradual conquest of nature, the passion of curiosity that our increasing closeness to her secrets inspires, the admission of the laboring classes to a share in the leisure and treasure and pleasure of civilisation, the increased compunction of all classes, growing with their growing knowledge of the internal evils of the community, will create bodies of opinion too intelligent and too refined to give themselves up to the gross waste and cruelty of war. It is not even true that the Europe of to-day exists on force. The smaller Powers almost do without it. For generations they have rested on treaties, not on armaments, on paper guarantees which the great Powers at once supply and respect. And in the larger States the demands of the war services and the requirements of social reform are meeting each other as determined enemies, one or the other of which must give way. Can there be any doubt as to the issue? The night of barbarism is over for ever; we are at the clear dawn of civilisation, and it is not thinkable that war, the worst creature of the darkness, will survive it.

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## A REVOLUTIONARY STRIKE.

The success of the Paris postmen's strike seems, for the moment, to have turned the heads of the wilder spirits of French trades unionism. That is the way of human nature. The postmen, without preparation and almost without organisation, succeeded by one of those improvisations which are so characteristic of the French temper, in defeating a Government whose standing boast has been the inflexible maintenance of authority. About the fact of their success there could be no manner of doubt. M. Clemenceau was driven from threats of vengeance to professions of sympathy. Vowing on one day that to strike was a crime against the State, he undertook on the next that it was a crime for which no one should be punished. Finally, the one simple end of the strike was achieved. It was a strike against the brutalities of one man, the detested M. Simyan. M. Simyan has disappeared. He did not resign ; he was not dismissed. He has simply vanished.

To the revolutionary school of C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail) this victory came as a confirmation of all their theories and all their hopes. They have always despised Parliamentary action, regarded M. Jaurès as little better than a mere Professor, and proclaimed their somewhat irritable pity for the orthodox Unified Socialists whom he leads. Certainly in this instance Parliamentary action had done little or nothing for the postmen, and as certainly a strike had improved their position, sown terror in the hearts of the *bourgeoisie*, and defeated M. Clemenceau with his own chosen weapon of force. Accordingly, the leaders of the C.G.T. performed the characteristic operation of revolutionary logic. If one can succeed once, why not twice; if in small things, why not in great? The Russians argued in the same way after their strike of October, 1905, and the attempt to repeat it destroyed the Constitutional without helping the revolutionary movement. One may safely predict a similar catastrophe in this instance. Confront the Republic with a postal strike in which the only concrete issue is the fate of M. Simyan—a gentleman whom, like Wordsworth's Lucy, there are none to praise and very few to love—and it will discover a formula by which it can rid itself of its encumbrance. Mobilise all its employees against it, from postmen to teachers and civil servants, demand of it a surrender of principle all along the line, and the chances are that it will discover unsuspected resources of resistance. Moreover, in the first case the postmen were practically unanimous. But it is only a minority of civil servants and only a minority of working men who would support the general strike of which "King" Pataud and his secret committee appear to be dreaming.

The vision of a general strike has haunted Socialism from the early days of the International onwards. Its first form was the suggestion that a strike of coal-miners would suffice to paralyse all industry, and bring the governing classes to their knees. The Russian railway strike and this French postal strike have turned the attention of revolutionary strategists rather to the means of communication. Some suggest that, in this way, any war could be stopped—and certainly it could, if the men were unanimous. But—applying once more the revolutionary syllogism—if war could be stopped, and the *bourgeoisie* forced to ensue peace, why not to accept a social revolution? It is in vain that M. Jaurès and the orthodox Socialists reason with these extravagances. They have, of course, an overwhelming case on the facts. The C.G.T. and all its affiliated trade unions include only the merest fraction of the French working classes, and the only trade which is at all well-organised, the miners, views these tendencies with alarm. If the men cannot be got to join the unions, or to pay their subscriptions regularly when they do join, it is folly to suppose that they would join a general strike, or that they would be able to meet starvation, if they did join it. M. Jaurès carried his party with him at the last congress in Toulouse, which affirmed its faith in Parliamentary action. Better still, the C.G.T. itself seems to have been captured by the moderates, and has got rid of some of its more violent officials. But the tendency persists, and "King" Pataud appears to-day to be organising an entirely new

army for the purposes of his general strike, independent equally of the unified Socialists and even of the C.G.T. itself.

The logic of M. Jaurès is irresistible. If the working-class was ready to strike, it ought, first of all, to join its unions. If it were really Socialist at heart, it could achieve its end most simply of all by voting solidly for Socialism at the polls. Were it really unanimous it could achieve its ends without violent revolution, precisely as a strong Power, with a great army behind it, can achieve its diplomatic ends without actual war. But all these reasonings which would convince every sane man in England or Germany, however extreme his desires and however violent his temper, remain inconclusive in France. And only a doctrinaire would insist that the peculiarities of the French temperament are immaterial in such calculations. Where we should organise, they can improvise. We know that we could not improvise, their genius points out to them a quite contrary strategy. Men incapable of the slow, dull work of organisation may have the passion, the imagination, and the dash which gives to a furious unorganised effort some chance of success. Nine times in ten it will fail, and nine times in ten M. Jaurès will be right. But on the tenth chance such a leader as "King" Pataud is prepared to gamble. It is not politics. It is not war. It is not Socialism. But some day, by some lucky chance, after a long record of defeat and disaster, after fusillades and persecutions, and at the price of total discredit and failure to every reasonable effort, it might perhaps be victory.

There is no doubt another deduction from such a movement as this, which is already being drawn by French reactionaries. It is that the French genius is really unsuited to Parliamentary government. Yesterday it was Boulanger. To-day it is Pataud. Discontent does appear to seek periodically an anti-Parliamentary form, alike among the wealthy and among the working-classes. Nor is there any parallel to these aberrations, either in England, where Parliamentarism is old, or in Germany, where it is new. Undoubtedly the machine works badly and slowly. A Parliament in France rarely achieves as much as a session among ourselves. The last Chamber passed a scheme of old age pensions. The Senate after three years is still obstructing and remodelling it. The present Chamber has just passed an Income Tax Bill. The Senate is preparing to obstruct and remodel this also. And these two measures, both abortive, and likely to remain abortive, represent all that two Parliaments, dominated by Radicalism, have achieved for constructive social reform. For our part we are inclined to think that the course of the failure is not so much the inaptitude of the French genius to manage the Parliamentary machine, for in some respects and notably in its control of finance, it does much better work than our own House of Commons. The reason rather is that the French genius allows itself too often to be fettered by foreign dogmas, and accepts a strategy for which it is unfitted. The whole history of these two Parliaments was vitiated by the fact that the Unified Socialists condemned themselves to Parliamentary impotence by accepting the dictation of Herr Bebel at the Amsterdam Congress. They are forbidden to vote a "middle-class" Budget, and therefore they remain in the Chamber a mere party of protest and revolt. That was not the tactics of M. Jaurès, though he bowed to a Russo-German majority at Amsterdam. Parliamentary Socialism in France will never be able to meet its revolutionary critics until it frees its own hands of this fetter, and wins the power to influence the Chamber by using the whole weight of its numbers to conclude bargains, make and support Ministries, and sell its vote as the price of definite reforms.

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## THE NEW NAVAL CHARTER.

A FEW months before the first Hague Conference a student of international law, with strong Liberal tendencies, was asked to state what reforms he would like to see effected. After presenting an argument in favor of the exemption of all *peaceful* shipping and commerce, whether belonging to belligerents or neutrals, from capture or destruction by the war vessels of either belligerent—he suggested that, in any case, two reforms should be attempted.

(1) The naval Powers should draw up an authoritative list of contraband goods, which should be binding upon Prize Courts, and should be subject to modification only by another international convention.

(2) A truly international and impartial character should be given to Prize Courts, and an appeal on points of international law should be allowed from them to an international tribunal sitting at The Hague.

Although the part played by Great Britain at the Hague Conference was, in many respects, ultra-conservative, and, as regards the exemption of private property, distinctively hostile and reactionary, we may now congratulate ourselves upon the fact that, of the three most pressing reforms, two have actually been carried. For, if the second Hague Conference did comparatively little in other directions, it did, at any rate, agree upon the establishment of an international prize court of appeal. From the standpoint of those (including several well-known professors of law in this country) who desire to prevent any improvement in international relations, and denounce any restrictions upon the rights of belligerents to seize and destroy what they please, the establishment of this Prize Court was very alarming, and they exerted themselves, in the columns of the "Times" and through various subterranean channels, to get the Court hung up, as it were, so that British-made prizes and British-made law might not be subject to any other authority. Eventually, however, Sir Edward Grey came to the conclusion that, as Great Britain had acquiesced in the establishment of a Court of Appeal at The Hague, the best thing to be done was to agree with the other naval Powers as to what should be the main provisions of the law which the Court would have to administer. For otherwise the judges at The Hague would be able to make law on all the points where the practice of different nations has been at variance.

Thus it came to pass that, early last year, Sir Edward Grey issued invitations to the leading naval Powers, and also to Spain and Holland, to attend a Conference in London, "with the object of arriving at an agreement as to what are the generally recognised principles of international law" in regard to "those matters wherein the practice of nations has varied," with a view to formulating the rules which should be observed by the international Court in dealing with appeals brought before it for decision. He pointed out, in his preliminary letter of February 7th, 1908, that, by Article 7 of the Hague Convention, the new Court (in the absence of treaty stipulations) is to decide appeals that come before it in accordance with the rules of international law, or, if no generally recognised rules exist, in accordance with the general principles of justice and equity. He added that, in his judgment, it would be difficult to persuade Parliament to accept this part of the Hague Convention, unless some definite understanding could be reached with other naval Powers as to the rules by which the new tribunal should be governed. To assist in bringing about this understanding, a useful memorandum,* setting forth the British rules of international naval law on the points at issue, was forwarded to the other Powers. The principal points in the programme to be submitted to the Conference were contraband, blockade, the destruction of neutral vessels, the conversion of merchant vessels, the transfer of merchant vessels from belligerents to neutrals, and the question of the rule by which to decide whether property is "enemy property." The invitation was accepted, and plenipotentiaries to the Conference were appointed by all the Powers. It was agreed that the programme should be that suggested by the British Government, and the Conference was opened on December 4th last by Sir Edward Grey. Although the difficulties were enormous—for practice and tradition have long divided Continental and British jurists on most of the issues raised—the delegates of all the Powers seem to have worked together with the utmost friendliness and good-will, and with full determination to arrive, if possible, at a compromise. There was a general readiness to make mutual concessions, and eventually, on February 26th, 1909, "The Declaration of London," consisting of seventy articles, was signed by the plenipotentiaries of all the Powers represented at the Naval Conference.

This document is undoubtedly a landmark in the history of international law. In a certain sense, it is even more. It is the beginning of international law so far as naval warfare is concerned. No doubt many rules and conventions have grown up. No doubt States have found it convenient, and even necessary, to play the game in accordance with certain rules framed by themselves, and to submit the proceedings of their privateers or cruisers to the jurisdiction of special administrative tribunals, called Prize Courts. It is true, also, that, since the Declaration of Paris in 1856, most naval Powers have been pledged not to resort to privateering, and have agreed also to allow neutral vessels to carry about merchandise belonging to citizens of the Powers at war. But hitherto there has been no uniform law, no certainty, because there has been no single authoritative interpreter. By the second Hague Convention and the Declaration of London an interpreter—a central and supreme tribunal—has been established, and a considerable section of naval laws and practices have been codified and endorsed by the signatures of all the Powers. Let us not despair of the future of civilisation when a statesman who clings so firmly to the old world as Sir Edward Grey can become an instrument of the new co-operative forces which are every year uniting the peoples by new ties, and imposing upon all nations a new thing, which we call international law.

The most remarkable part of the new code is certainly the new law of contraband. As the General Report, prefaced by M. Renault, truly observes: "Peaceful trade may be grateful for the precision with which a subject of the highest importance to its interests is now, for the first time, treated." The method adopted has been to define by description. Three lists have been prepared and agreed upon. The first is a list of articles which are absolute contraband of war—arms, explosives, uniforms. The second is a list of conditional contraband, consisting of things susceptible for use either in war or peace, such as wagons, merchant vessels, telegraphs, railway material, or flying machines. We regret to see that all foodstuffs and clothing are included in this class. Thirdly, there is a Free List, consisting mainly of raw materials—cotton, wool, silk, hemp, hides, rubber, metallic ores, nitrates, machinery, paper. Articles on the free list may not, under any circumstances or pretext, be declared by a belligerent to be contraband of war, and therefore may not be touched, even if they belong to a belligerent, when found in a neutral vessel. Absolute contraband, of course, even when it belongs to a neutral and is protected by the neutral flag, "is liable to capture if it is shown to be destined to territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy" (Article 30). Conditional contraband, on the other hand, is liable to capture only if it is shown to be destined "for the use of the armed forces or of a government department of the enemy state." In other words, unless you can show from the ship's papers that the cargo is destined for the army or for government service, conditional contraband, including food, is as little liable to capture as raw materials or other articles on the free list. The possibilities of defeat at sea for a maritime Power no longer involve the dangers which used to appear so terrible. A naval war with another Naval Power under present law would be a sad day for British shipping, but no doubt a great part of it would immediately be sold to neutrals, who would be able to visit our ports freely so long as they were not carrying war materials. It is strange that, after Sir Edward Grey has helped to promulgate this code, he should shrink from extending to British shipowners when Great Britain is at war the charter of freedom which he has given to neutrals.

* Contained in correspondence and documents respecting the International Naval Conference held in London, December, 1908-February, 1909. Miscellaneous, No. 4, 1909 [Cd. 4,554], price 11d.

## RISKS OF RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

It was quite natural and proper that the Great Northern, Great Central, and Great Eastern Railways, looking primarily to the interests of their shareholders, should seek amalgamation. They have suffered more than most other roads in the general depression of railroad property. Like others, they have been confronted with increases of their wage bill and other expenses during a period of declining trade, when the new competition of rapid road transport has cut into their most profitable passenger traffic. But the wasteful competition and the rate-cutting which followed the extension of the Great Central to the metropolis have proved a special source of financial weakness to these lines, while the great development of mineral transport which has enabled such lines as the North-Western and the Midland to offer a stout resistance to the downward pressure has not come to their assistance. They might, it is true, have effected considerable economies without formal amalgamation, by process of underground agreement, adopting not only a pooling of rates, but a common system for the collection, delivery, and loading of goods as well as for passenger traffic. But the determinant need of improved borrowing powers, of capital for the further improvement and development of their businesses, would not thus have been adequately met. Though Sir Francis Channing took, perhaps, too restricted a view when he described the measure as "simply a Bill to bolster up one weak company by two other companies so as to form a basis of credit upon which to add further liabilities in the shape of a further issue of capital," there can be little doubt that this was the immediate propelling motive of the companies. But, though much rash and unwarrantable plunging in new issues has taken place, especially in the last decade of the nineteenth century, it is not the less true that a starved company can no more serve the public well than its own shareholders.

Nowhere has competition worked out more wastefully than in the railroad business. In every country of the civilised world it is being displaced by combination. The real issue has reference to the nature of this combination and to the provisions for safeguarding the public interests. In most countries direct national ownership and working have followed a clear recognition that the railroad is the chief modern highway. But in North America, Great Britain, and in part of France, the experiment of combining private management for profit with public control is steadily pursued. Mr. Churchill, in his somewhat excessive advocacy of the amalgamation scheme before Parliament, invited our steadfast adhesion to this policy. Now there are three separate pleas that may be and are urged in its favor. The first and simplest is to the effect that the combined companies, either out of consideration for public opinion, or in mere self-interest, will give to the trading and travelling public a fair share of the gain arising from the economies of combination. Now, it cannot be denied that the public service is likely to suffer from the struggles of impoverished companies to hold their heads above water, and it is likely enough that some of the larger centres of population might get improved facilities under such a combination.

But no one acquainted with the economic action of combines, whether in manufacture, commerce, or transport, can seriously contend that a sufficient natural harmony exists to secure for all sections of traders and travellers adequate protection against the temptation, to which every monopoly is subject, to charge the highest rates the traffic will bear. Though some of the defenders of this scheme assumed this natural harmony, most of them tacitly abandoned it by falling back on the second argument; viz., that the Railway Commission and the Board of Trade would hold sufficient power to safeguard the public and to check abuses. Here is a real issue of supreme importance at the present juncture. Has the Government any such adequate control, and, if not, can it obtain it? To this question the public has received no satisfactory answer, and for this reason we regret the pressure which induced the House of Commons to give this Railway Bill a second reading. For we do not believe that a Select Committee on a single concrete proposal is a fit body to determine the broad issues of principle and general policy that are involved. We hold that before Parliament endorses any such scheme of combination, not merely should a full inquiry have been held into the present railroad situation and its probable development, but that the House of Commons should have obtained a firm assurance that Governmental control over rates, facilities, and other public interests had already been made certain and sufficient.

Now, it is common knowledge that no such control has yet been obtained. The powers with which the Inter-State Commerce Commission of the United States have recently been invested, enabling them to determine and impose a reasonable rate for the various sorts of carriage, are not, in fact, possessed by any Governmental authority in this country. The crude facts essential to any scientific process of rate-fixing do not exist in any of our railway systems. Why not? Because our railway managers and directors have steadily and almost unconsciously defeated all attempts to induce them to keep their accounts in such a manner as will yield the knowledge which is essential to adequate public control. No railway manager knows, or seeks to know, the true work and earning capacity of the various sorts of rolling stock that he employs. The elementary facts, such as the average rate per passenger per mile, the average rate per ton per mile for traffic, he refuses to supply. It is no secret that the Committee appointed three years ago by Mr. Lloyd George to examine the methods of Railway Accounts has met with the stubborn refusal of the railway managers to supply these and other relevant sorts of information. But if public control is to be anything more than a shallow pretence, a full acquisition and publication of accounts, in which the chief facts of tonnage, distance, amount of traffic, are set forth, is quite essential. Until this elementary work of scientific book-keeping is enforced upon the railroads, it is idle to stand up in Parliament and talk of public control.

Supposing that the Board of Trade succeeded in

acquiring all the powers which it desires, would the evolution of the railway system rest in private amalgamation? A very interesting passage in Mr. Churchill's concluding speech seemed to indicate that he, like many others, looks forward to a public railway system as the ultimate product of the evolutionary process. Nay, he even hinted that this present proposal deserved favor as facilitating such a future consumnation, thus following the lead of a certain school of Socialists who profess approval of all trusts on the ground that, when all heads are set upon a single neck, the process of beheadal will be simplified. But, regarded in the light of practical politics, the logic of this argument is dubious. If private amalgamation serves to consolidate the business interests of railroad shareholders and to raise the value of their shares, it will set two considerable difficulties in the way of future nationalisation. In the first place, it will enormously enhance the price which the public will have to pay for the purchase of the roads, the enhancement consisting, in the main, of a monopoly value itself the creation of the law, as in the case of liquor licences. Secondly, any attempt to scale down the valuation so as to avoid an utterly extortionate bargain will be met by the solid opposition of the largest and most powerful combination of capitalist interests in the country. For these reasons we would prefer that, until public opinion is ripe for the nationalisation of our railway system, our Government should not set the seal of its approval upon these projects of amalgamation. It should rather leave the railways to make their own arrangements, subject to such gradual strengthening of public control as we can otherwise obtain.

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## THE FUTURE OF THE WORKER-STUDENT.

The unfortunate dispute at Ruskin College will, we trust, deal no serious blow to an admirable institution and a movement of great promise. With Ruskin College the movement dreamt of in one form by Maurice, in another by Toynbee, of bridging the gulf between the academic thinker and the small but important section of working-class students has passed from the sentimental to the practical stage. Whatever its difficulties the movement always had one solid reality at its base—the affinity, deeper than all class distinction, between those who care for the things of the mind. Of these, in spite of poverty, of unhealthy conditions, of material anxieties, of absence of all ordinary scientific or scholarly appliances, there have always been a fair sprinkling among the class of skilled operatives, particularly in Lancashire, and throughout the north of England. Sometimes the interest is purely detached. It is a love for a specialism like that of the weaver-entomologist, Mary Barton's friend, without whom, Mrs. Gaskell well knew, her wonderful picture of Manchester in the 'forties would have been incomplete. More often, of course, it is stimulated by practical needs, by the desire of the trade union leader, or the co-operative secretary to get to the bottom of the practical questions with which he has to deal, or at least to see what light the books and the theorists have to throw upon them. It is natural and healthy that the main demand of the working-class students should be for the teaching that may throw light on the problems of citizenship and of industry which so beset them in their daily work. Not that they are mere learners in these matters. The lecturer who goes with open mind to a class like that which might be found at Ruskin College, not to lay down the law *ex cathedrâ* but prepared for the give and take of discussion, will find that his own ideas gain in concreteness and meaning from the contact with minds to whom the problems of work and wages represent very hard realities. Mere words get winnowed away like chaff from the discussion and the ideas that have the seed of reality in them remain. The situation is well expressed in a passage from the Report of the Joint Committee of University and Working-Class Representatives as quoted by Mr. F. W. Kolthammer in the January number of the "Sociological Review."

> "It too often happens that a teacher with a good knowledge of his subject and the gift of expression fails almost entirely when confronted with a working-class audience, because he has started from a point of view so different from theirs as to make it impossible for the minds of students and teachers ever to come into real contact with each other. The things he regards as important have seemed to them trivial, and he has never really touched the problems upon which their minds are exercised, perhaps never read the books through which alone they have approached the subject. Every teacher of economics, for example, who has lectured to a working-class audience must have been for the moment at a loss when confronted with unfamiliar formulae on the lips of men to whom they seem exactly to answer all their problems. In the same way working-class audiences who listen for the first time to economics being taught by a University man have an uncomfortable feeling of being played with by a clever dialectician."

Such a situation is full of difficulty, but for that very reason full also of potentialities of good. Economics and political science generally not merely lose influence by being couched in terms which are not understanded of the people. They also miss much of truth for the very same reason. They are but half sciences, dealing with abstractions and half-realities, unless they can, when adequately expounded, bring conviction to men at grips with real problems of industrial life and social organisation. When the teacher who has not forgotten how to learn finds himself in the position described he is forced to go back on his formulæ, and criticise them in a wholly new spirit. He has not only to ask which of them will enable him to give a good dialectical retort to a puzzling heckler, but which really expresses a truth that the practical man finds operating in his daily life, and which, on the contrary, is only words and wind. The two kinds jostle one another in the world of the academy where, for want of the living test, thoughts and things are too readily confused. It is only by a sifting process that social theories can be made real and vital, and there is no such stimulus to this process as the continuous contact of the academic teacher with the mind of men thirsty for guidance in practical affairs.

On the other side the worker-student has all to gain from the system, the detachment, and the all-roundness of the better academic teaching. The untrained man who begins to teach himself is very much at the mercy of the first book which states his own problems to him in a way that catches his attention and offers him any

outward form and semblance of a solution. It may be a Marxite text-book, it may be a Spencerian, it may be a Georgeite. The particular brand does not matter. The point is that he absorbs the formulæ, and, having absorbed them, becomes drunk with them. Talk with him on any subject, and begin where you will, and in three sentences he has settled everything with the Marxian, the Spencerian, or the Georgeite formula. He sees Marx, or Spencer, or George everywhere and in everything. The net result of learning for him is that his mind can no longer move freely at all. He is bound over to a master and his magic words, and he is more academic in his essence than the oldest—nay, than the very youngest—Don. His mind is ice-bound, and the first aim of any teacher who can diagnose his case is to thaw him out. A loosening process is necessary. He must learn that the wisdom of the world is not to be summed up in a single equation, and that all learning and knowledge do not revolve round the sayings of a single master. A little judicious personal teaching will save this type from becoming the intellectual slaves of some narrow dogma at the outset of their excursion into the realm of books; in so doing it can save the intellectual element in working-class life from sterility.

The furtive question may be asked whether the student so trained will remain a member of the working class, or will merely use his education to raise himself in the social scale. The answer depends largely on the methods used and the numbers affected. As long as it was a question of a single student of working-class origin, getting a scholarship at an Oxford College and going through the ordinary academic career, there were but two alternatives—on the one hand sheer failure, on the other complete absorption into University, and thence into professional, life. That such openings should exist for clever boys from the Board schools is right and proper. The Universities of the future should represent the pick of the intellect of all classes. But, on this side, the democratisation of the Universities is merely one method of opening the career to the talents. The aim of the present movement is to adapt University education to democratic needs, to educate working men, not that they may become something else, but simply that they may be and remain educated working men. Is that ideal possible? For all the leaders we believe that it is, and not only so, but that the moment it is found to be possible it will become necessary. A sound academic training, that is to say, will be as much a part of the normal equipment of the branch secretary of a trade union, or the chairman of a local co-operative society as it is to-day of a barrister or a clergyman. The world of organised labor will be governed and administered by men with the same kind of intellectual training which, whatever its defects, is at present the solid basis of middle-class supremacy in the State. If this result is possible, and we believe that the movement of which Ruskin College is a part has gone far enough to prove its possibility, it contains in it the germ of changes no less profound than those which first broke down the walks of political and social privilege. These gave the working classes power. This will give them the knowledge how to use their power.

# Life and Letters.

## THE POWER OF PITY.

It is a common saying that the march of social progress depends upon the pace of the rearguard. We are now engaging upon a more serious and organised attempt than ever before to bring into line the weaklings and the laggards. Those who are at close grips with this work are soon made aware how feeble and how rare is the passion of social justice as compared with the personal appeal of pity. For the realisation of justice seems to chill the natural play of human sympathy by too close an alliance with reason. Moreover, the sense of justice seems no keener to-day than it was a century ago, whereas there is a general agreement that the sentiment of pity for personal suffering is stronger in all classes. Thus there is good ground for regarding social progress as consisting pre-eminently in an economy of pity. Appeals for justice, involving disturbances of the accepted order, interferences with rights of property or social privilege, awaken resentments and the instincts of personal and class defence. Pharaoh hardens his heart and will not let the people go. But pity saps the interior defences of pride and selfishness; face to face with an actual case of human suffering none but the stoniest-hearted will refuse succor and some measure of self-sacrifice in rendering it. If every owner of brewery shares could be persuaded to stand in the bar-room of the lowest of the pot-houses that he owns for four consecutive Saturday nights, the drink problem in this country would be solved, for not one in ten amongst them could resist the cogent sense of personal responsibility for human folly and recklessness he would feel. If the Dean and Chapter of Eastborough would spend a few hours each week in the rookeries where live the laborers or seamstresses whose pittances are drawn each week to swell their comfortable incomes, would the Church throw its weight so firmly upon the side of "the vested interests"? If the charitable lady who drives fur-coated in her motor to the committee meeting of her Social Service League could once be got to see the precarious, miserable life of the people whose labor yielded the interest of those profitable shares that helped to buy the furs and the motor, the poignant humor of her social service would become too oppressive.

If such true revelations of the nature of our "social system" could be made, there lies in the human breast a genuine force of pity which would indeed become a revolutionary force. There lurks, indeed, a half-instinctive recognition that pity has this dangerous explosive power, upsetting all conventions and discretions and disregarding interests. If every man were clear-eyed enough to interpret all his intricate relations to, and his dependence upon, his fellow-men in terms of the human gain and suffering they carried, such knowledge would "get upon his nerves," and make him uncomfortable. Selfish motives of ease and pleasure have, therefore, secretly conspired to blind his eyes and pad his heart that the darts of pity may not penetrate. Such selfishness is very cunning. She does not attempt to stamp out pity or to refuse it all expression. She only seeks to render it innocuous. The simplest way of doing this is to confine its operation within a short circuit. Cruder charity has always served this purpose, affording a discharge of pity by little acts of hand-to-hand benevolence. Such a practice shuts out reflection, and prevents all dangerous accumulation. In a simple society with fixed personal status, this simple outpouring of pity in immediate personal aid seems to work well. Though here, as elsewhere, the rich man lives on the poor, neither knows it. The benevolence and the gratitude are genuine, and no danger arises.

But it is far otherwise when society has grown complex, unsettled, and multitudinous. The old personal nexus is no longer possible, and the real menace of "indiscriminate" charity emerges. Shut off now from simple almsgiving, how shall pity find innocuous relief? If I may not myself relieve the misery I see, my frustrated pity will rankle in my breast in dangerous

criticism, poisoning my confidence in the rationality and justice of the "existing order." To stop this is invented a monstrous era of organised charity, in which I must not give to a poor man, but only to "the poor." The personal contact which seemed so essential is broken, and I must put my money into an institutional slot. Now, pity is not like mercy, "a word invented in the courts of tyrants." It is the purest, most spontaneous, and most elemental feeling. To organise it is to kill it—its flow dries up before official scrutiny. Rich men and women may pour money through the scientific medium of detective sieves. Some forms of material assistance may emerge, but the healing virtue of pity is no longer true, for there is no love in those who give, no gratitude in those who receive.

This system of long-circuit pity, in which expert helpers conduct charity to deserving cases, has failed because it was "against human nature." Not that it was destitute of merit, but this sort of voluntary social service demanded a benevolent austerity of character, which was too rare, while the waywardness of ordinary emotional humanity proved invincible. The despairing lamentation of organisers of charity at the impending prospect of some Mansion House Fund is a most instructive lesson in social psychology. The failure of voluntary organisation is admitted: charity is now to be made a State department; public officials, helpers, detectives, educators, are to displace private ones, to sift efficients from inefficients, deserving from undeserving poor, and to prescribe the proper medicine for each in the State dispensary. Will the new experiment succeed? There will be ampler funds, finer apparatus, more stable machinery, more specialised expert treatment. There are those to whom it appears that there will be no need for the sentiment of pity and of charity now that the full "rights" to work, to food, to health, and care, and education are conceded. Justice at last has got rid of charity!

But others are not so sure. Those most experienced in the ways of "institutions" are best aware how much depends upon the enthusiasm of some director, some doctor or teacher, and the personal infection of human interest and love which can suffuse a "staff," and they ask how many of such men and women shall we find in our new labor colonies, our penal settlements, our training schools, our employment bureaux, and will they have the liberty needed to keep alive their interest and love? The pain of pity now seeks relief in an assurance that every hungry child shall be fed in a public kitchen, that every sick man shall be tended in a public hospital, that State provision shall be made against invalidity, unemployment, aged penury, and all the other miseries to which "the poor" are exposed. The uneasiness of the tender-hearted rich is now removed by some increased contribution to the rates and taxes, and everything that is necessary will, it is hoped, be done. But will it? Social pathology is the most delicate of arts. Where voluntary organised charity has failed, it is not likely that State mechanised charity will altogether succeed. For, in spite of all attempts to disguise the form and name, the spirit of official charity will cling to the whole apparatus, as it does to-day to the new municipal relief works or the old age pensions. There will be hundreds of thousands of "cases" to be booked and tabulated, and subjected to a departmental system, with checks and registers, and all the necessary elaboration of a routine that eternally fails to reach the live real needs of a human being.

We do not say the new system will not work, or that it will not grind out useful slabs of substantial relief. But there will be innumerable injustices and hardships, prodigious waste, and no diminution of the supply of fresh cases to enter the machine and find employment for the official tenders. This must be so as long as the driving motive of this new social service remains what it is, viz., the desire to evade that deeper analysis of social causation which would disclose the real meaning of the poverty and inefficiency to which these palliatives are applied. If human pity were to become clear-eyed enough to trace amid the intricacies of our social system the roots of poverty, ignorance, inefficiency, and vice, so that, not here and there a man or a woman, but whole classes of rich, educated, comfortable people came to recognise, not in vague theory but in pungent reality, how their riches made others poor, their culture others ignorant, their comfort others' sufferings, the final inadequacy of these new social schemes which are struggling into being would become evident.

Then would pity come by her own. Benevolent men and women would no longer be satisfied to humanise the relief of the poverty they caused, founding labor colonies to train or coerce the inefficients of their slum estates, feeding the starved children of their ill-paid employees, subsidising Magdalen Homes for the women they had driven on the streets, and Inebriate Homes for the drunkards of their manufacture. But such clear-eyed pity does not come easily, with its disturbing thoughts and actions. For a host of specious sophisms blind our eyes. Wholesale perversions of history, solemn moralities, and a whole brood of showy sociological doctrines have come into being and popular acceptance in order to prevent the pity for human suffering from seeing true causes and seeking true remedies. Some revive sentimental charity, others stiffen themselves with "natural selection" or the doctrines of Nietzsche, some trust to education, others to eugenics, while others, again, are led cunningly along some plain, attractive slope of profit-sharing or of land reform into a *cul de sac*. Countless are the silken cocoons which the comfortable soul of man has woven round it, lest pity should become intelligent, and so stop man from causing misery instead of trying and failing to cure it.

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## HOW AH SIN SANG.

The primitive myths of great races assume that all mankind is descended from one father and one mother; and to most of us the assumption seems natural, for long habit has blinded us to its wonder. In reality, it results from astonishing powers of insight and generalisation. Much as the species in other classes of mammalia vary; wide as is the gulf between the great watch-dogs of the Caucasus and the "toy Poms" of Kensington's imbecility; it is doubtful if even dogs differ so much from each other as men. No visitant to earth would suppose that the negress of Nigerian swamps, suckling her young over her shoulder, belonged to the same genus as the pale Duchess receiving her guests at the top of the branching staircase. It would need a long training in morphology, as well as in philanthropic habits, before he could speak of the negress as the Duchess's sister cut in ebony. Yet from the beginning it seems that man has never hesitated to identify his kind. He has always included hairy pigmies in brotherhood with Plato, but has drawn a steady bar between pigmies and the highest gifts of Consul, though the difference may be called infinite in one case, and hardly perceptible in the other.

But among all the varied races it has appeared most difficult to recognise a common parentage for ourselves and the Chinese. It is not so much the difference in appearance that matters. After all, they are far more like us than any African tribe. Apart from the sprouting of the hair, and eye-sockets cut like slits in a flat surface, there is not much essential difference in form. It is in the soul that the difference seems generic. When you ask a mangrove negroid his thoughts on ju-ju and the surrounding world of spirits, he draws a film over his eyes, no thicker than covers the eyes of a seal, though impenetrable as the mangrove forest itself. But between you and a Chinaman the barrier is always there, solid and inexpugnable, like the Great Wall where it is reduplicated ten times over. That our fathers should have believed even Chinamen to have sprung from Eden out of the same types of human perfection as themselves is evidence of a faith before which our little systems shrivel.

The obvious distinctions in mind and custom are, indeed, astonishing. The Chinese honor the man of

peace and despise the soldier. They wear their gayest clothes in civil life, and dress their officers in rags or anything. They enjoy kite-flying more than killing or being killed. If possible, they allow the enemy to run away without hurting him. They decorate a distinguished man with a button instead of a garter, and they are honest in trade. To such glaring differences we may add a few more subtle, after reading a little book on Chinese lyrics, called "A Lute of Jade," by Mr. Cranmer-Byng (Murray). The author has here translated a number of old Chinese songs. True, they are not old as Chinese history goes. Very few come from the collection made by Confucius about the time when Solon was enacting laws for Athens. Nearly all date from what stands for the classic period of Chinese literature—the time when in our country, as Carlyle said, the gluttonous race of Jutes and Saxons were lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity, not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance such as lead to the high places of this universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the spirits of the Dawn. In other words, they date from the three or four centuries before the Conquest.

Like those gluttonous ancestors of ours, the Chinese poets did not dream much of heroic toil, silence, and endurance. As was to be expected of so pacific a race, their songs are of peace, and war is mentioned only with abhorrence. But one thing that sharply distinguished their people from ours was a veneration for literature and learning. The veneration is still maintained in a country where the highest positions are open to the scholar, no matter how humble his birth and position. So we find that verse-making has always been a second nature with the Chinese, and it is, above all, the recreation of statesmen and great officials—"a means of escape," we are told, "from the weariness of public life." It was a means that Gladstone tried, though but rarely, and in a foreign tongue: else even his reputation could not have withstood the suspicion that attaches to a poet. But in China, emperors themselves were poets, and not merely by proxy, like those of our nobility, who put their names to books which others have written. We read of one great emperor who is described as "poet and sportsman, mystic and man of this world, a great polo player, and the passionate lover of one beautiful woman"—a description that reminds one of an eighteenth-century portrait in Dulwich College, bearing the brief biography, "He was six foot high, a good jumper, skater, and scholar, athletic and humane." We also read that, unlike the majority of modern poets, the Chinese singers meditated much on the sanctities of home, and were so gentle that one of them "spent his time in angling, but used no bait, his object not being to catch fish."

But, after all, some of our writers, too, have been meditative, and some gentle. Mark Pattison used to dig a garden bed in which nothing was ever planted, his object not being to grow plants. Many of our hunters pursue a smelling rag, their object not being to catch foxes; and if we stood angling without a bait it would not be the first time for most of us. The more we look into Chinese nature as revealed by this little book of songs, the more we are convinced that our fathers were right in speaking of man's brotherhood, incredible as it appears. It is true we cannot judge much from the present form of the poems, for the translator has an excellent gift of verse himself, and that is dangerous in the translation of texts we cannot read. He would have done better to give us the literal prose in a few lines as well. But we gather that the Chinese classics used rhyme not unlike the Persian rhyme, and that alone is a wonder in human relationship as surprising as the Chinese discovery of gunpowder some ages before Roger Bacon. For the pleasure of Europe in rhyme is quite recent, and very difficult to explain. Otherwise, the only hint as to form that we get from this book is the Chinese love for brief lyrics that set, as it were, a note which the hearer may carry forward in his own thoughts. The poet's meaning is not fully expressed, but is intended to vibrate in the memory like music. The Japanese gain the same effect in their tiny poems of fifteen syllables. Let us take an example from Wang Seng-Ju, who lived while the Saxons were driving the Celts off our fattest land:—

"High o'er the hill the moon barque steers,
The lantern lights depart,
Dead springs are stirring in my heart,
And there are tears;
But that which makes my grief more deep
Is that you know not when I weep."

It is a sudden jet of emotion, almost instantly suppressed and left to the hearer to feel and understand. And the emotion is just the human longing for the absent—the yearning, "Sehnsucht," "desiderium"—of European poets. "How can these earwigs love each other?" asked the little girl, but through all the varied, and perhaps repellant, species of mankind the deep feelings at the base of nature are very much the same. There is a longer poem on the same theme by Chang Jo-Hu, who sang about the time of Charlemagne; it is also full of moonlight, for among all races the moon sheds the natural light for love and mischief. Here are a few lines:—

"Though they mingle not,
Our thoughts seek one another. In the lilt
Of winds I hear her whisper: 'Oh that I
Might melt into the moonbeams, and with them
Leap through the void, and shed myself with them
Upon my lover.' Slow the night creeps on;
Sleep harbors in the little room. She dreams—
Dreams of a fall of flowers. Alas! young Spring
Lies on the threshold of maternity,
And still he comes not."

But it is natural to sing of love, the transfiguration of the soul. Even the Zulus, between their war-songs of Chaka and their praises of cattle, will pause for interludes of love. There are other notes in the Chinese lyrics more surprising for their harmony with ourselves. Frequently there is the note of life's brevity, the uselessness of striving, the wisdom of snatching pleasure as it flies. To the same Horatian mood belongs the frequent lament for vanished glory. Compare with Omar's "Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep," this little poem made by Kao-Shih, four centuries before Omar:—

"There was a King in Liang—a King of wondrous might—
Who kept an open palace, where music charmed the night.
Since he was lord of Liang, a thousand years have flown,
And of the towers he builded, yon ruin stands alone.
There reigns a heavy silence; gaunt weeds through windows pry,
And down the streets of Liang, old echoes, wailing, die."

In China, as in Persia, in Ireland, and among the English lakes, the mind of poets has been haunted by these visions of a past which man never believes to be really dead. Sometimes, too, though seldom, we hear in the Chinese poets the echoes of battles long ago, and it is characteristic of the peaceful and self-deprecating race that the one great battle-song in the book is a noble lamentation by Li Hua over an ancient field, the scene not of victory but of overwhelming disaster.

Far more often we have the brief meditations of a soul in harmony with the universe,—"made one," as they said, "with the pulsations of eternity." It is a state to be attained, as all Orientals know, by suppression of transitory desires and concentration of thought upon the things that are more excellent. It leads to the spiritual freedom thus expressed by Ssü-K'ung T'u about the time of our Danish invasions:—

"I revel in flowers without let,
An atom at random in space;
My soul dwells in regions ethereal,
And the world is my dreaming-place.

As the tops of the ocean I tower,
As the winds of the air spreading wide,
I am 'stablished in might, and dominion, and power,
With the universe ranged at my side.

Before me the sun, moon, and stars,
Behind me the phœnix doth clang;
In the morning I lash my leviathans,
And I bathe my feet in Fusang."

Which is all a very satisfactory result of spiritual freedom, and reminds one somehow of Shelley's coursers fed with the lightning and drinking of the whirlwind's

stream. But, on the whole, we turn with relief from the Oriental bliss of abstract meditation back to those feelings, those joys and pains and undying regrets, which are the heritage of all mankind, whether we bathe our feet in Fusang or the Severn or the Orinoco. For, as Ou-Yang Hsiu of Lu-Ling said, while the battle of Hastings was raging far away:—

"There yet is man—
Man, the divinest of all things, whose heart
Hath known the shipwreck of a thousand hopes,
Who bears a hundred wrinkled tragedies
Upon the parchment of his brow."

"A hundred wrinkled tragedies!" Oh, with what disjointed syllables of Chang and Chi and Bo did that ancient poet of the Sung dynasty contrive to express so fine and Elizabethan a thought?

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## JUDAS IN LEGEND AND FOLK-LORE.

It is impossible for the mind to conceive words more terrible than these, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born." For long ages the words, as they fell upon men's ears, seem to have called forth a sense of fierce exultation. The mystic hatred of the Betrayer was in proportion to the adoring love of the Betrayed. One should not, perhaps, too hastily assume that the dying out of this feeling is pure gain. In the case of the great mass of the people, it is probably due, not to any growth of imaginative human sympathy, but to loss of interest in the great drama itself.

Over the wild medieval stories of the childhood of Judas we will not linger. The real popular indignation against him begins with the murmuring at the waste of the precious ointment. This murmur is the first moment of a drama which moves through the scenes of the Supper, the Kiss, the Remorse, and the Hanging. The Golden Legend says: "Then it happed that he was angry and sorry for the ointment that Mary Magdalene poured on the feet and head of our Lord Jesus Christ, and said that it was worth three hundred pence, and so much he had lost, and therefore sold he Jesus Christ for thirty pieces of that money, of which every penny was worth tenpence, and so he received three hundred pence. Or after that, some say, he ought to have of all the gifts given to Jesus Christ the tenth penny, and so he recovered thirty pieces of that he sold Him." Legend has invested these thirty pieces with a long mysterious history. They were made of the precious metal brought by Adam out of Paradise, and were coined by Ninus, King of Assyria. Abraham carried them into the land of Canaan, and with them Joseph was bought by the Ishmaelites. They were in the treasures of Pharaoh, of Solomon, of Nebuchadnezzar. The Magi offered them to the Holy Child. At last, by command of Jesus himself, they were given to the temple at Jerusalem, whence they were paid by the chief priests to Judas, and afterwards to the soldiers who watched the tomb.

The scene of the Supper has stamped itself upon men's minds as few others in all history have done, and has evoked a whole world of wonderment and fancy. It is unnecessary to mention the superstition about the number thirteen. "He sat down with the twelve." Judas sat on the right hand of Our Lord, between St. John and St. Peter. One thinks of the last days of those three comrades—of the hideous death of Judas, of the world-making martyrdom of St. Peter, of the figure described by the great Russian seer, the old St. John, all white, a keeper of bees, smelling of wax and honey. In Leonardo's picture the hand of Judas is upon the salt-cellar, which he upsets as he says, "Lord, is it I?" This little detail, carried all over Europe as the faith spread, may have given rise to the superstition expressed in the proverb, "He who spills salt, spills sorrow." The idea that the ill effects may be warded off by throwing the spilt salt over the left shoulder is, no doubt, explained by the old belief that the Good Angel is stationed on the right side of every man, the Demon on the left.

The Kiss of Judas is the climax of the story. To the natural feeling of hatred for the treacherous slayer, "the smiler with the knife behind his cloak" was added in the Middle Ages the mystic horror of the Betrayer of his God. Judas is "the traitor" *par excellence*. Dante calls treachery "the lance with which Judas jousted." All such proverbs as "langue de miel, cœur de fiel," have in them a backward glance at Judas. The "Judas kiss" was proverbial everywhere. Shakespeare is full of references to it. He makes Richard II. say:—

"Did they not sometimes cry All hail! to me
As Judas did to Christ? But He, in twelve, found faith
In all save one; I in twelve thousand none."—(Act IV.)

Again he makes the detested Richard Crookback enact the very part of Judas, himself adding in an aside:—

"So Judas kissed his Master,
And cried All hail! when as he meant All harm!"—
(III. Henry VI., v. 7.)

Legend is pitiless in dealing with his Remorse and Death. A palsied death-struck terror fell on Judas "when he saw that He was condemned." An old French charm for a burn was:—

"Feu, feu, perds ta chaleur,
Comme Judas sa couleur,
Quand il trahit le Sauveur."

Of his suicide it was said that he was not allowed "to die on the earth, because all earthly creatures ought to hate him, but in the air where devils and evil spirits are, because he had deserved to be in their company." The "Prince of the Powers of the Air" claimed him in his own domain, as he did afterwards Simon Magus. The pre-figuring traitor Absalom had also died hanging from a tree. The tree of Judas is said to have grown over a hollow ravine, down which "he fell headlong, and burst asunder, and his bowels gushed out." The traditional belief is that it was an elder. This again is found in Shakespeare, whose plays are a perfect mine of the folk-lore of the Middle Ages. "Judas was hanged on an elder," says someone in "Love's Labor's Lost." (Act V. 4). So in "Piers Plowman" we read:—

"Judas, he japed with Jewen silver,
And sithen on an elder hanged himselve."

The present writer was once told by a poor man in a country village, "I've often sat cold rather than burn elder." It makes a weird picture to imagine an old crone in a remote hamlet, say, in the Sussex downs, muttering evil spells by the flickering flames of this unholy wood.

The traditional red hair of Judas was, curiously enough, also ascribed to Cain. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Simple says of Master Slender that "he had but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colored beard" (Act I. 4). In Shakespeare's time all these traditional details were doubtless known to the mass of people through the Mystery-plays. A medieval Latin proverb says, "vix reperitur homo ruffus sine proditione." In many countries the Jews were compelled by law to dress in yellow. There was a curious folk tale that Judas Iscariot was turned into a squirrel, which in parts of England gave rise to the custom of hunting the little russet creature on Good Friday.

The like vindictive scenes are still enacted all over Christendom in the last days of Holy Week. In springtime in Provence, when the beans are in flower, and the orchards are rosy and white with the blossom of almond and cherry, children, shrill and merry as crickets, laugh and shout at the game of "hammering Judas." Spanish sailors hang him each Good Friday from the yard-arm of their ships. In old England he was carried round in scarecrow effigy all through Lent, and burned on Good Friday. This figure was called a "Jack-a-lent." Strange as it seems, this vengeance-taking formed part of the Easter joy. The Paschal Candle itself was called the "Judas," because the wax effigy of Judas was hung from it. There is no mercy shown him anywhere, except in the Celtic legend of St. Brendan, and even here, in the original story, it is strangely tempered with justice.

It was over and over again forbidden by the Church that a child should be baptised by the name of Jude. To this day the name probably does not exist outside Mr.

Hardy's novel. With regard to great sinners in general, and Judas in particular, the feeling was, "I will not make mention of their names within my lips," "Let his name be clean put out."

The briefest sketch of the lore of Judas must include some mention of Psalm cix., the terrific Psalm of cursing known as the "Judas Psalm." The traditional interpretation is fixed by the words of St. Peter in the Pentecostal sermon, "For it is written in the Book of Psalms, Let his habitation be desolate, and no man dwell therein, and his bishopric let another take" (Acts ii. 20). In this sense it has been commented upon in the minutest detail, verse by verse. In Germany it was known as the "todt-beten," and was used as a kind of "black Paternoster," efficacious in causing the death of an enemy. The Jews had used it in this way before the Christians. It was their custom to put mustard and water into a new vessel, to say this Psalm over it three days in succession, and then to pour it out before the door of the enemy they wished to destroy. But all the stored-up vengeance of the awful words, as of black masses of cloud, heavy with hail and quick with lightning, breaks in a storm of cursing upon the head of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon, who also betrayed Him.

## THE MOVING OF THE WHEELS.

It is a narrow, winding street, with house cliffs three times as tall as the way is wide, and an average of four people abreast jostling on a two-yard pavement. There are three or four up-river towns that can fill the specification, and we need not say which one is this. There is blue sky overhead, and as we turn a corner we come suddenly on a basket of mimosa and daffodils standing in the sun. Still later, the odour of them reaches us—a hot enlivening scent of pollen and honey, both of them manifestations of sunshine. Dingy houses all round, rent, as it were, with this glory of pale gold emitting the very glory and comfort of paradise. And hanging before the golden blooms, two eager bees, free merchants in this world of marketing, hesitating in so rich a world as to which cup to enter and pillage. The blooms are from Scilly, and the bees from some garden up there and down there beyond the houses that seem to end the world.

These bees, one of which, to the astonishment of the flower-vender, we catch, inspect, and release, represent one of the wheels of spring. At the right time, neither a day too soon nor a day too late, they awake, or are born (for they come from the chrysalis) in their underground and lately frozen quarters. And they always find that, obeying the more direct, open-air message of the sun, the first flowers of the white arabis, their especial flower, are open. (Mimosa and daffodils from Scilly are a luxury unwarranted by former experience, and the Fates grant that they prove not a delusion and a snare.) These are the males of the handsomest of our solitary bees. Their time is a day or two ahead of the females growing in the same burrow as they, but needing to grow longer before they reach the greater perfection of wifehood. For the males, the flowers provide just snacks of food, sandwiches for mere gadders-about and foragers for self. But we see even now the anthers swelling and ripening, so that a second and greater wheel shall be ready at exactly the right time to fit the pollen-collecting and family-providing female. Then will emerge a third bee, a cuckoo that can only rear progeny in the nest of these other provident mothers, and the wheel that fits this second species is the red dead nettle, which infallibly blooms in time for their nourishment.

Everywhere the inquirer will notice an astonishingly exact timing of apparently distinct phenomena. Our insectivorous summer birds come sometimes early, sometimes late, but whenever they come they find the leaves just so sprouting that the caterpillars are just so ready to eat them and be eaten by their guardians. They all follow the message of the sun, and the birds somehow make allowance for the fact that in the clear air of the Mediterranean he is usually faster (in addition to the difference of latitude) than in our misty and uncertain climate. But that is by no means all. The mathematician would tell us that a frŏst going twelve inches deep in sand and only ten inches deep in loam, minus an inch or two owing to the shelter of the arabis leaves, would throw the arabis wheel and the anthophora wheel right out of gear; that other seasons would so much favor the bee and retard the flower that the former would emerge and starve before the other opened. Anyone who had seen our indoor daffodils a month ago would have said that the doubles (planted three weeks earlier) would blossom long before the singles, and that of the singles there were three buds that would open long before the others. But the singles overhauled the doubles and waited for them. Both bowls opened a blossom on the same day, and all the single blooms were open within two days of one another.

However early or however late the first month of spring, the year usually keeps time with its own average from the middle of April onward. There is a month's difference between the earliest and latest recorded first appearance of the chiff-chaff and wheatear, while the nightingale and swallow are rarely a week out one way or the other, and the cuckoo, ringdove, nightjar, and landrail come every year on practically the same day. Last year the "tiny leaf" on the elm tree bole could be found anywhere in the south on the 1st of April, but this year the trees seemed till two days ago hopelessly out of date. It is better so. Nothing is more encouraging than the splendid rush that nature makes at the beginning of April, when she has been well held in leash through March. From one day to another we see marked changes everywhere. The shoots of the balsam poplar exude varnish plentifully, then thrust out their tightly rolled and fragrant leaves. The green points on the lilac trees grow, as it were, from mere color into luminosity, and fatten almost while we watch them. The dead-looking, lichen-covered twigs of the apple, that looked as though they could never blossom or even leaf again, suffer an astonishing change within a few score hours, and every tree, according to its kind, puts forth its summer kharma.

Every manifestation of the power of the sun, however diverse-seeming, is intimately related to some other, and therefore to them all. As soon as the anthers are ripe and shaking out their pollen, the stigmas on some other tree are ready to receive it. If an insect is necessary to effect the introduction, at the right moment bees, moths, flies, or tiny beetles rise from the grave with a craving for honey which they proceed to satisfy without knowing what is the true end served. One cue calls them all, and they rush on the stage from opposite wings, not guessing that the author intends to turn their seriousness into fun or their fun into tragedy.

Note the appointments that are kept every year with one tree; for example, the oak—blows of fate from which there is no escape. When the catkins are hanging, comes a fly from the debris of last year's foliage on the ground, whose bite, delivered in just this one week of the year's cycle, produces or makes the protoplasm of the tree produce the currant gall. When the leaves open, another fly keeps rendezvous, and with early incision guarantees that by the 29th of May there shall be huge, spongy, rosy "oak-apples." These and a score other gall-flies keep appointment with the oak alone, and of all the other creatures to which the oak is a kingdom we need only mention the oak weevil. It is now asleep—in a sense unborn—and certainly without any intention of the part it is to play. When the leaves are tender and pliable, whether that be earlier or later than usual, the weevil will be there with its cutting instruments and its foreknowledge of the best way yet discovered of cutting to the mid-rib, folding and rolling the leaf so that a complete hanging shelter for its progeny shall be formed. The cleverest man that, not having seen one of these shelters, shall attempt to design one will find that the weevil has improved on it. But here are wheels quite beyond our comprehension.

And is a simple fact like the migration of the redstart within our comprehension? The nearest conception we can get of the impulse that moves the migrants at the right time is a kind of Hertzian-wave apparatus born in each of them, and capable of responding to the same thermo-electric stimulus that has moved its ancestors for untold generations. How subtle and extra-material this impulse must be is shown by the way in which it penetrates artificiality. The Canadian goose moved to another hemisphere, fed comfortably in a public park, even reared from the egg in this country, yet raises its clipped wings and makes ineffectual attempt to fly north what time the descendants of its ancestors in North America are hastening to their banquet of snails and crustaceans in the pools of British Columbia. Or consider the still stranger case of a fish that now looks like a brown trout, which has been living for some years in a tank at the Zoo. It is really a salmon, hatched in a Thames hatchery for the restocking of that river, now salmonless. About May or June each year this fish grows silvery—an undoubted salmon. It rushes to the top of the water, and leaps in an evident desire to leave the sea and ascend the river. Yet it is not in the sea, but in a tank of fresh water. And where is it that each human being desires to go? What longing is it that stirs him each year when the spring madness is upon him? Perhaps he feels that he is not playing precisely the right part in the universal scheme. Perhaps he only then realises the oneness of the world in which he lives.

# Present-Day Problems.

## THE POOR LAW COMMISSION AND VOLUNTARY AGENCIES.

> "Our object is to bring these agencies into some continuing relation to one another, and, as a body, also with relation to the public administration of relief. We propose, therefore, the establishment of Voluntary Aid Committees parallel to the Public Assistance Committee on these lines. These Committees would be specially concerned with relief and aid at home, the personal help of those in distress, the prevention of distress, the visiting of cases of all kinds in connection with applications made to it directly, or in connection with public health or educational authorities."—*Majority Report.*

The above extract, from the report of the Majority of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws is, among many other recommendations embodied in that epoch-making document, certain to cause considerable discussion and contention. It is, therefore, somewhat surprising that the Press, as a whole, have permitted these proposals to pass with practically no comment.

Until we are in possession of the bulky volumes containing the evidence submitted to the Commission, it is impossible to examine *all* the facts, or trace the line of argument that must have influenced them to suggest such a sweeping change in the present relation of the Poor Law to outside or voluntary agencies.

We are nevertheless familiar with the tendency in other States, which was in a contrary direction. In Australia and New Zealand, for example, the every-day experience of the working partnership between the State and voluntary effort in relieving distress is not satisfactory. In Australia, State-aided charities, like State-aided churches in these Western spheres, are doomed. Whatever view is entertained by the present Premier of New Zealand, his shrewd and liberal-minded predecessor (Mr. Seddon) more than once declared that he did not obtain value for his money grants to voluntary institutions. But here, with the current of experience running in favor of State responsibility and control, it is proposed to bring in an outside and difficult partner. I contend that the forces of State and eleemosynary institutions cannot be successfully united. Sooner or later, in one way or another, they come into collision to the injury of the persons whose circumstances they both aim at improving. The Commissioners can, of course, point to the results of Reformatory and Industrial Schools, and other institutional agencies, in support of their recommendation, but, for all practical purposes, these and similar agencies are branches of the State, and it is impossible to imagine even the Charity Organisation Society—not to mention the Church and Salvation Armies—submitting to the inspection and semi-control of the system outlined in the report of the Royal Commission.

Even if their respective managements were so disposed, think of the possibilities in a country like ours for political intrigue, religious rivalry, and philanthropic aggressiveness that the extension of the principle suggests! Of late years there have been striking developments in the work of social palliation by the Churches—Anglican, Nonconformist, and Roman Catholic. Church Congresses and Free Church Federations have disclosed new, and, in a sense, laudable ambitions to "broaden the basis" of their influence by grafting on to Church effort all sorts of social agencies, including workrooms for destitute men and women, shelters, emigration, and so forth. There is no limit to overlapping in this realm of philanthropy, and although the proposal to establish a council to determine local needs and promote co-operation among workers in charity is both sound and necessary, it does not appear to me that the Commissioners have paused to consider the effect that will be produced by the drastic change they propose among the rivals for religious ascendancy among cardinals, archbishops, conference presidents, and Salvation Army colonels. It requires a small stretch of the imagination to depict the efforts that will be resorted to to obtain monetary and other favors from Local Government Board presidents and the new Council Boards.

Happily, we are not without an up-to-date illustration of the danger that lurks in the recommendations of the Poor Law Commission. That illustration is strikingly conveyed by the Salvation Army. For twenty years now its social work has been before the country, and as the distinguished leader of that organisation has, in commenting upon the Majority Report, offered to relieve the State of some of its poor law problems, we are in a position to anticipate what would follow in the event of his army and the Church Army becoming auxiliaries of the State in this particular line of work. I have no hesitation in declaring that the effect would be disastrous alike to the politics and social life of the country. General Booth and his coadjutors have perfected their organisation, and in one respect the result is mystifying by reason of their silent lips when a controversy rages round some such institution, for example, as the settlement in Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, for destitute joiners and carpenters. Into the full merits of that controversy it is not necessary that I should enter; but in view of the recommendation of the Poor Law Commissioners, it is well to remember that the Salvation Army is one of the movements that would probably aim at securing a large slice of the administrative work of the new council, and this, I repeat, would be attended with pernicious consequences. Take some phases of the controversy over its Hanbury Street settlement: it is clear that the Truck Act there is eluded in spirit, if not in letter, by its management. In the Salvation Army's Bermondsey settlement men work for a mere pittance, beginning with sixpence per week and their board and lodging, seldom rising higher than five shillings The Army officials do not disguise the character of these "grants." They admit that whether a man is expert or otherwise on entering their establishments, he must begin with a sixpence. Destitution under such a system must be expected. While the Royal Commission would abolish the very name of pauper, such a method penalises a man for his poverty, and there will always be the temptation to such a council as the Commission proposes to set up, to avail themselves of a cheap method of discharging their obligations. It is but fair to state that General Booth, through the mouths of his social leaders, affirms that no profits are made by these settlements. And yet the bulk of the waste paper or raw material for the Bermondsey settlement is contributed gratuitously by the London public,

while the manager of Hanbury Street states that he loses contracts in his own society because his tenders are too high. It is impossible to discover from the balance-sheets—or, rather, financial statements issued by the headquarters—how this loss arises. When details are asked for by men who have established their reputation as publicists, they are given evasive and general replies.

The fact is that the dominating note in the service which this society renders to the poor is religious. It is not essentially humanitarian. The inmates of its settlements, or colonists, are soon brought into an "atmosphere" which almost compels them to satisfy its dogmatic requirements. They are not quite *forced* to devote their pennies to the Self-Denial Fund, but it does not help them to refuse. They *are* compelled, in the name of discipline, to attend certain religious services each week, where they come under the persuasive appeals to come to the penitential altar. Dr. Clifford refuses to pay his education rate because part of the money is allocated to a special form of dogmatic teaching; but here is one of the greatest organisations relieving distress using public money to advance its special ideas—and at the same time refusing to supply the data on which alone the public can estimate its moral and material value to the State. Did the Royal Commission take this fact into consideration? Were they aware that the leader of this society has again and again refused an enquiry into the serious charges that have been made against it on the ground of sweating, underselling, and defective management? Did they enquire whether these and similar societies would be prepared to keep their accounts in conformity with the instructions and requirements of the new Poor Law? Did they put questions to the chairmen of philanthropic agencies bearing upon the supervision that would attend the introduction of this proposal?

We shall know these things bye and bye. Meantime I have made a cursory allusion to a phase of the question that must demand the closest attention from the Cabinet Committee appointed to consider the Commission's report with a view to legislation.

SOCIAL REFORMER.

# The Drama.

## DOLLS' HOUSES.

THE weakness of our modern British drama is nowhere seen more clearly than in the decline of talents which, in their first essays, seem to promise some fresh contributions to our stock of tolerable plays. What becomes of our "society" playwrights after the play-going world and its caterers have bent them to their uses—of our Grundys, Pineros, Joneses, Esmonds, Maughams, and the innumerable stage puppets which they have fashioned? Well, as these dolls go back to their cupboards, their makers, too, cease to interest the thoughtful playgoer. Such gifts of grace, or ease, or adaptability of manner as they possess, lose their freshness, or even though they persist, share the fate of unfashionable things, like last season's hats. Take Mr. Davies, for example. His puppets are dressed a little differently from those of his companions, more ingeniously. They move now and then almost like their living prototypes: their small, waxed faces wear a rather cynical expression, which their author has painted with some cleverness. None the less they are bodiless, soulless things, being merely stuffed suits of clothes—frock coats, dress coats, lounge coats, fancy waistcoats and "ties," footmen's lace and knee-breeches, tea gowns, evening gowns, motor caps and wrappings. As the manner and wearing of these articles change year by year in the Bond Street or Oxford Street shops, and the buyers' fancy lightly turns from one shape and tint to another, so do Mr. Davies's stage-dolls appear from time to time more amusing that Mr. Jones's, and *vice versâ*. But in the meantime, new caterers arise, with new dolls that have quite an artful turn of the eyebrow, or something neat in frills and laced petticoats. And Mr. Davies and Mr. Jones are forgotten.

"Bevis," whose appearance at the Haymarket seems a trifle incongruous, will have as short a life as its blooming companions. It, too, contains no human being; only assortments of well-made clothes. All these things, indeed, are pulled by one string. They want money and comfort, and they do not want to do any kind of work for them. "Bevis" himself, the young Marquis of Bewdley, wants money for motor cars, and is willing that a woman (young, pretty, dressed in the right way and using the right phrases) shall find it for him. His mother, the Dowager-Marchioness, wants money so that she can go on gambling at cards; his uncle that he may go on doing nothing; and these, again, look to the young woman and her father, a brewer, to satisfy their wants. Their pursuit presents no difficulties. The brewer is willing to sell his daughter for settlements on the Marquis, with something on account for the Dowager and the uncle, and the go-between, while the daughter is willing to be sold, provided she gets some sentimental love-making thrown in. This, the Marquis, who is merely idle and ill-bred, but not vicious, provides, until, by a ruse that could hardly have deceived an experienced fortune-hunter like the Dowager, the girl persuades Bevis that her father, who is crazy for the match, will cut her off with a shilling if she makes it. The worthy Bevis, having engaged to purchase a young lady for cash on delivery, declines on the spot to take her without it. *Exeunt* the brewer and the *ingénue*, the latter in tears, to the confusion of the attendant harpies—mother and uncle—who have been trying to make their private account out of the settlements, and of the lady who expects her little commission on the introduction of successful "business."

Such knots are easily untied and tied again. The lady who expects a commission undertakes this job. She does it at Bevis's request, for this gentleman now knows that Miss Hopkins is still on sale for a Marquisate, and he has his zeal of the chase and something that looks like love to gratify. The familiar medium is a week-end party at the go-between's cottage where all the parties meet in one of those intentionally comic, and really mirthless, complications round which these machine-made plays revolve. Here the girl is brought to surrender her outraged pride, and to offer herself to Bevis, on the understanding that the bargain is a business one in which money and a title are the only exchangeable assets, and affection and respect are left out of the account. But the young Marquis thinks this suggestion injurious to his personal pride, and as he has been declined by the maiden after he has disclosed himself as a fortune-hunter, now declines her when she avows that she merely assents to and joins in her father's chase after a Marquis. However, the mutual wants of these ingenuous creatures persisting, and the motor car and the gambling debts and the commission being still unredeemed—it remains for the author to bring sentiment to the aid of reason. This is done by leading the pair to the woods on a fine summer morning, and making the young lady discover Bevis's clothes by the river bank. Her distress at the thought that he has been drowned proves her love and satisfies Bevis's pique, so that the curtain descends on the reasonable hope that the voice which breathed o'er Eden will soon whisper its accustomed benediction over this delectable pair. I found myself a trifle troubled in my mind as to whether Mr. Davies meant this final note to sound in the cynical or in the sentimental key. No such doubt, however, seemed to disturb the audience, to whom Miss Lottie Venne's gurgles and starts and rushes supplied an exhilarating sauce to the milder delights of this refined comedy. I have only to add that Mr. Matthews, learning something from Mr. Hawtrey, knows exactly how to play Modern Young Men of the type of Bevis, and that when I see such accomplishment as Miss Henrietta Watson's wasted on such a part as the Marchioness of Bewdley, I sigh to think how much better it might be employed.

H. W. M.

# Communications.

## A RADICAL MEMBER'S VIEW.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The interval before the Budget proposals are made known to the country is an opportune moment for the Liberal party to indulge in a little self-examination and reflection. While looking back on the record of their performances, meditating on future prospects, and comparing the present with the past, will Liberals find themselves exultant or despondent? And if there is cause for despondency, let us try to discover the disquieting elements from which it originates.

There are three factors to be taken into account under the term Liberal Party—first, the Government, or, more correctly speaking, the Cabinet; secondly, the Liberal members of Parliament; and, thirdly, the Liberal electors in the country. These three elements are by way of starting in complete accord after a general election. The strength of the Party as a whole depends on how complete that accord remains during the years that pass before the next appeal to their constituencies. The electorate remains silent, closely observant and keenly critical during this period, and is only forced into articulate utterance—often of a completely misleading character—at bye-elections, when all the doubtful expedients of modern electioneering methods are concentrated on isolated constituencies to make them express an opinion But the general verdict of the country as a whole remains a mystery till the moment comes for it to be given. It is with the Government primarily that the responsibility rests to maintain unity and harmony. Their success in this must depend on the extent to which they continue rightly to interpret the political sentiments of the party in the country and the opinions of their supporters in the House. And failure awaits them in so far as they allow themselves to drift from their original course and try to impose upon their followers a policy which is not in strict conformity with the acknowledged ideals of the party, and which does not harmonise with the promises and pledges expressed in the last appeal to the country.

All Governments working in conjunction with the great departments of State, manned by permanent officials who may be invaluable as experts, but are not—and, indeed, cannot be—men passionately devoted to party principles, must gradually get detached in some directions from their followers in the country, and become hedged round with the mysterious dignity and aloofness of officialism. This phenomenon is more or less natural, but the present Government have been affected by it more acutely, perhaps, than others, from the fact that only a small minority of them had any experience of departmental and official work before they were called to office in 1905, and that they should be greatly influenced by able official subordinates was only to be expected. This, however, need only be noted in passing. In ability, there can be no question, the present Government are immeasurably superior to any which could be formed out of members of the Opposition. But the main consideration to be taken into account is the fact that in the fourth year of their existence the Government have strained the patience and loyalty of their supporters by putting forward a most unappetising programme, dull, spiritless, wanting in originality, lacking in vigour. While eating our words with regard to expenditure on armaments, while shirking the long-promised conflict with the Lords, while preparing ourselves for a meaningless and ineffectual struggle over Welsh Disestablishment, it is impossible to expect enthusiasm and the high quality of work which enthusiasm alone can produce. On the contrary, the absence of a bold fighting policy is causing a listless indifference and lack of interest which might in time amount to estrangement between the Government and the main body of their supporters. But even this does not cover the whole ground, for it is a state of affairs that can still be cured to some extent by a strong and comprehensive financial policy, dealing with land, licences, and large incomes. To scrutinise the course of events more closely, we must recollect the complexion of the party as it was returned in 1906. We must remember the type of Liberal that led the party to victory and steered them through two years and more of useful activity, and at the same time reflect that he represented accurately the tone, and was throughout in intimate touch with the feelings, opinions, and principles of the very great majority of his large majority.

Are there signs that the complexion has changed? Is there any truth in the oft-repeated phrase, "The Imperialists have got the upper hand"? And do Radicals feel some misgivings when they hear of the desire which has been expressed to form a "Moderate" party, and of the very significant refusal given lately from high quarters to a proposal for at last disbanding the Liberal League? Although the Radical element may have diminished almost to vanishing point in the Cabinet, it is still strong in the House of Commons, though cowed, and for the time apparently bewildered. But Radicals, conscious that by the party in the country anyhow their views are greatly preferred, should remember their numerical strength, should stand together, organise and realise that they have power—power even to dictate. If they are content to drift, if they do not lift an insistent voice of protest, if they submit to be carried along with the tide, the inevitable result must be that a policy which entails compromise with our opponents on many vital points—the flaccid policy of the Liberal League—will certainly become the accepted policy of the Liberal Party.

Here is food for reflection for all who are not indifferent to the future of Liberalism.—Yours, &c.,

House of Commons,
April 6th, 1909. RADICAL M.P.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE HERO CULT IN MODERN IRISH LITERATURE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have been waiting in breathless suspense for some weeks past expecting to hear "noise and battle," and to have news of the gathering of the clans of the Gael; but it would seem that the aforesaid clans have been too busily engaged in cementing the German Alliance, which has resulted in Dr. Kuno Meyer's triumphal entry within the precincts of London University.

In a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine" Mr. Andrew Lang contributed an article entitled "Irish Epics and Homer," which contains the possible casus belli. There is nothing to object to in the criticism of the Irish Epic tales as regards their literary value, their shortcomings (as compared with Homer), their lapses into barbarism. The appreciation, on the whole, is a just one. For Mr. Lang says: "I naturally love *les primitifs*——, and no way of living known to us has so much in common, perhaps, with the Homeric way of living, as that described in the most ancient Irish romances."

Mr. Lang's complaint is that the Irish people have not sufficiently valued the grandest of all these romantic tales, that is, those of the Red Branch Cycle. "The Iliads and Odysseys of heroic Ireland," he says, "have never, or only of late, been published, while not till 1904 did Miss Winifred Faraday give us her prose translation of a portion of 'The Tainbo Cuailnge,' and recently a French translation by Monsieur d'Arbois de Jubainville has appeared in the austere pages of the 'Revue Celtique.' Might one not suppose that Celtic enthusiasts would long ago have published these ancient Irish romances in critical editions, and translated them for the benefit of all Europe and the glory of Erin? One is amazed that Celtic patriotism has kept the good wine till so late."

Well, a whole article could be written as to why Ireland has fallen behind in this matter of Celtic research in comparison with Continental scholars. The new universities in a few years may give us another tale to tell; meantime, in humble admiration of the great achievement of Windisch, we might have been disposed to submit meekly to Mr. Lang's reproach. But listen to this: "Nothing did more to spread the renown of Scotland in the eighteenth century than Macpherson's pretended translation of Ossian. That work was at most a modernised pastiche. Macpherson's hero Fingal was a parvenue, an upstart compared with Conchobar and Cuchalain, Madb, and Fer-Diad, the men and women of the ould ancient epic of all."

Is not this an insinuation that the Irish have not even done so much in the way of popularising the Red Branch tales as Macpherson did in his "pastiche"?

Mr. Lang might have mentioned that the publication of Macpherson's fantasies was followed in Ireland by the scholarly editions of nearly all our Ossianic literature. The Red Branch tales were more cumbrous, clothed in more archaic language, requiring to be interpreted by the greatest Celtic philologists. Hence we were not given the actual texts in any large quantity. But the material of the tales has been well known to such scholars as we had, and since Mr. Lang brags of Macpherson, I will now give some account of the amount of literature in English by Irish writers which deals with the Red Branch tales. I will in no case mention any writer who has simply treated the subject on the Macpherson lines. Mr. Standish O'Grady, the well-known author and journalist (not to be confounded with Standish Hayes O'Grady, the Celtic scholar), published some time in the 'seventies, under the title of "A History of Ireland," a splendid prose epic of the Cuchalain era. This work has been the inspiration of poets and dramatists in the Irish literary revival. His "The Coming of Cuchalain," published in 1894, put the opening episodes of the hero's career in an attractive form for young readers. Miss Eleanor Hull more recently compiled her "Cuchalain Saga"; and then came Lady Gregory's "Cuchlain of Muirtheimne." Sir Samuel Ferguson had written so many poems dealing with that era that they were after his death collected in one volume as "Lays of the Red Branch." These included "The Tain-Quest," "The Healing of Conal Cearnach," and his wonderful "Naming of Cuchulain." There were also "Deirdre's Lament," and a poem in dramatic form called "Deirdre." Aubrey de Vere attempted to render the whole story of the "Tain" in Spenserian style in his "Foray of Queen Meave."

There is a whole literature dealing with the "Deirdre" episode. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his college days wrote a Tennysonian narrative poem, and Robert Dwyer Joyce another, entitled "Deirdre." A Feis Ceoil prize cantata by Signor Esposito was written to a "Deirdre" libretto from the pen of T. Rolleston.

On the stage we have had an exquisite play from the mystical pen of "A. E." It has been acted in Dublin, and was one of the earliest productions of the Ulster Literary Theatre in Belfast.

Mr. W. B. Yeats dealt with the subject in a more tragic and turgid manner. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has appeared as the Yeats "Deirdre" at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

There have been other Red Branch plays at the Abbey. Mr. Yeats gave us "On Baile's Errand," the story of Cuchalain's death, and "The Golden Helmet," an episode of his youth. Mr. Wilfred Blunt's "Fand" dealt with the hero's love for a fairy lady and the only jealousy of Emer. Passing from the literary sphere to that of recited tradition, the Red Branch tales are fewer by far than the Ossianic among the country Seanachies. Mr. Stephen Gwynn got the story of Cuculain's combat with his son from a Gaelic speaker in Donegal. There are legends in Co. Antrim about Conal Cearnach, and the Red Branch names cling to many a dun and hillside. Meave's cairn is shown near Sligo, Cuculain's house at Dundalk. They have not forgotten Emer at Lusk. In conclusion, to disturb a little Mr. Lang's satisfaction with Macpherson, I would draw his attention to the epic poem rendering of the "Tain" written in the modern Ulster capital, Belfast, by Mrs. Arthur Hutton. A daring feat was attempted in reconstructing the old Celtic tale into poetic books on the Homeric model. But the attempt was preceded by a dozen years of patient research into the original documents. The author acquired laboriously a knowledge of old Gaelic, and went to the facsimile reprints of the Book of Lienster and the Leabhar na h-uidhre for her material. The result is an epic in fifteen books of fairly well-sustained literary merit, with frequent passages which rise into real poetry. It is a book which may be well compared with the standard translations of Homer, and which at the same time might be turned to as a book of reference, as to the characters and typography of the Red Branch cycle.—Yours, &c.,

ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I will only put two questions to Mr. Spindler:—

(1) Does he think Dutch education greatly inferior on the intellectual side to English, or is it not true that the average Dutchman knows more than the average Englishman?

(2) Why does all Dutch opinion condemn the system of external examiners if it be obviously the best? Are the Dutch "almost childishly simple"?—Yours, etc.,

K. LAKE.

Leiden University,
April 5th, 1909.

## LOYALTY TO PARTY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The letter of R. Henderson Smith from South Edinburgh raises a difficult question. Is it advisable to withhold a vote if the weight of social influences and "expert" tendency drives a Liberal Government into dangerous courses? But the reactionary party hail with delirious joy any fall in the Liberal vote, and any winning of seats. The temptation to withhold a vote is enormous for earnest men; but though we may punish for the moment, we might consider the impetus given to a real retrograde movement in policy. Everything counts, and there is the question of political momentum. How far is the swing to go?—Yours, &c.,

X.

Leamington.

## THE ART OF J. M. SYNGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There is an interesting, sympathetic letter in your issue of April 3rd on "The Art of J. M. Synge," which contains an error too slight to notice were it not that it may strengthen some fool in his folly. Your correspondent quotes me correctly as having said that Mr. Synge's work before he went to Arran was too literary, too full of "images reflected from mirror to mirror," but he is wrong in supposing that it was "the morbid remote poetry" that "Englishmen and Frenchmen were writing at that time," or that it showed the influence of "the poets of Montmartre." He has been reading some Irish journalist (generally a mistake when literature is the subject) who believes, or pretends to believe, that the author of "The Play Boy of the Western World" borrowed something of his genius from "French decadents." If there are "decadents" in Montmartre, or elsewhere, Mr. Synge knew nothing of them. When I met him in Paris I found him reading Racine, and because he wished to make a little money by criticism of French literature, I urged him vainly to read the writers of his own time. He read throughout his life the great classics and these alone, and even in those early imitative poems and essays there was no other influence.—Yours, &c.,

W. B. YEATS.

Abbey Theatre, Dublin,
April 6th, 1909.

## VOTES FOR WOMEN AND ADULT SUFFRAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Two things strike me as being left, to some extent, out of the discussion in THE NATION on women's suffrage and "petticoat government," as adult suffrage has been called. First, the probable readjustment in numbers of the proportion of women to men; and, secondly, the rapidity with which women to-day are being educated politically. To take the last first.

The extension of votes to men has come about very gradually; it is nearly eighty years since some men had votes, and yet we are far from giving votes to all men. It may be just as long again before we give them to all women, and shall we of this generation presume to say whether or not the bulk of women will be "fit" for the vote in generations to come? Large numbers at least are fit now, and their education, politically and economically, will be immensely stimulated by the possession of the vote.

When Mrs. Travers writes as if adult suffrage might be upon us in the near future, she seems to me to be either raising a bogey to frighten the fearful or showing a complete ignorance of the political situation.

With regard to the relative numbers of the sexes, there are more boy babies born than girls, but they die more easily, and, also, women are longer lived than men. So far as the latter fact is due to accidents, it will probably be partially remedied by legislation, which more and more looks after the health and safety of the worker, and reduces the hours of work. So far as it is due to the greater temperance of women, both as regards alcoholic and other indulgences, it will probably be partially remedied, also, by the gradual raising of the status of women, and its effect upon their economic condition. When women are influential enough to set a more equitable standard of morals between men and women, the general health of the country, and the heritage of the innocent babies in particular, may be improved. If the limited vote is good for women now—and what anti has a single argument against the limited Bill?—it seems to me not statesmanship, but hysteria, to stand in its way because of a possible extension in the future—an extension which may be granted as undesirable now, but may be shorn of any "danger" by altered conditions in the future.

When womanhood suffrage is in the realm of practical politics, the limited vote will have been educating women for years or generations, and bettered conditions and bettered morality will (we may reasonably hope) have done something to make the male person as fit to survive as the female.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. Dowson.

The Park, Nottingham.

P.S.—Since this letter was written there has been a leader in The Nation pleading for the support of Mr. Geoffrey Howard's Adult Suffrage Bill. "Convinced democrats," who are also women suffragists, see more clearly than ever since that debate in the House that the question of adult suffrage is of academic interest only, and it is difficult to believe that politicians who know anything of the cautiousness of the average Englishman really expects that all women will be enfranchised together, and in the near future.

The writer of the leader says that the Limited Suffrage Bill will not be accepted by the present House of Commons, but an overwhelming majority are pledged to it, and have already accepted it; and, in stating that Mr. Howard's Bill would gain the "patronage of the Government itself," he was again prophesying without knowing. Mr. Asquith voted against it. We suffragists, who do not like Mr. Howard's Bill, and who feel that we have once more been deserted by trusted Parliamentary supporters, show no "dislike of democracy"; we only show that we realise—what to the writer is evidently a very secondary consideration—the only way of *getting* votes for some women without undue delay.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Gerald Paget, complains that the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League comes late upon the scene. It is not clear to her that the League objects to any woman having a vote, because they base their objection partly upon the fact that adult suffrage would result. She states that woman's suffrage is a reform that contains no element of revolution, but that adult suffrage is in the nature of a revolution.

Now, all this is subject to one explanation, namely, that Parliamentary votes are not a matter of individual right, but of utility to the State. The franchise should be enlarged or decreased exactly, as it would be most likely to benefit the nation. John Stuart Mill, writing on "Liberty," lays great stress upon this point.

Now, so long as the woman's suffrage movement confined itself to spreading the belief that woman suffrage was desirable for the good of the nation, the question was open for sober discussion, and no active opposition was necessary or desirable; but directly the suffrage was proclaimed throughout the country as a right that was being unfairly withheld from women, active opposition became imperative. For if any women were granted the suffrage on the basis of "no taxation without representation," or, in other words, on the individual right of those taxed, there could be no logical conclusion to the extension of the franchise until adult suffrage for both sexes was granted, and the vote given to every individual who is taxed in some form or another.

There can surely be no doubt that woman suffrage compels adult suffrage: that it would be a very great revolution, and that active opposition is necessary to ensure that the measure gets adequate discussion, and that it is submitted for the decision of the electorate.—Yours, &c.,

Lionel Barrett.

110, Heath Street, Hampstead.

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## THE APPEAL TO FORCE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Have you noticed how a certain "League" seeks to appeal to the men of this country with the words addressed by the arch-fiend to all his poor brother devils, "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" For my part, I do not like being classed with such company, and do not intend to respond. If I mistake not, it is the same Satan who makes the wise remark to the same audience, "who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe."—Yours, &c.,

A Lover of Milton.

April 6th, 1909.

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## A SECRET DOCTRINE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In the review of Mr. Waites' book on "The Holy Graal"—that "entrancing" work, as the reviewer rightly calls it, great doubt is cast on the possibility of a "secret doctrine" being a feature of the Christian Church. But, Sir, if there is anything more clear than another, it is that Jesus of Nazareth invariably clothed His teaching in forms which, while their meaning was clear to a few, was hidden from the multitude. His words have two applications, one literal, the other spiritual. As a rule, the literal or obvious meaning is the one more generally laid hold of, and, in consequence, its real meaning eludes the hearer. The spiritual meaning is distinctly hidden, cryptic, recondite, not for a time, but eternal in its application. In this sense, I would suggest that there is, and always has been, a "secret doctrine" in the Church, to which a few, in all ages, have had access. Those, indeed, who have spoken of it have been "open as the Day That they may better hide themselves." Who would read, *e.g.*, in the reference to the Prophet Jonah, St. Matthew, xii. 39, a most tremendous and enlightening command to an "evil and adulterous generation" to seek initiation, with its mystic death and burial and resurrection? Who would see in the story of the Prodigal Son the whole arcana of a mystic rite, with its "robe" and "ring" and "fatted calf"? Instances crowd upon one as one ponders the Gospel story, and one wonders for what reason Christendom has been so blind for so long, when there was so much yet to be learned of which at present we know hardly anything. It was His method: "Without a parable spake He not to them" (St. Matthew, xiii., 34). But yes, He explained to His disciples; yet even to them I doubt whether the whole truth was revealed. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now" (St. John, xvi., 12) is a disclosure of their inability even then to grasp all He had to say.

If I might add one further word, it would be in defence of the "gibberish" of the Pistis-Sophia and the Gnosis generally. To "A.M." it may be a dream or a nightmare. But I think that a further acquaintance with that magnificent conception of a world scheme converted to a world religion would induce him to modify his view in this respect. Is it not plain that the main teaching of the Christ is a teaching of the Gnosis, that He Himself was a Gnostic, and that it is only by applying the Gnostic key that we can hope to arrive at the true inner meaning of His Message?—Yours, &c.,

F. G. Montagu Powell.

April 5th, 1909.

## CRIMELESS IRELAND.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As a Crown Prosecutor connected with the administration of the criminal law of Ireland for upwards of twenty years, I desire to give you some figures for the information of your English readers, which, I venture to suggest, afford a conclusive answer to those, who, in Parliament and elsewhere, persist in representing Ireland to be in a state of chronic crime and disorder. The Spring Assizes for this year have just concluded, and accurately analysing the charges of our eminent judges to the Grand Juries of the thirty-two counties, I find that the total number of indictments presented for those counties, and those of the most ordinary character, only reached a total of 138. That number is, of course, exclusive of the returns for the cities of Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, which were of a very normal type.

These figures work out to a fraction of over four cases for each county, or taking the rural and town population of Ireland at, say, four millions, would give thirty-five indictable offences for each million of the population.

Do the records of any country in the world exhibit such immunity from crime? I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

VERITAS.

Dublin,
April 2nd, 1909.

## DIFFERENTIATED INCOME-TAX.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As it has been announced in several papers that the Income-tax will probably be raised on incomes that accrue from money saved, as contrasted with money in process of being earned, will you allow me to point out how disastrously this would affect persons in my condition, of whom there are many? I have been teaching all my life in a post which did not permit me to save more than enough to live very economically on my retirement, which has now occurred owing to age. I am unable to work any longer, and the result will be that I shall be obliged either to remain in England in reduced circumstances, or to go and live on the Continent where life is cheaper. I find that many in my position are adopting the latter alternative.—Yours, &c.,

EX-TEACHER.

April 6th, 1909.

## NAVAL EXPENDITURE AND THE SUFFERING OF THE PEOPLE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I express the absolute dismay one feels on reading that increased naval expenditure is contemplated by the Government which so triumphantly set out three years ago to walk the pleasant paths of peace, retrenchment, and reform? Is the nation's strength to be further sucked out just as she is turning the corner, after the worst attack of unemployment—(the national influenza fiend of modern times)—from which our country has suffered for years?

Quite apart from hunger-marchers and unemployed processionists, some of the workers in poor districts could testify that hunger and want have been severely felt even among the upper stratum of the artisan class during the past months. A quiet young curate, who lives and works among the people in a poor parish of one of our great Midland industrial towns, told me that he knew, as a fact, that some of their regular church members had pawned everything, including their underclothing. Women and girls came to parish functions in mid-winter clad merely in outer garments. These church members do not belong to the chronically poor: they are more or less skilled factory hands. They belong to the class which is the backbone of these manufacturing islands. That such people should have to face the damp and cold of winter without adequate food and clothing, means—in the future—weakness, disease, degeneration, impaired vitality among the very class on whose strength and ability England's economic welfare so largely depends. From personal experience, I could tell of shortness of work, meaning shortness of food for skilled artisan families in more rural districts of the West of England. And these people are to contribute directly and indirectly to the price of Dreadnoughts! This at a time when they want every penny for food, or to redeem their pawned clothing and furniture. Would it not be the best way of preserving Britain to see that she does not rot at the core?—Yours, &c.,

C. E. PLAYNE.

February 23rd, 1909.

# Poetry.

## THE BALLAD OF O'FARRELL.

ALL that O'Farrell had
  Is slipping from his hands—
The home that was his of old,
  The tilled and the grass lands,
The bed where he used to sleep,
  And the roof over his head;
The heaven is now his roof,
  And the road his bed.

Once O'Farrell had wealth,
  Gold enough and to spare;
His were the fattest sheep
  That came to the Callow fair;
His was the finest house
  You'd see in a three days' ride;
And his was the hardest heart
  In all the countryside.

To O'Farrell's door one day
  A beggar woman came,
Asking a bit and a sup
  In God's holy Name:
She had left the back of the hills
  Before the dawn of day
With never a crust of bread
  To help her on her way.

O'Farrell looked at her dress
  And saw it was poor and worn;
O'Farrell looked at her feet
  And saw they were sore and torn;
O'Farrell looked at her face
  And saw it was old and gray:
"You may go to the devil," he said,
  "For all you'll get here this day."

When the woman heard those words,
  She turned from O'Farrell's door;
She said, "You have cursed me now
  "Because I am old and poor:
"That you may be poor and old
  "And begging from place to place,
"And that folk may drive you away
  "And slam their doors in your face."

O'Farrell has had no peace
  From that day, day or night;
His wealth has vanished away
  Like mist in the sun's light;
Before the lambing-time
  He has lost the half of his sheep;
His crops have grown black in the field
  Before it was time to reap.

All that O'Farrell had
  Is slipping from his hands—
The home that was his of old,
  The tilled and the grass lands,
The bed where he used to sleep,
  And the roof over his head;
May the heaven be his only roof
  And the road his bed!

C. H. BEWLEY.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE understand that Professor Courthope has practically finished the sixth volume of his "History of English Poetry," and that it will appear in Messrs. Macmillan's list for the coming autumn. Readers will be glad to hear that this great work, the first volume of which appeared in 1895, is now approaching completion. Since Warton published his "History of English Poetry" towards the end of the eighteenth century, no English scholar has been courageous enough to undertake a task of such magnitude.

* * *

"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES WOLFE," which Mr. Beckles Willson has nearly ready for the press, will contain over forty letters that have never been published before, and will also incorporate fresh biographical material of interest. Mr. Willson points out that although there are upwards of forty lives of Nelson extant, no adequate biography of Wolfe is available for the general reader. Wright's memoir published in 1864 has long been out of print. Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," while presenting a clear outline of Wolfe's character, deals almost exclusively with his last campaign, and Mr. Bradley's monograph, though excellent, is too short to give many intimate details of its subject.

* * *

IN his interesting introduction to the selection from George Gilfillan's "Literary Portraits," just published in Messrs. Dent's "Everyman's Library" series, Dr. Robertson Nicoll recalls the satire which proved so destructive to the "Spasmodic School." This was Aytoun's "Firmillian, or the Student of Badajoz: A Spasmodic Tragedy." It was one of the most effective skits of the kind ever written, for, although Sydney Dobell, Alexander Smith, and Gilfillan produced work of distinct value after its publication, they never recovered their former reputation with the general public. Gilfillan is a critic well worth reprinting, for although Dr. Nicoll claims no permanent place in literature for him, he acknowledges that he had great merits. "No one perceived earlier or more steadfastly the genius of Shelley. Hazlitt and Lamb were hailed by Gilfillan at a time when many critics miserably under-rated them. Of Macaulay, Gilfillan from the first took his own view undismayed by the clamor of the hour. The justice of one estimate from which he never deviated has yet to be decided. From first to last he unhesitatingly put Tennyson in the second rank of English poets." Gilfillan's style was always highly finished, with a certain formal brilliancy, which we do not enjoy so keenly as did an earlier generation of readers.

* * *

A BOOK on "The Life and Works of Ruskin," by Mr. Ashmore Wingate, is about to be added to the "Great Writers" series issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Company. An excellent feature of this series is the copious bibliographies with which all the volumes are furnished.

* * *

A NEW, and what promises to be a most useful series of books, descriptive of the world's art, is announced by Mr. Heinemann for the autumn. The series has been suggested by M. Solomon Reinach's manual, "Apollo," a work that has met with a deserved success, and has now been translated into nearly every European language. As Dr. Reinach traced art through all ages and countries, so each of the coming books will trace the art of one particular people. At present fifteen volumes have been arranged for, the first dealing with "Art in the British Isles" being by Sir Walter Armstrong, while Dr. Bode and Dr. Max Rooses will be among subsequent contributors. A feature of the series will be the large number of illustrations in each volume, though great pains will be spent upon the critical appreciations of the progress of art in each of the countries dealt with.

* * *

"THE Secret History of the Court of Spain, 1802-1906," is the title of a book by Miss Rachel Challice which Mr. John Long has in preparation. The main feature of the book is that its material is drawn from Spanish sources, and that it thus presents in a new light facts which have hitherto been looked at from an English or a French point of view. During her stay at Madrid Miss Challice was given facilities for research by the Spanish authorities and was enabled to consult documents preserved at the library of the Royal Palace.

* * *

A TRANSLATION of the late Arvède Barine's "Madame, Mother of the Regent," is to be published shortly by Messrs. Putnam's. The heroine of the book is, of course, the second wife of Louis XIV.'s younger brother, the Duc d'Orleans. Arvède Barine's historical biographies are among the best of their kind, showing skill in dramatic presentation and a keen eye for character. The book, now to appear in English dress, is quite up to the level of its predecessors.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the novels of Otto Ernst enjoy a great popularity in Germany, none of them have up to the present, been translated into English. However, Mrs. A. C. Caton has made a beginning with a version of "Asmus Semper: The Story of a Boyhood," which will be published this month by Mr. Francis Griffiths.

* * *

GREAT interest has been aroused in the United States by the statement made by President Eliot of Harvard that he intends to make a selection of books sufficient to fill a shelf five feet long, the reading of which, for ten minutes a day, would insure a liberal education. Hundreds of letters have been sent him bearing upon the selection, which he proposes to call the Harvard Library. Many similar lists have been made, and publishers have been prompt to issue the selected volumes in uniform binding, usually with advantage to themselves. We may expect to see the Harvard Library among the most popular of such series.

* * *

IN his interesting volume of reminiscences, "Pre-Tractarian Oxford," the Rev. W. Tuckwell gives, "with all deference," a list of the seven great biographies in the English language. They are, Boswell's "Johnson," "Lockhart's "Scott," Southey's "Nelson," Lewes's "Goethe," Carlyle's "Sterling," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," and Stanley's "Arnold." Most readers will agree with Mr. Tuckwell's choice, but if a list of the twelve greatest biographies had to be made, it would be very much harder to find anything like a general consensus. We mention five works which might be added to Mr. Tuckwell's list, viz., Froude's "Carlyle," Purcell's "Manning," Ticknor's "Prescott," Forster's "Dickens," and the "Memoirs of Dr. Currie," a book which Mr. Birrell has been praising of late. It is noteworthy that out of all the biographies named, only one, Boswell's "Johnson," was written before the beginning of the nineteenth century.

* * *

THE late François Coppée left among his manuscripts a volume of memoirs, which will probably be published during the coming autumn. It is sure to contain some interesting details about the beginnings of the Parnassian school, and the period when Coppée numbered such men as Sully-Prudhomme, Théodore de Banville, Heredia, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Catulle Mendès, and Anatole France among his literary associates. Another autobiography announced for early publication is that of M. Camille Flammarion.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette." By Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard. (Hutchinson. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"A History of Art." By Dr. G. Carotti. Revised by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong. Vol. II. "The Middle Ages." (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

"A Vindication of Warren Hastings." By G. W. Hastings. (Frowde. 6s.)

"Stories from the Greek Legends." By C. Gasquoine Hartley. (Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Insurance Against Unemployment." By D. F. Schloss. (P. S. King & Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Gospel and Human Needs." Hulsean Lectures. By J. N. Figgis, Litt.D. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

"The Mantle of Ishmael." By J. S. Fletcher. (Nash. 6s.)

"Bibliothèques: Essai sur le développement des Bibliothèques publiques et de la Librairie dans les deux mondes." Par Eugène Morel. (Paris: Mercure de France. 15fr.)

"Silhouettes d'Outre-Manche." Par Jacques Bardoux. (Paris: Hachette, 3fr. 50.)

"M. Anatole France et la Pensée Contemporaine." Par Raphael Cor. (Paris: Pelletan, 5fr.)

"Le Conte fantastique dans le romantisme français." Par J. H. Retinger. (Paris: Grasset. 2fr.)

# Reviews.

## GREENWOOD v. SHAKESPEARE.*

"We talked of a gentleman who was running out his fortune in London; and I said, 'We must get him out of it. All his friends must quarrel with him, and that will soon drive him away.' Johnson: 'Nay, sir; we'll send *you* to him. If your company does not drive a man out of his house, nothing will.' . . . . 'She is in the right to flatter Garrick. She is in the right for two reasons: first, because she has the world with her, who have been praising Garrick these thirty years; and secondly, because she is rewarded for it by Garrick. Why should she flatter *me*? I can do nothing for her. Let her carry her praise to a better market.'" These citations are taken at random from the "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.," by James Boswell; and the reader is requested to compare them with the following description of Icolmkill:—

> "We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. . . . The man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Now this passage is an excerpt from the "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," published under the name of the Samuel Johnson mentioned above; and it may be said at once that the contrast might easily have been made greater. "Johnson," the talker, was sometimes more direct and more colloquial than in the passages cited; "Johnson," the writer, was often more ponderous and antithetical than in the description of Iona. And yet, so far as the writer is aware, no one has pointed out the improbability of the two "Johnsons" being one and the same person. Yet the discrepancy between the spoken word and the written word is assuredly very great. Furthermore, the reasons for doubting the generally received account of "Johnson" and his works are not by any means limited to such evidence as has been given. Johnson, we are told, was the son of an extremely foolish and unsuccessful provincial bookseller, who ended in bankruptcy, or something very like it; and this offspring of the little Lichfield shop became, so the story goes, a miracle of learning. He was almost blind—he would run into people in the streets from defective vision—and yet he was a most acute observer of all about him. He went to small local schools, then confessedly at a low ebb of learning; left Oxford without taking his degree, and—became one of the greatest scholars in England. He is represented as a man of the most atrocious manners; and also as conducting a conversation with his sovereign with the dignity and composure of a duke: he was a welcome guest at the houses of noblemen; and yet behaved at table in a fashion that would have disgraced a ravenous ploughboy. He was the idlest man in London; and devoted years of his life to the toil and drudgery of dictionary-making: he loathed the name of Scotchman; and made a Scotchman his principal friend. On one occasion he is represented as defending every article of the Roman Catholic faith; on another as declaring that the Roman Catholic Church, in so far as it differed from the English, was utterly and absolutely in the wrong. On one page he appears as harsh, brutal, intolerant, and overbearing; on another as exercising the heroic virtues of a primitive saint. His biographer presents him as a typical English Tory, of the highest and driest kind, carrying the doctrine of blind submission to an impossible exaggeration—and also as drinking to the next insurrection of the negroes. He despised actors, and would not suffer anyone to say a word against Garrick. Surely these considerations must incline us to doubt the received theory of Johnson, to suspect, at all events, that there were in reality two Johnsons—one the bookseller's hack, son of the bankrupt provincial tradesman, a man of a certain rough capacity and racy directness of speech; the other a courtly scholar, who, for some obscure reason, preferred to mask his identity under the name of the Grub-street scribbler. At least, we should do well to suspend judgment on the matter; more especially as the "Life" of Johnson, admittedly and incomparably the best biography in the world, is said to have been written by an idle, drunken, dissipated Scottish laird, whose conversation usually verged on idiocy, whose letters are the babblings of a sheer, unadulterated fool, and a fool of a very bad character. And this drivelling Don Juan is supposed to have lived on terms of the closest and most affectionate intimacy with the wisest man and the austerest moralist of the age.

And yet, in spite of all these inconsistencies and discrepancies, which might be multiplied almost to infinity, we are all of us perfectly sure that there was one Samuel Johnson, and that James Boswell of Auchinleck wrote his life; and thus it is that we are not likely to be much moved by the arguments adduced by Mr. G. G. Greenwood, author of "In *re* Shakespeare: Beeching *v.* Greenwood. Rejoinder on behalf of the Defendant." Mr. Greenwood has his list of inconsistencies, improbabilities, discrepancies; and it is submitted that the case against William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon being the author of "Hamlet" is by no means so strong as the case against the son of old, unhappy Michael Johnson of Lichfield being the author of the "Rambler," and the companion of the most brilliant and distinguished men of the time. The fact is that with Shakespeare, as with Johnson, there is no case at all for suspecting a mystery of any sort; though in either instance it is possible to fabricate phantasmal arguments which may seem to wear a delusive robe of reality.

What, then, are Mr. Greenwood's arguments? Well, in the first place, there is the spelling of the name. "Shakespeare," says the author, was the Great Unknown; "Shakspere," "Shagspere," "Shaxsper," or "Shaxbere" was the "Stratford rustic" who could not have written the sonnets to save his life. Mr. Greenwood quotes Dr. Furnivall to prove that the rustic always wrote his name Shakspere; but even the citation from this great authority shows that the fifth undoubted signature ends "eere." And then one of Mr. Greenwood's points is that the pronunciation of the two names varied—the Stratford man pronouncing his name as "Shackspur." But Dr. Furnivall declares that "the 'e' and 'a' had their French sounds, which explain the forms 'Shaxper,' etc." And then, again, the Unknown presumably wished his identity to be lost in that of the player. Surely that end would not be served by carefully distinguishing in spelling and pronunciation between "Shaxper" and "Shake-speare"? And though Mr. Greenwood makes a point of the fact that some of Shakespeare's "fellow-countrymen" spelled his name "Shaxbere," "Shagspere," and in other odd ways, he also states that Ben Jonson calls the "player" "Will Shake-speare," and that some of his Warwickshire associates knew him as "Shakespere." And there is a deed which contains the two spellings: "Shakspere" and "Shakespere." What, then, is left of the argument as to varying pronunciation? Mr. Greenwood, of his own free choice, compares his various arguments to "many strands that together form a strong rope." The analogy seems unfortunate; for the "strand" of the name is decidedly of the weakest.

There is another "strand." Shakespeare was a "Stratford rustic." One really does not see what follows from this statement. The word "rustic" signifies, presumably, that Shakespeare was not born in London. We may readily grant the proposition, and vainly seek for any possible *ergo*. Burns was an Ayrshire ploughboy, Hogg was an Ettrick shepherd, Dickens was a lawyer's clerk. And what are the major propositions that are to be added to these "minors," and what possible conclusions are we to deduce from them? Surely we are not to argue:—

> Lawyers' clerks are never possessed of genius.
> Dickens was a lawyer's clerk.
> Therefore, Dickens did not write "Pickwick."

Other arguments are that Shakespeare's father was illiterate, that Shakespeare when he went on the stage occupied a subordinate position, that he never rose above the Ghost in "Hamlet," that the scholarship of the masters at Stratford school is uncertain, that as a young man he was a wastrel, that twelve

* "*In re* Shakespeare. Beeching *v.* Greenwood." By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. Lane. 2s. 6d. net.

years after the publication of the Great Folio the proprietors of the theatres call him a "man-player" and a "deserving man," instead of "the great poet and dramatist." To which it may be replied that the illiteracy of Shakespeare's father is absolutely non-significant, that actors, like other people, often begin from the bottom, and not from the top, of the tree, that Shakespeare's abilities as a player are *nihil ad rem*, that the exact scholarship of his teachers is unimportant, that men of genius are not invariably persons of regular and austere life, and, finally, that we have no means of probing the intelligence of the theatrical managers. And against all these "strands," which make up a great part of Mr. Greenwood's "rope," we have to set the fact that Jonson, speaking of the playwright, calls him a supreme artist, but an indifferent scholar. Such a description would hardly apply to the Great Unknown, who, according to Mr. Greenwood, represented the highest culture of the age.

The controversy, indeed, seems an intolerably idle and unfruitful matter. It is interesting, however, at one point, when it turns on the question of Shakespeare's "education." If we accept Jonson's account of the author of the plays, we must take it that, roughly speaking, he was a man who could make sense of a Latin author without being a critical scholar, while his Greek, elementary to begin with, had become a vanishing quantity. And it is extraordinary that everybody should not see that such a "smattering" was amply sufficient—for a man of genius. Keats could not read a line of Greek; and who has written more exquisitely of things Greek than the author of the sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer," of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," of the "Hymn" to Pan? What did Keats know critically of the romantic spirit of the Middle Ages? And who has embodied that spirit more wonderfully than the author of "La Belle Dame sans Merci"? What did Keats understand of "Provençal song"? He had probably some vague recollection of having read some vague passage about troubadours. It seems that it must be stated—not surely for the first time—that genius is in itself an education, nay, that it is the only true education, for which the scholastic training is the pale and feeble substitute. By infinite pains, by many years of labor, with daily drudgery, we, who have not genius, may, if we have some degree of perception, arrive at a shadow of the knowledge which Keats, by a mystic and intuitive process, gained from a little Virgil and a good deal of Lemprière. And, seeing that it is granted on all sides that Shakespeare, the playwright, was not only a man of genius, but *the* man of genius of all ages, it will be seen at once that all questions as to whether Mr. Roche, one of the Stratford schoolmasters, was or was not "Walter Roche, of Corpus Christi, fellow 1558, B.A. 1559, and *presumably* M.A. in 1562" are utterly beside the mark. Falstaff, Shallow, Romeo, Hamlet, Othello are not matter of the schools—high-grade or low-grade: they are works of the supreme creative imagination, transmuting legend, tradition, fact, fable, into immortal masterpieces. The case of Shakespeare is the case of all men of genius, exalted to the highest power: in him eminently, in his fellows in a less degree, it may be said that there is no ratio, no relation, no proportion between scholastic information and the accomplished work. "Venus and Adonis" owes, in all probability, nothing whatever to Mr. Roche or to his tribe; the materials may have been gained in the chance conversation of an afternoon; from a casual phrase or two overheard in the theatre or in the tavern. The "Ancient Mariner," according to De Quincey, had a dry and insufficient origin enough from a passage in a book of voyages; and perhaps if Coleridge had been less "educated," we should have had many splendid and completed poems instead of a fragmentary, misty, and incomplete philosophy. And, finally, it must be remembered that Shakespeare was an Elizabethan; and he who breathed the Elizabethan air received *ex opere operato*, the most liberal of all educations.

## RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE LAST CENTURY.*

Viewed as a stage in the progress of mankind, the nineteenth century ranks with the Renaissance. No two periods of history witnessed so great an extension of knowledge. And it is impossible to isolate the knowing faculty; an intellectual connotes a moral advance. We could wish that Miss Wedgwood had given us an appreciation of the century as a whole. But, occasional and unsystematic as these sketches are, they excel in detail, and have the merit of including men who, though of less than the first reputation, have perhaps influenced their fellows to a greater extent than those of more universal fame. Among these may be noticed Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, a precursor and prophet of whom it is well said that "it was a lofty peak which reflected the morning light so early." He united in a singular degree spiritual and intellectual gifts too seldom found in combination; "his writings were a channel through which many of those convictions, which are now common property, have entered into the spiritual life of our time."

In England more than elsewhere religion is a microcosm of current ideas. That this is so is due to the Puritanism which has left so permanent a stamp on our national character, those furthest removed from its dogmatic system being often most imbued with its temper. This Puritanism knows nothing of watertight compartments, of an unreal assent accorded by custom or policy to a conventional creed. It is, before everything else, in deadly earnest; it sees human affairs *sub specie aeternitatis*, and in God. Hence the prominence of religious interests in writers not professionally religious—Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning; hence the failure of any sectarianism to take more than a passing hold of the English mind. For us, every large view of life must be religious; and religion must cover and represent life as a whole. From this point of view, Miss Wedgwood's book may be regarded as a study of nineteenth century religion; and, since that century witnessed a notable broadening of religion, it deals principally with what is, or used to be, called the Broad Church. No Evangelical or High Churchman comes under consideration. The omission detracts from the completeness of the outlook. Neither Simeon nor Newman is a negligible quantity. The Liberal protest is conditioned by the tendencies against which it was directed; a man is known not only by the company which he keeps, but by that which he avoids.

The Liberal movement in theology starts with Coleridge.

> "With a warning sense of the misleadingness of all labels attached to a thinker, we would venture to describe him as the father of the Broad Church. . . . He looked beyond the rising wave of public thought; he saw clearly, not only what men were beginning to see dimly, but what they were not for some time to see at all."

The existing orthodoxies, Evangelical and Tractarian, had this in common; they had separated religion from life. Such a separation comes naturally to men worked up to a certain pitch of enthusiasm, who desire to emphasise the transition from their former state to their present; it finds support in the prevalence of moral evil in ourselves and in the world about us, and in the explanation of this given in the doctrine of original sin. Orthodoxy so conceived inevitably degenerates into sectarianism: no valid solution of the problems with which religion presents us can be reached unless their factors as a whole are taken into account. Here nine-tenths of them were dropped. It was necessary to pick them up—"to indicate the sacredness of things secular, to reclaim the world from the shadow of Godlessness, to break down the barrier that both the other parties in the Church set up around a particular part of life, and spread the sacred influences they would confine within its limits over the whole." Kingsley did this for human nature, violated by asceticism; Milman and Stanley for history, stretched on the Procrustean bed of dogma; Jowett for theology, which had been made by contending disputants to reflect not the features of God, but the passions, too often the worst passions, of men. The task was open to misconception: of those who set themselves to it not one but incurred the charge of heresy; "fat bulls of Bashan compassed them on every side." There was sufficient point in these attacks to divert attention from the tendencies that lay behind them. "If men realised the suppressed alternative of what is chosen, half the controversies of the world would be ended." But this is seldom the case.

* "Nineteenth Century Teachers and Other Essays." By Julia Wedgwood. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

> "Those who declare, 'Such and such an influence is not *exclusively* there,' will always seem to those who do not agree with them to deny that it is there at all. . . . If the Spirit of God is not shut in by obvious and unquestionable barriers, it will seem to many that the only proof of its operation is taken away from us. To declare that it is everywhere will seem much the same as to deny that it is anywhere."

In other words, we may unify experience by raising the natural to the supernatural, or by reducing the super natural to the natural—by levelling up, or down. It is possible that some of the liberalisers were not sufficiently careful to show that the former, not the latter, was the method to be adopted; but the result of the movement as a whole was the vindication of knowledge of life and nature in their entirety for the Divine. The so-called "natural" virtues are disparaged by pietists. Six of the Great Ten Words, it may be answered, enjoin these virtues; but in truth the antithesis breaks down when pressed; antitheses exist for thought, not in things.

> "Those He approves that ply the trade,
> That rock the child, that wed the maid;
> That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
> Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
> And still with laughter, song and shout,
> Spin the great wheel of earth about."

This outlook over life takes different shapes in different minds, and is influenced by the circumstances of the time and place which form its environment. The aim of Coleridge was to spiritualise the received teaching, to "transform dogmas that most men had learned into truths that all might believe." Maurice "left his trace on popular theology in its deliverance from the dogma of endless misery"; Erskine substituted the conception of education for that of probation; Kingsley embodied "the strong secular tendencies that are more characteristic of the Broad Church than are any opinions"; Hutton represented that peculiarly English temper which a "Saturday Reviewer" had in view when, Miss Wedgwood tells us, he "confessed he found a difficulty in the way of reading the 'Spectator'—it was so just." Some of the ideas for which they contended have become current coin in the religious world, which has a singular aptitude for canonising the iconoclasts of yesterday in order the more effectually to anathematise those of to-day: their temper, a power in Germany and Scotland, has suffered an eclipse in this country; there are probably fewer Broad Churchmen in England than a generation back.

> "Forty years ago that school of Liberal theology which accepts both the tradition of antiquity and the alliance of modern speculation, had the effervescence resulting from any combination of previously hostile elements of thought. To-day it has the flatness which must needs succeed to such effervescence. Whatever is true in it is as true now as it was then. But whatever was new in it then has now that association of triteness which clings even to important truth, if it has been emphasised for more than a generation. At no stage of thought, it will be found, is truth so difficult to appreciate."

In the fourteen years that have passed since this was written the situation has changed. The medievalism which then seemed on the wane has reasserted itself, and this assertion has provoked a reaction which goes further than the old Liberalism, and threatens graver consequences to established institutions and beliefs. The weight of lay opinion on which men like Stanley and Jowett could count has shifted: part of it has been transferred to the side of militant clericalism, part has moved outside the Churches, whose problem is how best to recover it and employ it for religious ends. They will do well to fall back on the temper and methods of the teachers commemorated in this book. With all her appreciation of them as men and thinkers, Miss Wedgwood, we think, does less than justice to the position which they represent. That the average man does not live upon or greatly concern himself with ideas is true; but ideas react upon the atmosphere in which those least accessible to ideas live. The Churches have to give a sufficient reason for their existence: nor will energy in the practical sphere dispense them from the necessity of proof in the intellectual; human nature, in its last resort, is one. The Broad Churchmen, whatever their limitations, undertook, not without success, to demonstrate to the men of their generation that the opposition between the sacred and the secular in life was apparent, not real; that the questions in connection with which it is believed to manifest itself touch not the substance, but the accidents of religion—the human and variable setting in which an unchanging truth is enshrined. The theologians of to-day must take up the work where they left it. This standpoint is not popular: those who adopt it need not expect—they certainly will not receive—praise of men. For to the spirit of party, secular and religious, it is suspect: the devotees of the obvious are impatient of qualified statements, of suspense of judgment, of reserve.

> "The truth, then, be thy dower,"

will be the judgment of the world on such. Yet, if the acceptance of this involves a sacrifice,

> "Upon such sacrifices
> The gods themselves throw incense."

To work for the future and those who will guide its destinies is nobler than to command the applause of the moment and the unwise.

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## THE TURKISH MIRACLE.*

Alike to those for whom history is a moving pageant and to those for whom it is a record of some hopeful and intelligible purpose, the Turkish revolution offers a glowing and moving chapter. Even if one were to read it coldly, in the mood of a man who cares nothing for the happiness or misery of distant race, it is still a many-colored romance, a tale which has every element of the dramatic and the picturesque. But to most Englishmen and, above all, to Liberals, it is more than that. It is the story of the sudden fruition of hopes which for a generation had seemed intolerably doubtful and remote. The more sanguine had believed that one day or other, whether by a naval demonstration, or war, or by an act of partition, some sort of tolerable if bureaucratic administration might be achieved for Macedonia. For Armenia few of us dared to hope at all, and the rest of Turkey was commonly consigned to a long process of decay, with absorption or partition as its end. The change which has at last come has redeemed not Macedonia alone, but the whole Empire, and it has come without intervention or war, by the spontaneous action of the Turks themselves.

This book of Mr. Buxton's is the first full and consecutive narrative of the miracle which has appeared, so far as we are aware, in any Western language, and it meets with admirable tact the needs of both classes of readers. It is mainly descriptive in form. It never wearies by formal history, or diplomatic detail, or abstract political discourse. It is primarily the record of the impressions of a sympathetic and sensitive observer, already acquainted with the miseries of the old *régime*, who found himself, during a few exciting weeks, the guest of the rejoicing Turkish nation. Mr. Charles Buxton went as one of the representatives of the Balkan Committee to convey to the Young Turks its congratulations on the opening of the Ottoman Parliament. They received him with open arms—he had been as they were themselves, the avowed and uncompromising enemy of the old despotism. He met their leaders and their rank and file, from the veteran Achmet Riza down to the enthusiastic subalterns of the Macedonian regiments, whose simplicity and courage gave to the whole movement the charm of youth and the romance of adventure. He talked with the Sheikh-ul-Islam—the personage who used to typify for the late Canon MacColl all the hopeless and mysterious conservatism of Islam. He was even received by Abdul Hamid himself—a somewhat embarrassing honor which betrayed the Sultan's intense anxiety to conciliate his conquerors, who were Mr. Buxton's hosts. He saw the elections in progress, elections carried out, not with the dull mechanical routine of Western formalism, but with the spontaneous joy and the decorative instinct of a simple people to whom the ballot-box was the symbol of their regeneration. He attended the opening of the Parliament as a privileged guest. He witnessed, side by side with the real Enver Bey, a revolutionary play in which an actor "made up" to resemble Enver Bey was acclaimed on the stage. He has succeeded in conveying a fascinating and moving impression of a rare and historic experience. His style is readable and vivid, and the appeal of the letterpress

* "Turkey in Revolution." By Charles Roden Buxton. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

is heightened by a capital collection of photographs and cartoons.

To the reader who thinks less of the pageant and more of the purport of this miracle in the evolution of a free and peaceful Europe, the book will also be valuable. In the first place, it is a testimony to the Young Turks from a member of a family which is in our day as honorably and as closely identified with the campaign against Turkish despotism as it was in earlier generations with the campaign against slavery. The success of the Young Turks has brought them many friends, including a horde of financiers and the remnant of the old Tory Turcophils who were ever ready to make excuses for Abdul Hamid, but it is the admiration of the Balkan Committee which best typifies the revolution in British opinion. Mr. Buxton forms a hopeful but temperate estimate of the prospects of Young Turkey. There are angry and perplexing problems before it, and it is too much to hope that it will solve them all without difficulty. But even if the evolution towards better things should prove to be both troubled and slow, we do not think that British opinion need ever reproach itself for the encouragement it has given to Young Turkey. While it upholds its ideals there is at least a chance of a lasting regeneration. Without it there could be no regeneration, but only conquest, coercion, or partition, with the inevitable incidents, perhaps of war, and certainly of diplomatic quarrels. There has been of late some reaction in official and financial circles against the Young Turks since they overthrew Kiamil Pasha. It may not have been quite unconnected with the fact that Kiamil Pasha was a singularly docile instrument in the hands of English advisers. One notes that the "Temps," for example, does not share the pessimism of the "Times" about recent events. There could, we think, be little security for the new *régime* if the Young Turks were to dissolve their organisation as these English advisers summon them to do. Neither the Sultan nor the ex-officials of the old *régime* who have been installed as Ministers, can be trusted to run straight, unless there is in the background a force which can maintain what revolution won. To the capacity, the disinterested aims, and the rare idealism of the "Committee," Mr. Buxton's book bears witness.

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## THE CENTENARY OF GOGOL.

One of the more aggressive formulae of criticism, and one by no means confined to this country, is to attach the label "Dickens" to this or that distinguished Continental novelist. For example, we have formed the distressing habit of calling Alphonse Daudet the French, and Dostoévsky the Russian Dickens. But neither the author of "Sapho," nor the author of "Crime and Punishment" could by any possibility have fitted in with Dickens's scheme of life, any more than the English novelist could have fitted in with either of theirs. Again, Bélinski, the famous Russian critic, hailed Dostoévsky as "the new Gogol," a salutation which suggests to Anglo-Saxons the shallow and obvious comparison of the author of "Dead Souls" with the author of "Pickwick." Apart from this, however, the fact that Gogol's centenary is being celebrated this year calls attention to that elusive personality who undoubtedly created the realistic novel of Russia.

French realism may be said to have accentuated the hitherto excluded. Russian realism had no tradition of romanticism, and therefore no tradition of exclusion to combat. Gogol, so far as any human being since the Greeks has ever done so, looked out at the world around him with his own fresh eyes. Gogol communicated his own new wonder. He wrote down scramblingly, tumultuously, without precision, but also without hesitancy, exactly what he saw. "Don't blame the mirror if your mouth is crooked," is the Russian proverb that he prefixed to his famous comedy "Revisor." His avowed aim in all his work—work that was in reality largely unconscious—was "to drag into light all that was bad in Russia." Sobakiévitch observes of the Procurator in "Dead Souls" that "he is the only decent-mannered man in the town—and even he is a pig."

"Heavens," exclaimed Pouchkine, after reading the great satire, "what a dreary place our Russia is." And Gogol had drawn up the curtain from this inarticulate, inchoate Russia and shown it to the world, frankly, naïvely, as though nobody had ever seen it before. It was in this spirit that Dickens, so alien from the Russian in almost every intellectual quality, had shown England in the earlier part of "Pickwick." But "Tom Jones" had already been written, and before that a long series of masterpieces had supported the tradition of the Renaissance which had won back from the Greeks the seeing vision of external life. But Gogol, child of that blighted country which had experienced the sunlight of the Renaissance on neither its artistic nor its moral side, breathed in the sorrow of the desolate steppes and wrote it down with a sobbing and convulsed laughter that was utterly new to the world. Here is this Russia of ours, he seems to say; look at them, scoundrels and fools, all of them, wallowing in dull lies, their very dreams hovering wingless about the starved, black earth. But he is sorry for them. He does not, however, judge them, for he is one of them, a Russian of the Russians when all is said. Rogues, blackguards, swindlers, misers, hogs, slave-drivers, slaves—what of it? *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*—the great phrase of Terence might have been placed beside that Russian proverb on the title page of the "Revisor." Gogol, in short, is incapable of being censorious either after the deprecating, self-satisfied English fashion, or with the bloodless detachment of the French.

What is the method, the strange method, that finds expression in that Iliad of the steppes, "Taras Boulba," in such tales as "St. John's Eve," in the remorseless comedy of "Revisor," and in that bitter Slav Odyssey, "Dead Souls"? It is not a method that can be formulated in words. Ivan Turgenev himself, the man who was to bring it to the very consummation of art, was unable to formulate it. Flaubert was once explaining to him and to others just how and why Prosper Merimée's style was bad. Turgenev could not understand. "I go to Oka," he exclaimed. "I find his house—that is to say, not a house, a hut. I see a man in a blue jacket, patched, torn, with his back turned to me, digging cabbages. I go up to him and say, 'Are you such an one?' He turns, and I swear to you that in all my life I never saw such piercing eyes. Beside them a face no bigger than a man's face, a goat's beard, not a tooth." In the face of that little picture what is the use of discussing "the torment of style"? Long ago it was acknowledged that "the Barbarians have lizards' eyes," and Gogol brought into Russia the same blazing scrutiny that Turgenev brought into that peasant's hut.

"Dead Souls" reads to us like a cruel satire upon the Russian people, and yet, even in this book, Gogol expresses his devout, unreasoning belief in Holy Russia: "Is it not thus, like the bold troïka which cannot be overtaken, that thou art dashing along, oh! Russia, my country? The roads smoke beneath thee, the bridges thunder; all is left, all will be left, behind thee. . . Yes, on the troïka flies, inspired by God! Oh, Russia, whither art thou dashing? Reply! But she replies not; the horses' bells break into a wondrous sound; the shattered air becomes a tempest, and the thunder growls; Russia flies past everything else on earth; and other peoples, kingdoms, and empires gaze askance as they stand aside to make way for her!" Gogol, indeed, as K. Waliszewski says so justly, "unconsciously performed a work of revolution, while he himself, in his own soul remained patriarchal and submissive."

Mysticism breaks in suddenly upon the realism of the lizard's eye. Gogol, the man, is as elusive as his style, which, in the words of a French critic, "even Michelet might have envied, now popular, now eloquent, now exact as any picture, now shadowy as a dream." He seemed to Turgenev to possess "a fox-like face with something of the air of a professor in a provincial town." To M. de Vogüé, he was described as "a little man with legs too short for his body; he walked crookedly, clumsy, ill-dressed, and rather ridiculous-looking, with his great lock of hair flapping on his forehead, and his large, prominent nose." His equivocal personality, however, evades all such descriptions as easily as quicksilver evades the deftest fingers.

In the same way "Dead Souls" cannot be accounted for

in the least by the fact that Pouchkine had introduced Gogol to Cervantes not long before the Russian satire was written. Still less can it be accounted for by that story of the Russian traveller, Boutaïev, who, in 1840, noticed Gogol sitting apart from a group of artists in a café and reading a novel by Dickens. Gogol has been placed midway between Cervantes and Le Sage; he has been set side by side with Swift. One can almost see the grin of derision that would assuredly have passed over the Russian's features at any such effort at "placing" him in any company of the sort, august or the reverse. His savagery separates him for ever from Cervantes; his mysticism severs him from the joyous companionship of Le Sage. His often irrational prolixity has nothing whatever in common with the grim precision of Swift. Nor is he, in any deep spiritual sense, the father of "the Russian Dickens," Dostoévsky, though, outwardly, he perhaps resembles him. Like Dostoévsky, he sympathised with the tatterdemalions of destiny, the humiliated, the distressed, the disinherited. Like Dostoévsky, he experienced that strange passion for self-abasement which is so alien from the comparatively-cultivated, regulated, and, above all, sane pity of Dickens. But unlike Dostoévsky, his gaze, in spite of his mysticism, was, on the whole, fixed firmly upon external things, and he painted Russian life primarily for the eye and from the eye.

For the eye and from the eye, but never in the sense of French realism in which one too often detects the photographer beckoning, waving, focussing as he drills his puppets into an arranged naturalness. Gogol, like all his true followers, knew nothing of such manipulations, and if there is anywhere in the world a "new Gogol" he is to be found in that rebel even against rebellion—in Maxim Gorky.

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## AMERICA OF THE 'FIFTIES.*

Readers of these scenes and episodes of the author's "early life in Illinois and Missouri" in the late 'fifties will scarcely know whether to admire most the extraordinary tenacity of his memory or the living freshness of his vivid picture. Even if we are to conclude that Mr. Grierson has refreshed his memory by reference to the literature of his subject, his feat of conjuring up the primitive atmosphere of the Illinois prairie of fifty years ago remains an astounding one. For this description of "the old democracy and the old social system," of the America of 1858, abolitionists and slave hunters, planters and settlers, politicians, explorers, and emigrants, "a wonderful people, living in a second Canaan, in an age of social change and upheaval, in a period of political and phenomenal wonders," is so detailed as to read almost like a contemporary chronicle. In one respect at least the author's recollections have gained by lying fallow for so long a period: time has mellowed the mental picture and unified his judgments of men and manners, insensibly removing circumstances and accidental data which might have marred the harmony of its historical outline. History has a remarkable fashion of magnetising the opinion of the independent witnesses who turn up with their belated testimony confirming the verdict already delivered, and our only regret in Mr. Grierson's case is that his own and his family's sympathies did not happen to run counter to the cause of the North, for memoirs and memories that go against the popular current have a scarcity value. "The Valley of Shadows" is, however, a genuine document of much historical interest and artistic force, and the spiritual glow in its pages seems to have been created in impressionable youth by the "impending innovation and upheaval" of those wonderful Abolitionist days when Abraham Lincoln's figure came to stand for the will of the people.

Chapter I.: The Meeting House, emphasises the view that the impelling impulse of the Abolitionist movement was a wave of religious revelation proceeding from the old puritanic stock of New England settlers. In the rambling, but thrilling, sermon preached by Brother Azariah James to his mixed congregation of "old Whigs, Know-Nothings, Democrats, Republicans, militant Abolitionists, and outspoken friends of slave-owners in the South," we have the old "wrastlin' with the Sperit," and inner ecstacy and yearnings "of dead generations and the unfulfilled desires of their pioneer parents" coming to a re-birth. In Chapter XII.: The Camp Meeting, the efforts of the revivalist preachers to work up a huge meeting of many thousands of people to a proper conviction of their sins, and the efforts of the rowdies, whisky-drinkers, and pro-slavery Christians to break up the meeting and duck the preachers are described with that strange mixture of pithy humor, horse sense, and religious fervour which seem specifically American. Mr. Grierson's remarkable talent for catching and reproducing an atmosphere is best illustrated by a quotation:—

> "Just before the hurricane passed away a dazzling bolt struck the big elm beside the platform. It fell in a blue-white zigzag, and to many of the more superstitious it resembled nothing so much as a fiery serpent framed from a vial of wrath overhead, for it split the elm in two, the peal of thunder and the cleaving timber mingling in one terrific report.
>
> "A great shout arose from the people near the tree, and the commotion in that part of the meeting had hardly subsided when a voice was heard as one calling from the shores of Tartarus.
>
> "Elihu Gest stood on the platform facing the assembly, and a new meaning was added to the confusion and the ghostly candle-light. A picture of peculiar fascination was now presented to the wondering and half-dazed people. Arrayed behind the Load-Bearer, in a jagged semi-circle that stretched from one end of the platform to the other, sat all the preachers and exhorters. Witnesses who had once mourned as penitents before the altar now marshalled to make others mourn, as fixed and hewn as statues hewn from syenite; for there was about them something of the mien of Egyptian bas-reliefs seated at the door separating life and death. Some were bearded and grimly entrenched behind a hairy mask; others, in their long, pointed goatees, sharpened the picture; while others again, clean-shaven and peering straight before them, presented a death-like pallor, at once frail and frightful, suggesting the keynote of the incommensurable symphony of human emotions now about to begin.
>
> "A deep apprehensive solemnity pervaded every portion of the congregation when the Load-Bearer shouted in tones that penetrated to the far end of the camp: 'You are being weighed in the balance! Tophet is yawning for the unregenerate!'
>
> "A sensation as if the ground had begun to move and float spread through the multitude, and when a little later he cried, 'You're hangin' to the hinges of Time by a hair!' all doubts vanished. Heads began to droop, bodies swayed from side to side, and then, one by one, in couples, in groups, everywhere in the meeting, people fell to the ground, while stifled groans and loud lamentations issued from hundreds of throats at once. . . . The night of nights had come! It seemed as if hundreds were in the throes of death, and would never rise, so that a mingling of pity and dread filled those who had long since professed religion; for the strange union of material and spiritual forces, the upturned faces, the gaping mouths, the gasping sighs, the clenched hands, the sudden falling away of all worldly props, the swift descent from the mountain of vanity to the vale of sorrows rendered, for a moment, even the helpers and exhorters speechless; but, as Elihu Gest finished, the exhorters on the platform rose and scattered, each to a particular work, some descending among the people, some addressing them from the stand."

This vivid picture of the power wielded by the Abolitionist preachers, such as Elder Johnson, Isaac Snedeker, Azariah James, and Elihu Gest, over "a people plumb sot in the sins o' the flesh," would leave a dubious impression on the critical reader if it were not fortified by the life-like narrative of the daring and vigor shown by the good brethren in succoring runaway slaves, sheltering them from the slave hunters, and smuggling them, in wagon-loads, out of the country. Chapters VIII.-XI., which recount typical scenes of the kind at the homes of the militant Abolitionists, "impulsive and enigmatic seers," seekers after the Grace of God, bring home to one that the spiritual fervor of these men rendered them as irresistible antagonists as the Cromwellian Ironsides. The human interest of these varied scenes is moreover skilfully enriched and enlivened by the clever portraiture of "originals," such as Zack Caverly, hunter and trapper, a Socrates of the Illinois prairie. Many of the sayings of this worthy are so good that we feel impelled to bestow half-a-dozen on the reader: "A politicioner's 'bleeged to deal with them what's on the fence, kase he knows the crows air jes' waitin' to see which side the fattest worms air a-comin' upon." "Some folk air too good for this world 'thout bein' plumb ready for the next." "Them as reads newspapers knows too much 'bout other folk's sins en not 'nough 'bout thar own." "The Lord ain't afeared to show His hand; but I

* "The Valley of Shadows." By Francis Grierson. Constable. 6s. net.

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*OTHERS IN PREPARATION.*

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ain't never see a kyard-player thet'll let ye look at his kyards," said the Load-Bearer. "'Kase it air we uns thet do the shufflin'," observed Socrates; "Providence allers leads and allers wins." "T'other party ain't got no [Abolition] flag, but thar whisky makes 'em see the stars, en they make the niggers feel the stripes."

Some very interesting pages on Lincoln and the famous debate he held with the popular Stephen A. Douglas, United States Senator, nicknamed "The Little Giant," at Alton, on October 15th, 1858, confirms the verdict now universally accepted. Mr. Grierson's reminiscences of the society and the churches of St. Louis give us a telling glimpse into the feelings of the Confederate camp. The writer's natural bias comes to the surface, perhaps, most in the chapter on the Torch-Light Procession in St. Louis, just before Lincoln's election to the Presidency, where he contrasts the firmness of Lincoln's supporters, with "the hang-dog look of the bodies" of his opponents, many of whom were under the influence of liquor. Very amusing is the sketch of a typical Southern fire-eater, "a down-river bowie-knife man," who haunts the famous hotel, the Planter's House, and fastens a quarrel on the "silent listener," who hedges and prevaricates successfully till a rival fire-eater appears who is "plumb gone on Fremont." Of General Fremont and "his disastrous expedition from St. Louis to California in 1848," Mr. Grierson has a noteworthy account, derived mainly from the scouts and pioneers who accompanied him. And the chapter on Grierson's Raid through the heart of the State of Mississippi, though brief, is quite as exciting. In conclusion, we may note that the author of these entertaining and picturesque recollections promises us in a future volume, his reminiscences of the passing of the Third Empire, in 1869-70, when he was resident in Paris. We may add that though we shall be most grateful for the promised volume, we hope that he will find time to write a criticism of recent developments in American life, from the standpoint of one who evidently ranks spiritual before material civilisation.

## MILITANT ART CRITICISM.*

The translation into English of Dr. Bode's "Florentiner Bildhauer der Renaissance" adds a highly authoritative work on Italian sculpture to the list of those we already have in our language. The original text—though the fact is not stated in this volume—was first published in 1902, but it has been brought up to date by numerous footnotes added by the author, and is, for all practical purposes, his latest word on the subject under review. Even without the footnotes many of the essays are as sound to-day as they were six years ago, since little has occurred in the interval to disturb the facts and deductions then set forth by the accomplished director of the Berlin Museum. Dr. Bode has devoted a large proportion of his gigantic energy, if not a lifetime, to the study of plastic art in Renaissance Italy. He published his first work on the Robbias in 1878. Since then he has written profusely on the greater and lesser sculptors of the same period, and one can pay him no finer compliment than by saying that his knowledge of these is only second to his knowledge of Titian, on whom, indeed, he may be accounted the greatest living authority. The translation, therefore, of the "Florentiner Bildhauer," which has been ably carried out by Miss Jessie Haynes, should be welcomed by all students of art history who have not ready access to the German edition. Furthermore, the book is interesting in that it affords a striking example of the difference between the methods of English and Continental art criticism. The English critic, engaged in the attractive pursuit of attributing works of art, is generally disposed to state his case, in any matter where there may be room for doubt, with a sweet reasonableness amounting almost to deference. The better informed he is, the more does this tendency appear; only the ignorant are really dogmatic. But on the Continent it is otherwise. Controversy in matters of art is as strong-flavored as it is in politics. The gentle remonstrance is out of place; reticence must be regarded as timidity; to convince one must be emphatic, and to be emphatic one must be, to a certain extent, personal. Dr. Bode is a prominent member of the race of strong critics who delight in displaying their strength, when an opponent has to be demolished, with a forcefulness that just falls short of frenzy. His handling of M. Marcel Reymond is an instance in point. It may be true that Dr. Bode can substantiate every word of his crushing indictment of the French author's "Les della Robbia," and that he has justification for refuting vehemently M. Reymond's theories in the fact that they have misled succeeding writers. But was it necessary to impute wholesale ignorance to M. Reymond, or to state so bluntly that the "chief purpose" of "Les della Robbia" was to advertise the Alinari photographs; or was it, at any rate, advisable to perpetuate in the English edition of 1908 a dispute that began in 1897, the date of M. Reymond's publication? It is a question of critical ethics which English folk, who have different ones, are not quite qualified to decide, but, from our point of view, the personal touch might have been expunged from this part of the English edition with no loss of dignity to its author.

Yet the highly militant tone of Dr. Bode does not discount the value of the studies of the princes in Florentine sculpture that he gives us in this volume. As he is polemical in his treatment of other writers, so has he been ruthless in the investigation of his subject. Contrary to what one might expect, he is, on the whole, generous in his attributions; his list of authentic works by Luca della Robbia and Leonardo is far larger than that of most critics. In regard to the latter, for instance, he gives as authentic a number of bronze reliefs, including the "Strife" at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which he asserts was executed not by Verrocchio, but by the greater master in Verrochio's atelier; and these attributions are the more significant in view of the fact that most critics, not excepting so recent a Leonardo student as Mr. McCurdy, virtually deny the existence of any sculpture that this genius wrought. The essay on the partnership between Donatello and Michelozzo, the architect, is devoted to proving that the former was responsible for more of the architectonic part of the work than is generally supposed. Similarly, his vindication of Bertoldo, sculptor, medallist, master of Michel Angelo and intimate of Lorenzo the Magnificent, considerably increases the relative importance of this master, of whose personality and life, strangely enough, little or nothing is known. Necessarily, the four great figures of the Quattrocentro—Donatello, Luca della Robbia, Leonardo, and Michel Angelo—are the main pivots of this survey of Florentine sculpture, but there are others who receive scarcely less attention. Among the latter is Desiderio da Settignano, who modified Donatello's grand, but austere, conception of the Madonna and Child into something that was more humanly tender and natural, though far removed from the familiar *genre* character that crept in towards the end of the century, and remained till Savonarola's thunder expelled it as an impiety; another who closely followed Desiderio's lead was Antonio Rossellino. Then there are the makers of figurines, objects of vertu, and medals, notably Niccolo Spinelli and, as Dr. Bode claims with reason, Bertoldo, all of them enrolled in the great army of plastic workmen who labored for public buildings, palaces and churches, for the honor of Florence and the glory of God.

It is worth remarking how the history of Florentine art resolves itself into well-defined cults of religious or semi-religious character. The prime subject was, of course, the representation of the Mother and Child together, but there are also distinct cults of the Mother and of the Child, called into being half by the idea of human beauty and half by the religious instinct that ran like a vein of fine silver through every class of the civic community. There was the cult of St. John, the city's patron saint; and the *rôle* played by the putto forms the theme of one of Dr. Bode's most interesting essays. As Dr. Bode more than suggests, the whole history of Florentine art, with its many opportunities for speculative enquiry, has not yet been written.

We regret it was not thought necessary to include a bibliography in this volume, inasmuch as the text, being six years old, contains no reference to the several works of importance on the sculptors mentioned that have been published in the interval. Apart from Continental critics, we may instance Miss Maud Cruttwell's painstaking volume on the Robbias, Mr. E. McCurdy's on Leonardo, and the Michel Angelo of Sir Charles Holroyd. The ninety-four half-tone plates are, however, magnificent.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The first three articles in "The Nineteenth Century and After" deal with armaments and have evidently been called forth by the late scare. Last week we said something about Sir William White's authoritative and reassuring article on the naval situation. A very different note is struck by the Earl of Erroll, who takes the inflammatory line that Germany's sole object in strengthening her navy is to conquer this country. "On no other assumption," he says, "is it possible to justify this sudden and rapid advance of her naval policy." Statements of this sort would be merely ludicrous except for the fact that they are calculated to create ill-will between the two countries. Mr. J. Ellis Barker out-does Lord Erroll in strength of language and weakness of argument. Mr. Asquith "has shown that he does not possess the most elementary qualifications required for directing the policy of Great Britain and of the Empire"; and "Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are a danger to the State" are specimens of his controversial tone. Lord Hugh Cecil contributes a powerful article on "The Unionist Party and Its Fiscal Sore." He recognises that by continuing to co-operate with the Unionist Party those who share his views are endangering Free Trade, but defends this attitude by the argument that "Free Trade can afford to run some risks precisely because it is a sound cause." Sir William Baillie Hamilton writes an interesting account of his forty-four years' experience at the Colonial Office, and Mr. J. A. R. Marriott in an article on the Poor Law Report urges that fuller consideration is a necessary preliminary to adopting its provisions. "*Vacare considerationi* was the sage advice of an ancient Father. It cannot be inapplicable when, on the strength of the revelations of a Report which it will take years to digest, we are invited to plunge into a social revolution." Other articles are "National Afforestation" by Sir Herbert Maxwell, "Some Experiences of the Great Earthquake," by the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood, "The Taxation of Land Values," by Mr. John Orr, and "Quo Vadis? a Prospect in Indian Politics," by Sir Bampfylde Fuller.

* * *

An altogether painstaking and informative volume is that which Mr. Charles Henry Ashdown has compiled on "British and Foreign Arms and Armor" (T. C. & E. C. Jack, 10s. 6d. net). The period covered extends from the prehistoric age to the seventeenth century, by which time the use of gunpowder in warfare had made such progress that devices for the protection of the human body against sword and pike were of secondary interest; certainly it was not worth while inventing new ones. Until the publication of Mr. Ashdown's work, Charles Boutell, the translator of Lacombe, was the only author who had dealt with this subject in really serviceable fashion, and it is his arrangement of armor in periods "in consonance with the salient features it possessed" that is followed in the present volume. In accordance with this method, the first three chapters are devoted to the arms and armor of prehistoric man, and of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; we are then introduced to the military equipment of the Saxons and Danes, which takes us to 1066, when, with the Norman rule in this country, the subject becomes more definite owing to the Bayeux tapestry and other surviving witnesses of contemporary styles in armor; the different epochs up to 1600, each having its special characteristics, are next dealt with, and the concluding chapters are devoted to the half-armor period after 1600, to some famous weapons of the Early and Middle Ages, to projectile-throwing engines of war, the influence of various nationalities on armor, and the introduction of gunpowder. Inasmuch as such armor as was made after 1600 had every regard to utility and practically none for beauty or picturesqueness, the interest in this phase of the subject is necessarily confined to a great extent to the first portion of the book. In this connection the development of knightly and other armor through the "Camail and Jupon" period (1360-1410), which was followed by the "surcoatless" period (1410-30), and that again by the Tabard period, is especially interesting to trace, though the British reader is warned that the credit for initiative in its manufacture belongs to other nations, such as Germany and Italy, rather than to ourselves. Another warning is against the confusion of the armor specially made for "tilting in tourneys," such as that to which Emperor Maximilian gave his name, with that used in warfare. The book is profusely, and often quaintly, illustrated in line and half-tone from actual examples, illuminated MSS., brasses, &c., located in our museums, old churches, and private collections.

* * *

Mr. F. A. Calvert, the energetic editor of the Spanish Series, has now produced his long-promised volume on "El Greco" (John Lane, 3s. 6d. net). The work has been written in collaboration with Mr. C. Gasquoine Hartley, contains 136 reproductions of celebrated pictures, and maintains in most respects the standard of the series to which it belongs. Although essays on the art of the Greco have appeared in this country from time to time, Mr. Calvert's is the first critical biography to be published in volume form; and while the author acknowledges his indebtedness to Señor Cossio, the well-known Spanish critic, for much of the information given in regard to Greco's career, his elegant, if rather too brief essay shows welcome evidence of first-hand investigation and original opinions. The Greco is a mysterious and fascinating personality who, notwithstanding his evident importance as an artist, would appear to have been curiously neglected by contemporary biographers. Mr. Calvert advances the theory that this was due to the artist's expressed wish and intention; if so, one more peculiarity may be added to the wholly peculiar character that his work proves him to have possessed. Broadly speaking, Mr. Calvert sees in him the embodiment of the spirit of the Counter-Reformation, and the argument of the book is devoted to showing how the Greco, who was born in Crete, was educated under Titian in Venice, and studied at Rome, was yet emphatically fitted for the expression of that spirit in its Spanish phrase, so soon as destiny transferred him from Italy to Toledo. The Spanishness of the Greco is insisted on most strongly. Correspondingly, the Titian influence is greatly discounted, and the traces of Tintoret in the Greco's work are explained by the similarity of temperament between the two men. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the Greco performed a vast service to Spanish art by introducing his restless and daring genius into the second-rate Italianism that dominated the Peninsula during the second half of the sixteenth century. He was, above all, individual and independent; and when he exchanged for the warm colors of his Roman-Venetian period the cold tones of the Spanish period, he might truly be said to have made Velasquez possible and to have paved the way for Goya. The book is well worth reading both as an account of Greco and as a study of the innate seriousness, dignity, and other prominent characteristics, of Spanish painting.

* * *

Biblical scholarship is deeply indebted to Dr. Charles for by far the best edition of the Testaments of the twelve Patriarchs which has yet been published. He has reconstructed the text of this ancient document, "The Greek Versions of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, Oxford" (Clarendon Press) from nine ancient manuscripts, and Messrs. A. & C. Black have published a translation of this text, which is also the work of Dr. Charles. In the opinion of Dr. Charles, the book was written in the last quarter of the second century before Christ in support of the high priesthood of the great Maccabean family, and especially in support of the messianic claims of John Hyrcanus. According to Josephus, John Hyrcanus was the only Israelite who enjoyed the triple offices of prophet, priest, and king. But the claims of the Testaments to historical importance are overshadowed by its still greater claims as being the sole representative of the loftiest ethical standard ever attained by pre-Christian Judaism. It is a proof of the existence of a type of thought in Judaism which was the natural preparation for the ethical conceptions of the New Testament. Some of the most striking thoughts and phrases in the Sermon on the Mount are pervaded by the same spirit as the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, and a great many passages in the Pauline epistles are directly or indirectly traceable to the teaching of this ancient Jewish book. Compare, for example, this passage on Forgiveness with the teachings of the Gospel: "Love ye one another from the heart; and if a man sin against thee cast forth the poison

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of hate and speak peaceably to him, and in thy soul hold not guile; and if he confess and repent, forgive him. But if he deny it do not get into a passion with him, lest catching the poison from thee he take to swearing, and so thou sin doubly. And though he deny it, and yet have a sense of shame when reproved, give over reproving him. For he who denieth may repent so as not again to wrong thee; yea, he may also honour thee and fear and be at peace with thee."

* * *

"William Callow, R.W.S., F.R.G.S." (Black. 7s. 6d. net), is an autobiography which Mr. H. M. Cundall has edited and prefaced with an introduction. This well-known water-color artist, who died less than a year ago, was born in 1812, and began life with little beyond a taste for drawing. From a position of comparative penury, he rose, by the practice of his art, to be one of the best known and the most successful members of the Old Water-Color Society, and to enjoy a reputation as a teacher which few have equalled. During the early part of his career he lived in Paris, where, after the revolution of 1830, he became instructor to the family of Louis Philippe, particularly the Princess Clementine; and when he left France, and exchanged the Court patronage for a highly aristocratic English connection, he pursued his art with such success that he could have given up teaching much earlier than he did had he so wished. He was a great traveller. A life, therefore, that lasted so long and included personal experiences of so many countries and personages, including crowned heads, might be expected to provide an interesting record, and in this short volume we have related such interesting episodes as the visit to the Crown Prince at Potsdam, a walking tour through France in the 'thirties, and, on the art side, memories of the Old Water-Color Society in the days of David Cox, Peter de Wint, and Copley Fielding. Yet, as an autobiography, the book is rather disappointing. It tells of a number of things that happened without giving an impressive picture of any one of them. It reveals a little of Mr. Callow's personality, but less than is suggested by the very short introduction. It is a simple narrative of facts, lacking the frankness and *intimité* that make an autobiography interesting to the outside world. Mr. Callow was, we believe, regarded by those who knew him at his home in Great Missenden as a brilliant conversationalist, but there is hardly a sparkle in these decidedly prosy pages. The editor cannot be held responsible for this, since, as he tells us, he did little more than re-arrange Mr. Callow's notes; but we regret that an art so fine as Mr. Callow's should not be remembered by a more adequate memorial of the artist. However, the color plates in the volume give an admirable idea of his consistently broad manner, while the pencil drawings faithfully reproduce a talent instinct with delicacy and power.

* * *

To the "Little Books on Art" series, issued under the general editorship of Mr. Cyril Davenport, has been added a volume on Botticelli (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net), by Miss Mary L. Bonnor. Botticelli is a Renaissance master who has always appealed in a peculiar degree to the English lover of pictures, and has been the object of special investigation by Mr. Berenson, Mr. Horne, and other eminent art-critics. It was Mr. Berenson, for instance, who, as Miss Bonnor says, "invented an author" for certain pictures in Botticelli's manner, which were not executed by Botticelli; the hypothetical history and paintings of this "Amico di Sandro" are set forth with much ingenuity in "The Study and Criticism of Italian Art." But Mr. Berenson did more than invent the Amico. He suggested the identity of this unknown with one of the more obscure painters of the time—and left it for some other Botticelli student to follow up the clue. No one, however, has done so yet, neither does Miss Bonnor depart from the rule of the majority, which is to acknowledge the probable existence of Mr. Berenson's Amico, and pass on. Her book, nevertheless, while it contains nothing new or startling, is a coherent sketch of the artist's career, and a sane and catholic judgment of his work. In discussing Botticelli, the literary critic has more than the usual temptation to gush, to read motives into pictures, which probably never existed in the artist's mind, to emphasise his spirituality at the cost of his æsthetic accomplishment. Miss Bonnor is by no means lacking in enthusiasm, but she contrives to avoid this pitfall, and she brings out the salient qualities of Botticelli's painting, his superabundant decorative instinct, his mastery of line and movement, with considerable skill. Neither does she attempt to disguise the fact that the pictures painted under Savonarola's influence were bad art, if good religion. The thirty-three illustrations include most of the well-known paintings and a few interesting specimens of drawings.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 3.] SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

The rule of the Committee of Union and Progress in Turkey has been temporarily overthrown by a military *émeute*, carried out by the private soldiers of the Constantinople garrison led by non-commissioned officers, or possibly by a few officers disguised as sergeants and corporals. The power behind the movement seems to have been the Liberal Union or Home Rule party, helped by Armenian and Albanian associations, and the Mohammedan Union, with the more conservative and ignorant Ulemas at their back. Both parties probably had traffic with the wily and embittered Sultan, while the Committee was weakened both by unwise speeches and some extremists who have lately joined it, and by its quarrel with the Sheikh-ul-Islam, a singularly enlightened man. The mutineers marched, firing in the air, to the Parliament House, which adjoins Sta. Sofia, cheered for "Liberty" and the Sultan, called for and obtained the dismissal of the Grand Vizier, the President of the Chamber, who is the intellectual leader of the Committee, and the Minister of War, held up Stamboul and isolated Pera, killed the Ministers of War and Justice, and, helped by armed crowds, pulled down the offices of the two chief journals of the Committee. Members of the Parliament were respected, but naval and military officers were insulted and imprisoned, and one of them lynched in the streets.

* * *

The movement succeeded. The Sultan, its accomplice, amnestied the mutineers, accepted the resignation of the Cabinet and appointed its successors, partly from its ranks and partly from outside. Tewfik Pasha, a weak and not altogether trusted Minister of Foreign Affairs under the old Government, becomes Grand Vizier, and Edhem Pasha, the successful Generalissimo in the Greek war, Minister of War. Achmet Riza resigned the Presidency of the Chamber, and Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, "Ghazi" Mukhtar's son, a brave but somewhat tactless man, whose quarrel with the priesthood seems to have quickened the military revolt, was hunted from the command of the First Army Corps, and his house surrounded by a mob of soldiers. His successor, however, Nazim Pasha, is able and fairly Liberal. Nazim's first act was to protect the lives of members and friends of the Committee.

* * *

The solution of the crisis seems doubtful. The First Army Corps, with its slack discipline and Albanian and Hamidian elements, was always the weak point of the Committee's military backing. But the Second Army Corps at Adrianople, and more particularly the Third, whose headquarters is Salonica, are said to be loyal both to the Committee and to the Constitution. Enver Bey, the military hero of the Reformers, whose portrait was a few months ago in every Stamboul hawker's hands, is on his way to the birthplace of the revolution, where Achmet Riza has arrived, and this (Friday) morning the troops there and at Monastir are said to be ready to march on the capital. The new Cabinet has declared that it will follow its predecessors' programme as to the Constitution, repress military disorder, and maintain the legislative power of the Parliament. It seems possible, therefore, that if the Committee can make terms with the nationalities and keep its "modernist" ideas in some reserve, it will maintain a measure of power without running into civil war.

* * *

Mr. Churchill, in a letter to the leader of the Dundee Liberals, expresses with great force the Liberal view of the naval scare. He attacks four errors of the "Dreadnought Fear-all school," "each more stupid and vicious than the other"—the first, that only "Dreadnoughts" count, and that our immense superiority in men, guns, and "pre-'Dreadnought' ships" is of little or no account; the second, that Germany can plan and build an anti-British Armada in secrecy; the third, that the two-Power standard applies not to a "reasonably probable" combination against us, but to any two strongest Powers, including the United States; the fourth, that there is a "profound antagonism" between Great Britain and Germany. On the contrary, no countries possessed fewer causes of strife and more ties of common interest. The first duty of men of light and leading was to resist the "spirit of distrust," which, "without any physical embodiment, had already sensibly darkened the outlook of mankind."

* * *

The Draft South Africa Constitution is being debated clause by clause in the Natal and Cape Parliaments. Natal opinion has been badly ruffled by the Convention with regard to Delagoa Bay, which some Natal people think damaging to Natal, though the Ministry approve it and was consulted at every stage of the negotiations. So far only one amendment has

been carried in the Natal Assembly, and this to the effect that Natal should never have a smaller representation in any South African Parliament than in the first. In the Cape Assembly discussion has raged round the color clauses. Mr. Schreiner has fought hard for the admission of the colored men to the South African Parliament, and for the preservation of the Cape color franchise. In the first of these objects he found little support, but a proposal that no change should be made in the Cape color franchise by the South African Parliament without the consent of the majority of the Cape members was almost carried. A much more vigorous onslaught was made on the clause establishing proportional representation and the principle of one man one vote. The country members want single-member constituencies in the country, and they want the countryside—as the permanent element in the State—to have specially heavy representation. An amendment in this latter direction was carried.

* * *

The American House of Representatives has sent its draft tariff to the Senate, and the Senate Committee has published its own counter project, so that we can now see into what a complete farce the revision of the tariff downwards has degenerated. The original draft of the House Tariff meant an increase even on the Dingley Tariff of the cost of living, and the debate produced no notable improvement except the placing of tea and coffee on the free list and some amendment of the cotton schedules. From the general point of view the most interesting changes made in the House were the cutting down of the proposed free trade with the Philippines by putting a duty on rice, the elimination of the patents clause intended as a retaliation to Mr. Lloyd George's Act, and the addition of a provision declaring that a preference given by a Mother-country to her Colonies would not justify the Mother-country being put on the maximum tariff. The Senate Committee draft leaves over for further consideration the question whether there shall or shall not be a maximum and a minimum tariff. It proposes to cut the House rates heavily, and to transfer the burden from the general consumer to the rich buyer of luxuries. Some articles, including cocoa, are put on the free list, but duties on many others are raised, and the net result is to leave the cost of living as high as, or higher than, under the Dingley tariff.

* * *

We are glad to hear that the question of the maintenance of peace with Great Britain is being very seriously and thoroughly considered by the German Trade Unions and the Social Democratic Party. We understand that the return visit of the German Trade Unions to this country in the early summer will be largely turned into a Peace demonstration, an object in which we hope that British Trade Unionism will cooperate. It is also, we think, of urgent importance that the Christian Churches, the Peace organisations, and Liberal Associations should set to work to countervail the action of the Tory Party, the various war Leagues, and other feeders of bad blood between nations.

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The Conference of the Independent Labor Party at Edinburgh has seen an outbreak of the disaffection which has long been weakening its forces. Mr. Grayson, having declined to speak with Mr. Hardie on a Socialist platform in Holborn Town Hall, objected to a reference to this action in the report of the Administrative Council. The Conference, which had re-affirmed the I.L.P.'s alliance with the Parliamentary Labor Party by an overwhelming majority, and had otherwise stood to Mr. Keir Hardie's leadership, adopted a motion sending back this phrase of the report for revision. On this, the four leading members of the Administrative Council whom the Graysonites chiefly attack—Mr. Hardie, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Mr. Bruce Glasier, the editor of the "Labor Leader"—resigned their seats on the Council. The Conference, in great dismay, unanimously passed a vote of personal confidence, and asked Mr. Hardie and his friends to return. They refused, and have issued a manifesto insisting on the waywardness and narrowness of the Grayson school of Socialism, which practically revives the almost dead traditions of the Social Democratic Federation. We imagine that their control will be strengthened rather than weakened by the incident.

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The French Socialists have been holding their annual Congress at St. Etienne this week. Apart from an attempt, defeated by M. Jaurès, to expel M. Hervé and his quasi-Anarchist following from the party, the chief problems before the Congress were the organising of propaganda in the agricultural districts and the determination of the party's relations with the Radicals during the coming General Elections. Hitherto French Socialists have paid little attention to the rural districts, but the recent bye-elections have proved that the movement is progressing in the countryside. A committee was given the task of drafting a programme likely to attract the small peasant proprietor as well as the laborer. The Radical party, at its Congress some little time ago, proposed co-operation during the elections with the Socialists, so that both should exchange support at the second ballots. The Socialists, however, are not likely to accept the suggested alliance. They dislike M. Clemenceau, the Radical Premier, heartily; the Radicals have lost their hold upon the country by their neglect of their programme, and the Socialists are evidently gaining much of what the Radicals are losing. On the one hand it might seem bad tactics for the Socialists to identify themselves with a party whose prestige is so affected. On the other hand, a ruthless fight at the polls might cause both parties to lose seats to the reactionaries.

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On this point our Paris correspondent writes:—"For bye-elections the *status quo* is maintained—that is to say, it is left to the local federations to decide in each case whether or not the Socialist candidate shall be withdrawn before the second ballot. The recent overtures of the joint Radical and Socialist-Radical Committee, which proposed to revive the mutual arrangement with the Socialists and other groups of the Left, is thus for the present left without a response. The difficulty is, as M. Jaurès pointed out, that the Alliance Démocratique, which is counted as a group of the Left, has decided that its candidates shall not in any circumstances be withdrawn in favor of a Socialist, though it has agreed to the mutual arrangement with the Radicals. Probably the Radicals will have to choose between the Alliance Démocratique and the Socialists. Meanwhile, the Radicals have shown their good-will by withdrawing their candidate at Uzès, although there was no Conservative or reactionary in the field, and leaving the Socialist, M. Compère-Morel, to have a walk-over next Sunday in this formerly Radical constituency."

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The last few weeks have seen a sensational rise in the price of wheat, due to a deficiency in the world's supply, especially in Argentina, helped by the cornering

of the Chicago market by Mr. Patten, the Leiter of 1909. Altogether there is a deficiency of about six million quarters for the remainder of the season, of which America might normally supply four millions. This relief cannot, however, be depended upon so long as Mr. Patten holds up his stocks. The rise during the past three months has been from 36s. to 45s. and 46s. a quarter, with a corresponding increase of from three halfpence to twopence in the price of the quartern loaf. Recent reports from New York state that a reaction has taken place in the Winnipeg market, and that this has spread to Chicago, but Mr. Patten has bought largely, and so checked the fall. He is now said to hold twenty-three millions of bushels for May delivery, about one-sixth of the wheat supply in the States. The prospect, though serious, is not alarming, for the Chicago combine may break down at any moment, and the Indian crop is sure to afford relief. It would have been alarming under a preferential scheme, if we can conceive a plan that would hold water. We want the whole available world's supply always, and in times of shortage we simply must have it.

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According to the Austrian papers, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Marine intends to ask their Delegations this autumn to sanction estimates for the building of three or four "Dreadnoughts" of 20,000 tons and 22 knots speed. If this prove true, and if the Delegations make the grant, a new factor will be introduced into the international situation. Hitherto the Dual Alliance has enjoyed unquestioned naval supremacy in the Mediterranean. If Austria begins to question France's position, doubtless the French will shift some of their ships from the Channel to the Mediterranean, and probably enter the race for naval construction. Italy, too, will be affected. It is not conceivable that Italy could look with satisfaction upon the development of a powerful Austrian fleet. She would doubtless retaliate. Such a competition would shake the Triple Alliance, which already grows more and more unpopular with Italians. Austria will not be doing a statesmanlike thing in setting so many forces in agitation. Doubtless English extremists, too, would find in her action another argument or excuse for expenditure.

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Lord Willoughby de Broke's Motor Bill contains some good points. The compulsory use of a speedometer, if it be made conspicuous enough for the passing policeman to read, would make speed limits a reality, and the villages would have something to gain from a speed limit of ten miles an hour. But Lord Willoughby de Broke would leave towns and suburbs in their present unlucky condition, and the country he would simply hand over to be the monopoly of the motorist by authorising a speed of thirty miles an hour. There are, of course, here and there a few miles of wide, hedgeless road where this speed is not dangerous, but for the most part our country roads, with their high hedges and frequent windings, are unsuited to the present speed limit, to say nothing of an increase. The true solution is special roads for high speed motors, maintained by those who use them, and on the ordinary roads a speed compatible, not only with the safety, but with the comfort of other people. If the thirty mile clause is insisted on, the moderate advantages offered by the rest of the Bill will not save it from determined opposition.

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We are very glad to see that the Liberal cause in the Stratford-on-Avon division is to be upheld by Mr. Joseph Martin, the ex-Premier of Columbia. Mr. Martin's record as the author of the Manitoba Schools Act, his special knowledge of railway policy, and his vigorous strain of democratic Radicalism, make him a candidate of whom any constituency may be proud. Mr. Martin is also a strong Free Trader, and we hope his statement of the reasons why the Canadian farmer does not ask for Preference for his wheat in the English market will be thoroughly reported by the Liberal Press. His campaign is exciting great interest in Canada, and is a really important event in the relations between British and Colonial democracy.

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Mutual.

"In a brilliant summary of the events of the past month, the writer, while dealing with the naval crisis, uses these words," &c., &c.—*The Editor of the "Spectator" on the Editor of the "Observer."*

"In an article as courageous, ripe, and searching as any that have ever appeared in its columns—an article we do not hesitate to hail and give thanks for as a national service—yesterday's "Spectator" laid bare the roots of the crisis which this country must either face or perish."—*The Editor of the "Observer" on the Editor of the "Spectator."*

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Swinburne died on Saturday morning in his modest and not very beautiful house at the foot of Putney Hill at the age of seventy-two, and his body was buried on Thursday at Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight. His poetic life has lasted without positive interruption for nearly fifty years. Forty-three years have passed since the publication of "Poems and Ballads," and thirty-eight years since the appearance of "Songs before Sunrise." His great contemporary, George Meredith, who resembles him in quiet dignity of life, calls him the "most spontaneous singer of all the English children" of earth, a verdict which many will qualify by excepting the name of Shelley. He was the most literary of poets and men, as all those who even superficially knew his simple, impulsive personality, absorbed in the world of letters and scholarship, were aware.

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Sir Donald Currie died on Tuesday at Sidmouth, aged eighty-three. His very amiable personal qualities were not less notable than the patience and knowledge of South African affairs which enabled him to build up the Castle line of steamships and finally to bring about the amalgamation of the Castle and Union ships into a joint line, one of the best and most comfortable in the world.—Mr. Marion Crawford, who died at Sorrento on Friday week, was a member of the considerable school of American novelists who have made modern Italy their main subject, and almost their second mother. He had nothing of Hawthorne's wizardry, but now and then he touched distinction, and his studies of the phases of Italian life which he knew well were careful and suggestive.—Dr. Whitley Stokes, who died, at the age of seventy-nine, on Tuesday, was one of the most learned of modern Celtic scholars, as well as a leading authority upon Hindu law. His Celtic studies produced many editions and translations of Irish, Cornish, and Breton texts which form a rich quarry for other workers. In 1877 he became the Law Member of the Indian Council. Here he powerfully seconded Lord Ripon, undertook the complete revision both of the Civil and Criminal Procedure Codes, and contributed in other ways to the consolidation and codification of Indian law begun by his great predecessors, Macaulay and Fitzjames Stephen.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE TURKISH REACTION.

The life of the second Ottoman Parliament seems likely to be only less precarious than that of the first. A day's work has undone the miracle of July, and for the moment the Young Turks are facing serious, if not complete, disaster. The first task of the commentator who attempts to write a footnote to the history of the past week is to simplify his mind. The nice constitutional points raised by some of the actions of the Young Turks in recent months, which are so interesting and so contentious for ourselves and for educated people in Constantinople, are irrelevant to the catastrophe which came about on Tuesday. But if anyone supposes that it was these subtle points which disturbed the mutineers, who have for the moment undone the revolution of July, he must first of all be invited to consider what the brain of a Turkish private soldier is like. The Turkish private is, as a rule, completely illiterate. His experience is limited to his village and his barrack. Of the meaning of representative institutions he has only dimly in the last nine months begun to have an inkling. His view of life is still that of the Koran or the Arabian Nights. He is incomparably more backward than the least educated Bulgarian or Armenian peasant. One need not suppose that he is in principle for absolute government. The chances are that he retains a sort of superstitious veneration for the Sultan. He doubtless thinks of the Yildiz camarilla of the bad old days as a gang of rascals, whom it is well to have dismissed. He probably thinks of the Young Turks of yesterday as a gang of half-foreign atheists, whom it was also his duty to dismiss. To Parliaments he probably has no particular objection, but they are to be treated much as one used to treat Kaimakams and Pashas in the old days. If a Pasha—in Albania at least—behaved badly, the proper thing to do was to go in a body and cut off his ears. That taught him a lesson, and was a warning, as the "Arabian Nights" would say, "to such as would be admonished." In that spirit he proposes, under ghostly and royal guidance, to control his Parliament.

On this primitive level it is easy enough to guess at the sort of mental process which has been going on of late under the preaching of some astute clerical reactionaries of the "Mohammedan Union." While the Young Turks have been going about with their heads in the air, applying the principles of Auguste Comte to what they took to be the needs of the moment, these holy men have been preaching in the mosques and teaching in the barracks. They would probably point out that the Young Turks were a set of persons who feasted during Ramazan, and publicly drank wine. They would add that Achmet Riza, the best and noblest of them all, was a man born of Moslem parents who openly joined an infidel sect in Paris. Could any good be expected of Parliament while such a man presided over it? There were, moreover, Christian Ministers and Christian Deputies, and, worst of all, it was even proposed to admit Christians to the Army. One might as well be ruled by foreigners as by these godless young men from Paris. Reform, the sermon would doubtless go on to say, was certainly necessary, but every good Moslem knows that there is only one true sort of reform—to return to the pure word of God, the sacred law of the Sheri, which impious persons have set aside for man-made laws, and Napoleonic codes. Above all, there must be no more nonsense about the equality of Moslems and Christians. Every native Moslem movement of reform, from the Puritanism of the Wahabis to that of the Soudanese Mahdi, has based itself on a demand for a return to the sacred law and a discarding of modern innovations. "Allah once for all wrote a Book," as the present writer has heard Osman Digna explain, and in that book are the keys of conquest and the scales of justice. Under the influence of such teaching as this one can understand why the men of the Constantinople garrison began once more to say the daily prayer for their Caliph and Padishah, and marched on the Parliament to depose Achmet Riza and his friends. In spite of promises, they will not get their Sacred Law—that had become obsolete in Turkey long before Constitutions were even talked of. But they may get their Sultan, and their loyal prayers, and all the rascality of corruption and oppression.

We know as yet too little of this unfortunate situation to predict the end. The Young Turks have for the moment been overthrown in the capital. But the capital was never their stronghold. The anxious question is now to know whether the clergy of the Mohammedan Union have also been at work in the garrisons of Macedonia and Adrianople, where the Committee first organised the revolution. If the Committee is still supreme there, it is possible that disruption or civil war may follow—that Salonica may become in Turkey what Tabriz is in Persia. On the event of such a struggle it would be difficult to look at all hopefully. Neither the Albanians nor the Bulgarians are to-day at all well disposed to the Committee, and if a civil war gave them their chance, they would probably make a bid for independence or autonomy. The gravest mistake, in our opinion, which the Committee has committed was its refusal to make any concession to the individualism of the Non-Turkish races. It may have to pay to-day for that omission. On the Turkish masses it cannot count—they are too inert, too uneducated, too easily led by any voice which speaks to them with authority. But if they can reckon neither on the rank and file of the army, nor the masses, nor the relatively well-educated and intelligent Christian races, the Young Turks are destined, one fears, to the isolation and impotence of a group of intellectuals hopelessly in advance of their time. They have to meet this crisis scattered and diminished. Enver Bey, their best soldier, is in Berlin, and their leaders in Constantinople are probably in grave personal danger, and have been forced to hide or to flee. It lies with Salonica to act. If Salonica acts, the Bulgarians and Albanians may also move, but with very different intentions. To acquiesce means the end of the bright dream of reform as the Young Turks had conceived it. To act is to risk civil war, compli-

cated, perhaps, by a renewal of the old Macedonian chaos, with the risk of intervention from Bulgaria. In the background stands Europe, sharply divided into two camps, of which the Germanic group has everything to gain from the restoration of the Sultan's power.

Were Turkey a homogeneous nation, with nothing to fear either from alien races within or hostile States abroad, there would be no reason to indulge in undue pessimism. Even if the counter-revolution ran its course for a time, with some at least of the evils of the old *régime* rampant once more, it would still be possible to reckon on a future revulsion of opinion, which would bring to power either the Committee or their rivals of the Liberal Union. But the misfortune of Turkey is that it is not homogeneous, and the Christian races may refuse to be patient. "The choice," they may say, "lies between the Young Turks, on the one hand, who are certainly civilised and tolerant, but whose attitude towards other races begins to remind us unpleasantly of that of the Magyars towards the minorities in Hungary, and on the other, the Mohammedan Union, which is medieval and possibly actively fanatical. If the Young Turks could have achieved a permanent triumph, our case would have been tolerable though not brilliant. But this alternation of revolution and counter-revolution, in neither of which we have any share, is too much for human endurance. We should prefer conquest or partition." Unless the army outside the capital reveals unsuspected strength, promptitude, and unanimity, on the Constitutional side, the outlook seems to us gloomy. The near future will probably be a period of half-concealed reaction, the Rump Parliament growing constantly weaker, the Ministry relapsing into the old puppet habits, and the Sultan steadily recovering ground. That may go on until Bulgarians or Albanians make a local chaos, and in the anarchy which must follow, the Powers or the Balkan States return to their old habits of intervention.

The Young Turks have made a gallant effort to prove that their country is capable of reforming herself. If they have failed, it will be because the old *régime* had left the masses so incurably ignorant. English opinion can only watch events, ready, if the occasion arises, to extend once more a helping hand to reformers, whose occasional mistakes cannot tarnish a splendid achievement and a noble record. They have of late been sharply criticised in England and generally on the wrong grounds. They were blamed for trying to keep their special regiments in the capital—one wishes they had kept more of them, and retained control of them. They are blamed as extremists, when, in fact, it is their moderation which has ruined them—above all, the moderation which allowed Abdul Hamid to remain on the throne. Equally mistaken has been the tendency to applaud Kiamil Pasha's partisans of the Liberal Union, who seem in this affair to have played the part of utilising the fanaticism of the masses and the machinations of the Mohammedan Union to carry out a Pride's Purge at the expense of a rival Constitutional party. But dark though the outlook is, we must not despair prematurely. It is a feature of hope that the new Ministry declares an identity of policy with the old, and that the members of the Committee are for the moment free from arrest and violence. Nothing is known as yet of the attitude of the provinces. Even in the capital the officers of the revolted garrison have apparently remained true to the Committee. It is not conceivable that Abdul Hamid can continue to govern by means of a mob of private soldiers. Not even in Turkey can a Government dispense with the support of the educated class, and there is nothing to suggest that the educated class, despite party divisions, is disloyal to the Constitution. It has as much to fear from reaction and repression as the Christians themselves. Much may depend on British action. If in any form the routed Constitutional forces come together, if the provinces disavow the capital, or if, after a lapse of time, a new conspiracy should attempt to repeat the exploits of the defeated Committee, Sir Edward Grey will, we are sure, range our diplomacy strongly against mere despotism. Above all, during the interval, be it long or short, we can allow no consideration, financial or diplomatic, to induce us to give our countenance to a Sultan who has learned nothing from history, and is as capable to-day of murdering Achmet Riza as he was of assassinating Midhat Pasha, and of repeating in this century the massacres of Bulgarians and Armenians which disgraced the last. Let us be pro-Turkish so long as there is a Turkish party of reform still capable of a brave effort to save its country. But there can be no return to the interested Turcophil policy which condoned oppression to serve an Imperialist calculation. We are convinced that the Government have no such ideas, and they will do a service to European freedom and progress if they give an early and decided hint of where their sympathies lie, and where their action may be found.

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## THE LIBERAL POLICY ON ARMAMENTS.

> "If a serious antagonism is gradually created between the two peoples, it will not be because of the workings of any natural or impersonal forces, but through the vicious activity of a comparatively small number of individuals in both countries and the culpable credulity of larger classes. It becomes the first duty of men of light and leading to resist these nightmare moods, to repel numbing and deluded acceptances and to deny all countenance to that spirit of distrust which without any physical embodiment has already sensibly darkened the outlook of mankind."—*Mr. Churchill's letter to Mr. Ritchie.*

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Churchill have between them administered a singularly effective check to the progress of the naval scare. We cannot always claim Lord Rosebery as a Liberal critic of affairs. But on the point of our anti-German preoccupation he has shown more foresight than any of his contemporaries, and his warning that the clamor for "instant Armadas" fixes shipbuilding to imperfect types, and risks the sterilisation of the most advanced and promising ideas in naval construction, shows the detachment of mind which is his most useful gift as a public man. Mr. Churchill's attack

on the scare-mongers goes further. It is the true answer on the question of fact, it is a terse and powerful statement of the case for a moderate policy in naval armaments, and it sets out the moral issue on the only lines acceptable to the conscience and traditions of the Liberal Party, and suited to its special responsibility for the cause of peace. The first point would always have been clear if throughout this controversy the material problem had been stated with reference to the total effective strength of the Navy now and in 1912 or after. If we desired a panic, the way to raise it was to speak as if no British Navy existed before the autumn of 1905, when the first "Dreadnought" was laid down, and as if, by some non-natural stroke of fortune, our historic capacity for building, sailing, and fighting ships of war had suddenly been eclipsed. Mr. Churchill cuts away all this irrational ground. He shows that the British fleet, actual and potential, contains at least half-a-dozen elements of complete and overwhelming material superiority to the strongest of its rivals. The first is in the number and training of its men—more than double the *personnel* of the German fleet, with a period of training four times as long. The second is in the number of its ships and guns. The third is the crushing, the "brutal" predominance, of our pre-"Dreadnought" fleet, which contains one class—the "Nelsons"—practically as powerful as its famed successor, and another great class—the "King Edwards"—almost as powerful and as new. The fourth is the actual and largely unchanged power of Great Britain to outbuild Germany in ships of the "Dreadnought" class. The fifth is our greater capacity of speed and of output in shipbuilding, which some small modifications of plan, adopted by the Cabinet during the last few weeks, have probably restored to its full integrity. The sixth is our immensely sounder financial position. If these material elements of naval supremacy cannot content the British people, they do not deserve to have a fleet. To reject so ample a margin of security is merely to disparage the character of its officers and men, and to suggest that the genius of a sea-faring folk has departed.

A reasonable interpretation of our position in the world, and the possible foes we may meet there, is also necessary to a Liberal view of the naval problem. Mr. Churchill, in common, we think, with the entire Cabinet, rules out America. And he puts an equally firm veto on the notion of our "inevitable" antagonism with Germany, which he rightly describes as a "repudiation not only of the whole message of Liberalism, but of the very structure of civilisation." The truth of this saying is evident if we remember that of all the great Powers, not excluding the United States, Germany and Great Britain are the freest from any material or natural or customary grounds of war. We want not an inch of German soil; she could not take an inch of ours, to her profit. The two countries could only ineffectively hammer at each other, senselessly injure their own and each others' trade, and cruelly embroil France and through her Russia, and ultimately Europe. When, therefore, British journals of character, like the "Spectator," speak of the "coming struggle" with Germany, call upon the whole British nation to "Prepare, Prepare, and again Prepare," and invite it, as a fitting exordium, to discard its moral ideas, and to turn its people into conscripts and instruments of a senseless State purpose against another nation, we shall be wise to conclude that we have to deal, not with a perverted public opinion, but in the main with what Mr. Churchill calls the "vicious activity" of a few men. We do not like to be personal, but when we see a paper once governed by Richard Holt Hutton allying itself with the type of journalism whose various forms the "Spectator" must know to be random and superficial at their best, and bad and corrupting at their worst, we can only condole with the Unionist and Tory parties on the little measure to which their critical intelligence has shrunk. To call such a task, as the "Spectator" calls it, "moral" or "intellectual," is an abuse of words. There is not a fact of consequence in the anti-German crusade which has not been blown into the air. It is not true that Germany will have seventeen or twenty-one "Dreadnoughts" in the spring of 1912. It is not true that she can outbuild us in this type of ship. It is not true that she speeded up her entire programme of "Dreadnoughts" for 1909 in order to steal a march upon us. And if, as the "Spectator" alleges in excuse of its plea for more "hardness" in the British character, it be a fact that the growth of wealth and leisure in this country, as in Germany, has produced a certain slackening of fibre in all classes, and an excessive appetite for amusement, we shall touch these evils, not by calling on a naturally commercial nation to turn from industry to war, but by intensifying those processes of refinement in living and thinking in which we of all the great peoples have the slenderest share. Even if war with Germany were coming at some future period, a nation drilled on the senseless lines proposed by the "Spectator" would be no match for the more scientific and thoughtful organisation of the German nation, whose best and most characteristic fruits are not military but industrial. It is the building of men, not of "Dreadnoughts," of which this country stands most in need.

But, happily for the world, war is not coming. Light-minded as some of our people may be, their ruling men are not so mad as to rush from a war which cost us 250 millions and much of the present depression of trade into a war which may double the National Debt and divide up our sea-trade among our rivals. The real "preparation" of all civilised countries, conscious or half-conscious, is not for war, but for a truer conception of their relations to each other, and a more harmonious interior life. Therefore, in spite of German and British Jingoes—who quote each others' articles, feed each others' panics, and debit the cost to their respective Treasuries—there will be no such "struggle" as the "Spectator" imagines. On our side the Liberal and Labor parties, on the German side Social Democracy—with its twenty per cent. of soldiers in the German Army—will stop both it and the growth of European armaments. Moral force is not dead in Europe, and in the confusion overtaking all these calculations of material strength we have a sign that it is the only thing which is alive.

## IMPOSSIBILISTS IN LABOUR POLITICS.

Those who would weigh the significance of the differences in the Independent Labor Party which the Edinburgh Conference revealed would do well to ask themselves what its enemies think of them. For ourselves, we are quite sure that all those who fear the action of organised labor in politics, while they greatly dislike Mr. Keir Hardie's and Mr. Macdonald's management of it, would be only too delighted to hear of their supersession by Mr. Grayson or Mr. Hyndman. For they would know that any such party would, in a very few months or years, become as negligible a factor as the Social Democratic Federation, as sincere and ardent, as passionately perverse, and as absurdly ineffective. For that reason we cannot take the retirement of the four chief leaders of the movement, in face of an unlucky resolution, to be other than a tactical and very temporary emergency. No other hands can control a movement which depends on its double connection between a large body of practical politicians in Parliament and the advanced forces in trade unionism. Mr. Grayson and his friends are impossibilists, in face both of the British and of the European labor and Socialist movements. The basis of their revolt is a very simple and very old phenomenon in Socialist societies. It is the contempt for Parliamentarism, the idea, as the "Manchester Guardian" well says, that the main business of a revolutionary party is to "show up" existing forms of Parliamentary Government as "mere carnivals of insincere and otiose talk," its procedure "a mass of fetichistic mummeries elaborated to keep the people in play."

This theory of the consciously malign action and intention of "bourgeois" Parliaments served very well until democracy began to work, and Socialism to claim some of the most brilliant figures in modern Parliamentarism. The policy of "scenes" and "demonstrations" belongs to the mere infancy of Socialism. It is repugnant to a class of intellect which Socialistic theory attracts, and it can hardly survive the proof of what men like Bebel and Jaurès and Viviani and Briand can do without it. The stronger the advanced parties become, the greater their hopes of making Parliaments reflect their ideas of State organisation, the more they are inclined to accept and make the best of the machinery which earlier generations of reformers have moulded and used. The lesson is one which all progressive bodies have to learn and relearn at each stage of their progress. The older men know it by heart; the newer, fresh from their first intoxicating draught of idealism, have always to be taught it. If Mr. Grayson and his party had much knowledge of their countrymen, they would realise that no people tire sooner of pure theory. For years British Socialists of the Grayson type oscillated between violent anti-Liberalism and equally violent protest against Tory Governments. They never perceptibly affected the policy of the one party, or stemmed the force of reaction by the other, even if they did not now and then form part of it. Rooted in dogma, they became incapable of action, and fixed in their theological notion of the irreclaimable wickedness of capitalism, they awaited the day of doom without a rational effort to bring it about.

In our opinion, it is not backward to the scenic and anti-democratic policy of Mr. Grayson, but forward to a more enlarged and human basis of thought and action, that the Socialist parties here and elsewhere are tending. If anti-Parliamentarism exists hardly anywhere but in England, where it is most absurd, the conception of a truly powerful people's party, able and willing not only to enter and traffic with Parliaments, but to govern them, is still to seek. It is a common idea that Socialism has gained by the weakening or the destruction of Continental Liberalism and Radicalism. But it would be equally true to say that the inflexible, dogmatic basis which Marx imparted to it has helped to produce and to harden the connection between the later Imperialist Liberalism and avowedly reactionary and anti-democratic forces. In Germany the fear of Socialism keeps the Bülow *bloc* from dissolution, while it shuts out enlightened, but not dogmatic, politicians like Dr. Barth from the following which in a Liberal country like Great Britain they would naturally attract. Even here it is only necessary for Socialism to become a little more aggressive in talk to become a mere electioneering asset of Toryism. How many London elections, we wonder, have been fought on an unlucky saying of Mr. Sidney Webb as to the taxation of the landlords, and for how many years has the threat of a 20 per cent. land duty stopped the application of one per cent.?

As things stand, the general irresponsibility of Socialistic leaders not only qualifies their effective force in politics, but checks their own education, and makes their general contribution to the life of the State less rich and powerful than it ought to be. We can quite imagine a state of things in which this relationship to practical government might be dramatically changed. If, for example, Liberalism were to falsify its historic position on the question of armaments, and to let its policy shrinks into mere *nuances* of Toryism, we should inevitably see a combination between Socialism and the Radical parties. "Opposition to armaments," says Mr. Bernstein, "is the agreed policy of all the Labor parties" in Europe, and if the maintenance of the armed peace developes into a continual menace both to industry and to social reform, and Liberalism is unable to find a policy on it, we shall witness the rise of a party combining the ideal and religious elements of the old Liberalism with the social aspirations of labor. Such a party could not be either pure working-class or dogmatically and exclusively Socialist, for it would have to contemplate governing as well as criticising, and it must take congenial allies just as a wise man selects the friends that suit him. Its models in foreign policy would inevitably be sought in statesmen of the type of Cavour and Cobden and Gladstone in a past age, as well as of M. Jaurès in this. In view of such developments interludes in Labor policy like those provided by Mr. Grayson and his friends seem peculiarly futile. To many students of politics Mr. Hardie and Mr. Macdonald have seemed to err on the side of intransigeance rather than of opportunism. But they have certainly kept to the

clear path of progress in holding firm to democracy, and insisting that the rational conquest of opinion in Parliament, which they began in 1906, and the moulding of national policy outside of it, shall be carried to its legitimate end.

## A STUDY OF THE BYE-ELECTIONS.

The study of bye-elections has become a special branch of political statistics. Newspapers of either party deprecate or applaud, find local or special reasons for each particular defeat or victory. The political prophet, detached and impartial, endeavors to forecast, over a series of results, the trend of contemporary opinion. Sometimes he fails lamentably, as Mr. Gladstone, before the Election of 1892 (in a situation somewhat similar to the present, but with Home Rule substituted for Protection), in his article in one of the magazines demonstrating a Liberal majority of over a hundred, failed rightly to estimate the number who voted "against the Government" at bye-elections, but remained unconverted on the clear issue. Sometimes he succeeds beyond expectation, as Mr. Stead, before the great *débâcle* of 1906, who prophesied, amid the ridicule of the unbelieving, a bigger Liberal majority than any since the great Reform Bill. The tide of the bye-elections to-day is running strongly against the Government. Since the beginning of last year—with the arrival, it is asserted by some, of the Licensing Bill; with the presence, say others, of increasing trade depression—the great wave of progressive advance which was sweeping Liberal and Labor candidates into Parliament came to a sudden halt. Since then a series of Conservative victories, some of them sensational in their majorities, have offered to the Tariff Reformers high hopes of a return to power, in a General Election, with a substantial majority. An analysis of these results may not be uninteresting.

Since the beginning of last year 26 bye-elections have been held in Great Britain (for Ireland stands outside this analysis). Of these, 16 have been held in England, two in Wales, eight in Scotland. Before the bye-elections the seats were held by 20 Liberals and 6 Conservatives; to-day they are held by 12 Liberals and 14 Conservatives.

This is a considerable overturn. It will be interesting to consider the results in connection with the various parts of the country to which they belong. We may begin with Scotland, which has been blest with an altogether disproportionate number of bye-election contests.

Here are the 8 Scottish contests, with the majorities, of the general and the bye-elections respectively:—

| | 1906. | | 1908-9. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kincardine ... ... | L 2,353 | ... ... ... | L 1,698 | |
| Dundee ... ... | L 3,700 | Lab. 6,833 ... | L 2,709 | Lab. 4,014 |
| Montrose ... ... | L 2,494 | ... ... ... | L 1,146 | Lab. 1,937 |
| Stirling ... ... | L (1,127) | ... ... ... | L 1,361 | |
| Forfar ... ... | L 3,519 | ... ... ... | L 2,452 | |
| Glasgow (Central) ... | L 431 | ... ... ... | C 2,113 | |
| Edinburgh (South)... | L 3,860 | ... ... ... | L 1,221 | |
| Hawick ... ... | L 681 | ... ... ... | L 520 | |

Here at least there would seem to be nothing to excite alarm. Except the Central Division of Glasgow (a very special constituency of business men, fought by a popular Glasgow man against a "foreigner," and under exceptional conditions), Scotland appears to stand substantially as in 1906.

And here are the even more cheering results (for the Liberal) from little Wales:—

| | 1906. | | 1908-9. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pembroke ... ... | L 3,280 | ... ... ... | L 2,174 |
| Denbigh E. ... ... | L 2,791 | ... ... ... | L 2,721 |

It is in England that the wave has come; England analysable into the industrial North, the rural districts, the smaller boroughs, and London:—

First as to the North:—

| | 1906. | | 1908-9. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Leeds S. ... ... | L 4,074 | Lab. 4,030 ... | L 359 | Lab. 2,451 |
| Dewsbury ... ... | L 3,805 | Lab. 2,629 ... | L 1,516 | Lab. 2,446 |
| Manchester N. W. ... | L 1,241 | ... ... ... | C 429 | Soc. 276 |
| Yorkshire (Pudsey)... | L 3,502 | ... ... ... | C 113 | Lab. 1,291 |
| Newcastle on Tyne ... | L & Lab. 6,481 | ... ... ... | C 2,143 | Lab. 2,971 |

Three Conservative gains are here recorded. But in every case the contest is a three-cornered one, and in two of these the Conservative represents a minority of the electorate, and the seat has been given to the Protectionists by the splitting of the progressive vote. In both Newcastle and Pudsey the Free Trade vote was united in 1906. Of the third Tory victory it is enough to say that here also is a special constituency, much resembling Central Glasgow, which had never been Liberal before Protection re-appeared on the horizon, and in which the Tory majority at the bye-election was still smaller than it had ever been before.

Now to the industrial Midlands—one election only:—

| | 1906. | | 1908-9. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wolverhampton E. ... | L 2,865 | ... ... ... | L 8 |

Local circumstances, no doubt, affected this contest, and it is impossible to generalise from one bye-election. But undoubtedly this, more than any of the others, signifies the advance of the Birmingham propaganda.

The small towns are perhaps less important:—

| | 1906. | | 1908-9. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Worcester ... ... | C 129 | ... ... ... | C 1,292 |
| Hastings ... ... | C 413 | ... ... ... | C 1,018 |
| Taunton ... ... | C 339 | ... ... ... | C. No Lib. Candidate. |

Four contests have been held in the rural districts; and the result cannot be regarded as encouraging:—

| | 1906. | | 1908-9. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Devon (Mid) ... | L 1,289 | ... ... ... | C 559 |
| Hereford (Ross) ... | L 312 | ... ... ... | C 1,019 |
| Shropshire (Morton) | C 176 | ... ... ... | C 951 |
| Essex (Mid) ... ... | C 454 | ... ... ... | C 2,565 |

Lastly, we come to London; and here, it must be confessed, the result is bad:—

| | 1906. | | 1908-9. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Peckham ... ... | L 2,339 | ... ... ... | C 2,494 | |
| Haggerston ... ... | L 401 | ... ... ... | C 1,143 | Soc. 986 |
| Croydon ... ... | C 638 | Lab 4,007 ... | C 3,948 | Lab. 886 |

In general analyses according to district, therefore, we may draw the following conclusions. The reactionary wave has scarcely touched Scotland and Wales. It has influenced the North, but in no very menacing fashion if only the Free Trade vote could be united in some common agreement between Liberal and Labor. It more seriously affects the small towns and the country districts. Its centre and crown is in London.

It may be interesting to compare the figures and results of these elections with those of former Liberal

and Conservative majorities. In 1885 the Liberals had a majority (with the Irish) of 172; in 1892 of 40; in 1906 of 354. The Tory high-water mark may be taken as 1900, with a majority of 134. We have added the majorities of these 26 seats for each constituency—in the case of unopposed returns taking the highest for that party in preceding contests:—

| | L. | C. |
|---|---|---|
| 1885 ... ... ... ... | 20 | 6 |
| 1892 ... ... ... ... | 15 | 11 |
| 1900 ... ... ... ... | 15 | 11 |
| 1906 ... ... ... ... | 20 | 6 |
| Bye-Elections ... ... ... | 12 | 14 |

Two facts are manifest from these results. The first is the difficulty of generalising from such incomplete data, glaringly made manifest by the fact that in these 26 seats the proportion of Liberals and Tories was exactly the same in two pairs of contests—in one case when the Liberals had majorities (over the whole country) of 172 and 354, in the other, when they had a majority of 40 and a minority of 134. The other is that the proportion held by the Tories to-day is greater than ever before, since the constituencies were created. If the minority votes be excepted, however, (at Pudsey and Newcastle), the proportion would read L.14, C.12, or one worse than 1892 and 1900.

Lastly we may give the actual majorities for these four years:—

| | L Majorities. | C Majorities. | Surplusage. | Lab. (ineffective). |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1885 ... ... | 25,549 | 4,038 | L 21,511 | —— |
| 1892 ... ... | 16,149 | 11,495 | L 4,654 | —— |
| 1900 ... ... | 14,030 | 17,530 | C 3,500 | —— |
| 1906 ... ... | 47,460 | 2,149 | L 45,311 | 17,479 |
| Bye-Elections | 17,685 | 19,787 | C 2,102 | 17,258 |

These last two results certainly represent a large overturn, quite without parallel in so short a space of time. If, however, the Labor vote be added to the Liberal (as an effective Free Trade vote) the result (even in this year of depression) shows a Liberal and Labor surplusage of 15,156, which is nearly four times as much as that of 1892, and approximates towards the result of 1885, presaging a Conservative minority of something like 150.

These, of course, are but indications, not calculations. Great tracts of the country exhibit no voice at all in the matter. There have been no bye-elections in Lancashire (outside the specialised district of N.W. Manchester). There have been no bye-elections in the Eastern Counties—the stronghold of rural Nonconformity. And there have been no bye-elections at all in the country districts since the Old Age Pension Act came into operation. It will be interesting to see if this Act exercises any influence in checking the reassertion of the feudal domination.

It may be possible, however, to suggest a few general conclusions, always premising that 1906, being an *annus mirabilis* in electioneering, yields a somewhat abnormal standard of results:—

*First:* Liberal and Labor stand or fall together. This approximation of Labor figures in the table given above—17,400 and 17,200—is a coincidence merely, as in many contests (Montrose, Pudsey, Haggerston, &c.) they had no candidate in 1906. When they had a candidate in both contests the result showed a very great reduction. In times of progress both Liberal and Labor votes increase. In the advance of Reaction both wither up. The Conservatives detach, on these occasions, the middle and upper classes from Liberalism, and the very poorest—the public-house loafer, the unemployed—from Labor.

It is important that some arrangement, especially in the North—the second ballot, transferable vote, or mutual agreement as to seats—should prevent the whimsical but disastrous result of a Protectionist majority in the House representing a Protectionist minority in the country.

*Second:* The new methods of electioneering in part vitiate these results. Before this year constituencies were pretty much left to themselves, and hence a bye-election furnished something like a "sample" of opinion in all similar districts. But in the past fifteen months new methods have been invented for the "stampeding" of a crowd. Thousands of pounds are spent over each contest, imported "leagues" and "organisations" swoop down upon the district with oratory and persuasion and pictorial display. This stampeding process probably over-estimates the Tory gain if the figures be applied to the country as a whole.

*Third:* London shows itself most susceptible to these methods. After London come the big towns, which most exhibit conditions similar to London—Glasgow, Newcastle, Manchester. Scotland and Wales reveal themselves as chillingly indifferent. This "fickleness" and excitement of the new city-bred race may be regarded as a disquieting symptom, whichever party it may for a moment swing towards or away from.

*Fourth:* A year of trade depression, a year of unemployment, a year of attack upon the drink trade, have coincided with a year of Protectionist propagandism. Each element takes credit for victory, and it is difficult to disentangle the various threads of impulse which have swelled the reactionary wave. Perhaps in the next few months the progress of affairs will itself provide a disentanglement: *i.e.*, a trade "boom" may follow the depression, and counter the dismal forebodings of the Tariff missionary.

*Fifth:* Scotland remains solid to its two great social measures which the Lords have destroyed, dealing drastically with the land question in town and country. Wales is solid for disestablishment, and, as at East Denbigh, for advanced social—especially land—reform. In England alone social enthusiasm has weakened. It may be that here also the people are waiting for a lead, and disappointed because no lead is given, in a land policy for the villages, in an unemployed policy for the towns. To both of these the Tories are offering something constructive—however much decorated and falsified—work for all, higher prices for the products of the fields. In London, Parliament hears only of the anger of the wealthy at a "Socialistic" policy, of the return of the middle classes to their former Conservative allegiance. England lies outside London, with the wealthy and middle classes but a small proportion of the people. It is still to be won for progress if progress offers some definite, courageous effort towards an intelligible ideal.

# Life and Letters.

## THE POET OF PAIN.

It is a week this morning since Swinburne's death, and to the curious in such matters it might seem significant that he passed away, as it were, at the turning of the tide—in the interval between the tragedy of Good Friday and the triumph of Easter Day. For in his work he never could be sure whether the life of man was a tragedy or a triumph, and according to his mood his view shifted from one to the other, or boldly accepted both. But it is more fruitful to remember that sonnet which he wrote twenty-seven years ago, and called "A Death on Easter Day," beginning:—

"The strong spring sun rejoicingly may rise,
Rise and make revel, as of old men said,
Like dancing hearts of lovers newly wed;
A light more bright than ever bathed the skies
Departs for all time out of all men's eyes;
The crown that girt last night a living head
Shines only now, though deathless, on the dead:
Art that mocks death, and Song that never dies."

The sonnet was written on the death of his master and friend, Rossetti, one of the very few English-speaking poets who are not only Swinburne's equals but his kin. And now its brief elegy may stand as our lamentation over the last of our poets who had unquestioned claim to greatness; for it suits well both with the occasion of his death and the honor of his deathless crown.

Throughout the week that honor has been paid him in the three countries of England, France, and Italy, which alone he loved. There is no need to dwell again on the qualities for which he is universally praised—on the mastery of metre, the new music that he wrought with our language, or the passionate sweetness of his lyrical power. We may take all that for granted now; even his most intimate enemies never denied it him. We would not be counted with those who admire or criticise form as something distinct from thought or substance, whereas form and substance are necessarily and always the same. But still we cannot quite ignore that old, though barren, criticism which insists upon Swinburne's splendor of form, and says he sacrificed sense to the music and melody of the words. "Take care of the sounds," said Lewis Carroll, "and the sense will take care of itself." Or, if we are by this time a little bored with having the beauty of Swinburne's form and language dinned into us, let us cheerfully remember that parody he wrote on himself in the "Heptalogia, or Seven Against Sense." It is called "Nephelidia," and begins: "From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous noonshine." That is a terrible blow for critics who harp upon the beauty of his sound apart from sense; for the sound is quite all there, but no one, however lately let out from Bedlam or Parnassus, would call its nonsense beautiful. Listen again to a stanza:—

"Mild is the mirk and monotonous music of memory, melodiously
mute as it may be,
While the hope in the heart of the hero is bruised by the breach of
men's rapiers, resigned to the rod;
Made meek as a mother whose bosom-beats bound with the bliss-
bringing bulk of a balm-breathing baby,
As they grope through the graveyard of creeds, under skies grow-
ing green at a groan for the grimness of God."

And while we are in the way with the "Heptalogia" and the bulk of that balm-breathing baby, we might remember his parody, called "The Person of the House," upon another poet. Against the maudlin wash that Swinburne sometimes poured over babies, there is no more bracing antidote than its last four lines:—

"Then Mrs. Prig addressed me thus,
'Sir, if you'll be advised by me,
You'll leave the blessed babe to us,
It's my belief he wants his tea.'"

That is a good antidote to sentimental wash in a nursery—a good antidote also to the reverse sentimentalism that talked about "lips intertwisted and bitten," "kisses of death," and similar phenomena distantly connected with the subject.

In days when critics were as indiscriminating in startled horror as some are now in ecstasy of praise, Swinburne turned on them with the question:—

"Why grudge him lotus-leaf and laurel,
O toothless mouth, and swinish maw,
Who never grudged you bells and coral,
Who never grudged you trough and straw?"

If there had been nothing in the poet's work but a succession of beautiful sounds, and a conscious straining after the unrealities or perversions of passion, they would not have deserved his savagery. They would have been right, and by this time Swinburne might be almost forgotten, instead of winning his high place among our poets more securely as the years passed. But the critics and the British public of the early 'sixties were startled from their self-satisfied equanimity of family life and established religion. They had a good deal to startle them just then, and, blinded with panic, they thought this outrageous young poet sounded the final doom of domestic virtue. We need not blame them, but they made many mistakes, as people in blind panic will, and one of their most obvious mistakes was the commonest. They regarded Swinburne as the poet of pleasure, especially of sensual pleasure. They were very anxious about their sons and daughters. They were a little anxious about themselves. It was an alluring land into which the poet led them—a land of Greek hills and Roman palaces and half-lit, medieval scenes, haunted by strange enchantresses and unholy joys, very different from the daily round of comfortable satisfaction, the common task of business, which they had been told should furnish all they needed to ask. It seemed as though the poet beckoned them far away to revel in perpetual and unknown delights, where they might lie for ever amid roses and raptures.

But they need not have been afraid. Nothing could be further from the inner purport of those first and passionate poems on which alone Swinburne's claim to greatness rests than incitement to sensual gratification. If the poet tells of beauty, joy, and pleasure, it is of those that Keats set in the train that follows melancholy:—

"Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips."

That aching pleasure is the burden of nearly all Swinburne's song when it tells of pleasure at all. "Alas! for sorrow is all the end of this," says the lover in "Laus Veneris," "Vain delight, and love self-slain in some sweet shameful way," is the end of every man's desire:—

"For love has no abiding,
But dies before the kiss,"

sighs the lover in "Before Dawn"; and even when passion is most genuine, been fully inspired of love, as "In the Orchard," the lament is still that it must end, and day should be so soon:—

"Nay, I will sleep then only; nay, but go.
Ah sweet, too sweet to me, my sweet, I know,
Love, sleep, and death go to the sweet same tune;
Hold my hair fast, and kiss me through it so.
Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon."

The momentary pleasure of which philosophers used to tell us lasts hardly for the moment. Even at its height, it is haunted by its own ghost, which next moment will arise from the tomb of memory. It never comes but hand-in-hand with the poignant sorrow for what is already departing. Nor can it ever be recovered, repeated, and enjoyed again. It goes, never to return, and if we drag it back by force, it is not the same pleasure that comes. "Nor feel the latter kisses like the first," is the summary of all words "Before Parting," and it is best to leave it there, lest satiety drive the hunt for pleasure onward from point to point into that crazed unhappiness which can only cry:—

"Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
If the worst that can be has been done?"

With all his beauty, with all his alluring sweetness and passion, it is not as the poet of pleasure that

Swinburne is distinguished. About the "Atalanta," in spite of its tragedy, there was the touch of blitheness and joy that is sometimes attributed to Greece. But the first chorus, when the hounds of spring are on winter's traces, is almost the only genuinely happy song the poet ever wrote, and all the other choruses tell of sorrow—of man's foreknowledge of death, of love's cruelty, and of God's evil gifts:—

"For the gods very subtly fashion
Madness with sadness upon earth;
Not knowing in any wise compassion,
Nor holding pity of any worth."

Even in the most human of the poet's ballads—even in "Les Noyades" and "The Leper"—there is no joy in pleasure. In "Les Noyades" the pleasure is fantastic, and only possible because it lies on the brink of death. In "The Leper," where love has the finer quality of devotion unmixed with self, there is hardly pleasure at all, but only the passionate sorrow for the beloved's shame and ruined beauty. It is as our greatest poet of pain, and not of pleasure—of yearning pain, of dying joy, of satiety, of desire regretfully fulfilled—that Swinburne is distinguished. That is the tragedy he sang.

In the midst of all this sorrow and delusive hope there is not much remains for mankind. "It is not much," he says in "The Triumph of Time":—

"It is not much that a man can save
On the sands of life, in the straits of time,
Who swims in sight of the third great wave,
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb."

It is not much, but courage remains, and the indomitable will in the never-ending contest for man's freedom. "We know not," the poet says in "Félise":—

"We know not whether death be good,
But life at least it will not be;
Men will stand saddening as we stood,
Watch the same fields and skies as we,
And the same sea."

The poppied sleep will come; the poet himself is with those for whom, as he said of Baudelaire, "All winds are quiet as the sun, All waters as the shore." But by its beauty, its courage, and the passion for human freedom, his vital work—the work of his glorious youth, before the malignity of time smote him down to a state of suspended animation—remains assured of what we call immortality, and the deathless crown shines upon him now that he is dead.

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## THE BATTLE OF THE FAITHS.

Analogies between the ancient and the modern world are often superficially advanced, and sometimes pressed too far. The decent citizen of the twentieth century, if transported to the Rome of the first, would find himself in a civilisation so different from his own as probably to convince him that he was living upon another planet. Yet there are broad and fundamental resemblances in certain epochs which dominate all the startling divergences; and in none more than the resemblance between the society of our own day and the society into which Christianity first came. We have, indeed, no slave labor at the base, no frantic insanity at the summit of the social order. Our communal pleasures do not include the spectacles of tortures, massacres, and crucifixions. Nor is the menace of the barbarian—with ruthless warfare on the boundaries of the world—always present as a spectre proclaiming the uncertainty of progress. But we have the same gathering into cities and divorce from the soil; the same wide-spread social discontent; the same pleasureless pursuit of pleasure; the same attempt to organise life on a rational and natural basis, with the same disgust and weariness of it all. The dialogues of Lucian, with a few verbal alterations, might have been written in a London season. The earlier Christian apologists read to-day extraordinarily vivid and contemporary—meeting the same arguments, advanced in the same unanswerable fashion as those which disprove the truth of Christianity in the popular press. Civilisation is passing then, as now, from a scepticism about the gods to a scepticism about itself. Positive Churches and Ethical Societies attempt a commendable if austere virtue. For one moment indeed—in a spiritual dynasty without father or children—Positivism in the person of Marcus Aurelius ascends the throne of the Cæsars. The splendor of material achievement is revealed, less as evidence of content than as manifestation of restlessness and disquietude; an attempt, always unsuccessful, to satisfy the hunger of the soul by piling stone on stone and tower on tower. And Marienbads for the curing of the flesh damaged by self-indulgence, and "Christian Sciences" and "Retreats" and "Asceticisms" for the curing of the malady of the soul, then, as now, jostled superstitions and devil worship and attempts to communicate with the dead and to establish religions of "Imperialism," and all the follies of those who find in them no easier and no quicker passing of the impracticable hours.

Mr. Glover, in "The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire" (Methuen & Co.), has provided a suggestive and masterly sketch of this strange, declining world. If he is unable to explain, any more than Gibbon could explain, the progress and subsequent triumph of Christianity, he can reveal what this Christianity was which thus triumphed, and how hollow and weak, with all its seeming invincibility, was that society and creed which declared war upon it, and sought, by every effort of torment, to bring it to an end. The Roman Imperialism, with its frontiers still inviolate and over the greater part of the known world the magnificence and security of the Roman Peace, was perishing at the heart. At first it withdrew from mankind any hope of immortal life, of permanent triumph over Time and Change. And when it had thus concentrated attention upon the present—in a repudiation of "other worldliness"—it found that "present" a thing of dust and vanity. Its wisest men are proclaiming, to a kind of mournful music, the desirability of virtue and restraint in Life which is a gigantic cheat and mockery. As far back as the days of Cæsar the intellectuals had already ceased to believe. Cicero writes to his wife as any unsuccessful lawyer might write to his wife to-day. "If these miseries are to be permanent, I only wish, my dearest, to see you as soon as possible, and to die in your arms, since neither gods whom *you* have worshipped, nor man whom *I* have always served, have made us any return." Later Lucian can picture the gods listening with consternation to the philosophers at Athens who are disproving their existence. "Poseidon recommends the prompt use of a thunderbolt 'to let them see,' but Zeus reminds him that it is Destiny that really controls the thunderbolts—and, besides, 'it would look as if we were frightened.'" The arguments are so cogent that the gods begin themselves to doubt their own existence as they listen, and are only consoled by Hermes, who reminds them that "we still have the majority—most of the Greeks and all the Barbarians."

Such was the method of common sense: not of scepticism, for, as Mr. Glover reminds us, Lucian was as sceptical of the sceptics as of the believers. To others the vision was less one for laughter than for tears. Endure hunger, says Epictetus, as all things good or ill—the sun or the rain, as it comes. There is one end—and that quick coming—for all. "But my wife and child also suffer hunger. What then? Does their hunger lead to any other place? Is there not for them the same descent, wherever it may lead? Below, is it not the same for them as for you?" "If you are kissing your child, remind yourself that you love a mortal thing. What harm does it do to whisper, as you kiss the child, 'To-morrow you will die'?" Such was the testimony from the gutter: it is re-echoed in the voice from the throne. The sentences of Marcus Aurelius sound like the wailing of wind over a deserted city, proclaiming the vanishing of the hope of humanity. "A moment and earth will cover us all: then it too in its turn will change: and what it changes to will change and change again for ever." Immortality in the race? The roll-call of the ages? It is all brushed aside, as dust and illusion. "Think of the life lived by others of old, of the life that shall be lived by others after thee,

of the life now lived among the barbarian nations: and of how many have never heard thy name, and how many will at once forget it, and how many may praise thee now perhaps but will very soon blame thee: and how neither memory is of any account, nor glory, nor anything else at all."

Yet men still desperately and inexplicably clung to life; and to the longing for a life beyond life in which a "Son of Man" should prove at the last triumphant over the brute forces of Necessity, and the grave Lucian in one of his dialogues shows Charon making a pilgrimage to the upper world to see what it really is that the dead regret so much. "He sees a varied scene, life full of confusion, cities like swarms of bees, where each has a sting and stings his neighbor, and some like wasps, harass and plunder the rest: over them like a cloud hang hopes and fears and follies, pleasures and passions and hatreds. He would like to shout to them, 'to live with Death ever before their eyes'—why be so earnest about what they can never take away? but Hermes tells him it would be useless." "Pursue one end alone," is the only conclusion of the sane man, "how you may well arrange the present, and go on your way with a laugh for most things, and no enthusiasm." Against such a vision of chance and disorder came these queer Christians —mostly stupid, unlearned men— with this irrational belief of theirs in a Special Providence watching over the fall of a sparrow; "the very hairs of your head are all numbered"; "your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." Marcus Aurelius was bored at their stupidity and their obstinacy and ordered or acquiesced in their torture and death. The human body was to him "rottenness—water, dust, bones, stench." "I believe in the Resurrection of the Flesh," replied these strange people—from the cross and the gibbet; with a kind of exultation. Lucian had no other contempt for them than a kindly one, "You see these poor creatures have persuaded themselves that they are immortal for all time and will live for ever," he writes, "which explains why they despise death and voluntarily give themselves up, as a general rule. And then their original law-giver persuaded them that they are all brothers, from the moment that they cross over and deny the gods of Greece, and worship their sophist who was gibbeted and live after his laws." "He shall come in clouds," they were declaring of their "sophist," and every eye shall see him, as once gibbeted in the flesh. "They shall see him (Jesus) then on that day," wrote the so-called Barnabas, "wearing the long scarlet robe upon his flesh, and they will say, 'Is this not He whom we crucified, whom we spat upon and rejected?'" To others besides Celsus this hope of resurrection was "a hope of worms." Philosophy would have made alliance with the new religion if it would have acknowledged that Jesus clothed himself with phantom flesh only, that he never actually suffered, was spat upon, crucified, rose again in the body. Where in such restatement, asks Tertullian—writing "with his nerves in a kind of blaze"—was that which "could tempt a man to face the lions?" "Jesus become a phantom, or an aeon: his body, sidereal substance, which offered, Clement himself said, no material resistance to the touch of St. John's hand; God divided, Heaven gone, no hope or faith left possible in a non-real Christ even in this life—Christians would be, indeed, of all men most miserable, and morality would have no longer any basis or any motive." "Away," says the philosophic creed offended at the indelicacy of such detail, "away with the census roll, the cramped inns, the soiled rags, the hard stall." Away with the impossible thought that men actually nailed upon a gibbet the very flesh of the Son of God. "He hungered under the devil," thunders Tertullian in reply, "thirsted under the Samaritan woman, shed tears over Lazarus, was troubled at death; last of all, he shed his blood." The Son of God died. "It is credible because it is foolish. He was buried and rose again. It is certain because it is impossible." "Thou, who wouldst do away with the disgrace of faith," he cries, "spare the one hope of all the world."

It was this sense of certainty—and the strength which came from certainty—which, more than any positive assertions, offended the governing classes of the time. It can all be seen in the attack of Celsus—a wise, tolerant, kindly ethical teacher. It was bad enough that the belief should come from the lowest of the people, "the simpletons, the ignoble, the senseless, slaves, and womenfolk and children." It was worse that it should welcome the sinner and condemn the righteous; openly proclaim that its God had filled the hungry with good things and the rich sent empty away. It was monstrous that it should seek converts to a cock-and-bull story of a God who had come down to earth, of uncertain parentage, a carpenter, in one of the meanest of the Roman provinces; a story bearing on the face of it the marks of manufacture; which at once provoked the laughter, incensed the patriotism, and offended the taste of educated people. "Suppose that God, like Zeus in the comedy, waking out of long sleep, determined to rescue mankind from evil, why on earth did he send this spirit (as you call it) into one particular corner?" The ignominy of the life of Jesus is evidence of the falsity of his claim to be God's son. At the Passion he was "unhelped by his father and unable to help himself." He could not escape from the Cross nor avenge his death. Even to-day "a man may stand and blaspheme your daemon," says Celsus to the Christians, "and not that only, he may forbid him land and sea, and then lay hands on *you* who are consecrated to him like a statue, bind you, march you off and impale you; and the daemon—or, as you say, the son of God—does not help you." But what was beyond measure intolerable was that this squalid crowd of artisans and slave-girls, in face of these uncontrovertible arguments and the silence of their God, should still refuse to abjure him; should defy all the might of Empire to do its worst upon them, sooner than deny him.

No society has ever more fiercely persecuted than a society entirely rational. It was not in the name of a rival religion but in the name of reason and common sense that the Empire essayed the extermination of the Christians. Its efforts met with defiant resistance. The more it multiplied its tortures the more the despised irrational sect increased. Tertullian *knows* that time is on his side, and hurls taunts and invectives upon the power which has declared war against his God. "We are but of yesterday," he cries, "and we have filled everything: cities, islands, camps, palaces, forums. All we have left you is the temples." It is the martyrdoms, not the tradition, not the scriptures—"nobody comes to them unless he is already a Christian"—which are the great propagators of the Church. In the "very dog-days of persecution" "faith glows," he can cry, "and the Church is burning like the bush." The demons redouble their efforts: but "they recognise that they are no match for us." Exultation and rejoicing confront all these furies with invincible fortitude. "Nothing whatever is achieved," he asserts, "by each more exquisite cruelty you invent. We are made more as often as you mow us down." His fiery spirit sees the devils stoking the fires and multiplying the savage cruelty of the authorities and the whole Universe as spectators of the unequal contest. The man who had seen the deaths in the amphitheatre, who remembered the expression on the faces of the spectators, who knew the cruelty that went with Roman lust, could hardly help, says Mr. Glover, believing in hell. He had seen Perpetua and Felicitas, young mothers, brought out naked to be tossed by a wild cow. He had seen the test of the fire, the sword, the wild beast—cross, hook, lash, the rack, the circus, the prison: with the renegade Jew there also, with his placard of "the God of the Christians"—a caricature with "the ears and one hoof of an ass, clad in a toga, book in hand." Small wonder that he anticipated the day when he should gaze over the battlements of heaven and watch all those who delighted in such infamies receiving their due reward—magistrates who condemned, philosophers who mocked, proud monarchs who disdained, all burning for ever in hell. "'This,' I shall say, 'is he, the son of the carpenter or the harlot, Sabbath breaker, demoniac. This is he whom you

bought from Judas: this is he whom you beat with the reed and the palms of your hands, whom you disfigured with your spittle, to whom you gave gall and vinegar. This is he whom his disciples stole away, that it might be said he had risen—or the gardener took him away, that his lettuces might not be trodden by the crowds that came.'" In this fury and irony which emerges from the blood and smoke we are far away from the vision of one who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. But we can understand something of the reason why the pessimism and rationalism of the most splendid of all Imperialisms found itself baffled and at last broken by this new spirit which had come into the world.

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## AMERICA THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES.

The art of international appreciation is just beginning to be cultivated. The holding of international congresses, the growth of foreign investigation by Governments, the special missions of enquiry into education, the conditions of labor, hygiene, crime, drink, and other matters, and —last, but not least—the organised exchanges of teachers, now beginning to be practised by universities and learned societies, rank among the most conspicuous evidences of this art. Thus the moral isolation of nations, the greatest single barrier to a world civilisation, is gradually giving way, and peoples are beginning to indulge a patriotic pride in their ability to learn from one another. But, valuable as it is for foreigners to study moral instruction in French schools, the Gothenburg system, the Elberfeld treatment of poverty, Raiffeisian banks, or the Swiss referendum, this piecemeal receptivity is not all that is needed. How far is it yet possible for one people to get a true understanding of another people? and how far possible for a people to learn by foreign criticism? are far more important and more difficult questions.

A singularly interesting concrete treatment of the question is afforded by a volume ("As Others See Us": The Macmillan Co.) in which an able American, Mr. John Graham Brooks, presents in a series of dissolving views the impressions made by the United States upon a variety of European visitors during the last hundred years. The testimony of the early chapters goes far towards explaining that curious blend of sensitiveness and ostentatious indifference with which, until recently, the best Americans regarded British opinion. For most of the visitors of eminence in the earlier formative days of the great Republic were British, and their perversity, often malignity, of judgment appears almost incredible. It was, perhaps, natural enough that ordinary English conservatives visiting the country within a few years of war should adopt the tone of the author of "Tom Cringle's Log":—

> "I don't like Americans. I never did, and never shall, like them. I have seldom met an American gentleman, in the large and complete sense of the term. I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with them, or consort with them in any way."

Most English visitors brought with them the profound conviction that the American experiment was doomed to ignominious failure. Here is a typical pronouncement: "With all the lights of experience blazing before our eyes, it is impossible not to discuss the futility of this form of government. It was weak and wicked in Athens. It was bad in Sparta, and worse in Rome. It has been tried in France, and has terminated in despotism. It was tried in England, and rejected with the utmost loathing and abhorrence. It is on trial here, and the issue will be civil war, desolation, and anarchy." But it was singularly unfortunate that, in an age when Americans lived intellectually upon English books, none of the well-known authors who visited the country—not even those who, like Dickens and Harriet Martineau, came with no initial prejudice—should have shown any capacity to read, underneath the rude exterior of the life and manner which they caricatured, the great formative forces of national character. But in recording such a judgment we must not forget that Harriet Martineau, for instance, entered Boston on the very day when Garrison was being dragged through the streets by a mob "entirely composed of gentlemen." All the brutality, the brag, aggressive self-assertion, vulgarity of an improvised materialistic civilisation were there, visible, obtrusive. Yet, all the same, it was not creditable to the temper and intelligence of these literary lions that they should have seen so little else, and that the magnificent energy then, as now, displayed in so many avenues of activity should have received so little recognition. Such unfair treatment naturally threw America on the defensive, and for generations almost inhibited that power of self-criticism so essential to a new nation seeking its own soul and finding its place in the society of nations. Nor was the balance adjusted by the flood of equally indiscriminate eulogy which enthusiastic French democrats poured out. Detraction and adulation alike fed a really monumental self-complacency, which found its culminating expression in that Fourth of July oratory which in the middle of the nineteenth century was really representative of the feelings and convictions of all classes of the American people. Even in his most enthusiastic mood Mr. Roosevelt could never have claimed with Mr. Everett—"Our government is in its theory perfect, and in its operation it is perfect too. Thus we have solved the great problem in human affairs." Every educated American is now well aware that he has not yet solved "the great problem in human affairs," nor does he any longer claim a complete self-sufficiency to do it. And this changed attitude is largely attributable to the more intelligent and helpful criticism of foreigners, and a corresponding growth of power to profit by it.

So far as England is concerned Mr. Brooks traces a change of attitude to the Civil War: "England really began to respect us because of the national strength displayed in the Civil War. The enduring valor, the sacrifice for an idea, both of North and South; the tenacity of the whole people, and the ready acceptance of the result were, one and all, arguments that are finalities to practical men of Anglo-Saxon origin." Probably the extraordinary development of material prosperity has had as much to do with the more respectful attitude of foreign nations as any recognition of war prowess. Nor may we ignore the fact that the United States have been the largest field of foreign investment for surplus European capital. This has surely wrought a silent change of sentiment, for where the treasure is there is the heart also.

Upon America herself the change has worked wonders: the uneasy blend of susceptibility and arrogance characteristic of the *nouveau riche* has passed into a more sober dignity which cancels the meaning of much of the older caricatures. The old extravagances of speech and manner which Dickens and Mrs. Trollope ridiculed, and which were commonly charged against democracy, have given place to a general level of personal demeanor higher than that to be found in any European country. As Mr. Bryce well says: "Americans have gained more than they have lost by equality. I do not think that the upper class loses in grace, I am sure that the humbler class gains in independence. The manners of the 'best people' are exactly those of England, with a thought more of consideration towards inferiors and of frankness towards equals. Among the masses there is, generally speaking, as much real courtesy and good nature as anywhere else in the world."

Some of these truths now strike in upon the casual tourist after he has passed through two stages in his career—first, the stage of particularist criticism in which the insolence of the hotel clerk and the car conductor stand out conspicuous; secondly, the stage of wholesale swift generalisation, equally fallacious and more irrelevant. Fortunately, the last two decades have furnished many competent and a few profound appreciations of America from men of various nationalities, to supplement, sometimes to correct or modify, the fully informed

but too indeterminate judgments of Mr. Bryce. In the masterly studies of such men as Münsterberg, de Rousier, Ostrogorski, and the forcible, quick penetration of M. Blouet and Mr. Wells, real work is done towards the interpretation of America not only to others, but to herself. Older critics chiefly discovered the defects of her democracy, and though some of the older crudities have vanished, enough still remains to make it easy for malice to draw up an indictment against a people on the score of government. "The Americans sit lightly by their arrangements" is the illuminating phrase of Matthew Arnold, and Americans are always ready to pour into the voracious visitor facts and figures of "graft," "lynching," undetected homicide, enormities of trusts, railroads, new religions, and quack remedies enough to damn the sanity of any civilised society.

But the more sober judgment of serious students of America has veered round to the view that what seems to casual visitors the crazy optimism of Americans is not so crazy as it seems. It is not a mere matter of luck that "America is always going to the devil, but never gets there." The strength of the nation is seen to lie in the abounding general vitality of her citizens, and this vitality is rooted, as de Tocqueville had the genius to recognise, in the personal dignity of manhood and womanhood which democratic institutions alone can afford. From this vitality proceed the self-reliance and the hopefulness which distinguish the "common people" of America from those of any European country, and the facile, all-pervasive humor which is at once philosophy and entertainment. The intrusive curiosity, which called forth the derisive indignation of the early literary discoverers, is shaping towards an ordered intelligence destined to furnish the largest volume of co-operative intellectual power ever devoted to the furtherance of knowledge. Last, and greatest, democracy in America yields a freer diffusion of personal goodwill, an easier comradeship, a more genuine spirit of sociality, than any other nation has possessed. These are mighty moral assets for civilisation, and the great issue which occupies the mind of watchers from Europe is whether they will enable America to maintain her great experiment against the new gathering of plutocratic forces threatening the Union by a lateral and not, as fifty years ago, by a horizontal cleavage.

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## THE ONE SUNRISE.

The one sunrise of the year is that of the true Easter morning—that is, the day, which cannot always be a Sunday, when the spring moon is at the full. But nineteen years out of twenty that sunrise does not, as it were, take place, our spring climate being safely expected to produce such clouds as to flout the moon and make a dull smudge of the red eye of dawn. So this year's Easter gave the one sunrise of many years; such a one as we cannot expect to see for at least another decade. Many a midsummer levée has been more chilly and more disappointing—in fact, none that we remember has been so cheerful or splendid as this that ushered in one of the earliest days of spring.

At three, the full moon is riding unchallenged in the sky. This astonishing April produces not a single cloud to blur her reign, no cold shower to make us regret an early rising, scarcely any dew or mist in the deepest hollows. The moon is over our left shoulder, and we walk towards the dawn. The shadow flung on the white road seems as bright as that of day, but the grass at the roadside, the walls, the rolling banks and hills, even the trees against the sky yield no details in the light that comes only at second-hand from the sun. It is just a landscape most faintly adumbrated in ochreous smudges or tawny negative lines on a general grey of nothingness. Presently, as we march steadily eastward, one hill looms up darker than the others. It is behind that hill that the sun must be. On another morning we should take it for the black cloud that so often enviously accompanies an English dawn, but there are to be no clouds to-day. Presently the trees on its summit appear, with tiny rounded tops, and the morning sky showing between their outflanking trunks.

The sky at the zenith is of that indefinite, evasive blue with which sometimes very artistic jewellers display their diamonds. They copied it, of course, as best they could, from the midnight sky in which the stars shine. But the morning sky is altogether an elusive color. It is all the colors of an opal, without the opal's liveliness of change, but yet seeming to change invisibly as we look at any part of it. At first sight, it is of a pink flush—no, it is cerulescent; nay, pea-green shrouded in French grey. Or it is the blue of blue eyes veined with fire, provided always that you cannot see the veins, or that they come and go like a perfectly visionary network. The old painters of stained-glass windows did the best they could by doing their skies in a design of flowers, and no painter since has got nearer the mystery than that.

On the opal eastern sky is drawn with exquisite softness but complete fidelity to detail the complicated tracery of the trees. The rambling, upright twigs, with catkins on them that seem at almost any distance as woolly as they are; the weeping besoms of the wych elm; the sturdy, strenuous oak, softened, like all the others, by the buds at the end of every twig. Then here is a stronger picture in evergreen. Two or three Scotch pines, one with thick ivy on its stem. The smooth sky is behind them, shimmering from palest blue to greyest pink, getting through occasional glimpses in the foliage and making it all a fathomless black, in which we imagine we can see a tinge of green—because our daylight experience has told us that it is green.

Up to now the sepia pictures of the elms on "the Bowl of Night" have been strictly silhouettes. We have been moving in a two-dimensional world. Suddenly an ash comes overhead at the turn of the road. The young light gleams round its limbs from back to front, and makes a revelation as astonishing as though the fourth dimension, which no philosopher really believes in, had been brought to common notice. The tawny flush behind the black hill has a rosier centre, so that we can tell, as it were, within a yard where the sun will break out. Now the cocks crow up a new day, and the melancholy owls proclaim a dying night. Then would the cuckoo join in, but the day of his arrival is not yet. As we climb the hill to a quaint old steepled town, the bells send down the chimes of five o'clock. Their thin, wiry music could not have been better contrived for this Easter morning fight between Sut and Horus. Everyone knows, of course, that victory is a foregone conclusion. "Old Khayyam" is all in the air, so let us have a verse of him:—

> "Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
> I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
> And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
> My thread-bare Penitence a-pieces tore."

It is dusky blackbirds that sing this on every hand—dozens of them each singing a song of bitter rivalry, but blending into a chorus of great sweetness. There is one blacker than black in the black hedge, within reach of a stick, if we cared to swing it, pouring out the music for which in daytime the thrush often gets undeserved credit. There is another, duskier than dusk, on the dusky road, running across head down to fly after one whose song for some reason has surpassed the bounds of endurance. There are two tumbling one over the other in most unchoristerlike fight. In the little town blackbirds are taking advantage of its desertion by crossing and recrossing the little street at their own sweet will. The moon, still shining behind us, makes the windows gleam, but it cannot throw a shadow on the road. The robin on the west side of the town (the moon's side) winds his rattle as he does at dusk; but on the eastern side, where more is to be seen of the sun than of the moon, the thrush adds his cheerier music to the sad fluting of the blackbirds.

Now the moon seems no longer a heavenly luminary. It is part of the earth, a disk raised on high (but not so very high) to heliograph news of the sun's coming. The hill to the town has raised us above the sun. He is down there, still behind the same hill, but held in a

gulf beneath our feet. And here is a phenomenon we had certainly not expected. Though the sun is still well out of sight, we can feel his warmth on the face as surely as if it were a fire within a few yards. It is like a hot wind coming from the east—the quarter that usually blows us chilly ones. It wafts up from the valley in puffs, but that is because we are walking eastwards, and the wind is of our own creation. Standing still, the warmth of that quarter can still be felt, but not so distinctly as when we walk. Then, in the bright red patch behind the hill there rises an edge of glowing tinsel, and slowly the sun comes out from the night like a globe of molten iron. When he is clear we swing so as to get him well within the corner of the left eye, and we have the moon still faintly luminous within sight of the right. Not a cloud visible in the whole firmament—a clear course for the Easter sun to run from one horizon to the other.

And later, from one pleasure resort after another comes the news of thirteen hours' sunshine. Good, warming sunshine it is, too, as we can testify. When we had walked some two miles further we came out from a wood to the corner of a hill that the sun was just gilding. It was half-past six in the morning, but the invitation of the moss just there was so very inviting that we stretched our limbs upon it and slept as safely and as happily as on a midsummer afternoon.

# Present-Day Problems.

## ORGANISED LABOR AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.—I.

We all know that the Socialist movement has been growing in bulk during recent years. It has also been growing in organisation and in a certain capacity for political action. In these circumstances, the question every day becomes more urgent and important, does the movement show a corresponding growth in wisdom?

We may, I believe, cherish the hope that it is outgrowing its Utopian and too revolutionary youth, and that it is now settling down to the serious business of life. There are many promising signs that it is actually doing so. But our chief ground of hope lies in the fact that the prevalent conditions are generally such as to encourage or compel a more practical policy than has hitherto been pursued.

Socialism may now, on the whole, be regarded as the creed of organised labor. But in becoming the creed of organised labor it is bound to undergo a vital change both in nature and policy. Labor is at every point in touch with reality. In its anxious quest of daily bread for wife and children, labor cannot well afford to pursue wild, crude, and fantastic policies. If it venture on them for a time, the penalties are swift and terrible. Socialism can continue to be the creed of organised labor only by steadily adapting itself to the realities of life.

For labor we must all have the fullest measure of respect and sympathy. We know, or should know, the low estate from which it began to rise on the Continent about sixty years ago. Before that time it was without voice, organisation, or leaders. It could hardly be said to have a conscious mind of its own. There was but little of light or hope or guidance in the worker's life, which was an unceasing round of privation and drudgery from the cradle to the grave.

Little wonder that labor in the early stages of its progress made so many blunders, and was so often led astray by doubtful and incompetent guides. We should remember that for all men and institutions wisdom is the tardy fruit of time and of hard experience. Even the British Parliament, after six centuries of a very chequered experience, is not perfect, and has been known to make mistakes!

The history of labor for sixty years has been what any reasonable man would expect—a record of trial and error, of experiment and failure. But it is also a record of ever-increasing success. After many a stumble, the young giant is able to walk and to find his way about in a perplexing world. Every country in the civilised world now has its Labor or Socialist party. These parties are not seldom disturbed by controversy, and even by fierce quarrel and division; but they are also marked by a rare spirit of comradeship, of voluntary discipline and self-sacrifice. And these national parties have within the last few years combined to revive the International in what appears to be a solid and durable form. The Stuttgart Congress of 1907, where 886 delegates gathered from twenty-six nationalities, may be regarded as the successful completion of this world-wide organisation of labor. It has a permanent Bureau at Brussels, and now represents about ten million workers. Four countries alone—Germany, Austria, France, and Great Britain—have nearly seven million voters affiliated to the new International.

It is a new thing in the world's history, the result of a long and strenuous process of organisation, by which the backward, ill-informed, and turbulent democracy of labor has been shaped into a real unity. We may be assured that no little exercise of tact, patience, and practical insight has been required to achieve such a result.

But the Labor and Socialist parties have not been content with organising. They have formulated a system of principles and policy for their great army of adherents. In the programmes of the various national parties and in the resolutions passed at the International Congresses we have an exposition of their convictions, in which the ultra-revolutionary element finds very little room. They contain nothing adverse to marriage and the family, to religion, or to a reasonable and legitimate patriotism. They make no appeal to violence, but insist much on the need to train and organise the workers with a view to the peaceful conquest of political power by Parliamentary action. While collectivism continues to be the goal of the whole movement, it is by their policy and course of action postponed to a remote and doubtful future. Alike in organisation and in the formulating of its creed, Socialism shows increasing fitness for real tasks.

As we have already said, organised labor has a history of six decades and the British Parliament a history of six centuries. Labor need not fear a comparison with the older institution. It has attained to a real organisation of the workers of the world. It has leaders of capacity, of proved integrity, to speak for it in the councils of Europe. It has principles and policies, which, though still in many respects narrow and short-sighted, have become more practical and reasonable. We may confidently expect that this progress will continue.

The Socialist parties recognise that their great task at present is to educate, to train and organise the labor of the world. They see particularly that the thing most needful is to counteract and overcome the militarism which is a constant menace to civilisation and to progress. With their numbers, organisation, and their unequalled means of propaganda in Europe, they should be able to do something effectual to stay the plague. And if in the execution of this supreme and imperative task they find it necessary to reconsider some points of their policy, it will be well. Nothing can be clearer than the fact that for many years the reaction has been strong in Europe, not through its own strength, but through the mistakes of the democracy. There has been a fatal want both of union and of insight among the forces of progress. By refusing to co-operate with other democratic forces Socialism only perpetuates division and weakness.

If anything can do it, this question of militarism should make the situation clear. Every day that passes shows that militarism is the chief obstacle to social progress. The most hidebound Socialist should see that in this matter at least, multitudes of men of good will belonging to other parties are thoroughly in earnest. Yet under the present circumstances of dissension little or nothing can be accomplished. Without Labor no progressive party can do much. Organised Labor without the help of the other democratic forces can do still less.

The Labor Party of Great Britain constitutes only about one-twentieth of the House of Commons. In the French Chamber the Unified Socialist Party is about one-eleventh of the whole. The Socialist Party in Italy, even with its recently augmented numbers, is only one-twelfth. The Social Democratic Party of Germany forms one-ninth of the Reichstag, that of Austria makes one-sixth of the Reichsrath. Nor is there any reasonable prospect of much real alteration in the balance of parties. It is probable that the period of rapid expansion which has gone forward among the town workers has come to an end. None of the parties has been able to draw up an agrarian programme acceptable to the rural workers. At every point the progress of organised Labor is hindered by the narrowness and abstractness of the creed which it has adopted. May we not reasonably expect that when the parties find that, in the supreme question of militarism, as in other questions, their power to do any real good is so fatally weakened by an abstract creed and a narrow policy, they will be compelled to revise them both?

Of all the national parties the Belgian may now be regarded as foremost in the effort to carry out a practical and constructive policy worthy of organised Labor. In Belgium there has been a great awakening from the state of ignorance, privation, and degradation by which the workers had been oppressed for so many generations. Under the leadership of Vandervelde the party has pursued a thoroughly enlightened political course. The *Vooruit* Society at Ghent has, under the guidance of Anseele, been a pioneer in a progressive and highly promising form of civic co-operation, which has been a model for similar enterprises, not only in Belgium, but in the neighboring regions of France, Germany, and Holland. It is the crowning merit of the *Vooruit* to show in a practical way what the city of the future may become under wise and beneficent leading. In Belgium trade unions and co-operative societies work in harmony with the Socialist Party, and under their auspices organised Labor has become a practical and progressive movement, which is capable of indefinite expansion.

T. Kirkup.

*(To be continued.)*

# Communications.

## THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—On March 23rd I sent to the "Times" the first of the two accompanying letters. On March 24th the editor forwarded to me a notification that he hoped to publish it "at an early date." From that day to this it has not appeared. On April 4th I sent the second letter, and that, too, has not appeared. It is curious that, while my communications are boycotted, others on the same subject have been admitted. Can the explanation be that I have defended the Declaration and praised highly the tact and skill of those who are responsible for it, while the tone of the other letters has been on the whole critical?—Yours, &c.,

T. J. Lawrence.

Upton Lovel Rectory, Wilts,
April 10th, 1909.

[We need not say that Mr. Lawrence is a leading English authority on international law.—Ed., Nation.]

*To the Editor of the "Times."*

Sir,—The Declaration of London is the most important document ever given to the world on the subject of capture at sea in time of war. It marks an epoch in the history of International Law. Not only statesmen and jurists, but all who are interested in the safety of neutral commerce, and the application of just and humane principles to the terrible business of warfare, owe a deep debt of gratitude to those who have taken part in the production of such a magnificent monument of mental and moral virility.

A large share of the credit of this great achievement is due to our own Foreign Office and our delegation at the Naval Conference. Nor must those who represented this country at the Hague Conference of 1907 be forgotten; for a good part of the work so successfully accomplished during the last few months is based on labor of theirs which at the time led to no favorable results. In the chequered history of our country's conduct with regard to naval warfare and the rules which govern it, the page just completed will stand out as the brightest. Great Britain proposed the Conference, the British Plenipotentiary presided over it with great tact and distinguished ability. It is no secret that the Foreign Office and the British representatives prepared for it through long months of strenuous toil, by careful study, by numerous private discussions, by obtaining from the Powers who were to be represented preliminary statements of their views, and by carefully comparing these *memoranda* and basing upon them draft articles. No more thorough piece of work has been done in the whole course of diplomatic negotiation. It forms a most welcome contrast to the haphazard preliminary arrangements of the two Hague Conferences; and its success furnishes a convincing argument in favor of those preparatory measures, in anticipation of a third, which were recommended in the *Acte Final* of the second.

But while we may justly take pride in the initiative of our own country, we must not forget that without the hearty co-operation of the other Powers concerned the great results achieved would have been impossible. Many difficulties arose. If report speaks truly, the Conference was on the point of breaking up more than once. Tact, patience, and an ever-present willingness to make mutual concessions, were forthcoming in abundance, and by their means disaster was averted. Where all co-operated in a spirit of amity, it is invidious to mention names; but the general observation may be permitted that the excellence of the final result is largely due to the happy combination of legal learning and practical experience which was so conspicuous in the various delegations. When world-wide jurists and distinguished admirals sat side by side in earnest conclave, we cannot suppose that either legal principles or warlike exigencies were overlooked. The result shows that they can be harmonised, if only the right people are set to do the work, and the Governments who send them are sincerely desirous of having it done.

We need not fear that the particular interests of this country were forgotten in the desire to secure a general settlement. We gave, it is true; but we also received. The net result is that we came out of the Conference in a better legal position than we went into it. To prove this proposition in detail would require a treatise rather than a letter. To give such support to it as is possible after a first perusal of the documents, would require a far longer communication than I can venture to intrude on the generous hospitality of your columns. I will therefore confine myself to a request for as much space as is necessary for the few following remarks.

As to blockade, we have secured the abandonment of the doctrine hitherto held by a large group of powerful States that a vessel approaching the blockaded area for the first time is entitled to a warning from a ship of the blockading force, whether or no she had previous knowledge of the existence of the blockade, and cannot be captured till she makes a further attempt to enter. In return for this we have abandoned our own doctrine that a neutral ship is liable to capture from the moment she leaves neutral waters with intent to run a known blockade, and remains liable till the termination of her return voyage. For this is substituted a liability within the *rayon d'action* of the blockading force, an area which will vary with the number, size, and speed of the vessels detailed for the service in question, but which it is well understood may in certain cases extend to a distance of several hundred miles from the port or ports under closure. An examination of recorded cases reveals the fact that in the past we have very rarely made seizures for breach of blockade outside such a region. The restriction to which we have now assented corresponds to our previous practice, if not to our previous theory.

As to contraband, the great point gained is that supplies of food brought in neutral vessels to the commercial ports of a belligerent country are rendered as safe from capture as International Law can make them. Hitherto a Power at war with England might have found plausible reasons for seizing, let us say, neutral American vessels on their way to Liverpool with cargoes of wheat or tinned meat. In future this cannot be done without a gross and palpable breach of undoubted law. I do not say law will never be broken; but it is certain that any maritime nation with an assured position in the Society of Nations—and we need not trouble about any others—will think long and much before dishonoring its own signature, being branded as a defiant law-breaker before all the world by the International Prize Court, and risking the almost certain hostility of neutrals, whose lucrative trade is cut off by its action. Similar considerations apply to raw material. Almost all that we need for our manufactures has been placed on the list of articles that can never under any circumstances be declared contraband.

The one complete failure of the Conference was its inability to agree as to the conversion of merchantmen into warships, or warships into merchantmen on the high seas in time of war. We hold very strongly that such a change in the character of a vessel is illegal, unless it takes place in a port of its own country, and we should probably be willing to add, as does Japan, a port of its ally, or of a district under its military occupation. A strong group of Powers insist on freedom of conversion anywhere except

in neutral waters, and argue that it is already given by International Law. Some of them go further, and claim a right to reconvert the converted warship into a merchantman. Accepted principles can be quoted on either side; but there is no uniform practice of States from which a rule can be drawn. I believe we may go further and say there are no precedents. The British view is certainly the more favorable to neutrals; and as such we may hope it will be adopted by the International Prize Court, to which the question will in all probability be left.

We need, I venture to suggest, have no hesitation in ratifying the Hague Convention for the establishment of such a Court, now that an excellent, if in some respects incomplete, set of rules has been agreed to for its guidance. It is quite true that it will not at first possess coercive authority, though the evolution of international justice has been so rapid of late that possibly it may find an adequate force at its disposal in the not distant future. But experience shows that States do respect rules to which they have given express consent, and the awards of tribunals which they have created for the purpose of deciding international controversies. —I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

T. J. LAWRENCE.

Upton Lovel Rectory, Wilts.
March 23rd, 1909.

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II.

*To the Editor of the "Times."*

SIR,—The question raised in your Political Notes as to the proper interpretation of Articles 33 and 34 of the Declaration of London is most important. The first business of Great Britain in such a connection is to safeguard her food supplies as far as legal rules can do so. Our representatives at the recent Naval Conference believed that they had accomplished this object. Allow me to set forth briefly some of the reasons why I venture to think they were successful.

For a long time past we have maintained that provisions were conditionally and not absolutely contraband. This view has now triumphed. "Foodstuffs" stand at the head of the list of conditional contraband in Article 24 of the Declaration.

By conditional contraband is meant articles which are "susceptible of use in war as well as for purposes of peace"; and Article 33 defines the circumstances in which they are contraband. These are destined for the use of

(1) The armed forces of the enemy.

(2) A Government Department of the enemy.

Then arises the question how these destinations are to be proved. To help in answering it Article 34 lays down certain rules. The forbidden destinations are to be presumed if the goods are consigned to

(*a*) Enemy authorities.

(*b*) A contractor (*commerçant*) established in the enemy country who, as a matter of common knowledge, supplies articles of the kind to the enemy (*à l'ennemi*).

(*c*) A fortified place belonging to the enemy.

(*d*) A place which serves as a base for the armed forces of the enemy.

I submit that the word enemy in clause (*b*) means the enemy State or Government, *l'Etat ennemi* of Article 33, as it does clearly in Article 31, where we read of *import de l'ennemi*. To understand by it the ordinary civilian population of the enemy country would do violence to the structure of the Article, and introduce a sharp contrast into what is obviously intended for a symmetrical and balanced statement.

Presumption and proof are very different things. What has to be proved is destination "for the use of the armed forces or of a Government Department of the enemy State." The consignment to a contractor who is notoriously engaged in supplying the enemy raises a presumption of such destination. But it is a presumption which may be challenged and disproved, as is shown by the last sentence of Article 34, which runs: "The presumptions set up by this Article may be rebutted."

Assuming that we were at war, and the United States was neutral, the consignment in an American ship of a cargo of provisions to a merchant who lived in England and was known to have constant transactions with the British Government would afford a strong presumption that the foodstuffs in question were on their way to the mess tables of our fighting forces. But if they were consigned to the keeper of a big provision store in Liverpool or Birmingham, the presumption of warlike use would be miserably weak. Why then mention it at all in a great maritime code? I cannot believe that it was mentioned. It is clear that the Conference had no intention of doing anything of the kind. The Report of the Drafting Committee, drawn up by M. Renault, and accepted by all his colleagues, is decisive on this point. It speaks of *le fournisseur notoire du gouvernment ennemi pour les articles dont il s'agit*, thus using a phrase which covers the first set of circumstances supposed above and excludes the second. Is it possible to imagine that, when two such skilled jurists and experienced draftsmen as MM. Renault and Fromageot drew up the Articles, not only did they fail to express themselves clearly in their mother tongue, but all their experienced colleagues failed to notice the failure?—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

T J. LAWRENCE.

Upton Lovel Rectory, Wilts.
April 4th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE BUDGET AND THE SINKING FUND.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your issue of May 16th, 1908, you kindly allowed me to make some comments upon the broad hint which had been given by Mr. Asquith in his Budget speech, then just delivered, that the next Budget, *i.e.*, that which is now approaching, would witness a raid upon the Sinking Fund.

I then pointed out that Mr. Asquith's estimates of revenue were too large, and that "we must expect bad revenue figures."

I added:—

> "One thing may save us—the income tax, that incomparable instrument, which is still used so clumsily, and which the Government blindly refuse to use wisely."

As I need hardly say, the prophecy which I ventured to make has been entirely realised. Apart from the Income Tax, there is a revenue deficit of £2,500,000, but £1,000,000 of this has been made up by an under-estimation of the yield of income tax as curious and significant in its way as the over-estimation of the yield of other taxes. Even so, we are left with a revenue deficit of £1,500,000.

But my main purpose is to refer to the proposed raid on the Sinking Fund in time of peace. In hinting at it, Mr. Asquith said that the Government would not be justified in continuing to call upon taxpayers for "£14,000,000 or £15,000,000 a year" to pay off debt. These figures must have been named without sufficient thought. It is perfectly true that in the first three years of the Government's existence some £14,000,000 a year was paid off debt, but the payment was not wholly premeditated. The intended payment off debt was simply what Mr. Austen Chamberlain left it at, *i.e.*, £9,000,000 to £10,000,000 a year. The additional millions arose chiefly from under-estimation of revenue. In the year just closed, there is no "£14,000,000 or £15,000,000." On the contrary, revenue was over-estimated, and for 1908-9 a balance of revenue over expenditure (the Old Sinking Fund) does not exist. There is only Mr. Austen Chamberlain's new Sinking Fund provision, *i.e.*, the £9,785,000 left after providing £18,215,000 for interest out of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's fixed appropriation of £28,000,000 a year for National Debt Services.

The serious question for Mr. Lloyd George and the nation is this: Is £9,000,000 to £10,000,000 a year too much for Britain to provide as a Sinking Fund? The answer is to be found in the following figures:—

**British National Debt.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1889 ... ... ... ... | £698,000,000 |
| 1899 ... ... ... ... | £628,000,000 |
| 1909 ... ... ... ... | £696,000,000 |

At the present time, in spite of recent debt repayments, intended and unintended, the National Debt is nearly £70,000,000 higher than it was at the time of the outbreak of the Boer War. In such circumstances, for a Government, while building either four or eight "Dreadnoughts," to reduce Mr. Austen Chamberlain's fixed appropriation would amount to a grave dereliction of duty. When, in 1899, a Unionist Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer raided the Sinking Fund in time of peace, Liberal writers, amongst whom I was counted, gravely criticised him. I remember writing: "We know not how soon our financial strength may be sorely tried." That was written when the National Debt was only £628,000,000. Now that the debt is nearly £700,000,000 I again write, "We know not how soon our financial strength may be sorely tried." And since, through the childish traditions which surround British Budget making, we are not allowed to say these things in advance in the House of Commons, I beg leave to say in your columns that the Government has no right to do in 1909 what Mr. Asquith hinted at in 1908. It is no answer to refer to our financial purity in the matter of not borrowing for works. Our claims on that head will look a trifle ridiculous if it is contended that an annual Sinking Fund of only £10,000,000 is too much in respect of a National Debt of £700,000,000—a debt which, I may pertinently add, is sheer debt, inasmuch as

we have practically no State assets such as those of the German States.—Yours, &c.,

L. G. Chiozza Money.

Chaldon, Surrey,
April 13th, 1909.

## THE FIGHTING VALUE OF "DREADNOUGHTS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Despite your Yorkshire correspondent's statement to the contrary, there is nothing in Captain Seminoff's book to prove that the "Oslyabya" was sunk in consequence of penetration of her armor. Even if it were the case, I might safely give way in this particular instance, as there are so many other proofs in the book, and other circumstances outside it which, for the present, I need not go into, to support my contention that the penetration of armor is not necessary for the disablement or destruction of existing war vessels; and that, if it is not necessary, monster guns and their heavy, complicated, and easily disabled machinery can advantageously be replaced by medium-sized, man-handled, quick-firing guns firing the "kind of aerial torpedo" so successfully used by the Japanese.

But let your readers form their own conclusions from Captain Seminoff's account to be found at page 158 of his book (published by Murray) as follows:—

> "Alongside of me I recognised an officer of the 'Oslyabya,' and asked him what had actually caused his ship to sink? Waving his arm in a helpless sort of way, and in a voice full of disgust, he jerked out: 'How? It's not very pleasant to remember. Absolutely no luck, that's what sunk her. Nothing but bad luck! They shot straight enough—but it wasn't shooting. It wasn't skill either. It was luck—infernal luck! Three shells, one after the other, almost in the same identical spot. Imagine it! All of them in the same place! All on the water line under the forward turret! Not a hole—but a regular gateway! Three of them penetrated her together. She almost heeled over at once—then settled under the water. A tremendous rush of water, and the partitions were naturally useless. The devil himself could not have done anything!' he hysterically exclaimed, and, covering his face with his hands, went on deck."

Now, under the circumstances of such a battle inexactitude of observation and expression is excusable and not improbable, and I submit that in his hysterical condition the officer's "All on the water line under the forward turret" may not have quite correctly stated the facts.

As much confusion exists in the minds of the public concerning the extent and disposition of armor, it may be useful to quote one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, viz., Sir W. H. White, who, when Chief Constructor of the Navy, on April 10th, 1889, in a paper read at the Institute of Naval Architects, said:—

> "As a matter of fact, armor protection goes to a moderate depth below water in all cases. Consequently, it is quite possible, and in fact quite common, for the lower edge of the armor to be emerged either by a very moderate inclination of the ship, or by her motion through still water, or by the movement of waves along her sides, or by her rolling in a sea way; as well as by many possible combinations of these circumstances. This emergency of the armor involves the exposure of the unprotected bottom, and chance shots entering below the armor may destroy the ship, and inevitably will cause damage that must be practically irremediable under the circumstances of action, and must result in the entry of large quantities of water into the vessel, even though she may be kept afloat by her watertight compartments."

The significance of this lies in the fact that in January, February, and March of the same year the War Office, the Treasury, and the Admiralty had been respectively informed that such a "kind of aerial torpedo," as was afterwards used by the Japanese, had been invented and was at the disposal of the Government under conditions of secrecy. The characteristics of

(*a*) Non-penetration on striking above-water armor;

(*b*) Falling into the water close to the side of the ship;

(*c*) Explosion at a pre-determined depth against the under-water protected side;

(*d*) Automatic action of the fuse at any range, for ship-sinking and man-killing purposes, without adjustment for distance, as is necessary in all fuses timed from the discharge of the gun, were explained.

For these past twenty years it has been neglected by successive Governments—thanks, primarily, to our Admiralty unbusinesslike (to put it mildly) methods of dealing with inventions submitted by British unofficial, uninfluential inventors

Subjected to the same gunnery fire as that which destroyed the Russian Fleet in the Battle of Tsushima, the "Dreadnought" and her "improved" sisters would be similarly destroyed or disabled. Their above-water armored sides would, as above explained, be accessory to their speedy destruction, seeing that their under-water unprotected sides below the narrow armor belt cannot resist the explosive effect of a 6-in. common powder shell, much less a high explosive one fired from a man-handled, quick-hitting gun capable of "pouring" a stream of shells against the huge targets presented by "Dreadnought" monstrous frauds.

The statement that high explosive shells could not be used in the Japanese 6-in. guns is not in accordance with independent and trustworthy information I have received. They can be used in 6-in., and smaller, guns of other nations, and the eye-opening we have had in the Russo-Japanese war gives us good ground to conclude that in this vital matter the far-seeing, acquisitive, and assimilative Oriental is not going to be beaten by the Occidental.

Whether the big guns are to be immediately removed from our ships or not is not of such pressing importance as is *the necessity for all armor-piercing projectiles to be relegated to the scrap heap and replaced by the "kind of aerial torpedo" which destroyed the Russian Fleet.*

As you, sir, very truthfully said in your issue of March 27th, what is wanted is "the statesman" to grasp the true position and to act with promptitude, courage, and determination. The evidence and material are, or should be, ready to hand in the Admiralty and War Office pigeonholes. No *amour propre* of individuals or "vested interests" should be considered or allowed to obstruct his action, which can be taken without recourse to a packed Parliamentary Committee under Admiralty influence and auspices, as was the case in that of the Radio-Telegraphic Committee.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. Kelway.

110, Lancaster Street, S.E.
April 14th, 1909.

## THE WAR CRAZE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—While thankful to you for your sane protests against the delirium of panic and falsehood prevailing on the subject of the Navy and our national security, I have often desired to hear more positive statements of possible alternatives to the policy, we, as Liberals, resist. Many are convinced that a great national peril is to be apprehended, say, from Germany; and whether they be right or wrong, they will not be satisfied by assertions that their fears are groundless, or with indefinite appeals to the patriotism or the pacific instincts of the democracy. The mere possibility of such a disaster as invasion demands adequate protective measures. Is there any alternative to the ruinous competition in armaments, which must, as Sir E. Grey admits, lead to the national bankruptcy of the Powers engaging in it?

I know of only one, and I am surprised it is not more firmly advocated. It is the Peace and Arbitration Conference at The Hague. Cordial and vigorous support of its principles and action by the leading Powers will, in time, make it the invincible arbiter of dispute; while half-hearted co-operation or distrust will render its efforts nugatory, as has happened of late, or, at least, disappointing.

The Hague need not be powerless against rulers' ambitions or caprice. Supposing one or two Powers stand aloof, surely an alliance of the peace-loving Powers would be strong enough to render their opposition futile; and granting that the final appeal must be to force, why should not the allied Powers maintain an international police force strong and highly equipped enough to enforce submission to the views of the civilised world in conference? However divided society is on many subjects, it everywhere agrees in maintaining the peace of the State, and the strong arm of the law is found sufficient to curb the unruly elements which exist in every community. May we not be confident that with the growth of civilisation and democracy the same, or analogous, measures may be generally approved to crush or restrain international bullies?

Public opinion must be developed; for, of course, it is on its strength and unanimity will depend the weight of any nation at The Hague. Why then not inaugurate a crusade of peace at once to exhibit the force of public opinion and to enlighten the masses as to the gravity of the present crisis? Let peace demonstrations be organised wherever the Imperial League holds its, now admittedly, party campaign, until the democracy of the empire is roused to declare its will that national animosities and ridiculous expenditure on a mad rivalry of arms, fostered for party purposes and personal aggrandisement must cease. —Yours, &c.,

FACTA NON VERBA.

April 13th, 1909.

[We quite agree with our correspondent; and we believe that the steps which he suggests are in contemplation.—ED., NATION.]

## NON-RESISTANCE IN PRACTICE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Last Tuesday I came upon a pony in a coster's cart jibbing. A man was at the pony's head lugging. The more he lugged, the more the pony resisted. It was Brute Force against Brute Force, and the pony, sitting comfortably back in its breeching, had the better of it. There was great expenditure of energy by both parties, and no result, except the generation of waste heat. I went up and said, "Let me try." The man stopped lugging; and at once the pony stopped resisting. I made much of him, talked to him, used him like the Christian he was. In half a minute he was rubbing his nose against my waistcoat. Then I said, "Come along, old man!" And he came.

Half an hour later, outside a newspaper shop, I saw a placard:—

*Robert Blatchford on War with Germany.*

I bought a copy of the "Clarion" to find its editor affirming loudly that Germany meant war, and that we must mean the same—Brute Force against Brute Force.

I walked home, pondering.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED OLLIVANT.

Savile Club,
April 9th, 1909.

## AN INDISCREET PLEA FOR INDISCRETIONS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I hope you will not deem me ungrateful for your kind review of "The M.P. for Russia" if I venture to say a word in defence of what you describe as "my abundant gift of indiscretion." Indiscretions in such a book are like raisins in a plum-pudding. So long as they do not give pain to any survivors the more indiscretions the better. I feel that "The M.P. for Russia" is chiefly open to criticism because the indiscretions are so few. But when the editor is subjected to the drastic sub-editing of the subject of his sketch, the most interesting and illuminating indiscretions have small chance of surviving the revision of the proofs.

You think, for instance, that it was indiscreet of me to quote the passage from my letter to "O. K." of March, 1878, written when there seemed every probability of an immediate outbreak of the war which Madame Novikoff and I regarded as the most useful of all calamities.

"How awful to think England—that is, myself—should meet with its death-blow from Russia—that is you, or *vice versâ*." According to you, this is hysteria, which, considering my "many gifts and services," I ought to "bury in the deepest oblivion." But why? I did not edit "The M.P. for Russia" to glorify myself, but to tell the truth. Granting that to most of my readers it appears hysteria, of which I ought to be ashamed, then it seems to me this is exactly one of those indiscretions which ought to be encouraged for the illumination they shed upon the motives of even the humblest actors in the historical dramas. As a matter of fact, I do not think it hysteria. Nor am I in the least ashamed of a remark which revealed so vividly the whole-souled fashion in which I identified myself with my country and Madame Novikoff with Russia. Those armies are surest of victory when every private in the ranks feels the fortune of the fight depends upon his own energy. But that is beside the question. I only wish to enter a plea in favor of indiscretions, and to support it by using as an illustration the very passage which you select as the supreme example of what ought not to have been printed.—Yours, &c.,

W. T. STEAD.

April 15th, 1909.

## ADULT SUFFRAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The belief seems to be spreading among women that we shall get nothing from the Liberals, and that our only hope is to wait till the Conservatives come in. They, it is supposed, may overrule any objection to women voters for the sake of the party advantage the limited suffrage would give to wealth. But is the prospect really so bad as this? Some of us do not think so. Mr. Howard's Bill and its support by Liberals like yourself ought to be the very occasion for a rally of adult Suffragists, both men and women, that our chances under a Liberal Government may not be lost for want of a little courage of a very mild kind. There are a great many adult Suffragists in the women's suffrage societies, and this is the moment for them to declare themselves. If they feel bound to the Limited Bill, let them support that, too. This would be a strictly non-party attitude, for the limited Bill is not in any way essential to the women's claim, and any Bill with women in it would remove the sex disability. Party neutrality ought to mean supporting all Bills.

Adult suffrage has not had a chance as yet, and anyone who has been at suffrage meetings in the country can easily see how the women's leaders have persuaded themselves that the limited suffrage is more popular. What happens is this: an able woman makes a very eloquent speech. She does not often now contrast the political rights of the rich lady and of her coachman and gardener—that would be out of date. She generally talks of working women, mothers without legal control over their children, sweated wives and daughters working at home, and factory girls living on six or seven shillings a week. At the end, when the audience is thoroughly interested and sympathetic, she mentions that she only wants a small number of women enfranchised, and that they are to have the vote on the terms now given to men. The audience, quite won over, gives a hearty vote of confidence to the terms proposed, just as it would to any other plausible qualifications. The vote, in fact, is for women's suffrage, and not for any particular form of it. I do not mean to suggest that there is any intention of deceit, but, in my experience, it is never explained that these classes of working women would not get the vote. The speakers do not go into details of qualification, and they are quite right. Such things are only to be spoken of in some dreary office behind a ground glass window. But if they decide not to explain the bearing of "the same terms as men" under the present law, it is impossible to put the resolutions of their meetings to the credit of a Bill largely inconsistent with their arguments and open to serious objections which require technical explanation.

The societies are doing splendid work. What we want in addition is a push towards the best opening that offers at present. Adult suffrage has never been put to the electors on its merits. They have not been shown the honesty of "one man, one vote; one woman, one vote." Nobody has had the liberality to tell them that anything else is the work of the old spirit of discrimination, which finds it quite easy to say who is deserving and who is undeserving, money being in this case the almost inevitable test of desert. They have not heard of the obvious reasons of political purity and simplicity. If they are told of adult suffrage at all, it is in such colored phrases as "revolution" or "upsetting the whole basis of the electoral law," as if the new electors, including women, would be a race of degenerates and criminals, not merely the same ordinary mixed British people we know already. Adult suffrage is not a revolution in other countries, and we are not a revolutionary people. But it would certainly put a new feeling into politics. To bring in the poorest and most dependent would give some confidence to people who have hitherto been able to think of the State only vaguely as a far-away and,

naturally, hostile power. To ladies a policeman is a polite and competent friend at crossings; but if one is a poor woman with dirty old clothes, one feels quite differently towards him. One is not at all inclined to ask him anything; one would rather not be seen by him nor hear his loud and decided voice. He is not there to help, but to compel. That is how poor and rough people are apt to think of all authority, and with reason. The vote and the greater consideration that goes with it must do much to take away this reproach of governments. Government ought not to be for the good of nice people, but for everybody; and if any man or woman who is not quite deserving is going to be liable to be sent to a penal settlement, the rights of citizenship for all will be more necessary than ever.—Yours, &c.,

R. Nash.

42, Well Walk, Hampstead,
April 14th, 1909.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Professor Lake's letter asks me two questions which I cannot answer, but as they are both irrelevant to the point at issue, that does not matter very much.

With regard to his first question, I do not know enough about Holland to give a decided opinion, but I should certainly imagine the young Dutchmen are much better educated than the youth of England. But to suppose that this difference is due to their not being examined by independent examiners is an instance of a well-known fallacy.

With regard to the second question, I am not aware what the Dutch people think on the subject, and accordingly do not know why they think it. But I am very far from supposing that the desire of the professors and teachers to avoid independent examinations is due to "childish simplicity." Their motive, it seems to me, is to prevent the deficiencies of their own teaching becoming evident.

The London University has, as an independent examining board, had a very beneficial effect on education in this country, and its work need not be disparaged, and must not be interfered with. Professors and teachers who want to pat their pupils on the back can find opportunities of indulging in that agreeable exercise without laying violent hands on an institution which has done such an immense amount of good.—Yours, &c.,

R. Shindler.

National Liberal Club,
Whitehall Place, S.W.
April 13th, 1909.

## "THE WORKER-STUDENT."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I have read with interest your article on "The Worker-Student." But I should like to protest against one expression on which I think a good deal turns. You speak of my father's conception of the Working Men's College as a dream which is only now being practically realised by Ruskin College. The ideal which my father and his friends set before themselves has (some of us think) received very practical realisation in the lives of those who have passed through the College founded in 1854; and in the spirit of social friendliness and intellectual interest which still exists in that College.

But I must add that his ideal was, on very important points, different from the ideal aimed at, as I understand them, by the leaders of Ruskin College, and rather wider even than the aim which you attribute to him. It was not merely to call attention to the affinity of "those who care for things of the mind," but to show how the "more humane" culture (he delighted to translate the Latin into the more suggestive English equivalent) may fit Englishmen for all their duties as citizens.

Most assuredly he would have sympathised with any protest which the Ruskinians may make against the desire to treat education as a means of drawing them away from their class, or of leading them to despise any honest occupation. But he saw what they seem to overlook, that the artisan may become just as narrow (aye, and just as arrogant) if he shuts himself up in his class and treats *that* as something higher than English citizenship, as the middle-class professional has ever been. Surely we want to merge classes one into another, to produce the complete citizen, not to set them further apart, and in greater antagonism to each other.

I quite admit that the dangers against which the Ruskinians wish to protect themselves are more pressing in the special conditions of Oxford than in the more varied and, in some senses, more democratic life of London. But, on the other hand, there are traditions and influences in Oxford which, if rightly guided, ought to be more humanising than any that London can supply. The work which T. H. Green and others tried to accomplish, in bringing municipal Oxford nearer to academic Oxford, has, I trust, not proved quite a failure; and a small town, with a clean history of its own, ought to be able to contribute something towards that idea of common citizenship into which men of all classes need to be educated.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. Maurice.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead,
April 13th, 1909.

## ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I was astonished in reading the very remarkable review in this week's Nation, entitled "Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century," to find that it did not mention F. W. Robertson of Brighton among the Liberal teachers who have influenced the nineteenth century. If F. W. Robertson did not enter officially into any party in the Church he was, nevertheless, one of the most noble pioneers of the Liberal movement. His theology was pervaded with the new spirit, and, in particular, his ideas on the Atonement were quite unorthodox for his time. It was he who called the judicial orthodox theory of the Atonement "this Shylock-like affair with the scales and weights."

May I extract also a few very significant words from another of his letters (See Stopford Brooke's "Life of Robertson, p. 427, Library edition):—

"Spirit is eternal, Form is transient; and when men stereotype the form and call it perpetual or deny that under other and very different forms the self-same truths may lie, then I feel repelled at once, whether the form be a form of words or a form of observance." Further in the same very fine letter he adds: "It is really time, after eighteen centuries, that we should get some better conception than we have of what Christianity is . . . . to understand the Life and Spirit of Christ appears to me to be the only remedy; but we have doctrines about Christ, instead of Christ, and we call the bad metaphysics of evangelicalism 'the Gospel,' and the temporary transient forms of tractarianism 'the Church.'"

Robertson was a thoroughly independent man and the best proof that he was in advance of his times is that he was bitterly attacked on acount of his views. This did not prevent him, of course, from having a great influence, and he quite deserves to be ranked among the pioneers of religious progress.—Yours, &c.,

A. de Bavier.

April 12th, 1909.

## SIR GEORGE CLARKE'S DAUGHTER.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—An Indian friend of mine—a highly educated official in a native state—has lately sent me in a private letter the following tribute to the memory of Miss Clarke, daughter of the Governor of Bombay. From what I saw and heard in India last year, I know that his words about her loss must be true, and I think they will be of interest to your readers on many grounds:—

> "You cannot imagine," he writes, "how deep and real is the sorrow of my countrymen for the death of Miss Clarke. Even the reform scheme is for the moment forgotten under the shadow of this calamity. Poor Sir George! He has done his best for us, and the gods are hurling their thunders at him,

No European lady was so beloved as Miss Clarke within the memory of the oldest of us. Certainly she was the greatest ambassador ever sent by England to India and did much as a peacemaker at a particularly bad crisis. She disproved Kiplingism, and brought East and West together.

"I don't expect her good work will be continued after her. So much depends on personality, and so little on principle in the chequered life of this country. Everyone, even here in this distant province, has a word of praise and gratitude for one who was truly a ministering angel to our community. She caused ideas of self-respect and dignity to be planted in us more deeply and widely than before. Though I did not know her, I feel as though I had lost a relative near and dear to me. It would be a calamity if Sir George resigns, as they say he will."

Does not this letter show that what is needed in our relation to India is not so much this reform or that reform, but what I have sometimes called "a change of heart"?—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.
April 14th, 1909.

## RESISTANCE TO PANIC.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There is a chapter in Morley's "Life of Gladstone," entitled the "Battle for Economy," dealing with the affairs of 1860-1862, which would surely be very salutary reading at this moment, and there is one passage in it which I think has such an especial bearing upon the present controversy that you will, perhaps, allow me to recall it:—

"We have no adequate idea of the predisposing power which an immense series of measures of preparation for war on our own part, have in actually begetting war. They familiarise ideas which when familiar lose their horror, and they light an inward flame of excitement of which, when it is habitually fed, we lose the consciousness."

—Yours, &c.,

CHARLTON WILKINSON.

6, Grosvenor Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
April 7th, 1909.

## THE SNOWDROP AND THE BEE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The snowdrop is still in full blossom in my garden here, and the crocuses and other spring flowers are blooming beside it. After many cold days, brightest sunshine has come and the bees are at work. I have been studying their operations, and find that, in Tennyson's reference to the snowdrop and the bees, as in all his other references to the poets of nature, he is perfectly accurate. The bees occasionally looked into the interior of the snowdrop as into an empty chalice, and then turned and buried themselves for a time in the delicious depths of the crocuses.

This may so far answer the query of your correspondent.—Yours, &c.,

D. K. AUCHTERLONIE

Craigdam Manse,
Old Meldrum, S. O., Aberdeenshire,
April 14th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent's question whether the bee ever woos the snowdrop, may I state that about a fortnight ago I watched for some time a bee visiting the snowdrops just outside my window. From the calm behavior of the snowdrops under his visitation, I gather that it was not a new experience to them.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY R. WICKSTEED.

Childrey, near Wantage,
April 6th, 1909.

## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND NONCONFORMITY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is surely puerile for anybody to imagine that the Catholic Church of this land, of which Canon Henson is an ordained priest, is of the same nature as a man-made dissenting sect; and to talk of charity and good will in the face of a fact which goes to the very root of things is sheer cant. Mr. Birrell once very truly said that Dissenters did not become such for the fun of the thing, and how any self respecting Dissenter with any kind of fidelity to his principles could think of having a priest to attend these functions is a position which surely can only be put down to something akin to worldly snobbery. Whether it was worth while for the Priest of the Parish concerned to have taken any notice of Canon Henson is quite another matter, but having done so the Bishop of Birmingham had no alternative; order is order, and law is law, and principles also count for something. Sir George Kekewich's Bill is merely a freak.—Yours, &c.,

EVERARD WILSON.

17, Bedford Gardens, Kensington, W.
April 14th, 1909.

## "DEIRDRE WEDDED."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. A. L. Milligan, omits, in her catalogue of "Deirdre" literature, perhaps the finest contribution of all.

She mentions R. D. Joyce's mediocre "Deirdre," and T. Rolleston's *libretto* on the same subject, and the rather weak plays by "A. E.," and W. B. Yeats. She does not allude to the "Deirdre Wedded," by Herbert Trench: one of the most exquisite narrative poems in existence. It is by the purely Irish author of "Apollo and the Seaman," who (if I remember aright) is also one of your own contributors.—Yours, &c.,

R. ANTHONY GIBBS.

Sompting, Sussex,
April 12th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## IN THE SOUTH.

(*From Nietzsche.*)

I SWING on a bough, and rest
My tired limbs in a nest,
In the rocking home of a bird,
Wherein I perch as his guest,
In the South.

I gaze on the ocean asleep,
On the purple sail of a boat;
On the harbour and tower steep,
On the rocks that stand out of the deep,
In the South!

For I could no longer stay,
To crawl in slow, German way;
So I called to the birds, bade the wind
Lift me up and bear me away
To the South!

No reasons for me, if you please;
Their end is too dull and too plain;
But a pair of wings and a breeze,
With courage and health and ease,
And games that chase disease
From the South!

Wise thoughts can move without sound,
But I've songs that I can't sing alone;
So birdies, pray gather around,
And listen to what I have found
In the South!

. . . . . .

"You are merry lovers and false and gay,
"In frolics and sport you pass the day;
"Whilst in the North, I shudder to say,
"I worshipped a woman, hideous and gray,
"Her name was Truth, so I heard them say,
"But I left her there and I flew away
"To the South!"

M. D. P.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE intends paying a short visit to this country before his visit to Buenos Ayres, where he is to deliver a course of lectures on Rabelais. Both as humanist and as representative of the *esprit gaulois*, Rabelais should prove a theme upon which M. France is likely to be particularly happy, and we look forward to a delightful book when the lectures are published.

* * *

WE learn that Sir William Butler is writing a book on the military career of Napoleon. The mass of Napoleonic literature is already enough to daunt the boldest reader, but a study of Napoleon's campaigns from so distinguished a soldier as Sir William Butler cannot lack either value or interest. Of its literary quality, those who know what the fascination of style means and are acquainted with Sir William's earlier works may well feel assured.

* * *

As a result of a recent visit to the United States Signor Guglielmo Ferrero has written an account of what he regards as most significant in American life and thought. He is contributing to the "Figaro" a series of articles called "Impressions of North America," which will probably be republished in book form. Signor Ferrero complains that as a general rule European writers have given very exaggerated descriptions of America. He holds that idealism rather than materialism is a note of present-day American life, and says that the ostentatious luxury of which we hear so much is confined to a small and unimportant circle. "In order to express my convictions with full sincerity," says Signor Ferrero, "I ought to go farther and to say that, perhaps, *in the old American society* there is too much idealism. In the land that Europe regards as the home of the practical and utilitarian spirit I was continually meeting people who seemed to spend fabulous sums and an enormous activity on behalf of chimerical ideals. I have often asked myself while there if America may not be, after all, one of the most mystic countries of our epoch."

* * *

THE Cuala Press, Dundrum, County Dublin, has had a volume of poems by the late J. M. Synge in preparation for some time. The book will be issued in about six weeks, and will contain an appreciation by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and a portrait by Mr. Jack B. Yeats. Among the poems are several translations from Petrarch.

* * *

Two anthologies which are off the beaten track are announced by the Clarendon Press for publication before Midsummer. "The Forerunners of Dante," edited by Mr. A. J. Butler, is a selection of Italian poetry before 1300. Mr. G. H. Wollaston's "The Englishman in Italy" will contain much of the best that Englishmen have said about a country that has been one of the main sources of poetic inspiration from Shakespeare to Swinburne. The same publishers have in preparation an edition of Gray's "Poems," by Professor W. Bang, the inaugurator and general editor of the excellent "Materialen zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas," and Thomas Love Peacock's "Memoir of Shelley," including Shelley's letters to the novelist.

* * *

THE first edition that has any claim to fullness of the greatest of all memoir writers is at last approaching completion. M. Boislisle's edition of Saint-Simon's "Mémoires" in Messrs. Hachette's series of "Grands Ecrivains de la France" has just reached its twenty-first volume. The first was issued as long ago as 1871, but the remainder may be expected for early issue. As far as it has progressed the work is a triumph of scholarship and industry.

* * *

IT is odd that there seems no sign of the publication of two other memoirs which are certain to be of unusual historical value. The "Diary" of Louis Phillipe is understood to be in the possession of the Duc d'Orléans, but it probably contains statements which its possessor thinks ought not to be made public property at present. The other book is the memoirs upon which the Empress Eugénie is known to have spent much time and pains. We believe that the late Sir Howard Vincent acted as literary executor to the Empress. Whether the book will see the light during the present generation is, to say the least, very doubtful.

* * *

"CUT LEAVES" is the title of a volume of reminiscences by Dr. Heinrich Felbermann, the proprietor and editor of the Frankfort "English Mail," which is announced for early publication. Dr. Felbermann has had a varied career. He collaborated with George Sand and Judith Gautier, has been tutor to the present Emperor of Japan, and was long a close friend of the Emperor Dom Pedro of the Brazils. He owned and conducted several English journals, among them the "Examiner," and "Life," and while in London he built large blocks of artisans' dwellings in Shoreditch and Hackney. His coming book is divided into three parts. The first describes his life in Paris, where he founded the Tower of Babel, which has since become the largest linguistic institution in France; the second relates his London experiences, and the third deals with his early years in Hungary.

* * *

MR. W. A. CADBURY has written a book describing his visit to the Portuguese Colony of Angola and the islands of S. Thomé and Principe on behalf of his own and other firms interested in the labor question there. The conditions of life and work on the cocoa estates, and the method of contracting on the coast and transhipment to the islands are fully treated. The title of the book is "Labor in Portuguese West Africa," and Messrs. Routledge will be the publishers.

* * *

UNDER the title "Leaves of the Lower Branch" Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are publishing a series of sketches by Mr. E. B. V. Christian, showing the attorney as he appears in literature, and the literary work that has been done by solicitors. The subject is a promising one, for there is scarcely one of our great novelists who has not given us portraits of solicitors. The tradition seems to be that a lawyer must be either a thorough villain or a paragon of intellect and goodness.

* * *

"THE INFAMOUS JOHN FRIEND," a romance of Napoleon's projected invasion of England, by Mrs. R. S. Garnett, is announced for publication by Messrs. Duckworth on April 30th. The author, who is a daughter-in-law of the late Dr. Richard Garnett, is a member of a literary family, being a descendant of William Roscoe, the historian of the Medici, and a niece of Mr. R. H. Hutton, late editor of "The Spectator." The hero of the novel, John Friend, a paid spy in the French service, is said to be a psychological study of a masculine type new to fiction.

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Iron Cardinal: The Romance of Richelieu." By Joseph McCabe. (Nash. 15s. net.)

"Two Admirals, Sir Fairfax Moresby and His Son, John Moresby." By Admiral John Moresby. (Murray. 14s. net.)

"Richard Savage: A Mystery in Biography." By Stanley V. Makower. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

"Problems of the Middle East." By Angus Hamilton. (Nash. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Dante's Divine Comedy." Translated by Edward Wilberforce. (Macmillan. 3 vols. 10s. 6d. net.)

"New Poor Law or No Poor Law; Being a Description of the Majority and Minority Reports of the Poor Law Commission." With an Introductory Note by Canon Barnett. (Dent. 1s. net.)

"Industrial Efficiency: A Comparative Study of Industrial Life in England, Germany, and America." By Arthur Shadwell. Revised Edition. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

"Chapters of My Life." By Samuel Waddington. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Memory Harbor: Essays Chiefly in Description." By Filson Young. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

"When a Woman Woos." By Charles Marriott. (Nash. 6s.)

"The Story of Thyrza." By Alice Brown. (Constable. 6s.)

"La Politique Religieuse de la République Française." Par André Mater. (Paris: Nourry. 4fr.)

"Socialisme à l'Etranger." Par J. Bardoux et G. Gidel. (Paris: Alcan. 3fr. 50.)

"La Lanterne Magique." Par Paul Margueritte. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

"Le Mystérieux Inconnu." Par Guy de Téramond. (Paris: Edition du Monde Illustré. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## THE UNFORTUNATE ARGYLL.*

The half century between 1638 and 1688 is, perhaps, the most unhappy period in the far from blissful history of Scotland. The Restoration was the violent reaction of human nature against the triumph of the preachers between 1638 and 1650. At last, in 1638, they had established the Theocracy of Knox and Melville, with such miserable results as the selling of their king; the tardy remorse which animated the army broken by Cromwell at Preston; the defeats of "dark Worcester and bloody Dunbar"; the English occupation, and the expulsion of the General Assembly from their place of meeting. The men of the Restoration were determined that the Kirk should never again "rule the roast." They were ruffians. They burned the Covenants; they established a bastard kind of prelacy; they turned some two or three hundred ministers out of their manses, and they suppressed the consequent risings by imprisonments, hangings, tortures, fines, and exile. They did their work, and, before the Revolution of 1688, the active adherents of the Covenants and of Theocracy had dwindled to the negligible "Remnant."

There was no politician or statesman whose biography can be made the centre of a history of the Restoration. Lauderdale died too early, Claverhouse came too late, Mackenzie was only a subordinate, and Mr. Willcock's hero, the Earl of Argyll, at no time held important office (except as the fountain of justice for the West Highlands), and is usually off the scene. The account of this Argyll in "The Dictionary of National Biography" (by Mr. Osmund Airy) is excellent. Mr. Airy has seen points that have escaped most historians. Mr. Willcock promises "a number of details which are wholly new," but they are of comparatively slight historical importance, and details of some importance are omitted. The Register of the Privy Council of Scotland contains much information—not specially concerning Argyll—which has been overlooked; but in time the publication of the Register, admirably edited by Mr. Hume Brown, will throw light on the anarchy of the Highlands under Charles II., and the unrest of the Border.

Mr. Willcock's hero, Archibald, eldest son of Lorne (later the famous Marquis of Argyll), was born in 1629; Mr. Willcock has ascertained the date, and tells the story of an unsolved mystery, the murder of the Earl of Lothian in his own house, Newbattle Abbey, where Archibald was born. On the old Celtic plan, which prevailed in Gaul during Julius Cæsar's time, the boy was fostered by Campbell of Glenurquhay. The origin of the custom of fosterage is unknown, but we are not surprised to learn that Archibald preferred the house of Glenurquhay to that of his gloomy sire. He was nominal Captain (1643) of a contingent of 2,000 men raised for French service by Argyll's half-brother, the Earl of Irvine. In this affair the author of a curious prophecy in rhyme, with Inveraray on the title page as the place of publication, accuses the Marquis of defrauding Irvine, in what way is not obvious. In 1647-1649, Archibald, now Lord Lorne, made the grand tour, and it is interesting to learn that he wrote a letter of condolence to Henrietta Maria, professing loyalty, after the death of Charles I. He displayed his loyalty, it seems, by watching, from the windows of his father-in-law's house, the progress of the great Montrose through Edinburgh to prison and to the gibbet. If this be true—and Mr. Willcock tries to explain the statements away—Lorne cannot be congratulated on his good taste. Clarendon is probably misinformed when he says that in Scotland Lorne treated Charles II. with "rudeness and barbarity." Certainly Charles bore him no grudge, and, in fact, his appearance in arms for the exiled king, in 1652-54, seems to have been honest, not the usual trick by which the father took one side while the son took the other. The father, "a distracted man in distracted times," was now hated by all parties, and fatally committed himself by his dealings with Monk, while the son turned out for "The Young Pretender," as it pleases Mr. Willcock to style Charles II. In 1657 Lorne was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, on suspicion of loyalty, and in the Castle a heavy weight, which the soldiers were putting, fell on his head. This accident may account for some peculiarities of temper, such as thrusting a lady downstairs when she came to ask for the interest on a sum owed to her. At the Restoration Lorne went to London and was well received by the king. Mr. Willcock, on the authority of a vague statement by Burnet, accuses Charles of "detestable treachery" in using Lorne as a decoy to bring Argyll to town, where he was arrested. Really, we can found nothing on an answer of Charles to Lorne of which Burnet "has forgot the words." Argyll had warnings enough, and he knew to what extent Charles owed him favor; Monk also repaid an old debt of distrust and dislike. After incurring great danger from the Cavalier party under Middleton in Scotland, Lorne received the rank of Earl, and his father's forfeiture. His estates were heavily burdened by debt. If I understand the matter he was responsible for debts on the Huntly estate bought up by his father, while Huntly recovered his own lands without responsibility for the debts on them. This affair of the creditors, with the Earl's own claims for debts due by the Macleans, and an intricate set of feuds with the Mackenzies, to some of whom he himself was in debt, proved to be the real causes of the Earl's ruin, in 1681.

I cannot but think that Mr. Willcock should have done his best to clear up this affair of the debts and clan-feuds which led to the fall of Argyll. But his statements (pp. 118, 132, 197-199) are both brief and vague. Yet in the histories of Clan Maclean, in Fountainhall's various works, in the records of a lawsuit of a century later, and, I believe, in the charter chest of Sir Fitzroy Maclean, there is abundance of curious material. Fountainhall, a moderate Liberal, is very severe on the Earl for his "oppression of his creditors," at a time when he was urging claims against the Macleans which, being backed by the all-powerful Lauderdale, gave him most of their territory—Mull, and much of Morvern—and broke a loyal and valiant clan. Fountainhall describes Argyll as flying to Inveraray from a debt due to Roderick Mackenzie, at the very moment when he was pleading before the Privy Council for the recovery of the debts due to himself from the Macleans. The Privy Council, in which Lauderdale was supreme, decided in his favor, after years of clan warfare, but the Mackenzies were allies of the Macleans, and Mackenzie of Tarbet, with Gordon of Haddo, were the agents of his ruin. The Duke of York (later James II.), espoused the cause of the Macleans, and not unnaturally considered that by eating up Clan Gilzean, and with his enormous extent of judicatures in the west, Argyll was too powerful for a subject. I have explained these affairs as far as my materials permit in the "Life of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh." The Duchess of Lauderdale clearly saw that Argyll's private enemies would be too hard for him, before he gave them an opportunity by taking the Test oaths with a tactless reservation. Mr. Willcock himself justly remarks that Argyll's enemies "displayed a strong desire to ruin him" before his conduct as to the Test gave them their opportunity (p. 252). But he might easily have explained why Argyll had enemies, and told us who these enemies were. His friend and preserver was Lauderdale. When that protector fell, Argyll was doomed.

In the war with the Covenant (1666), Argyll stood by the Government and even volunteered the opinion that the captured preachers, such as Mr. Mackail, should be tortured. I do not observe that Mr. Willcock chronicles this circumstance, which, perhaps, he might not have omitted had Claverhouse been in question. Argyll was by no means on the side of the fanatics, who accused him, much later, of causing by his vote the execution of Cargill. He did endeavor to bring the Presbyterians and Lauderdale to some *modus vivendi*, but no serviceable compromise could be arranged. He sent none of his men to join "the Highland Host," and the abstention is the most notable thing in his public history at that stormy date. Though a member of the Privy Council, Argyll, till the fatal date 1681, takes a most inconspicuous part in public affairs.

As to the Test, it would have been wise in Argyll simply

* "A Scots Earl in Covenanting Times." By John Willcock, B.D. Edinburgh: Elliot.

to refuse an oath which was self-contradictory, but the terms in which he expressed his reservations were unluckily open to cavil. His enemies saw their chance; he was arrested and most unjustly condemned to death. The rest of his life was full of adventures, such as befell men who rode with the Rev. Mr. Veitch, the d'Artagnan of the Covenant. The whole story, which is known to all, is well narrated by Mr. Willcock. Argyll's invasion of Scotland never had a chance. The wild hill-folk of Galloway and Ayrshire would not rise for him: he had never been their friend. His own clan, says Burnet, he had not conciliated. The Lowlanders in his company were pedantic prigs, always in opposition. His eldest son offered to serve against him. Argyll was obliged to fly, was taken, was condemned on the old absurd charge. Under examination he "named none to their disadvantage," and he died with much courage and dignity. "Unfortunate Argyll!" A much more amiable man than his father, he never gave tokens of great ability; no one can call him a Presbyterian martyr: he did not even support Hamilton and "the Party." It is a trifle, but I do not know where Mr. Willcock finds evidence for his statement that Charles II. "acknowledged a debt of £70,000 to the Marquis of Argyll" (p. 132). He did promise to pay a certain sum, not £40,000, apparently the balance of what was due for the surrender of his own father to the English at Newcastle.

ANDREW LANG.

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## THE ACROPOLIS.*

IN the eyes of Hellenists, the Acropolis of Athens is the most interesting spot in the most interesting city in the most interesting country of the world; and by Hellenists we mean not Greek scholars, but those for whose life ancient Greece represents an influence of higher value than any other. Even if it were not still crowned by splendid ruins, and did not command an enchanting view, the summit of Athena's hill would yet possess an intense human interest as a place within whose narrow precincts we can be perfectly sure that all the Athenian poets, thinkers, and artists often stood: "the centre of the town, divine, trodden by many feet," as Pindar called it. As Mr. D'Ooge says, the Acropolis "has been the Fortress, the Sanctuary, the Treasury, and the Repository of the Art of the Athenian people, as well as the Residence of its rulers." Much of its history has been literally unearthed by the archæologist, and only the archæologist is competent to tell it. Mr. D'Ooge, who is an archæologist, has told it well, and his tale is suitably illustrated by plans and pictures.

The hill bristles with a dragon-brood of difficult and fascinating problems, all of which the reader will find lucidly explained in this book, and discreetly discussed. There is hardly a building, or a foundation, which has not its own controversy. There are, for instance, the question of the Erechtheum, the question of the Hecatompedon, the question of the Old Parthenon, the question of the Pelargikon. As every visitor to Athens knows, the genius of Dr. Dörpfeld has set its quickening mark upon all the Acropolis problems. He may not be right in all his theories, but he has made the dry bones live. The value of Mr. D'Ooge's book is increased by the fact that Dr. Dörpfeld read it in manuscript; but Mr. D'Ooge is an independent critic, and he does not agree with all the master's views.

It is satisfactory that the question of the Old Parthenon has at least been settled. Dörpfeld has found proofs that it was begun before the invasion of Xerxes. Marks of fire on the drums and steps show that the building was surrounded by a scaffolding which was destroyed by fire. This, with some other evidence, proves that the temple was not the project of Cimon, but was being built when the Persians occupied the Acropolis in A.D. 480. It was not due to the inspiration of the victory over the Asiatic invaders, but may be regarded as a testimony to the new energy and national spirit of the democracy established after the fall of the tyrants. But Mr. D'Ooge is going beyond his data when he says that "it was the Alcmaeonid Cleisthenes who undertook the building of a great temple to Athena at Athens." Cleisthenes played a conspicuous part in the establishment of the democratic constitution, but he passes from the scene of politics before A.D. 500, and as the Old Parthenon was "begun not long before the Persian wars," as the author himself says, there is no reason for associating it with Cleisthenes. If we care to guess at the author of the project, Themistocles is not excluded.

The much debated question of the Hecatompedon (of which Dörpfeld discovered the foundations), with its relations to the adjacent Erechtheum and the Parthenon, are fully discussed. Mr. D'Ooge does not write to propound or propagate new views, but, rejecting Dörpfeld's theories of the Hecatompedon, he states his own conclusions, which coincide, in the main, with those of Michaelis and Petersen. According to these conclusions, which seem to us to do least violence to the complicated evidence—though there are some difficulties which Mr. D'Ooge does not disguise—the history of the Athena temples on the Acropolis is, briefly, as follows: In Homeric times, a double temple of Athena and Erechtheus stood where the later Erechtheum stands, and it was known both as "the old temple" and "the temple of Athena Polias." A new temple, dedicated to Athena, was erected alongside of this in the sixth century; and from its length of a hundred feet was called the Hecatompedon. Then, early in the fifth century, another temple, the elder Parthenon, of which we have already spoken, was begun, and was destroyed by the Persians; it was intended to supersede the Hecatompedon. After the invasion, both the Old Temple and the Hecatompedon were provisionally restored, and served the needs of worship and of storing the sacred treasures until more splendid buildings arose. The new Parthenon was built on the site of the older Parthenon, which had never been completed, and the Hecatompedon, no longer needed, was then pulled down. The Erechtheum, finished about A.D. 408, replaced the Old Temple virtually on its own site.

Mr. D'Ooge has, rightly for his purpose, interpreted the Acropolis to include the buildings on its slopes; but while he describes the old sanctuaries of Dionysus close to the theatre, he legitimately declines to enter upon the controversy connected with the temple of Dionysus in Limnae and the famous archæological chapter in the Second Book of Thucydides. He does not touch on the German excavations south of the Areopagus. But the growth of the town in that direction must have had some relation to the history of the Acropolis. In primitive times the Acropolis within the Pelargic wall was the city; men dwelled inside the wall. This is emphasised by Thucydides. As the population grew, the town advanced in a south-westerly direction, but we should expect to find that the Acropolis was still inhabited. It is not usual when new quarters grow up to find the old quarter abandoned; the value of the houses may decrease, but they are still lived in. Athens was an exception, and the anomaly requires explanation. In the time of Peisistratus, the town and its market-place are south of the Areopagus, cut off from the citadel with its temples and the palace of the tyrants. It seems to us that this peculiarity in the growth of Athens can only be explained by a deliberate act of policy, for which, it is reasonable to conjecture, Peisistratus was responsible. To him we would attribute (with Dr. Noack) the erection of the elaborate system of fortifications known as the "Nine Gates," which defended the western approach to the Acropolis. Similarly, we suspect that the analogous "five-gate" system of defence at Syracuse was the work of one of the Syracusan tyrants. In order to construct the cross-walls with the nine gates, it was necessary to clear out all the houses within the Pelargic wall—an unpopular act; and, if our conjecture is right, we have at once an explanation of the famous and curious oracle, "the Pelargikon is better unused." Peisistratus procured the oracle from Delphi in order to support by a religious sanction his unpopular policy.

Mr. D'Ooge has brought his history of the hill down through the ages to the recent restoration of the Parthenon. While his work is fully furnished with the apparatus of scholarship, it will be read with pleasure by all who care for the subject, and we have no doubt that, along with Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies" and Miss Harrison's "Mythology and Monuments," it will be recognised as a desirable part of their equipment by intelligent visitors to Greece.

* "The Acropolis of Athens." By Martin L. D'Ooge. Macmillan.

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## BREVIARY HYMNS.*

It is difficult to draw a line of demarcation between the early Christian, the medieval, and the modern hymn. For they shade off into one another; the distinctions are approximate, and hold only on the whole. In general, however, the first—of which the "Gloria in Excelsis," or the Easter Sequence, "Victimae Paschali," may be taken as representative—connects with the fragments of early Christian prophecy found in the Book of Revelation, and here and there in the Epistles of St. Paul. It is abrupt, tense, ecstatic; it indicates unuttered depths of fact and feeling behind the words. The second, precise and definite, recalls a Fra Angelico picture. It has no suggestion of the flaming walls of the world, or the wind-swept spaces of eternity; rather it depicts demure saints and little piping angels walking in formal garden paths and over prim parterres. A small world, reflected in a small mind. But the perfection of form is unmistakable. The Breviary Hymn for the feast of the Holy Innocents is an example:—

"Salvete flores martyrum
Quos lucis ipso in limine
Christi insecutor sustulit
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.

"Vos prima Christi victima,
Grex immolatorum tener;
Aram sub ipsam simplices
Palma et coronis luditis."

Before the Middle Ages ended the type passed over into the passionate mysticism of St. Bernard and the early Franciscans. With the "Jesu dulcis memoria," the "Dies Irae," and the "Stabat Mater," a new note was struck in the chord. The third, beginning, in the age of the newly-opened Bible, with metrical psalms and paraphrases of Scripture—of which those still in use in the Church of Scotland are typical—developed, in the evangelical revival, into such representations of spiritual experience as Charles Wesley's "Come, O thou Traveller unknown," or Joachim Magdeburg's "Wer Gott vertraut hat wohl gebaut," finely translated by Dr. Kennedy. Where over-subjectivity, that pitfall of religious writers, has been avoided, such hymns are, perhaps, the highest expression that the religious consciousness has reached.

First the Romantic, then the Tractarian movement led to a revival of medieval hymnology in this country. It is strange to look back to the time when the use of hymns in public worship was a mark of Evangelicalism, and discouraged by old-fashioned High Churchmen. Men of this school confined themselves to the metrical version of the Psalms, by Tate and Brady, which was commonly bound up with the Prayer Book; the quaint, but decidedly superior, Scottish rendering, probably for political reasons—it had been approved in substance by the Westminster Assembly—never having come into use in England. The younger Anglicans, however, were quick to see the direction in which the interests both of religion and of their particular propaganda pointed. The publication of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" marked an epoch in the history of the Church. This book first made the treasures of medieval devotion available for the use of modern Christians: the forgotten Breviary Hymns, the majestic Sequences of the Roman Missal, the creations of Prudentius, of Venantius Fortunatus, and of the greatest of medieval poets, Adam of St. Victor, became familiar to English ears. The renderings, with few exceptions, were good, and have become traditional in our churches. But the undoubted fact that the originals suffered in translation has encouraged attempts to improve upon the accustomed versions; and few even moderately equipped scholars have omitted to try their prentice hand on the masterpieces of the ancient Church. Translation is not easy. It demands, over and above a knowledge of the language from and into which it is proposed to translate, an acquaintance with the subject matter, a gift of literary expression, and a certain power of analysis and reconstruction of thought. Translators are born, not made; and Mr. Donahoe is not of their number. He seldom rises above mediocrity; Fr. Caswall and Dr. Neale have been before him, and done the work better than he. Take, *e.g.*, St. Bernard's

"Jesus dulcis memoria
Dans vera cordi gaudia."

Here is Fr. Caswall:—

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast."

And here Mr. Donahoe:—

"Jesus, thy memory divine
To every heart is heavenly wine."

It is not association only that makes us prefer the former to the latter; or Dr. Neale's

"All glory, laud and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King:
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring."

as a rendering of the Palm Sunday

"Gloria, laus, et honor tibi sint Rex Christe Redemptor,
Cui puerile decus prompsit hosanna pium."

to

"All glory, praise and honour
To Thee, O Christ, we bring;
And sing, like Sion's children,
Hozannas to our King."

In a poor hymn, assigned in the Breviary to the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, we find:—

"Egregie Doctor Paule, mores instrue,
Et nostra tecum pectora in coelum trahe."

The lines are not worth translating; but they are not improved upon by Mr. Donahoe:—

"O learned Paul, inspire us from above
With all the graces of the Heavenly Dove:"

and the frigid odes in classical metres inserted into the Office by Urban VIII., or assigned later to the Fridays between Septuagesima and Palm Sunday on which the instruments of the Passion are commemorated, remind us that conventionalism and bad taste are not confined to one tongue or one country. Nothing sorrier could have been sung in that Hawley Square Chapel, immortalised by Mr. Matthew Arnold, by Miss Emma Tatham or that "venerable class leader, Mr. Thomas Rowe." Mr. Donahoe's translations are certainly not worse, they are frequently better than, the texts.

Reverence for the central act of Christian worship has preserved the Missal from change; the Ordinary and Canon of the Mass are older than the Tridentine and Medieval doctrine of the Eucharist, and do not embody it; they remain what they were in primitive times. The Breviary, on the other hand, has undergone revision after revision; like an old house, it exhibits every diversity of style and construction; side by side with the most venerable relics of antiquity we find the flimsy pseudo-Classicism of a later and tasteless day. The present Pope, whose action in matters of ecclesiastical detail is less open to criticism than his general policy, has submitted it to a Commission whose reforms, should they be accepted, will be sweeping. It is proposed to eliminate the often apocryphal lections of the Second Nocturn at Matins, and to bring about a large substitution of ferial for festal offices; the result being a larger use of Scripture than at present, and the recitation of the Psalter as a whole. The Office Hymns would gain by these changes. Their number would be reduced, but the purging of the dross would leave the gold purified; and room, it is to be hoped, might be found for some of the masterpieces of medieval verse which have not, so far, gained admission to the service books. Rome, however, moves slowly; and it is possible that the revision now under consideration may meet with too strong an opposition from official conservatism to see the light.

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without so much as seeing the Castle. You can walk through the yards of the Castle without even noticing that it is a Castle. The visitor, particularly the American visitor, expects some moated and bastioned fabric of feudal magnificence. He puffs out a little gasp of surprise when, having pierced a mask of business houses on Cork Hill, he finds himself confronted with a mean building, entirely modern and undistinguished except for the Bermingham Tower, and looking, as Mr. O'Brien truly says, more like a barrack than like anything else in the world. Nor is the Castle, in a geographical sense, the sole centre of Irish administration. Many of the great Departments have their offices elsewhere. The Land Commission is in Merrion Street; the Local Government Board at the Custom House; the Congested Districts Board on Rutland Square. But the Castle is, of course, the central ganglion of the Executive Government. There it is that the best-hated official in Ireland, the Treasury Remembrancer, holds sway in the old office of the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer. There it is that the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals on their way from the Four Courts drop in to meet the Chief and Under-Secretaries, and, it may be, the Lord Lieutenant at that "long mahogany table, with about a dozen dismal chairs, upholstered in black haircloth," so vividly described by a diarist of "Buckshot" Forster's entourage in 1882. And if, as a result of the deliberations of the Castle Cabinet, an agitator is to be arrested, or a meeting suppressed, the Under-Secretary has only to cross a passage to find himself in the department of the military officer who commands the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Dublin Castle is a living witness to the incompleteness of the Union, and to the impossibility of making it complete. It is a symbol of Separatism. For there has never, of course, been an administrative Union. "The Government (of Ireland)," says the grave Whitaker, in language that must make Ulster Unionists shudder, "is semi-independent." It has been found possible to make laws, usually bad laws, for Ireland at St. Stephen's. But it has not been found possible to appoint Land Commissioners for Ireland, good or bad, from Downing Street. Irish administration, then, is under the control of some ten or fifteen great permanent officials, encamped in Dublin. Able and humane men personally, they are politically the close prisoners of an evil tradition. They are trained to a sort of automatic distrust of Irish opinion. Hostility to popular demands is with them in the nature of a reflex movement of the muscles. In theory they are, of course, responsible to the Chief Secretary. But the Chief Secretary himself is responsible to the ballot-boxes not of Ireland but of England; and even if he chances to be in sympathy with Irish opinion he cannot easily make his views effective. The burden laid on his shoulders is too heavy. He is not so much a single Minister as a whole Government. He is at once Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Home Secretary, Minister of Education, Commissioner of Works, and President of the Local Government Board in Ireland. In Parliament he is, in addition, a sort of Secretary for that area of Foreign Affairs called Irish. It is a form of political pantheism, and Mr. Birrell, as the Absolute in the system, finds himself engaged in an eternal process of self-contradiction which must bring to his mind certain famous verses of Emerson and Swinburne. Legislation he can more or less control, and his courage and sincerity may pass a great measure like the Universities Act. But administration is beyond him; it is like a great mass of wet clay on which he can impress his personality in only a handful at a time. Sir Donald MacFarlane has left an excellent epigram on the subject. When a new Chief Secretary comes to the Castle, said he, "the case of the clock is changed, but the mechanism continues as before."

Good government, declared Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a phrase as memorable as any of Gladstone's, is no substitute for self-government. Dublin Castle government, vicious in principle in that it does not rest on the will or root in the affection of Ireland, has not even the minor merit of being clean and efficient in details. No impartial man can read the evidence marshalled by Mr. Barry O'Brien in this volume with his usual lucidity and vigor, and come to any other conclusion. Take merely the question of cost. Comparisons with the smaller nations of the European continent, such as Mr. O'Brien outlines, may be inconclusive although they are very suggestive. But let us take Scotland, and cite merely one figure. In 1908, according to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, the number of Government officials assessed for income tax was, in Scotland, 938, in Ireland, 4,560. Their salaries were, in Scotland, £315,000, in Ireland, £1,435,000. The total local expenditure administered by them was, in Scotland, £6,300,500, in Ireland, £7,810,000, or if we omit the police, which are not included in the Scottish figures, £6,393,500. The effect of this system on the Imperial side can be conveyed in a sentence. The contribution of Ireland to the Army and Navy, in spite of increased taxation, is less than it was in 1894, the year of the Commission on Financial Relations. In 1910, as a result of the Old Age Pensions Act, the "Imperial contribution" from Ireland will have almost completely disappeared. That will be the gathered harvest of a century of Dublin Castle government under the Act of Union.

This is obviously a system which cannot stand. Indeed, it has no defenders. No one knows it so well from within as the Under-Secretary, and the last four occupants of that office—Sir R. Hamilton, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir West Ridgeway, and Lord MacDonnell—have agreed in condemnation of it. The only question that now possesses any actuality is this: When, and in what fashion, is the change to come? The small section of landlord opinion of which Lord Dunraven is the spokesman have pleaded for a beginning by way of administrative reform. Lord Dunraven himself has urged that view with keen ability, although he has rather missed the great human fact of the situation by directing his criticism more against the mechanism than against the spirit of the Castle system. In a situation full of difficulty the present Government endeavored to advance along this path. The experiment may now be definitively set down as a failure. Nationalist Ireland, in rejecting the Council Bill, declared in effect that the only body which could hope to control Irish administration would be an Irish Legislative Assembly. That verdict may be taken as final, all the more so since the resignation of Mr. William O'Brien. Since Dublin Castle is to be brought into harmony with Irish opinion it would be a negation of all statesmanship to inaugurate the process in a manner formally rejected by Irish opinion. That is the dominant factor of the situation. As for the grounds on which this policy rests we need only say that the conclusive argument for Home Rule is the complete failure of Dublin Castle.

To the formation of that strong opinion in England which in the end must carry Irish Home Rule, Mr. O'Brien's book will make a real contribution. It is a very quarry of information, actual and historical. He is to be congratulated in particular on his faculty of selecting from correspondence or State Papers the vivid sentence or phrase which conveys the whole atmosphere of a period. His last chapter, defining the Irish desire for a central government, at once national and strong, reinforced as it is by an interview with Mr. Redmond, constitutes in itself an invaluable Home Rule pamphlet. One or two words of criticism are, however, called for. We regret to have come upon many instances of careless proof-reading. The chapter on Finance, in particular, has a sense of haste about it, which should be removed; and Mr. O'Brien's figures, while on the whole accurate, do not seem always to rest on independent investigation. With that reserve slight made, the volume is well worthy of a place in the front rank of serious political literature.

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"Chip," which contains clear and well-written descriptions of the life of English settlers on the borders of Swazieland, raises the old question why it is that the Englishman seems to degenerate morally the more he is brought into contact with the Kaffir. It is true that Mordaunt, the strong man of the tale, embittered by a woman's faithlessness, has retired from civilisation in order to nurse his wrongs and so takes a special gloomy pleasure in savagely handling his black boys, but nowhere but in South Africa is the Englishman in fiction represented as being so merciless and callous in his dealings with the natives. Judging from recent proceedings in Natal, the white man seems to suffer from spasmodic fits of brutality and cowardice. The situation portrayed in "Chip" is certainly striking, if not original. Mordaunt having engaged the attractively boyish and bright young overseer, Chip, lives with him for many months as his "mate," before he discovers that Chip is a woman! We cannot quite believe in Mordaunt's denseness, but the attendant circumstances are certainly ingeniously handled. Psychologically, the gradual softening of Mordaunt's character under Chip's daily influence seems truer to reality than his reaction of brutal resentment when, accidentally, he discovers the imposture. "The belief and the affection were alike slain by the dishonesty of the partner he had trusted as he might have trusted himself." The unimaginativeness of the purely masculine man could scarcely further go! But the author (whom we suspect of being a woman) is not satisfied that Mordaunt should lapse into the state of animality into which Chip's "deception" temporarily drives him. "You have taught me one thing—that I cannot live without you," is the sentence conspicuous on the penultimate page. "You've looked at yourself in a wrong light for so long," is Chip's graceful reply. A speech which condenses admirably the essence of feminine subtlety in her art of making him believe in her ideal for him.

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# The Week in the City.

| | Price Friday morning, April 2. | Price Friday morning, April 16. |
|---|---|---|
| Consols 2½ per cent. ... ... ... | 84⅞ ... | 85 7/16 |
| French 3 per cent. ... ... ... | 97 ... | 97 |
| German 3 per cent. ... ... ... | 85½ ... | 85½ |
| Russian Fives ... ... ... ... | 99⅜ ... | 100¼ |
| Peru Pref. ... ... ... ... ... | 32¾ ... | 33½ |
| Turkish Unified ... ... ... ... | 93½ ... | 92½ |

The great excitement of the week on the Stock Exchange has been, of course, the Turkish counter revolution, which has naturally had a depressing influence on European Government stocks and on markets generally. Cheap money, however, has compensated to some extent, and we may hope that the clouds in the Near East will disperse. Meanwhile trade prospects are injured by the sensational rise in wheat prices.

### The Wheat Scarcity.

There is a general consensus of opinion among members of the trade that the present rise in the price of wheat has been only in a very slight degree caused by the manipulations of Mr. Patten of Chicago. The upward movement is, in fact, amply justified by the shortage of the world's harvest, and in particular by the disappointing supply from Argentina. The official crop estimates from that country have been reduced by two million quarters, and although her shipments during the past three months have been very much larger than in any corresponding quarter prior to 1907, the figures this year have fallen from 7,969,800 cwt. in 1908, to 6,757,800 cwt. In a time of winter scarcity much depends on the harvests in Australia and Argentina, the two wheat growing countries in the Southern hemisphere, and this year Australia has nearly made up the decline from Argentina. But in previous years the winter supply from the Southern hemisphere has always been supplemented by a continuous stream of wheat from store—from the United States, and other countries, and from farmers' stocks. The latter are, at the present moment, nearly depleted, for, although the harvest last year was exceptional, the sales of British wheat since the beginning of the cereal year have been heavier than for many years past, and the "Gazette" has already recorded sales amounting to 29,786,000 cwt., against 22,155,000 cwt. last year. Importers' and millers' stocks are equally scarce, as the trade during the last two years has been working on a very narrow margin. There remain the stocks held in producing countries, and the prospect of the new harvests, which should now be coming in. Of the latter, the Indian harvest is the only one of immediate interest, for it may save the situation. Though it usually begins to arrive in the first quarter of the year, we only received 1,000 cwt. this year up to March 31st, compared with 2,000,000 cwt. in 1907, and even larger quantities in the corresponding periods of previous years. But the harvest, though very late, is reported to be fairly good, and will come at a most opportune moment. Finally, as to the American position; we have received much smaller quantities in the three months than last year. For this, however, the trade should have been prepared, for the American demands have increased so rapidly that only in very good years can we hope to get much of the "tail" of the United States crop. Mr. Patten's operations come at the time when a squeeze is most effective. Even if his holdings are small, they are sufficient seriously to affect the statistical position. The important point for the British public, however, is that the rise in Chicago, though it may be carried much farther before the end of May, need not affect British prices. The corner, if the present movement can properly be called a corner, is only in standard American wheats. These grades on the London and Liverpool markets will follow American prices; but the price of bread at the moment is dependent on Argentine, Indian, and British supplies, none of which are tenderable under the American contract. The prices of these grades will, therefore, entirely depend on the actual shortage and not on the Chicago manipulations.

### Russian Bonds.

Some interest was aroused last week by the fact that the big Russian loan of 1906 rose to par. The loan, it may be remembered, was offered at 89 when the fate of the Russian Empire seemed to be hanging in the balance, and it seemed doubtful whether anarchy or republicanism or a constitutional monarchy was most likely to supervene. Mutiny, robbery, lawlessness, and horrible outrages of every kind were reported from all parts of the country, and within a few weeks of the issue the bonds fell to 13 discount in London, though, curiously enough, the contemporary, and much larger, issue in Paris never, I believe, fell to a discount of more than four or five. Those who bought the 1906 bonds at 76 and have sold them at 100 within a little more than two years may be congratulated on their good luck. The future of Russia is not at present bright enough to offer anything better than risky and hazardous speculation to the investor. But the refusal of the Government to play a warlike part in the Balkans removes an imminent danger, and there is always the off chance that some statesman who can work with the Duma and reform the system of expenditure and taxation may arise and save the situation. Quite recently a weekly paper, called the Russian "Economist," has been founded by some enlightened patriots, and it is hoped that they may gradually win the ear of the Government. Enormous savings could be effected merely by reducing the Russian army to the size of the German. A reform of the Civil Service and the introduction of an accurate and honest system of accountancy are equally urgent and necessary to the financial regeneration of Russia.

### India Government Stocks.

Lord Morley is to be congratulated upon the wonderful financial results which have followed what may truly be called his pacification of India. The general uneasiness last year, the outrages, the boycott, the growth of anarchy, and the severe depression in trade following upon bad harvests had given a serious fright to investors. The following table shows the rise which had taken place between April 1st and Thursday morning:—

India Stocks.

| | Prices on April 1. | April 15. |
|---|---|---|
| Indian Stock 3½ per cent. ... ... ... ... | 98¼ ... | 99⅜ |
| ,, ,, 3 per cent. ... ... ... ... | 87¼ ... | 89¾ |
| ,, ,, 2½ per cent. ... ... ... ... | 73 ... | 75½ |
| ,, ,, Rupee Paper 3½ per cent. ... ... | 61½ ... | 62½ |

The Indian Government, while effecting considerable retrenchments in view of the falling off in revenue, has wisely decided to push on with its railway policy, and I am glad to learn that an important scheme is now under consideration for connecting Burmah with India. There are two alternative routes. One is to join the Burmese with the Indian system by a line passing through the tea-growing parts of Assam. But another and shorter route has recently come into favor as the result of a survey made by Sir H. Barnes, the late Lieutenant-Governor of Assam. This line would run from Rangoon through the Arakan-Yoma range of mountains, and would then skirt the shores of the Bay of Bengal to Chittagong. According to a writer in the "Morning Post," this route is to be commended, not only as easier, cheaper, and shorter, but also because it would pass through a more fertile territory; *i.e.*, "through the most promising portions of the Southern Shan States, one of the finest wheat-producing centres of Further India." This district is described as likely to become "the Manitoba of Asia" within a few years. Allowing, we are told, for the primitive methods of agriculture still practised in the Shan States, the yield of wheat per acre compares favorably with North-West India, Russia, and even the Canadian West. If the proposed railway is built, Chittagong would take some share of the exports, but Rangoon is the natural *entrepot* of Burma, and great elevators are being erected on the banks of the Irawaddy.

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 4.] SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

The situation in Turkey has undergone a swift and most salutary change, which shows that neither the moral nor physical forces that created the revolution of last year have been either destroyed or seriously abated. It is now known that the *émeute* in the capital was an affair of bribes and demoralisation, the active parties in which were probably the 2,000 scattered spies of the Sultan and some reactionary members of the priesthood acting on the undisciplined garrison and using the Liberal Union as their tools. The abler and more responsible Ulema, we are informed, kept aloof from the mutiny, which was far bloodier than the first censored telegrams allowed us to believe. The conspiracy has now been virtually overthrown. The leaders of the Young Turks rallied at Salonika, found the troops both there and at Adrianople thoroughly steadfast, and swiftly organised them for a march on the capital. Accompanied by a few Bulgarian and other auxiliaries, and well supplied with artillery, they moved on the capital, halting at San Stefano and drawing a line of investment round the Mohammedan city, up to the Sweet Waters of Europe at the end of the Golden Horn. On the other side of the Sea of Marmora they hold one of the stations of the Anatolian Railway.

* * *

This brilliant action has unnerved and, we hope, destroyed the counter-revolution. The new Ministry has accepted the commands of the Macedonian troops, and is entering into relations with them. Nazim Pasha, the new commander of the First Army Corps, has practically joined forces with the investing body, which includes the Second, Third, and Fourth Corps, numbering about 25,000 well-equipped men. The mutineers are angry but inactive, and the Sultan is apparently only too willing to cringe before the conquerors, whom he would have decimated without a qualm. The terms of entry are being negotiated, and they appear to turn mainly on the question whether or not Abdul Hamid is to be dethroned, and Rechad Effendi, the reforming heir, an amiable and honest man, to be girded with the Sword of Othman.

* * *

A National Assembly of Senators and Deputies is said to be discussing this question at San Stefano, the Versailles of the Turkish situation. The commander of the investing army, who is variously stated to be Hussein Pasha and Shevket Pasha, has prepared terms which include the proclamation of martial law, the punishment of the culprits, the reduction of the garrison, and a system of policing by the Macedonian forces. The *hodjas*, who stirred up the revolt, are flying from Constantinople, but some of the mutinous soldiery are refusing to take the new oath of allegiance, though tendered them by two great Mohammedan authorities, the Sheikh-ul-Islam and the Fetwa-Emini. The Young Turks appear to be divided as to the policy of deposition, but we hope that Enver Bey's advice will be taken, and Abdul Hamid's bloody and inglorious reign brought to a close. It must be remembered that he and the reactionaries have been responsible not only for the military rising, but for the new wave of massacre and anti-Christian feeling which seems to be spreading from Adana to Erzeroum, and through which, it is said, that from 15,000 to 20,000 Armenians have been massacred.

* * *

The Bill for the disestablishment and disendowment of the four Anglican dioceses in Wales was introduced by the Prime Minister on Wednesday, and the first reading carried by a majority of 172—262 to 90. Mr. Asquith's speech was a brilliant work of statement and argument, rather less condensed than his effort on the earlier Bill of 1895. The later measure is the more moderate of the two. Thus the Church, through its Representative Body, is to be re-endowed, with the cathedrals, as well as with the churches (1,500 in number), bishops' palaces, parsonages, and all the benefactions dating from 1662. All existing incumbents are safeguarded during their lifetime, and retain their glebes. The remaining property, when finally available, including the tithe rent charge, will be devoted to higher and technical education, hospitals, dispensaries, convalescent homes, libraries, nursing institutes, the plan thus following the lines on which the Irish Church Fund was disposed of. The central dispensing body would be a Council of Wales. No Welsh Bishops would in future sit in the House of Lords, the number of spiritual Peers being reduced to twenty-two.

* * *

Mr. Asquith's main argument was the unanimous vote of the thirty-four Welsh members, Churchmen as well as Nonconformist, in favor of Disestablishment, the un-national and anti-national origin and history of the Church, as opposed to the thoroughly

national character of the Nonconformist movement, its failure to attract more than a third or a fourth of the adherents of the Dissenting Churches, and the chance of regaining touch with the Welsh people through freedom. Mr. Balfour's line of criticism was perfunctory, but its tone showed a policy of no quarter. Its most indignant point was reached in the complaint of the hypocrisy of pretending that a spiritual body gained by losing its temporalities. This was emphasised by Lord Robert Cecil's statement that he approved of Disestablishment, if it were divorced from disendowment, which is practically the modern High Church attitude.

* * *

The Prime Minister made an interesting series of speeches at Glasgow on Saturday. He spoke excellently on Turkey, stating that, while the new Turkish Government had assured this country of its adherence to the Constitution, British sympathy would be "alienated" if it, or a successor, turned aside from the paths of reform, and "entirely withdrawn" if it deserted them. He treated the naval question reassuringly. He deprecated the description of himself as a "kind of pinchbeck Palmerston" (by whom?), said that the revelations as to German shipbuilding gave no ground for "alarm" or even disquietude, and stated that the Government were assured of an "overwhelming safeguard" of our naval supremacy in 1912. He declined to make the second four "Dreadnoughts" absolute on the ground that we might be on the eve of developments in construction which would vitally affect naval policy. He suggested a Conference with the Colonies on their proposed aids to our naval strength—a proposal which has been much appreciated. On future legislation, he promised measures for the restriction of boy labor and insurance against unemployment. In a postscript speech, he reiterated that the House of Lords remained the "dominating issue," but he had not mentioned it because it was assumed wherever two or three Liberals were met together.—On Thursday the Prime Minister announced that he would preside over an inquiry by a sub-Committee of the Committee of Defence into the home fleets' preparedness for war during the last two years, granted at the initiative of Lord Charles Beresford, and desired by the Admiralty. The inquiry will be restricted, not general. Thus the great Fisher-Beresford quarrel will at last be fought out, but in secret.

* * *

The English and Russian Governments received from their consular agents in Tabriz news that the plight of the civil population was so desperate that an attack on the foreign consulates was being planned in order to provoke intervention. The Russian Government thereupon insisted that the Shah must allow sufficient food to be admitted for the Europeans and the peaceful inhabitants, on pain of Russian troops being sent to open the road and guard the foreign institutions and subjects. The Shah yielded so far as to permit a six days' armistice, during which supplies will go into Tabriz. Satar Khan is not satisfied, and some desperate fighting took place on Tuesday, but Russia's action is practically equivalent to depriving the Shah of victory when it was within his hands, and doubtless he will demand compensation. Negotiations are now proceeding for a general settlement, and the concession the Shah has made in the matter of Tabriz will, one supposes, be counted to his credit in this final reckoning. If the settlement turn out to be not as favorable to the Constitutionalist cause as it might have been, the fault will largely rest with those Nationalists who did not lift a finger to assist Satar Khan, the bravest and staunchest of their leaders.

The country hardly realises that, day after day, week after week, the House of Commons is doing its work in private session, admitting no member of the general public, and shutting every one of its galleries save that reserved for the press. An attempt has been made to end this serious infringement of democracy by passing a Bill punishing disorderly conduct in either House of Parliament with a maximum of six months' imprisonment. The Bill was adopted by the Government from a Select Committee, but the House would not look at it. Two hostile lines of argument were used—the first that the Bill increased rather than diminished the chances of advertisement by suffragettes or other believers in "demonstration" tactics, and that Parliament could not afford to part with its own powers of jurisdiction and allow its high officers—including the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker—to be haled before inferior courts. The Prime Minister could not press the Bill against the House's universal dislike of it, but the difficulty remains, and the Commons will probably have to risk occasional disaster in order to keep publicity. Perhaps it will decide to close the Ladies' Gallery indefinitely.

* * *

On Tuesday the Prime Minister moved the second reading of a Bill raising the Board of Trade to an equality in point of status and emolument, though not, we are sorry to say, in point of title, with offices governed by Secretaries of State. Mr. Churchill appears to have entered a strong personal plea that he shall not be the first to receive the rise from £2,000 to £5,000 a year, which the passage of this Bill implies, but we hope that the House will not listen to this suggestion, and that Lord Balcarres' amendment will be carried. The question is really one of considerable political importance. The Bill before the House, as Sir Charles Dilke properly said, ought to embody a scheme for a general redistribution of duties between the Home Office, the Local Government Board, and the Board of Trade. The functions of these three offices are hopelessly mixed, and it is quite time to assign them on a scientific plan.

* * *

But, for the moment, it is an urgent task to raise the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board from the markedly inferior rank which they take as compared with the War Departments. So long as the former offices are regarded as functions of the second class, the most powerful figures, even in a Liberal Cabinet, will be drawn to the external rather than the internal sphere, and their choice will be looked upon as promotion. Now British trade and British labor are bigger interests than the British army, while the British Navy itself is practically a symbol and guarantee of their supremacy. It is high time, therefore, to make the status of all these offices square with the facts, and we hope that the Labor Party, which threatens opposition to the Bill, will see the very large importance of the change. If a Labor Ministry were in power to-morrow, it would be forced to father some such Bill as that proposed by the Prime Minister.

* * *

The result of the fight in East Edinburgh, declared on Friday week, secured the election of Mr. J. P. Gibson, the Liberal candidate, by a majority of 458. At the general election Sir George McCrae's majority was 4,174. The diminution is said to be partly due to the defection of the Irish voters, combined with a bitter press campaign against Mr. Gibson. Thus the series of Scottish bye-elections, though on the whole satisfactory, has not ended quite as well as it began.

On Wednesday the Labor Party, through Mr. Jowett, raised the question of capture of private property at sea, proposing to give immunity to "enemy merchant vessels, other than carriers of contraband." The strongest plea for this reform was made by two of the ablest young lawyers in the House, Mr. Simon and Mr. F. E. Smith, one a Liberal, the other a Tory. The Parliamentary correspondents suggest that it would have been carried against the views of the Admiralty had it not been talked out. Much of Mr. McKenna's speech, like earlier utterances, was a rehearsal of his Admirals' views, and might have been used equally against the abolition of privateering or any other plan for diminishing the loss or horrors of war. We are afraid that some of the sentences will be widely quoted in Germany by the party which always argues for a big navy on the ground of our designs on German sea-going commerce.

* * *

Thus Mr. McKenna thought he was "justified in saying" that we should "endeavor to destroy the enemy's commerce in time of war," and that, in the absence of such a power we should drag on merely a "sort of war," with no great damage to the belligerent Power. To this Mr. Smith retorted that the chance of losing twenty or thirty German "Dreadnoughts" might conceivably be a guarantee against aggressive war, and that the possibility of going to Germany and assuring her that we had no designs against her mercantile fleet might act as a preventive of any war. Unfortunately this is not the kind of argument in which Admiralties take any interest. It merely appeals to men who own ships or desire peace. Happily, the end of Mr. McKenna's speech indicated a considerable advance. He hinted that the Government would be willing to reconsider their view of the right of capture, if it were made a pivot of a scheme for the reduction of armaments.

* * *

We are very glad to see Mr. McKinnon Wood's answer to a question asked him on Tuesday by Sir Charles Dilke as to whether the evacuation of Crete by the international troops would be effected next July, as all the conditions laid down in the Note of three years ago had been fulfilled. Mr. Wood replied in the affirmative, merely adding the proviso that the satisfactory state of the island and the protection of the Mussulman people must be continued up to the date of the evacuation. This is only reasonable, but we do not imagine any difficulty will arise. The evacuation is going steadily on, the island is tranquil, the Mussulmans have their rights, and the Greek nation behaved last October with so much regard both to European difficulties and to the troubles of the Young Turks that the snapping of the purely nominal thread of suzerainty by the Porte should be merely a trifling affair. Germany, we imagine, is in a much more amiable mood than at the time of the descent of Colonel Vassos, and no other Power, we think, is likely to raise objections. Before the summer is over Crete should be free, and united to Greece.

* * *

On Monday Mr. Harcourt introduced a Bill making London a single borough for Parliamentary purposes. All its divisions are to vote on one day, and no voter, of course, will be able to poll more than once. There is to be continuous qualification for a voter moving from one district to another. Liverymen may vote for the City, but not for it and another constituency. The Bill is at once a blow at plural voting and a plan for making the workmen's franchise effective. For these reasons the House of Lords will reject it, even though it does no more for London than to put it on an equality with Birmingham.—On the same day Clause III. of the Indian Councils Bill, struck out by the Lords, was re-inserted in the Commons by 118 votes to 22. The Government also agreed, in substance, though not in form, to an amendment by Mr. Mackarness, properly directed against the exclusion from the Legislative Councils of persons deported or imprisoned without trial.

* * *

The wheat corner seems to be breaking up. On Tuesday there was a heavy fall on the Chicago market, which is said to have wiped out £120,000 of Mr. Patten's "profits," and there has been a slight drop in the price of wheat in the English markets, though, owing to the uncertainty, little actual business has been done. It looks as though Mr. Patten's calculations of the available supply were less near the truth than the official estimates. The "corner" has aroused public opinion in America and here. In the U.S.A. the suggestion has been made—it will go no further—to abolish the duty on wheat, while one legislator has brought in a Bill to prohibit dealings in futures. Mr. Field, an Irish M.P., has also been asking Mr. Lloyd George whether he cannot interfere, but Mr. Lloyd George betrays no anxiety to grapple with the very delicate and complicated problem of the grain markets. It is much easier to attack a legitimate dealing in futures which steadies prices than to hit at wholly legitimate gambling.

* * *

The trial of M. Lopukhin, the ex-Director of the Russian Police Department, will begin before a special bench of senators on May 11th. The charge against him is of "having rendered efficacious aid to a Social Revolutionary Association, whose aim was to produce a *coup d'état* by means of an armed insurrection, terroristic acts, and the assassination of the Tsar." The indictment is a voluminous document, and its point is that M. Lopukhin betrayed the police spy, Azeff, to the revolutionaries. According to it, Azeff's services had been "enormous." Ever since 1892 he had been betraying his associates. He betrayed Gershuni, he betrayed an army organisation, and he revealed plots against various governors, General Trepoff, Plehve, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the Tsar. According to the police, M. Lopukhin revealed all this to the Social Revolutionaries. M. Lopukhin's defence is rather tangled: he says that he mentioned the truth only to Bartseff on the understanding that it would go no further, and he refused to appear before the revolutionary committee of inquiry into Azeff. There is more than a suspicion that the Terrorists put pressure upon M. Lopukhin, but the clearest impression left by the indictment is that the proceedings against M. Lopukhin are vengeance by the Secret Service.

* * *

An important stage has been reached in the construction of the Nigerian Railway by the linking of the section running north from Lagos, on the coast, and the section running south from Jebba, on the Niger. The Niger is thus at a point 500 miles from its mouth in railway communication with the sea. The line is to run as far as Kano, the great trading centre of Northern Nigeria, and the portion beyond the Niger is being attacked from opposite Jebba (the river has not yet been bridged) and from Baro. The line is being laid at the rate of a mile a day, and it is hoped to reach Kano in 1911. The railway will run through a region of big towns and advanced farming, but whether it will pay is another question. Its hope is cotton-growing for Lancashire.

# Politics and Affairs.

## BATTLE OR DEMONSTRATION?

THERE is always, we suppose, a theoretical case to be made out for the connection between Church and State. But, unless all the rights of nationalities are disavowed, could there be a weaker one than that which the friends of the Welsh Establishment set up against the Bill of Wednesday and its predecessor of fourteen years ago? Here is an institution which not one Welsh member of Parliament out of thirty-four now supports, which has failed, within the memory of this generation, to send half a dozen champions to the Imperial Parliament; which is permanently deserted by the great majority of the Welsh people; which is predominantly non-national or anti-national; which, though respectable for zeal and learning, is quite undistinguished; which, though it happens to possess so able a chieftain as the Bishop of St. Asaph, is disabled from leading anything in Wales—either her faith or her politics or her industrial life or her culture or her poetry or her music; which, as it can never hope to be anything more than a comfortably protected sect so long as its State association survives, ought to long with all its soul for the escape into freedom that saved its Irish sister. Practically all these larger considerations were abandoned by the weak opposition to Mr. Asquith's Bill. Instead of an argument on merits, the House of Commons was asked to consider the Government's haste in legislating in advance of the report of the Royal Commission, and their cruelty in despoiling a Church which they invest with its cathedrals, churches, parsonages, burial grounds, and every farthing's-worth of endowment left it since the national faith of the country was fixed on the lines to which in the main Wales adheres to-day. For our part, while we gladly concede the point as to endowment, and think that the Act of Uniformity of 1662 makes a proper limit for the retention of Church property, we greatly dislike the vesting of the cathedrals in the Church Representative body. Cathedrals are not mere enlarged parish churches. They are the greatest of all historical monuments, the most glorious and permanent symbols of the religious and civic life of a nation. No Government has a right to make them over to a body that is not national in fact, and will have ceased to be national in name. If the Anglican dioceses in Wales cannot peaceably share the Welsh Cathedrals with the Welsh nation, they should be vested in the people whose fathers raised their walls and worshipped within them. Otherwise the Bill creates no real grievance and no injustice. The Welsh Church is not asked to make any serious voluntary effort within the lifetime of the present incumbents. It will never want either buildings or endowments, and the dispossessed French clergy, from the Archbishop of Paris to the humblest *desservant*, would have jumped at such a provision as this Government has made. It will be a little poorer than it is to-day, but only on the sceptical theory of Mr. Balfour, that a church, like a City company, must live on its pious donors, will it therefore suffer a loss of vitality. Disestablishment re-unites the Welsh Church and the Welsh nation, so far as union is humanly possible, just as Establishment necessarily and eternally separates them.

"The Bill is all right," said Mr. Hutton, in answer to a reporter of the "Daily News," "if only the Government mean to go through with it to the bitter end." There, unfortunately, we touch the weakness and unreality of the situation. What the immediate prospects of the measure may be we do not know; the Government can hardly contemplate its passage this year, even through the House of Commons. The Budget comes next week, it has been expressly described by the Prime Minister as the main work of the Session, covering, as it does, the one function where Liberal power against the Lords is undiminished, and where the special meaning and purpose of Liberal policy are revealed. As soon as it appears, it will be an Aaron's rod, swallowing up all rivals. Then to what category of Bills is Welsh Disestablishment to be assigned, how far will it be pressed, and, above all, what possible calculation assigns it the barest chance of life in the House of Lords? We know the Tory attitude. Mr. Balfour is no Constitutionalist in this matter; he is fighting for existence and power, and his real weapon is the Lords. He has declared instant war on the Bill, not by argument, for he has none, but by his usual process of signalling to his friends across the corridor in Westminster Palace. Who does not know this; and who that knows it does not also realise that it explains the lack of enthusiasm for the Bill, and the feeling that in spite of all protests and assurances to the contrary, the Government has merely put its hand again to the sand-plough which its last Liberal predecessor foreswore fourteen years ago?

Thus we measure time in the history of Liberalism, until the "dominant issue" is not merely stated but faced. Within the last week two Bills of real consequence to Liberal members—the measure giving electoral unity to London and that disestablishing the Welsh Church—have been presented for academic debate. Is it possible that their special friends contemplate any farther fate for them? Is it not time, therefore, for the party to come to an understanding as to its future, so that self-respect can be restored to it. And what source of revival remains but in recourse to the electorate? It is idle to say that we refuse to let the Lords "dictate" the time and nature of the appeal to the country. They can do a worse thing than that. They can deprive Liberalism of power and credit; and if these go, the mere power of selecting the day of execution is of no value. Once the Lords have refused to reform our electoral system. They are now going to repeat their refusal. Twice they have refused a reform of the Scottish land system. Once they have refused an Education Bill; had the compromise of last year been left standing, in however attenuated a form, they would have done it again. Now these defeats have gone so far that, secure in the general progress of the reaction, only the constitutional ground captured by our forefathers saves the Government this year from the annulment of its larger programme, financial and non-financial. Therefore, what is Wales going to do? She has pressed the Government into a demonstration. Will she arm it for a battle?

## A TRIUMPH OF CHARACTER.

The science of political dynamics, if such a science exists, has hardly penetrated as yet to the Near East. For if anything is more remarkable than the energy and competence of the Young Turks, it is the ignorance of their critics, both Turkish and Western. The first revolution of July took the whole world of diplomacy and journalism by surprise, and was, indeed, at first regarded by the persons who direct foreign policy merely as a fresh aggravation of the Macedonian chaos. The counter-revolution of April 13th was hailed with obvious pleasure by the "Times," and, indeed, by nearly all the English correspondents in Constantinople as the final overthrow of the Young Turkish movement. To-day one looks back in mere amazement at such folly. For the Committee of Union and Progress is clearly much stronger now than it was in July, and it displays the calm, the moderation, and the intelligence which come only from conscious strength and unruffled courage. On both occasions it was not only European observers who were in error. For all his army of spies, the Sultan knew little or nothing of the organisation that overthrew his despotism in July. Last week the idea that the Committee had grown nerveless and unpopular must have been shared not only by its European and Levantine critics, but by some of the clergy, by all the so-called "Liberals," and, perhaps, by the Sultan himself. The root of it all is, we believe, the reluctance of the average man of the world to admit what is at bottom a moral force into his daily calculations. For centuries the East has seemed to be changeless. For centuries the Turk has seemed to be the prey of a temperamental lethargy. Amid the inertia in which corruption and self-seeking found their opportunity, only one ideal factor seemed to be real—the appeal to the ignorant masses of a primitive religion which could, for all its many merits, be easily wielded by fanatics and intriguers. On that ill-omened Tuesday of last week the green flag had been waved, the *hodjas* had preached, and the soldiers, with someone's money in their pockets, had shouted for Islam, the Sheriat, and the Sultan. At once the men who think they know the East concluded that it is, if possible, more changeless than ever.

But for one circumstance they might have been right, and that circumstance is the moral integrity and the elevation of character of the young officers who have come under the influence of the Committee, of its Positivist teaching, and of the winning nobility of such a man as Achmet Riza. We do not suppose that the men of the Third Army Corps at Salonica differed originally in intelligence or opinion from the men of the First at Constantinople. They have responded differently to the same stimulus of religion and conventional loyalty, simply because they trust their officers. For three or four years past these officers have consciously set themselves to acquire a moral ascendency, to teach and inspire, instead of merely commanding. That was the real strategy of the Committee. It has been splendidly justified. The rank and file in Salonica doubtless know even better than the rank and file in Constantinople, that some of their officers may be lax Moslems and radical politicians. But they have had time to learn also that they are good leaders, sympathetic teachers, honest patriots, and men who will not sell their comrades or their companies for promotion or backsheesh. Military critics tell us that the march of the Third Army Corps on Constantinople has been a very competent performance from a professional standpoint. It is, to our thinking, much more than that. It is the victory of a band of men who have made character their first concern. The Young Turks have always despised Constantinople as a place hopelessly corrupted by Palace influences and Levantine finance. Constantinople, in its turn, had evidently despised them as "idealogues" and dreamers. It realises to-day that they are very "practical mystics."

Before these pages are in the reader's hands the terms of the Parliamentary army will doubtless be known—and executed as soon as they are known. The one concern of the Young Turks will be to render impossible, but by a minimum of change, the repetition of the reactionary plot. They will certainly do what Kiamil Pasha refused to let them do at an earlier stage—break up the Sultan's Pretorian Guard. They will, of course, punish the men who were not only mutineers, but murderers, for only when the present censorship is withdrawn shall we learn the whole truth about the cold-blooded slaughter of Young Turks which followed the mutiny. The fugitive deputies will be restored, and the fate of Tewfik Pasha's stop-gap Ministry is hardly worth considering, for even the Rump Parliament had studiously refrained from according it any vote of confidence. The actual authors of the plot to terrorise Parliament have been guilty of a sort of treason. We shall be surprised if they have the courage to await their fate, and still more surprised if the Young Turks mix vengeance with the punishment which some of these persons have richly deserved. A section of the clergy—but probably not the more enlightened section which is largely represented in the Chamber—was mainly instrumental in rousing the soldiery and the mob, and perhaps it had a share in fomenting the Armenian massacres which broke out in Adana, when for a moment it was thought that reaction had triumphed in the capital. These men did after their kind. More contemptible has been the part played by the self-styled Liberals, who, in their jealousy against the Committee, stooped to ally themselves with reaction. The conduct of these persons goes far to confirm the suspicions which our correspondent entertained of Kiamil Pasha and his clique two months ago—that he was even then meditating a *coup d'état*, and would have dissolved the Parliament, with the aid of the Palace troops, if the Young Turkish majority in the Chamber had not promptly driven him from office.

The critics of the Committee have blamed it for its "dictatorial" methods and for its anxiety to retain influence in the army. We shall hear less of that charge in future. It is only because the Committee controls the army that Turkey has escaped the fate of Russia and Persia after their civilian revolutions. At present and for some time to come the effective choice lies between the Committee and the officers on the one hand and the Mohammedan Union and the soldiers on the other. The

central fact of the situation is, we are afraid, that only two sets of politicians are men—the Young Turks of the Salonica school and the extreme Clericals. The Chamber, save for its declared Young Turkish members, has shown itself opportunist and feeble. Some groups, notably the Greeks and the Armenians, abstain from voting on all critical occasions. Others veer under outside pressure. The withdrawal of the declared Young Turks left the Rump utterly inert, unable to make up its mind either for or against the Tewfik Cabinet. We do not know whether most European Parliaments would have behaved better, or whether any of them would have awaited the mutineers as the Roman Senate awaited the Gauls in the Forum. But clearly such a Chamber requires a strong and courageous controlling force. The Pashas of the old *régime*, from Kiamil to Hilmi and Tewfik, are only fit for the position which the Committee assigned them—executants of its will, officials who may usefully serve it with their administrative experience.

The only force which exists is the Committee itself. It has bayonets behind it. But it would be a gross mistake to suppose that for that reason it rests simply on brute strength. On the contrary, it is only because of its high character and its rare intelligence that it retains the bayonets. Only those who know something of the passions and suspicions which seethe in Macedonia can gauge the whole significance of the success of the Salonica Committee. It had to hold its soldiers, accessible to religious and personal loyalty. It had to hold the Bulgarians, who might have thought the possibility of a civil war among Turks the ripest occasion for self-assertion in all the history of their race. It had also to hold the Albanians, who combine hatred for Turks and Bulgarians with a curious personal loyalty to Abdul Hamid. To succeed in all three feats was to repeat the miracle of July. The soldiers marched; the Bulgarians and some Albanians actually volunteered to march beside them. That was more than a triumph either of force or diplomacy. It was the test of a long period of trial, and it meant that in a land where no race ever before trusted another, the Young Turks are making a nation out of chaos.

The task that confronts them to-day is still enormously difficult. They have to make something out of this timid and nerveless Parliament. They have to put manhood into feeble Ministers. They have without money to take up the immense business of constructive reforms. They must somehow work in the provinces with officials who may all be as untrustworthy or useless as those who allowed the old habit of massacre to return in Adana and Mersina. Hardest task of all, they have to impose themselves on the remoter Asiatic regions, where as yet their influence has scarcely begun to penetrate. Like everyone else in Turkey, they have probably learnt something from a crisis which so nearly jeopardised all their achievements. To us it seems doubtful whether even the gain to their organisation from keeping their ranks clear of placemen and self-seekers, is worth the loss to their country involved in the self-denying ordinance which forbids them to take office.

The part which diplomacy has played in this crisis would make a curious study, for which the materials are not yet available. Each Power seems to have suspected the others of supporting the Sultan against the Committee. That Sir Edward Grey has personally retained his sympathy for the Young Turks we are fully convinced. But there are grave reasons for doubting the tact with which he has been served by the Embassy staff in Constantinople. It seems to have allowed itself to contract a firm alliance with Kiamil Pasha, whose own conduct has been more than suspicious, while his associations with the "Liberal" plotters and their financial backers have been ruinous. The "Levant Herald" and the "Times" contrived between them to convince the Young Turks that they had lost the sympathy of official England. Their complete victory has already brought back the more than ever unstable "Times" to their side. But the simple and generous attitude of disinterested and trustful friendship has been seriously compromised by these infidelities. What part has been played in them, respectively, by finance, by personal ties, or by diplomatic complications caused by our Russian partnership and the feud with Germany, is difficult to measure. The general idea has often seemed to be rather to use Turkey than to help her. That, we are sure, was far from being the attitude of Sir Edward Grey. A new chapter has opened. It will be marked, we hope, on our side, by a less nagging criticism, a less calculating friendship.

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## THE WORLD'S SHORTAGE OF WHEAT.

The notion that some gigantic gambler across the sea can starve whole nations by cornering and withholding from the market the world-supply of wheat when it is running low has gained wide prevalence from the speculative operations of men like Mr. Leiter and Mr. Patten. But it has little support in fact. These dealers in imaginary wheat do not affect the production, or to any appreciable degree the distribution and consumption, of the real wheat which is brought for a time under their actual control. No doubt if a solid corner of the real world-supply could be formed and held, the monopolists could extort a huge ransom for the right to eat, and the poorer classes might be unable to pay it. But when the supply has run very short, the rise of price under "free competition" will impose a similar disability upon the poor. The only completely successful corner in wheat, as Mr. Patten reminds us, was Joseph's operation in Egypt, where he extorted the entire liberty and property of the whole nation as the price of corn from the public granaries. Up to the limit of the American tariff wall it might be possible for Mr. Patten and his friends to dictate prices inside America, though even there the suspension of the tariff, already vigorously demanded, would ease the situation by throwing the United States on the world-market. But even if it be true that Mr. Patten holds 15,000,000 bushels of wheat on the Great Lakes, and that he has netted a million pounds profit by his squeeze, it by no means follows that he is mainly responsible for

the high price of wheat, and that his million has been made out of the starving masses. He will have to "loose" this wheat to dealers and consumers before the next harvest begins to come in, or he will lose his market. Nor will he sell to us, at any rate, as a monopolist. For, though his store may comprise the bulk of the present visible supply, it usually happens in such cases that watchful dealers in other places, often unknown to the trade, have been holding supplies which are called out by a sufficient rise of prices. Probably portions even of the last good harvest in this country are as yet unsold. More important still, the new crop from India will begin to come in about a month, helping to tide over the critical time between now and next September.

But though the Chicago corner is not responsible, the gravity of the situation is undeniable. It is attributable to a number of forces operating upon the supply and the demand for wheat. Though no great producing country suffered a complete collapse last year, there were poor harvests in a number of countries both last year and the year before, as the following computation of the world-supply will indicate:—

| | Quarters. |
|---|---|
| 1906 ... ... ... | 423,480,000 |
| 1907 ... ... ... | 389,815,000 |
| 1908 ... ... ... | 388,450,000 |

The acreage of wheat in the United States during recent years has failed to keep pace with her population, and though her diminishing contribution to the export supply is in course of compensation by the development of North-West Canada and Argentina, the readjustment is not yet complete. Moreover, within this last year Japan has been taking a considerable increase of wheat from the United States, and Germany has bought largely from Russia, while for intelligible reasons Roumania and the Balkans have recently dropped out of the list of exporting nations.

It is, no doubt, a melancholy fact that our conquest over Nature is still so incomplete that our necessary food supplies are still, to some extent, at the mercy of droughts, storms, crop diseases, and other incalculable and unpreventable accidents. But we are not utterly defenceless. The extension of cheap, rapid, and safe transport by sea and land has opened up large new sources of food supply in many distant quarters of the earth, and our wide commercial connections, with our system of free imports, have enabled us to take fuller advantage of these equalising forces than any other country. It is not true that our wheat supply is becoming more precarious either in quantity or in accessibility. Quite the contrary. Were we so crazy as to make ourselves dependent for wheat upon our own Imperial resources, we should at least once in every four years be placed in a predicament compared with which the present pinch is trivial. For, widely dispersed though our possessions are, they afford no sufficient variety to ensure a steadiness of supply and prices approaching that which our present open market procures for us. This is no matter of mere speculation. The following table shows how much more widely our Imperial supplies of wheat fluctuate than the supplies from foreign countries:—

| Countries. | 1900 | 1901 | 1902 | 1903 | 1904 | 1905 | 1906 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Per cent. | Per cent. | Per cent. | Per cent. | Per cent. | Per cent. | Per cent. |
| Argentina ... ... ... | 19·0 | 8·2 | 4·2 | 12·2 | 18·5 | 21·1 | 17·2 |
| Roumania ... ... ... | 0·8 | 0·5 | 2·2 | 2·7 | 1·3 | 1·8 | 3·3 |
| Russia ... ... ... | 4·6 | 2·5 | 6·1 | 14·8 | 20·1 | 21·8 | 13·4 |
| United States ... ... | 58·2 | 66·2 | 60·2 | 40·0 | 15·7 | 12·7 | 32·1 |
| Other foreign countries ... | 5·1 | 3·3 | 3·7 | 3·3 | 5·2 | 4·9 | 3·0 |
| Total foreign countries ... | 87·7 | 80·7 | 76·4 | 73·0 | 60·8 | 62·3 | 69·0 |
| Australia ... ... ... | 3·0 | 6·1 | 3·9 | — | 9·6 | 10·1 | 6·9 |
| Canada ... ... ... | 8·1 | 8·5 | 11·3 | 12·4 | 7·6 | 7·3 | 12·2 |
| India ... ... ... | — | 3·3 | 8·2 | 14·6 | 21·6 | 20·0 | 11·2 |
| Other British possessions | 1·2 | 1·4 | 0·2 | — | 0·4 | 0·3 | 0·7 |
| Total British possessions | 12·3 | 19·3 | 23·6 | 27·0 | 39·2 | 37·7 | 31·0 |

The world-harvest seldom fluctuates more than 10 per cent., but the harvest of the British Empire not seldom fluctuates to three times that amount. What conspicuous folly, then, it would be for us, who depend for full three-quarters of our wheat upon external sources, to weaken or withdraw a single one of our bases of supply! This argument applies in time of peace. But the really monumental folly of Imperial Preference would appear in time of war, with any nation strong enough at sea to menace our food supplies. For, though food still remains "conditional contraband," whether carried in belligerent or neutral vessels, the actual risk of capture and stoppage is far greater in the former than in the latter case, and the whole trend of international agreements is towards a discrimination in favor of neutral trade.

There remains, however, for consideration the really grievous issue raised by the effect of a high price of bread upon the condition of the poorer working classes. For most of our readers it may be of little personal import that the price of a quartern loaf has risen from 5d. to 6½d., or even 7d. But there is a considerable section of the people for whom this means an increase of ten, or even fifteen, per cent. in the total cost of living. And the income of these people is chronically fluctuating just above the bare physical subsistence point. What can such people do, and what can be done for them? Not only bread, but wheat-bread, remains for them the staff of life. Practically more conservative than Germans, our people will not have recourse to rye, and even oatmeal is adopted with reluctance as a supplementary food. The better-to-do workers will doubtless reduce their proportionate consumption of bread, using more largely other articles of diet without great damage. But the suffering and the injury to the poorest classes of a high price of bread, falling in a period of unemployment and irregular incomes, are indeed terrible. Should bread prices reach famine height, there will, doubtless, be an outbreak of charitable distribution. And a few more persons may be led to the reflection that the only safe remedy for the natural fluctuations in supply of wheat is to build up for all the workers a standard of wages and of subsistence high enough to enable them to bear without real suffering even so considerable an increase in the price of wheat.

## THE GROWTH OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

After the gun-maker and the scare-monger, the doctrinaire. Start the idea that some concrete physical peril broods over the British nation in the shape of coming invasion by a powerful neighbor, and the perverted theorist and moralist come quickly in to persuade the people that they may go cheerfully forward to such an encounter with the full belief that religion and humanity are vain things, and that, in the words of the "Spectator" of last week, "war is the law of the civilised quite as much as of the uncivilised, and that mankind has as yet found no other way of settling which will is to prevail" in a clash of conflicting national purposes and interests. It is easy to preach this doctrine, based even less on the falsification than on the ignorance of history, because the argument jumps with an imposing mass of superficial sentiment, and because history is so often treated on purely national lines. But what substance lies behind it? How do the broad facts of individual and State life within the Christian and civilised ages bear it out? Let us see. Doubtless, when Christianity united itself to the world under Constantine the religion of peace was lost, and the universal humanity of a primitive faith disappeared in the practice of an earthly and earthy hierarchy. Then, indeed, anarchy and violence spread themselves over Roman Europe. For many ages under the banner of the Cross, as under the banner of the Crescent, Force and Fraud, Avarice and Ambition, Intolerance and Cruelty, marched together triumphant. In the Masque of Anarchy our poet-prophet saw such diabolic shapes moving along—

> "All disguised, even to the eyes,
> Like bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies."

Piety shrank into the cell and brooded in the cloister. Morality found nothing to choose between layman and cleric, between believer and unbeliever. But sometimes out of the darkness and tumult came the light of humanity and the voice of protest. Dante dreamed of peace. Erasmus, first of the humanitarians, a good European in every sense of the word, schemed for it. Grotius saw and developed the germs of an international law which should improve the relationship between States in time of peace and mitigate the barbarities of warfare. His book is said to have been read by Gustavus the Great, whose victory over Tilly in 1631 gave prestige to the new conception of a civilised and disciplined army. In England, too, not many years later, the superiority of serious and orderly troops over a licentious soldiery was proved by Cromwell. Yet so late as 1651 a distinguished jurist doubted "an in feminas et pueros bello victos saevire liceat!"

Since Grotius, the progress of international law and of a general conscience to support it has been steady and sustained. It moved but slowly at first, but it has gathered force, and in the last two centuries, and especially in the last twenty years, it has made almost miraculous strides. In the course of the seventeenth century, private war, which still flourished at its commencement in Germany and Austria, vanished; in the next century duelling began to decline. War as a method of converting nations to the orthodox faith, and torture as a method of converting individuals, went out of fashion together. The practice of hiring poisoners and assassins to remove their rivals, long congenial to Popes, monarchs, doges, and commanders-in-chief, was silently abandoned after innumerable Machiavellians had argued, with much learning and theological subtlety, on both sides of the question. As countries became better policed, and the means of communication improved, brigandage receded. On the high seas, the concomitant growth of commerce and of regular navies made piracy more and more precarious for those who wanted a quiet and lucrative profession in time of peace, though it was not until after the middle of the nineteenth century that the privateer—a pirate licensed to prey upon the commerce of an enemy in war time—was finally abolished by the Declaration of Paris.

It would be hard to say what causes have been most potent in lifting mankind out of the horrors of an almost perpetual state of war. But lifted it has been. If bad coin drives out good, it is equally true that, in the long run, good ideas drive out bad; and perhaps it is the invention of printing which has been the most powerful engine of advancement. Without it, the ideas of a Grotius, a Penn, an Abbé de Saint-Pierre, a Franklin, a Kant, or a Bentham could never have been circulated, and could not have turned the currents of thought and opinion. But the inventions of steam locomotion by land and sea, and of the telegraph, have been tremendous factors. Travelling facilities have brought all kinds of stranger nations together. Tokio is now as near to London as Edinburgh was two centuries ago, and the journey is far safer and more comfortable. By this means a mass of new international tissue has been securely woven into the fabric of human life. A banker's letter in London will finance a traveller all the world over. Postal arrangements are now international, as is the machinery of credit, food supply, insurance, and the assessment of Stock Exchange values. The growth of international commerce has been prodigious and irresistible. The natural interests that bind England to Germany or France are now so vast (and they are daily increasing) as almost to preclude the possibility of war. And the machinery of destruction, perfected as it is year by year by chemists and mechanics, has produced another kind of fear almost as potent in its appeal to the soldier as the danger of ruin to the merchant. Men like Lord Milner, who find their account in force alone, are surely blind to facts. If they cannot see the fruits of idealism, they might at least open their eyes to mechanical things, to the growth of an enlightened selfishness which is steadily undermining their position. The rise of organised democracy means, in the long run, that the classes which never gain by war are coming, largely through the machinery of conscription, into a position in which they can effectively prevent war. Most great European Governments no longer dispose of mere hireling forces; they have to satisfy their own soldiery—*i.e.*, the nations

—that the game of war is worth the candle. Even in the Franco-German war close observers of feeling in the conquering nation testified to the indifference—almost the sullenness—of the last detachments of German troops which were sent to the front. And everyone knows how "fed up" was the British Army in South Africa during the later stages of the Boer War.

The fanatical worshippers of force will have it that the disputes between nations can only be settled by war, because (they say) there is not, and can never be, an international army or police sufficiently strong to make the awards of international tribunals binding. How do they know that an international police force is impossible, or that any very crushing or considerable organisation of the kind would be necessary? A League of Peace is possible. A Concert of Europe is possible. A Hague tribunal has been created. Hundreds of difficult cases, embodied in more than eighty separate treaties, which in the old days would have provoked war, have been settled by arbitration; and the awards of international assessors have always been carried out, though no physical pressure has been used in their behalf. Conferences on all manner of subjects, from the laws of copyright to the postal service and the rules of land and sea war, have been held and settled amicably by conventions. International conventions are not more, but less, likely to be ignored and broken than national statutes. Whole sections of European territory have been permanently excluded from the zone of separate war, either by union with great Powers, or by international guarantees of their independence and territorial rights. The party of force thus scouts probabilities and ignores facts. It ignores, for example, the fact that, in most countries, the duel has practically disappeared without the intervention of law. So long as duelling seemed the right, proper, and sole means by which gentlemen could support their honor, the most drastic laws against duelling were of no avail. But when a new standard of good sense began to prevail, no legislator or policeman was required to destroy a custom which had grown up under a false chivalry; it merely withered away.

It is quite true that the Government even of a civilised State is often content with a rather low standard of international conduct. Statesmen will cling to the notion that they may do things in what they call national interests which they would be ashamed to do as individuals. But this notion also is dying out, because it has been found not to pay. Public opinion does not like to see those in authority disgracing it. A worthier emulation to lead the way in improvement is seen among the Great Powers. International conferences have disclosed an unsuspected willingness to co-operate. If it were not so, international law would begin to decline. But it grows. International courts are more firmly established and more widely appreciated every year. The preventability of war is more and more widely acknowledged, and there is no great country in which a strong and determined party cannot be found which looks with confidence to the adoption of a general scheme for the restriction of armaments, and counts upon bringing all the nations sufficiently into line to make such arrangements practical.

# Life and Letters.

## THE MAID.

From early morning last Sunday till evening came, the Square of St. Peter's in Rome and the interior of the great basilica itself were thronged from end to end with worshippers and pilgrims. The scene was brilliant with innumerable lamps, with the robes of many cardinals and the vestments of bishops, archbishops, and all the ranks of priesthood. The ceremony of adding one more to the calendar of the Blessed was performed, a solemn "Te Deum" was sung in praise of God's eternal greatness, and Pontifical Mass was celebrated, with all the splendor of ancient ritual and music of the latest harmony. In the afternoon Christ's Vicar himself entered from his palace, attended by fifteen cardinals, seventy of the archbishops and bishops of France, with an equal number of their rank from elsewhere, and, amid the gleaming lights of scarlet and gold, of green and violet, of jewels and holy flames, he prostrated himself before the figure of the Blessed One, to whom effectual prayer might now be offered even by the Head of the Church militant here on earth. Till late at night the vast cathedral was crowded with increasing multitudes assembled for the honor of one whom the Church, which judges securely as the world, commanded them to revere.

It was a simple peasant girl—"just the simplest peasant you could ever see"—whom the Head of the Church thus worshipped and crowds delighted to honor. Short and deep-chested she was, capable of a man's endurance, and with black hair cut like a boy's. She could not write or read, was so ignorant as to astonish ladies, and had only the peasant arts. The earliest description tells of her "common red frock carefully patched." "I could beat any woman in Rouen at spinning and stitching," she said to her judges, who, to be sure, had no special knowledge of anything beyond theology. "I'm only a poor girl, and can't ride or fight," she said when first she conceived her mission, and she had just the common instincts of the working woman. We may suppose her fond of children, for wherever she went she held the newborn babies at the font. She hated death and cruelty. "The sight of French blood," she said, "always makes my hair stand on end," and even to the enemy she always offered peace. "Or, if you want to fight," she sent a message to the Duke of Burgundy, "you might go and fight the Saracens." She never killed anyone, she said at her trial. Just an ordinary peasant girl she seemed—"la plus simple bergerette qu'on veit onques"—with no apparent distinction but a sweet and attractive voice. To be sure, she could put that sweet voice to shrewd use when she pleased. "What tongue do your Visions speak?" a theologian kept asking her. "A better tongue than yours!" she answered with the retort of an open-air meeting. But in those days there were theologians who would try the patience of a saint, and Joan of Arc is not a saint yet, having been only Beatified last Sunday, nearly five centuries after her death.

And she was only nineteen when they burnt her. At least, she thought she was about nineteen, but was not quite sure. Few years had passed since she was a child dancing under the big trees which fairies haunted still. Her days of glory had lasted only a few months, and now she had lain week after week in prison, weighed down with chains and balls of iron, watched day and night by men in the cell, because she always claimed a prisoner's right to escape if one could. Her trial before the Bishop of Beauvais and all the learning and theology of Paris University lasted nearly three months. Sometimes forty men were present, sometimes over sixty, for it was a remarkable case, and gave fine opportunity for the display of the superhuman knowledge and wisdom for which divines exist. Human compassion they displayed also, hurrying away just before the burning began one May morning, and shedding tears of pity over the sins of one so young. Indeed, their preachings and exhortations to her whilst the stake and fire were being arranged continued so long that the rude

English soldiers, so often deaf to the beauty of spiritual things, asked whether they were going to be kept waiting there past dinner-time.

However, the verdict of divine and human law could never be really doubtful from the first, for the charges on which she was found guilty comprehended many grievous sins. The inscription placed over her head as she stood while the flames were being kindled declared this Joan, who called herself the Maid, to be a liar, a plague, a deceiver of the people, a sorceress, superstitious, a blasphemer of God, presumptuous, a misbeliever in the faith of Christ, a boaster, idolatress, cruel, dissolute, a witch of devils, apostate, schismatic, and heretic. It was a heavy crime-sheet for a mere girl, and there was no knowing into what a monster she might grow up. So the Bishop of Beauvais could not well hesitate in pronouncing the final sentence whereby, to avoid further infection to its members, this rotten limb, Joan, was cast out from the unity of the Church, torn from its body, and delivered to the secular power, with a request for moderation in the execution of the sentence. Accordingly she was burnt alive, and the Voices and Visions to which she had trusted did not save her from the agony of flames.

At first sight the contrast between these two scenes, enacted by the authority of the same Church, may appear a little bewildering. It might tempt us to criticise the consistency of ecclesiastic judgment, did we not know that in theology, as in metaphysics, extreme contradictions are capable of ultimate reconciliation. The Church's attitude was, in fact, definitely fixed last January by the Papal proclamation declaring that the girl's virtues were heroic and her miracles authentic. We can only regret that the discovery was not made sooner, in time to save her from the fire, when her clerical judges came to the very opposite conclusion. Yet we must not hastily condemn them for an error which, even apart from theological guidance, most of us laymen would probably have committed.

Let us for a moment imagine Joan herself appearing in the England of to-day on much the same mission. It is not difficult to picture the contempt, the derision, the ribaldry, with which she would be greeted. In nearly every point her reception would be the same as it was, except that fewer people would believe in her inspiration. We have only to read her trial, or even the account given in "Henry VI.," to know what we should say of her now. There would be the same reproaches of unwomanliness, the same reminders that a woman's sphere is the home, the same plea that she should leave serious affairs to men, who, indeed, had carried them on so well that the whole country was worn out with perpetual panic of an enemy over sea. There would be the same taunts of immodesty, the same filthy songs. Since science has presumed to take the place of theology, we should talk about hysteria instead of witchcraft, and hallucination instead of demoniacal possession. Physiologists among their instruments would expound her enthusiasm as functional disorder of the thyroid gland. Historians among their books would draw parallels between her recurring Voices and the "tarantism" of the Middle Ages. The superior would smile with polite curiosity. The vulgar would yell in crowds and throw things in her face. The scenes of the fifteenth century in France would be exactly repeated, except that we should not actually burn her in Trafalgar Square. If she escaped the madhouse, the gaol would be always ready.

So that we must not be too hard on that theological conclave which made the mistake of burning a Blessed One alive. They were inspired by the highest motives, political and divine, and they made the fullest use of their knowledge of spiritual things. Being under such direction, they could not allow any weak sentiment of pity or human consideration to influence their judgment. Their only error was in their failure to discern the authenticity of the girl's miracles, and we must call that a venial error, since it has taken the Church nearly five centuries to give a final decision on the point. The authenticity of miracles! Of all questions that is, perhaps, the most difficult for a contemporary to decide. In the case of Joan's judges, indeed, the solution of this mystery must have been almost impossible, unless they were gifted with prophecy; for most of her miracles were performed only after her death, or at least only then became known. And as to the bare facts they knew of her life—the realities that everyone might have seen or heard, and many thousands had shared in—there was nothing miraculous about them, nothing to detain the attention of theologians. They were natural events.

For a hundred years the country had been rent and devastated by foreign war. The enemy still clutched its very centre. The south-west quarter of the kingdom was his beyond question. By treaty his young king was heir to the whole. The land was depopulated by plague and impoverished by vain revolution. Continuous civil strife tore the people asunder, and the most powerful of the factions fought for the invader's claim. Armies ate up the years like locusts, and there was no refuge for the poor, no preservation of wealth for men or honor for women. Even religion was distracted by schism, divided against herself into two, perhaps into three, conflicting churches. In the midst of the misery and tumult this girl appears, possessed by one thought only—the pity for her country. Modest beyond all common decency; most sensitive to pain, for it always made her cry; conscious, as she said, that in battle she ran as much risk of being killed as anyone else, she rode among men as one of themselves, bare-headed, swinging her axe, charging with her standard which all must follow, heartening her countrymen for the cause of France, striking the invading enemy with the terrors of a spirit. Just a clear-witted, womanly girl, except that her cause had driven fear from her heart and occupied all her soul, to the exclusion of lesser things. "Pity she isn't an Englishwoman!" said one of the enemy who was near her after a battle, and he meant it for the most delicate praise. In a few months she changed the face of her country, revived the hope, inspired the courage, rekindled the belief, re-established the unity, staggered the invader with a blow in the heart, and crowned her king as the symbol of national glory. Within a few months she had set France upon the assured road to future greatness. Little over twenty years after they burnt her there was hardly a trace of foreign foot upon French soil.

It was all quite natural, of course. The theologians who condemned her to death, and those who have now raised her to Beatitude, were concerned with the authenticity of her miracles, and there is nothing miraculous in thus raising a nation from the dead. Considering the difficulty of their task, we may forgive the clergy some apparent inconsistency in their treatment. But for ourselves, as mere laymen, we should be content to call any human being Blessed for the natural magic of such a history, and, compared to that deed of hers, we would not turn a street corner to witness the most astonishing miracle ever performed in all the records of the saints.

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## THE REVOLT OF THE POET.

The poets of the past wrote in revolt against their surroundings. So write also the poets of the present. The average citizen, in a cool hour, unjaundiced, will boast—or at least acknowledge—an immense amelioration. Freedom, toleration, spiritual and even material emancipation are accepted as natural as the sunshine and common air. Yet the poets seem none the less unhappy. Plato would have expelled them all from the Republic. He was convinced that their controversy was less with the remediable than with the irremediable ills of humanity. They stir up a discontent which cannot be directed to any fruitful issue, because it is discontent against the inevitable: the passing of youth into age, the lack of buoyancy and inspiration amongst those condemned to the mechanical work of the world; "quick-coming death"; the caprice and fickleness of love. However this may be, the life of the poet in twentieth-century

England is still a tragedy. It is tragedy even when the poet himself possesses indubitable genius and a secure appeal from the present to the future. It is tragedy unrelieved when that genius is still obscure, but hardly finding utterance, choked and impeded by waywardness or some twist or turn of nature, or just the inadequacy of the powers of expression for the thoughts conveyed. And such was the genius of John Davidson, who, after years of protest and indignation, appears to have effected an angry exit from life. Others have torn their days to pieces with bodily weaknesses or excesses, or turned aside, liko Ernest Dowson, simply shutting their eyes to the squalid and baffling present; or, like Francis Thompson, sought refuge in older, confident religions from the confusion of modern belief. There were occasions when this man attempted a similar flight from reality. In the "Fleet Street Eclogues," in some of the earlier songs and ballads of the seasons, in rejoicing over the return of spring or the splendor of the woods in autumn, he manifested a deliberate effort at escape—out to a world still clean and tranquil and beautiful, from all the dust and fury of men's disappointed days. Always he seemed drawn back as by a magnet into the vast city. The burden of it lay heavy upon him, stifling utterance. He spat out a fury of revolt against it; he broke into almost inarticulate curses and blasphemies against it; he hated whatever Providence was ruling over it; he hated the men who were making it what it was—arrogant, intolerant, blindly content. He came to hate himself for acquiescing in it. He has died—if he be dead—in protest.

The resolution to bring it to a close appears to have been deepened by two facts: the one was the possibility of painful disease coming to add discomfort to the malady of the soul: the other was the failure of all his later work to relieve him from poverty or to obtain recognition. It is pathetic to-day to look back upon the earlier praise of more than ten years ago, when the work of John Davidson, in its sincerity and vitality and strong relentless determination, was hailed as the promise of a new poetic dawn. "Scaramouch" was compared to "Shagpat," the early plays and romances hailed as possessing the "natural magic" of the Celt: Mr. Andrew Lang announced a belated pair of hands clapping that "remarkable book," the "Fleet Street Eclogues." "A type of the younger generation," Mr. Zangwill called him, "which is knocking at the door, and will assuredly vivify us with the breath of its new life and the ardor of its new song." And here was no grudging tribute of the few, rather a chorus of approval at evidence of work which, whatever its deficiencies, suffered from no sugary sweetness, and was a voice rather than an echo. The praise was not exaggerated. The earlier volumes remain to-day, rugged, irregular, often failing to attain their mark, lacking, except in certain isolated lines and passages, that beautiful setting for emotion which is the work of supreme art: but still revealing power, which was rightly hailed as opening rich promise for the future. It is a misfortune that no such verdict can be passed on his work to-day. No one expected much more from him than he has given already. His work was torn and jagged, deliberately mutilated (as it seems), while he hacked and stabbed at the life he saw around him. "The happy country tone" was lost in the "stormier note" of "men contention tost, of men who groan." Here, also, was as legitimate a subject for poetry as the earlier idylls, and there are poets who have revolted as fiercely whose voice has still maintained the quality of music. FitzGerald's epicurean pessimism is, perhaps, too slight an affair to be associated with deep reaction—rather revealing itself as a kind of pleasurable sadness over the wine-cup amid the roses—at the passing of love and the death of the flowers. Swinburne's assaults were made by one who always felt first the poetic impulse, the "reed" through which all sounds—even discordant injustices and tyrannies—were "blown into music." But in the work of James Thomson, a poet with temperament and indignation very similar to John Davidson, and perhaps a deeper neglect, the careless cruelty of the city and the intolerable injustices of God and man, became gathered into a sombre and magnificent vision of a City of Dreadful Night, with, brooding over it, the Melancholy that transcends all wit. Davidson effected no such unity. His impeachment lost power in rhetoric which sometimes became tedious in its catalogue of discontents, until the reader could almost see the pen spluttering under his hand. His later "testaments" and philosophic meditations are almost as unintelligible as the philosophic meditations of the later Browning, and will probably be forgotten as easily. He thought himself called to reveal an ultimate theory of life and destiny which was to replace all the older faiths, a combination of lessons learnt from Darwinism and Nietszche and sundry "materialistic" and "iconoclastic" authors, all garnished and flavored by the bitterness of individual failure. The creed has perished with him—without a disciple. It is a deeper charge against it that, in the effort after its exposition, there perished also his poetic genius.

"I have shown you," he declared in the preface to "The Testimony of John Davidson," "the litter and broken bits of a shattered society, the débris and wreckage of Christendom, clamoring to be put together again—after a pattern of its own." Nothing, he believes, can effect that rebuilding. He examines certain items in this ruin: lecturing Ireland on its demand for self-government that shall include Ulster, railing at representative Government, mocking at the demand of the women for the vote, announcing that marriage is dependent on property, and that "when men have no lands and money to bequeath, a son of their own blood will be of no consequence." "For my part," he asserted, "I have come out of it all, and have found another abode for my mind and imagination, not in any symbol of the Universe, which Christendom was, but in the Universe itself." And so he lays down the new gospel, which, indeed, is suspiciously like many old gospels, with some scientific jargon added. "There is no other world: there never was anything that man has meant by other world: neither spirit, nor mystical behind-the-veil: nothing not ourselves that makes for righteousness: no metaphysical abstraction." But there is matter, beginning as one "unponderable ether, oblivious, omnisolvent": lightening "the first emergence of the ponderable from the imponderable: fermentation in the "eternal ether" cells, electrons, the first limitation of matter: eddying vortices: atoms: evolutions: metalloids and metals: finally, man and woman arrived at by life through geological periods by natural selection. "Man" he hails as "the very form and substance of the universe, the material of eternity, eternity itself become conscious and self-conscious." "This is the greatest thing told since the world began." What, in the name of God or the ether, asks the indignant reader, as he wades through obscure and difficult attempts to set all this to blank verse, has this pseudo-scientific concoction to do with poetry? "Glory to man in the Highest," cried Swinburne, "for man is the master of things." But he found that glory in the present experience—of exultation, agonies, love, an unconquerable mind. Davidson loses these impressions of splendor in a revolt against present experience, scarcely mitigated by attempts to describe the development from the primeval electron to present bewildered humanity.

But to the poet it came as an inspiration. He proclaimed himself the apostle of a new faith which was to redeem mankind from all the old scourges which he traced to Christendom. With Lucretius he associated the destruction of the gods with an act of emancipation. No sadness accompanied the ruin of heaven, the fall of the gates of pearl and courts of jacynth and shattered crysolite. He exults with rejoicing over the collapse of belief in the soul and in a future life. Man is exalted, asceticism blasphemy against the human god: Sex triumphant.

"Like leprosy, the soul
With all its noisome blotches, ulcers, blains,
Of evil conscience, penances, remorse,
Contrition, sloughs, now crumbles into nought,
Leaving the proud, sweet body, clean and pure
The wholesome earth, the sun, the Universe,
Infinite loveliness, ethereal power."

"You are the Universe," says Mammon to Guendolen, "and everything that is. This is the thing the world is waiting for, this that I tell you." And what Mammon told Guendolen, Davidson told the world—believing with an intense, pathetic seriousness that this message was that for which all humanity was waiting. It was a message of destruction—*écraser l'infâme*. It was a message of exhilaration; destined (as he thought) to bring summer into men's lives.

"Were I unloosed
I should upheave this vault and batter down
The buttress of the Church that hides high Heaven—
Heaven and the heavens, showing you far and wide
The immaculate, material Universe,
All radiance, darkness, beauty, glory, power."

"We can never know enough," he wrote in the epilogue to "Mammon," "that man is the Universe capable of self-consciousness, that there is nothing higher than man. This is the knowledge that will change the world."

It is a knowledge that brought no summer into this man's life. With one voice he is hailing man as God; with another, he is exhibiting man blind and weak and brutal, the plaything and sport of chance and jealousies. What message of transformation does the great discovery bring to the hero of that gaunt and bitter ballad of "Thirty Bob a Week"—who awoke "a million years before the blooming sun," a little sleeping seed, and "always went according to the laws" until he had attained consummation in that dreariest hell of hopeless acquiescence? "Thy will be done," he flares out. "You say it if you durst!"

"They say it daily up and down the land
As easy as you take a drink, its true;
But the difficultest go to understand
And the difficultest job a man can do
Is to come it brave and meek with thirty bob a week
And feel that that's the proper thing for you."

The difficulty is fairly faced in the ballad of the making of a poet: when, fleeing from the hard and (to him) unbelievable puritan theology of Scotland to the worship of Apollo and Aphrodite, the young dreamer confronts the vision of man as God with the reality of men as men—a "god that lies and steals and murders": "passionate, dissolute, incontinent"; a god that starves in thousands:—

"Whose nostrils in a palace breathe perfume,
Whose cracking shoulders hold the palace up,
Whose shoeless feet are rotting in the mire."

He determines then to walk another path; to listen to the tune of Nature's heart; to be a thoroughfare for all the pageantry of Time; to put aside all creeds. So long as he was faithful to his resolution he produced poetry: now a passionate expresssion of Nature's moods, the Romney Marshes, in Epping Forest, gazing from the northern heights over the monstrous city or from other heights over vaster and more splendid plains:—

"Where everlasting mountains flung
Their shadows over tower and town,

The adventurous sun took heaven by storm,
Clouds scattered largesses of rain,
The sounding cities, rich and warm,
Smouldered and glittered in the plain."

When this resolution failed, and he embraced a faith as dogmatic, compelling, and intolerant as any of the older creeds, his inspiration departed.

Two years ago, at the age of fifty, "nine-tenths of my time," he was compelled to write, "and that which is more precious, have been wasted in the endeavor to earn a livelihood." "For half a century I have survived in a world entirely unfitted for me," "having known both the Heaven and the Hell thereof." The thought of suicide recurs in his later work. "So men should die," says Prince Mammon:

"It shall become again a shameful thing
To wait in debile age, a pap-fed dotard
Shunning disdainful death."

The "last journey" which closes "The Testament of John Davidson" is a nobly-written confession of defeat and weariness:—

"My feet are heavy now, but on I go,
My head erect beneath the tragic years,
The way is steep, but I would have it so;
And dusty, but I lay the dust with tears,
Though none can see me weep; alone I climb
The rugged path that leads me out of time—
Out of time and out of all,
Singing yet in sun and rain,
Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,
Round the world and home again."

"Scotland sent him forth," it could be said of him as of another, "a Herculean man. Our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines." And if it cannot be continued, "he sleeps with his fathers in that loved birthland," yet the end is common to both—as to all—"Babylon with its deafening inanity rages on; but to him henceforth innocuous, unheeded—for ever."

## THE LABORER'S LISTLESSNESS.

On a recent Saturday Mr. G. K. Chesterton discoursed in a column of the "Daily News" on the English shepherd of to-day. He described him as "a beery, bloated, stunted yokel," remarking at the same time that "this is the picture, not of the natural, but of the artificial shepherd." In a passage as admirable as it is true, he enumerated the artificers who have labored at the production of this work of art. "A fastidious aristocracy framed and proportioned that figure; the men who stole the Abbey lands whipped him (literally) into shape; the enclosure of commons enclosed him more and more in an artistic frame; he was long rubbed down and polished by the squires; and the last touch was given to him by the hunger of the 'forties and the far-off madness of the city."

The true history of the making of the English peasant is here succinctly set forth in half-a-dozen lines of newspaper; and that history should be weighed and pondered by all who consider the finished product. The present writer cannot agree with Mr. Chesterton that the peasant of to-day is "bloated"; that he is "stunted" is true enough. Neither, in the great majority of cases, can he fairly be described as "beery." When this is the case, it often seems his one redeeming virtue, the most human and genial thing about him. The impression that South English rustic life would make on a hasty observer would be that the laborers were a half-witted, brutalised, anæmic horde. This would not be a true impression, but it is the first impression that would strike the observer looking with his own eyes at the facts as they are. A deeper view would come later, but the honest inquirer would begin with this.

"The destruction of the poor is his poverty," is, if the writer remembers, a text of the Bible. The poverty of the poor is the all-excusing, all-explaining fact which their mentors of the upper classes seem incapable of realising. It happens, for instance, again and again that a little child is burned to death through playing near the fire in a flannelette night-gown. "You know the danger," says the Coroner to the mother, "why didn't you get a fireguard?" But a fireguard costs at the very least a shilling. The man's earnings are fifteen shillings a week, three of which go every week for rent. A fireguard is one of numberless things which "better-class" people take for granted, but which have to be bought with shillings and florins and half-crowns. But all the money the man can earn is wanted for bread. In normal cases he has a shilling a week for beer and 'baccy. It is held by many that this shilling should not be spent in this way—that it should be used, say, to buy tooth-brushes for the children. This appears, to say the least, to be asking a great deal of human nature.

The historical retrospect given by Mr. Chesterton, and the life they lead at the present day, explains the

grudging malignity and bitterness which is ingrained in the whole peasant class. This bitterness is not felt so much against their "betters," as against people of their own station, who by some means or other have managed to gain for themselves more of the ease and pleasantness of life. The writer remembers a cottage woman one summer evening leaning over her garden gate watching the trim figure of a young village girl go by on her bicycle. "Lord, how I should like to see she fall off," was the comment he caught as he passed. The girl was a clever dressmaker, who had saved money enough to buy a machine. This is their continual feeling towards one another.

Their necessary absorption in the most contracted routine, and in the wearing, grinding struggle to exist, must be borne in mind by those who are startled by the complete want of imagination which they display, the absolute lack of interest in anything outside the narrow circle of the things amongst which they live and work. The writer recently endeavored—much, indeed, against his better judgment, but knowing from long experience that at any rate he could do no harm—to startle some of them from their lethargy by portraying the terrors of the impending German invasion. He did not succeed in creating a ripple of interest in a single mind. His lurid pictures were received with complete indifference. One woman said, "Oh! indeed," and immediately entered into a long narration of how the schoolmaster had refused to give the key to Mrs. Portsmouth. A man, apparently thinking that "the news" was all one subject, and that anything contained in the same newspaper was relevant to the discussion, said that in America a lady had got £2,000 damages from a railway company for an injury to her knee, whereby she was disabled from kneeling at prayers. This was his sole comment on the "war scare." It must be borne in mind that War, Europe, Germany, England, are words which convey no meaning to their minds. One has known women whose husbands were in the South African war who had not the least idea that battles were real. The war was looked upon as a sham fight on an immense scale in distant lands.

In matters not immediately connected with their work there is almost no observation of nature among the rustic poor. They will assure you, for instance, that butterflies turn into chrysalises, or tell you that the lanes are lit up with glow-worms on a frosty winter night. Time was when they gave names, like "Charles's Wain" to the constellations, or called the Milky Way "the Walsingham Way," because it lighted pilgrims on their way to Walsingham. In France the popular name for it was "la voie de St. Jacques," the way trodden by St. James when he went before Charlemagne to lead him to fight against the Moors. It would be almost impossible to-day to find an English farm laborer who distinguishes the Milky Way from the vague mass of stars. The writer remembers a cottage family who found it exquisitely ludicrous that a lady had tried to teach them the constellations.

There are, of course, weak and strong characters among them, those who miserably succumb, and those who by continual fighting "hold their own." The long fight goes on with poverty and illness—it is little wonder that when the fighting instinct has so constantly to be exercised, its operations should not be confined to circumstances, but should be extended to persons, to the neighbors or the clergymen. A certain undaunted gaiety, a resolute determination to make the best of things is required if they are not to be altogether submerged in the misery of their lot. This is sometimes found. Squire Osbaldiston, in running over the list of his sons, remembered that "Archie was hanged." One of the boys of a numerous family known to the writer once spent three months in prison. His mother euphemistically refers to this period as "when my Jackie was in the Home."

There are here and there æsthetic stirrings. A woman told the writer that in her youth she had composed a poem which had caused many people to say that "if she'd studied and give her mind to such things she'd have got on with it as a good many had done." She recited the poem, which was of interminable length, and consisted of a description of the cottage in which she lived, which was known as "Horner's Hut." It had this peculiarity that the second and fourth lines of each verse ended with the same word. Thus the first verse ran:—

"Horner's Hut's a very nice place,
Surrounded by woods and trees,
But now it don't look quite the same,
For the leaves are off the trees."

From internal evidence the poem appears to have been written in November. It was inscribed on a long scroll of paper pinned to the wall of the cottage, and was read and admired by all visitors. The good woman often recited it for her own solace, whilst at work.

There is in England between the rich and the educated on the one hand, and the poor on the other, a great gulf fixed, so that they who would pass from either side cannot. It is very questionable if this gulf has been really crossed, even, say, by the author of "A Poor Man's House." Mr. Galsworthy, in his recent novel "Fraternity," makes Hilary say to the model "Don't talk like that; every woman is a lady." "The stolidity of the girl's face, more mocking far than any smile, warned him of the cheapness of this verbiage." One has sometimes had the same experience in telling country boys that "every decent lad is a gentleman."

On the evening of last Easter Sunday the writer called at a cottage on his way to dinner at a pleasant house. He found the wife sitting miserably over a tiny fire with two listless and unoccupied little boys on their respective stools. Her husband was a carpenter, and she complained sadly of the four days' holiday which he was obliged by his employers to take, during which time there would be no pay. It was then a quarter past seven, and the man himself had gone to bed. "Tom generally goes to bed after tea," his wife said. On the bare deal table there was no sign of food. Half-an-hour afterwards one was having warm and pleasant food of various kinds amid lights and flowers and the gay, careless humor of boys home for the holidays from Cambridge and London. Gerald complained of the antics with which Reggie (aged sixteen months and clad in a red velvet pelisse) had indulged at his christening:—"Why should my christening have been turned into a scene of confusion by Reggie?" he asked. But one could not get the former dreary picture out of one's mind.

The one good and to some extent happy thing in the farm laborers' lives is their work in the open air. One has heard a young farm lad talk of the work of the farm and its varied operations with a fresh, eager interest, as of the one important thing, the one thing that mattered, and was really worth doing. There is no gaiety among the English rustics now, but it is not unpleasing to think of a solemn group of them over their beer in the ale house, or in the West Country over their brown mugs of cider, repeating the sacred traditional formulæ, the refrains in the pauses of the year, with which, bent and bowed and crippled as they are, the children of those who for centuries have starved and stolen, they assist at the great drama of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest—the one tenet of their religion, the drama that will not cease till the end of the world.

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## TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

We have to deplore the dwindling of many of our animals, but the rodent tribe still faithfully fills all the small corners in the economy of nature for which it was designed. Theirs is the blessing of the meek. The fierce marten and polecat are on the verge of extinction; the nocturnal and peaceful, though inconvenient, badger tries with indifferent success to hold his own; the swift fox is only permitted to exist on condition that he makes sport for the still swifter fox-hound. But the rabbit yields up her life without protest, as though secure in the knowledge that there are five little rabbits to come after her, and rats, mice, and voles furnish tons of car-

cases annually for cats, owls, hawks, and vipers, and are still as common as ever. Either one of them is ready to eat us up if a single hostile wheel should fall out of order, and, in spite of every persecution, each of them has its scouts within our lines.

There is the proverbially silent house mouse, which while we sit before the fire comes out and flits about the white hearth like a moveable blot, seeming to amuse itself by appearing in all manner of unexpected places. We would gladly spare it if it were guaranteed to be the only one of its kind here. But we know that our kindness would be repaid with a family of half a dozen and by four more families of half a dozen each before we were three months older. So the cat and the traps are kept very busy, and still the unwelcome breed flourishes in the wall-spaces and floor-spaces of the house.

The house mouse is the town mouse, whether he live in a country mansion or in the midst of slums. Our little flitterling of the hearth is a combination of fine gentleman and street arab. He takes a pride in his personal appearance, and his vanity evidently extends to delight in the observation of the human being he has adopted as his patron. But it must be observation at a distance. His eyes, set a little wide apart on a rather hatchetty face, and very prominent, see askance almost as well as in front. His ears are wide and thin to catch every sound and locate it in the world of strange echoes that a house must represent. His nose is alert for every message in that direction, and the fine vibrissæ on his muzzle stand for a sixth sense of which we have no conception. He is the figure of watchfulness against danger, and also the figure of curiosity and daring up to the very gate of danger.

On the other hand, take the vole, a rodent, but not technically a mouse, though sufficiently well named by us country people "short-tailed field-mouse." He has a broad, flat, farmer's face, with the eyes set close together, and his ears are almost lost in a bushy growth that resembles the bucolic beard. Not living in a world of continuous noise, he can keep out of the way very well by taking note of the tremors of the earth when men and other enemies walk upon it, and, to be on the safe side, he usually moves through tunnels in the long grass. When the snow was on the ground we saw here and there a short track where his run had broken out into the open, and then, following up the tunnel, were astonished at his activity under that wintry scene. In nose he does not yield to the town mouse, and wherever in the fields or outhouses there is food that appeals to him, there we find him. Potatoes, peas (just planted in their rows) crocus bulbs, acorns, are good enough for him, and he has not followed the epicure house mouse into the bee-hives after the honey in the honey-comb. The vole rarely comes into the house, whereas the hearth mouse is capable of making long excursions into the field. We have just found three of them far out in the garden, snugly camped out in the blankets of a bee-hive that had too large an entrance.

The house mouse is a thing all nerves and sensibility. Civilisation has made kittle cattle of it. Creatures out of doors are so stoical under pain that the casuist easily persuades himself that they feel no pain, and cannot be the subject of cruelty. But anyone must be convinced of the contrary when he has caught a house-mouse in a live trap. It is trembling with fear, and actually drenched with perspiration from the obvious mental agony—deliberate anthropomorphism this—into which its mishap has thrown it. The wood mouse shares this in some degree when we catch it in the box-trap designed for weasels and stoats, but the vole is as stoical as Fennimore Cooper's red Indians under torture. So, by the way, is the rabbit, which, with a ferret gnawing at its back, often utters no sound, and sits apparently chewing the cud as imperturbably as an ostler with a straw between his lips.

We found the other day in a corner of the tool shed a nest of the "wee timorous beastie," for undoubtedly the "mouse" of which Burns wrote was the field vole. There were five or six helpless babies in the nest, and while we watched, the mother vole came for them one by one, and carried off the whole family to a safer retreat. While we stayed quiet there was no hesitation in her coming and going. Her straight, narrow-set eyes pointed straight to the family to be fetched, and she came at them in a straightforward, one-ideaed way. A slight movement on our part gave a contrary impulsive stimulus. She checked in her path, but with her eyes still fixed on the major attraction. Then she came on again, and, the power increasing with the nearness of the object, she rushed the last few inches, seized one of the naked youngsters, and bolted as best she could for the retreat. We do not believe that the hearth-mouse would have come for her young at all under like circumstances. She would accept the first adverse verdict as final, and, mourn as she might, would make no attempt at appeal. Civilisation has thus far killed the primal maternal impulse without having put in its place, as it has done for us, a social standard of what it is right for even the most timid and the most philosophic to suffer in defence of a fellow-creature.

The vole, like the rabbit, is sociable, but not social. The devotion of the individual to the community does not rise to the height that it reaches in the vizcacha, the members of one colony of which will, according to Mr. Hudson, travel far in order to dig out their neighbors who have been buried in their township by the ranchers of the pampas. There is a favorite corner of the field below the garden, where we can always find a colony of voles. They drill their neat holes very near to one another, but rarely, if ever, share a common entrance. It is difficult to see how they gain by this colonising habit, while the kestrel by day and the owl by night find their work comparatively easy, thanks to the hunting-ground being so circumscribed. Probably there is a sentinel, delegated by the community, or self-appointed, usually ready to give warning from which all the others may profit. More likely, the hourly sacrifice of one of the voles is cheap because it scares hundreds instead of few or none, as it would do if each vole family lived apart. Twenty-four casualties a day may seem a heavy toll, and is, no doubt, in normal times seldom reached, but when a large colony is bringing forth its thousands of young every week it can stand a far greater drain and still go on increasing to plague dimensions. In the great Scottish vole years of 1901 and 1902 the local owls were reinforced by hundreds of the short-eared species from the Continent, which nested there and reared several broods of young in a single season, some of them with twice the usual number of chicks. It was a superb battle of mice and birds, though it is not certain that without the intervention of man the birds would have won. Most probably so, however, for, while more mice led always to more owls, they also meant less grass, and thus fewer and weaker mice to withstand more and hungrier enemies. We are content to have the balance perennially even, or oscillating without marked sensation. A mouse or two in its place is an addition to the interest of the field, or even the house, and we can sleep without worrying at the potential volcano of vitality that they represent.

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# The Drama.

## THE POWER OF THE YELLOW PRESS.

The intelligent person and the lover of poetic work may concern themselves with two kinds of drama—that which deals with universal ideas and feelings, and that whose special object is to criticise (not to photograph) the life of the times. Work that does not answer one or other of these needs is bound to go to the dust-heap. The question is: Which kind of play is this age better able to produce? The widest and most intimate forms of imaginative production are sustained by one living writer only, and he has not often chosen the stage for his medium. But all the civilised nations tend to self-

examination. And the play furnishes, perhaps, the most apt, the most lurid, material of such criticism. So, in spite of the Lord Chamberlain, the managers, and the dramatic critics, who all combine to keep the stage frivolous, immoral, and stupid, the more or less conscience-stricken, at least the serious and inquisitive, drama goes on, and, incidentally, all playgoers may own their obligations to Miss Lena Ashwell for her services in keeping it alive. For this reason, it seemed to me more important to see a play like "The Earth," which deals with a characteristic feature of modern life, the growth of the Yellow Press, than Mr. Tree's brilliant re-setting of "The School for Scandal."

"The Earth," by Mr. James Bernard Fagan, is a play with a very interesting and apposite subject—that is to say, the power of a common minded, non-moral, highly self-centred man, controlling so many newspapers that, by concealing their common ownership and using them for his private ends, which he persuades himself are public objects, he can bend national opinion to his will. Now we all know this to be a real problem of our modern British life. But it seems to me that Mr. Fagan has not asked himself the question what ends such a person as his Sir Felix Janion is likely to pursue, or, if he has asked it, he has not supplied the right answer. The quality which most clearly appears in our yellow journalism is its trade instinct. The sensational paper is a shop; its proprietor is a cheap-jack. It does not want power so much as customers—customers rich and poor, above stairs and below stairs, and if it can suck from the printed page the last farthing's-worth of profit that this steadily pursued object opens up, it is content. In the process, it may incidentally select or reject this or that political party, and may seek to exalt or to depress the personalities that favor or retard its pursuit. It may ingratiate itself with one set of buyers or advertisers, or (as in the case of the soap libels) may seek to intimidate another. But thanks to its general commercial bent, and to the tolerably tight provisions of the law of libel, it will steer clear of dangerous political adventures. For such enterprises it has neither the brains nor the courage. Its line, in this country at least, is rather that of the *faux bonhomme*, an affectation of universal friendliness and good nature, the opening of its columns to a scheme of general advertisement of everybody but the rival it wants to crush. Behind this affected geniality, the "business" ends of the promoters, whatever they may be, will go on. But private blackmail, which is the special device of Sir Felix Janion, is one of the less likely of their instruments.

Mr. Fagan, however, has chosen his theme from this form of tyranny by newspaper in order to give the sharpest possible edge to his sketch of the malign influence of a man with eighty journals and no conscience. Of the type of publication he has in mind he has obviously made a pretty careful and not untruthful study. His Sir Felix Janion, like the brigand chief in "Fra Diavolo," works from the inside of the society on which he preys. He runs his papers from his country house as well as from "Janion Buildings." His guests are either his victims or his accomplices. He brings down a statesman in order to pump him, and, when that device fails, to spy on him and blackmail him. Business is his real, as against his masked, life. He carries on his papers through a telephone in his garden, in which the very rhododendrons are vulgar. He "runs" everything—crime, dirt, social gossip, religion, Liberalism, Toryism, everything, it seems, but Socialism, in which this patriot soul foresees the ruin of the land he loves. His papers deal in transferable stories; they live on sensation; they invent and embroider, dwell "in the street," and descend to the gutter; and would rather discredit themselves, and contradict their own news, than give a rival journal the advantage of an "exclusive" piece of information. And here and there Mr. Fagan's touch is both powerful and subtle. It is clever of him, for example, to make Sir Felix turn instantly, and without apparent discomfiture, from his failure to blackmail a statesman to the business of "negotiating" a football article and running a "cyclopædia for infants."

Much less good, less profitable, is the blackmailing theme on which the play is made to run. Here Mr. Fagan betrays lack of knowledge, and, more conspicuously, of the subtlety with which Mr. Granville Barker, in "Waste," analyses the motives and operations of the politician. Why should Sir Felix Janion, tradesman as he is, develop a passion for stopping Mr. Trevena's anti-sweating Bill? Because he thinks its sentimentalism imperils the public interest. Mr. Fagan comes near the truth about Sir Felix Janion's type of journalism when he makes him fight, even against his own interest as a dealer in sensation, a measure which is meant to cut sharply at the power of wealth. But I hardly think this was in his mind, and, if it was not, the Janion character is twisted clear out of proportion. Nor has he created in Trevena, the author of the Bill, a type strong enough to act as a dramatic foil to Janion's ruthless meanness. I can assure him that even Radical statesmen, those butts of the stage satirist, do not privately drivel about social reform after the fashion of the phantom Trevena, and that they might conceivably, in a moment of undue exaltation, kick downstairs (personally or by proxy) an inconceivable piece of impudence like Sir Felix Janion.

But after all he has only just missed. His play is not dramatic enough. It is too much like a photograph, with its local color laboriously laid down, not lightly and graphically sketched. Yet it comes near powerful and deep-searching drama. Here, no doubt, yellow journalism does not blackmail statesmen to abandon a policy in order to be spared an exposure of a private entanglement. But what are its methods in America, in Germany? And how far would Mr. Fagan have been wrong if, with a more vivid and penetrating intelligence, he had pitted the true motives of our Janions against the real weakness of modern statesmanship, its love of *réclame*, and its consequent fear of mean opinion and common sensationalism? As it is, his characters want depth and consistency. The political talk is on the shallowest surface of things. Neither the sentimental Trevena nor the brutal Janion gets beyond or beneath the rhetoric of the platform. Trevena's intrigue with Lady Killone is an old subject, the situation does not ripen into a very profound or moving play of human interest, and Janion's low exploitation of it, his personal spying on a guest, his coarse detective work on an old friend and school-fellow, are devices of melodrama rather than true developments of mind and character. But the play is a thing to be seen, for it is truthful after its fashion, and both sincere and bold.

Moreover, it is illuminated by the work of an artist of singular power and distinction. Mr. Norman McKinnel will go far—farther, perhaps, than any English actor since Irving. For he sets up in the playgoer the intellectual curiosity that only artists of a singular and original stamp can arouse. His face is worth close watching, for, like Coquelin's, it is a most expressive mask. His conception of Janion was exactly right. He showed the vulgar, but not over-vulgar, man of power—made up of coarse, direct intellect and simple, self-centred will—the kind of Napoleon-Scapin whom Mr. Fagan meant, but was not quite able, to draw. His face exhibited the entire commonplaceness, the moral obtuseness, the unfeeling harshness of such a type, and yet did not exaggerate or distort it with one touch of melodrama. The most difficult incident in such a representation was the moment when Janion, confronted with Lady Killone's reckless woman's threat to ruin her lover, herself, and Janion together, by a full disclosure of the parts that all have played in the drama of blackmail, turns tail and abandons his object. The actor hid his face till it had settled again into that of the director of "The Earth" in its normal and more benign mood. Miss Ashwell's part is to show in turns the wretchedness of an ill-mated woman, and her passionate tenderness to the man of her choice. She does both very well.

H. W. M.

# Art.

## THE NEW GALLERY.

THE change in the conduct of the summer exhibitions at the New Gallery is one that should have taken place long ago. This fact, however, does not make it less welcome. Briefly put, the innovations are as follows: The two directors, who have practically controlled the Gallery since its inception, retain their position as directors, but the control has passed from their hands into those of a body of artists who pay subscriptions, elect their own hanging committee, and otherwise manage the summer exhibitions in much the same way as any other art society would manage them. The summer exhibitions are now divided into two portions, the second of which, due to open on June 21st, may be partly retrospective if the exhibitors so choose. All exhibitors have been elected by votes, painters voting for painters, sculptors for sculptors, and so forth. The exhibitions are reserved entirely for the works of these, and their number is strictly limited.

We are not concerned with the question whether this scheme of reorganisation is the best that could have been devised, but it has certainly been attended by most beneficial effects on the character and arrangement of the exhibition just opened. Theoretically nothing could have been better calculated to ensure a satisfactory collection of pictures than the annual visits paid by the directors to the studios for the purpose of selecting works. In practice, however, this custom, which answered very well at first, became in later days a lamentable failure, and we cannot pretend to regret its disappearance. Under the new arrangement there are fewer exhibits, and they are hung with greater regard to artistic merit than has been the case for many years past. A few well-known painters long identified with the Gallery appear to have withheld their support from the new society, or to have been left uninvited by its organisers; but there are new and welcome adherents, such as Mr. Charles Shannon, and, on the whole, we notice the absence of reputable artists less than that of the many exhibitors under the old system whose qualifications for exhibiting were recognised by the New Gallery directors alone. Indeed, the elimination of rubbish from every part of the Gallery, including the balcony, is one of the most pleasant events to be placed on record; the suppression of the unwelcome nonentity appears to have been complete. At the same time, one or two features of former New Gallery shows have been retained. We refer especially to the neo-pre-Raphaelite group of artists, working for the most part in tempera, to Mrs. Evelyn de Morgan, Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Joseph Southall, and other talented craftsmen, who are represented here as strongly as ever they were, and are seen to even better advantage.

In its essence, therefore, the twenty-second summer exhibition marks a satisfactory stage in the development of the New Gallery. At the same time, it is rather doubtful whether the improvement in quality, pronounced as it is, corresponds exactly with the changes in the exhibiting *personnel*. The list of artist-subscribers is a particularly strong one; it might be more representative in regard to the modern element, but still it includes a very sound section of the artistic community. One might expect, therefore, that the exhibits, regarded individually as well as collectively, would give the impression of strength and of talent far in excess of that displayed at the average artists' gallery. As a matter of fact, this was not the impression we received. A good few exhibitors of established reputation hardly do themselves justice. Others, whose reputations are still in the making, are not likely to add to them by the work by which they are represented. In one instance, at any rate, there is the distressing spectacle of a young painter who, having obtained recognition for a picture showing a certain effect of diffused sunlight, seems to have stereotyped that effect for use in all subsequent pictures. Even an artist of Mr. Hornel's calibre reproduces in his picture, "The Blackbird's Song," the weaknesses rather than the virtues of his individual talent; and Mr. Hughes Stanton's big square "Mountain Road, Provence," offends, despite its many admirable qualities, by the ungracefulness of its composition. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the circumstance that the general standard of work is very much higher. A passably good picture, surrounded by others almost equally good, does not tell in the Gallery as it did when its neighbors were very greatly inferior. Similarly, the conscious or unconscious tendency of the spectator is to judge the work from a loftier standpoint, in short, to be more critical. Another probable reason for the disappointing results that detailed examination reveals here and there, may be found in the fact that the new *régime* has not yet had time to get into working order. The last few summer exhibitions at the New Gallery have, moreover, shaken the confidence of the educated public, and, to a certain extent, of the capable artists who have supported them, and this confidence will have to be restored before the new system can do itself justice.

Meanwhile, if some of the big pictures by big painters appear to us to be perfunctory exhibitions of skill rather than representative specimens of the best art their producers are capable of, a few of the smaller works remain very pleasantly in one's memory. To Mr. Charles Shannon's sterling sense of design we owe the decorative panel "Winter" in the South Room; to the same artist's Venetian color inheritance the softly sumptuous "Mermaid" in the West Gallery. Then Mr. C. W. Bartlett, weaving blue-bloused peasant and cherry-bloused woman and black-and-white cattle into landscape harmony of browns and greens, or peopling a tavern interior with picturesque visitors of the like description, achieves in his water-colors, by sheer instinct for the decorative juxtaposition of colors kept religiously subdued, a strength of character that enables his work easily to hold its own among the oil paintings by which it is surrounded. Mr. Cayley Robinson's blue and white "The Farewell," painted in tempera, has an unimpeachable grace of line; though the severity of the treatment associates it with the idea of a wall decoration in a severely imposing building rather than with that of any easel picture ever painted. It is interesting as a declaration of artistic faith. More humanly attractive is Mr. G. Spencer Watson's portrait, "Study," in the West Room. The picture of a girl in evening dress, a fragile figure with thin face and thin lips slightly parted, this is assuredly the most sensitively felt, if not the most exquisitely painted portrait in the Gallery. The expression is a little wistful; the eyes have the far-away-ness of mental pre-occupation; the lips, almost tight drawn as they are, quiver on the border-line between hardness and tenderness; the flesh, superficially bloodless, has yet the firmness of life. In the scheme of this arresting and unostentatiously beautiful study the draperies take their place easily and naturally, helping to build up the symphony in reticent tones without for an instant obtruding their presence. And just as the effect is dependent on simplicity for its charm, so the simple painting explains the effect. An economy of means, almost as rigorous as that associated with Sir W. Q. Orchardson, has been observed by Mr. Watson. There is not a superfluous touch in the flesh painting; the brush work, broad as it is, is content not to shout its breadth; its liquid ease suggests the inspiration of a moment or the steadier flame of genius, or both.

Concerning the large pictures—the pictures that will be talked about a week or so hence when the Academy excitement sets free the annual current of society art gossip—there is really not much to remember or to talk about. However, Mr. Lavery's "The Motor Bonnet," Mr. George Henry's ambitious "Butterflies," Mr. J. J. Shannon's splashy "Mrs. Douglas Vickers," and Mr. Harrington Mann's portrait groups of children, are almost certain to figure in conversational circles where current art figures at all. In the quieter and less discussed realm of landscape, a somewhat inadequate display—speaking from the higher standpoint that is suited to the consideration of the new New Gallery—is redeemed by sound, if sombre, canvases by Messrs. D. Y. Cameron and J. Coutts-Michie, by the "Tidal River" of Mr. Arnold Priestman, and by Mr. Hughes Stanton's lesser picture, "Among the Mountains, Provence." Mr. E. A. Walton, too, in his landscape with figures, entitled "The White Mill," gives us a piece of blithe poetry, and solves with his scheme of light atmospheric greens and faded purples the naturalistic problem of clear, evenly distributed, daylight.

# Letters from Abroad.

## THE NEW PRESS LAW IN EGYPT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The situation created by the enactment of a very stringent Press Law by the Egyptian Ministry is one which deserves, I think, more attention in Liberal and Radical circles than it has yet received. At the end of last month the Ministry in Cairo, not without an internal crisis, revived, with some slight modifications, a law against the Press originally passed in 1881, but which had been obsolete for fifteen or sixteen years. Under this law no newspaper or periodical publication can appear without previously obtaining an authorisation from the Government, which authorisation must be renewed on any change occurring in the proprietors, managers, or editors. Each newspaper or periodical must deposit £E100 with the Government, from which fines may be deducted when the Ministry considers an offence has been committed. All printing offices where newspapers are produced must obtain similar authorisation. All communications from the Ministry of the Interior must be inserted in newspapers gratuitously. The fines range from £E2 to £E10, and they may be inflicted by the Ministry without any right of appeal. The most serious and important provision of the Law is Article 13, which runs: "In the interest of public order, of religion, or of good morals, any journal or periodical publication may be suspended or suppressed by decree of Our Ministry of the Interior after two warnings, or without previous warning, in virtue of a decision of Our Council of Ministers. Each warning may be accompanied by a fine of from £E5 to £E20."

By this enactment the Egyptian Press exists at the will of the Ministry and any newspaper may at any time be suppressed without any judicial process or any right of appeal. No doubt one of the objects of the law, as of the Regulation of 1818 in India, is to avoid the publicity and risks of a public trial, since, of course, sedition may still be prosecuted under the ordinary Penal Code.

With reference to the question of licences and deposits, it was announced that in the case of journals existing at the date of the enactment of the Law no licence would be needed, nor would any deposits be required. Such a concession was almost inevitable, though the whole machinery of fines and deposits seems rather pettifogging and clumsy. Otherwise the Law applies to all Egyptian newspapers. A question much discussed in Cairo is as to whether it applies to the European Press. Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Prime Minister, in an interview, said it was intended to apply to all papers published in Egypt without distinction of nationality. And in a schedule of existing journals, issued by the Ministry of the Interior as being *ipso facto* entitled to recognition, the European papers figure. But all this confessedly seems a rather shallow pretence, since, unless there has been a vital and radical alteration of the judicial status of foreigners in Egypt under the Capitulations, of which none of us have heard, it is a pretence which is bound to be very quickly detected. It is, of course, open to any Power to expel any of its subjects it chooses, at any time, on a request from the Egyptian authorities. But that is a different matter, and there are Powers which might not choose to expel journalists who had merely made themselves obnoxious in the way of free criticism. Already, in fact, some of the European papers have hinted pretty openly that the new Law does not, and cannot, apply to them.

This, however, is only one of the many difficulties which the application of such a law will involve. In 1881, when it was originally passed, an Egyptian Press can scarcely have been said to exist. To-day there are a large number of newspapers, some of which enjoy quite respectable circulations. The "Lewa," the "Garida," the "Moayad," all appeal to a large public, and are sold not merely in Cairo, but throughout Egypt, whilst there are a great number of smaller papers. Some of these, I believe, have already taken, or sought to take, protection of the Capitulations by associating Europeans who are not amenable to native jurisdiction as joint proprietors with Egyptians.

As one might expect, the promulgation of this law has been very badly received by the press generally, even journals which give a general support to the Occupation authorities strongly condemning its wisdom, whilst there have been serious disturbances in the streets due to the breaking-up of demonstrations against the Law. One extract from a native paper, "Al Garida," is a fair example of the general tone, and it embodies a perfectly sound criticism as well. "Those contemporaries," it says, "who plead the cause of the Government forget, it seems, that it is unjust to strike a whole group or a nation because one or two journalists have not known how to keep within limits. If one were to follow everywhere this rule, the French would be obliged to suppress the Chamber of Deputies because of some representatives who do not know any moderation; they would also have to suppress liberty because it permits a Hervé to preach anti-militarism. . . But the French have contented themselves with combatting the principles of Hervé whilst respecting the general liberty, because liberty is sacred amongst all the peoples who respect themselves, and its benefits are a thousand times greater than some inconveniences which may result from it." The "Garida" is a Nationalist paper. I turn to a European paper which is anti-Nationalist—"Les Nouvelles" of Alexandria. It is not, perhaps, a paper of great importance, and it writes of all Nationalists as fanatics. But discussing the Press Law it says: "It is finished. There is a rupture between the Government and the people. War is declared between those who possess the legal force and those who possess the force of opinion. . . . The people imagine—rightly or wrongly is not the question for the moment—that the Government has failed in its tacit promises. It expected of the Ministry of Boutros Pasha Ghali a liberal action, a policy essentially Egyptian. Let us avow that its deception is comprehensible." And "Les Nouvelles" asks and answers in its own manner, What will be the moral result? "It will," it says, "be to aggravate the revolutionary character of the Opposition. In place of combatting with address and with certainty the fanaticism of the Nationalists they have been given a new force. The Nationalists were struggling against chimeras, they will fight henceforth for a precise programme, for the freedom of thought, for the independence of consciences. In a word, they will now have a *raison d'être*." It is not true or fair, of course, to say that the Nationalists hitherto were fighting chimeras. They were fighting, adroitly or maladroitly, for constitutional government, for such a *régime* as English statesmen actually praise the Young Turks for winning. But the fact that an anti-Nationalist journal should write in the strain of the paragraphs quoted shows the feeling with which the Government's action is regarded even by normally friendly opinion.

What is the case on the other side? It is, of course, stripped of varnish and paraphrase, that Eastern human nature is so radically unlike Western human nature that only the bad and obsolete methods of Western coercionists are applicable in dealing with Eastern political growth. Personally, I have never been quite able to follow the logic of the argument, but it appeals to bureaucrats, whether Eastern or Western, to whom any constitutional developments are idealist absurdities. To this type of mind any demand for representative institutions is a species of sedition. As a subsidiary incident it should also be mentioned that "Al Lewa," the chief Nationalist paper in Egypt, has recently begun a campaign against the Khedive, accusing him of having virtually betrayed the interests of the Egyptian nation and of having joined with the British Occupation authorities to resist constitutional advance. In this article I desire chiefly to record the facts of the present situation, and I pass no opinion on such accusations as I have referred to. It must always be remembered that there is a widespread Nationalist agitation in Egypt, more vigorous, perhaps, than mature, and the

Nationalists point with irresistible force to the traditional mission of England in Egypt being to fit the Egyptians for self-government. Reams of quotations might be made, and are continually made, in the Egyptian Nationalist Press, from Gladstone, from Lord Granville, from Lord Dufferin, and from others, as to this being the declared object of British tutelage. Yet virtually nothing has been done to redeem these promises, and now, in the very year which witnesses the triumph of Turkish constitutionalism, there is this relapse to a repressive piece of legislation nearly thirty years old, designed to place the freedom of the Egyptian Press at the mercy of the bureaucracy.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK RYAN.

Cairo,
April, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Any view upon a point of International Law which may be expressed by Mr. Lawrence is deserving of the highest respect, and would certainly be so received by any of his old pupils, of whom I am one. Will you allow me, however, to give some reasons why, notwithstanding his letter upon Articles 33 and 34 of the Declaration of London, I still think the matter is left in an unsatisfactory state?

Article 33 provides that conditional contraband is only liable to capture if destined for the enemy Government: Article 34, according to its language, raises a presumption, which may be rebutted, that *e.g.* foodstuffs consigned to *any provision merchant* are within Article 33. The onus is thus thrown on the neutral conveying foodstuffs to any provision merchant in the enemy country, of disproving the presumption. There would be nothing unreasonable in itself in casting this onus upon him; but its practical importance to us is enormous, and this appears to have escaped attention.

The effect of Article 34 is to justify the belligerent in capturing and taking in for adjudication neutral vessels carrying foodstuffs consigned to any provision merchant in the enemy country, and requiring the neutral to discharge the onus thrown upon him by proving before a Prize Court that the conditional contraband was not intended for the enemy Government.

Just see the immense practical importance of this to us. Suppose that we were at war with a strong naval Power, and that our navy were hard pressed, if not defeated, it would be of the greatest importance to our enemy to cut off our food supplies and starve us into submission. If we and other neutrals have assented to Article 34, we should have provided our enemy with, at any rate, a plausible justification for capturing neutral vessels bringing foodstuffs and taking them in for adjudication before a Prize Court. Can it be doubted that the vital importance of the matter would cause our enemy to capture all neutral cargoes of food, or enable him to starve us into submission long before the Prize Court had delivered judgment? The indemnity exacted from us would be made to cover any possible damages he would have to pay to neutrals who ultimately succeeded in rebutting the presumption thrown upon them by Article 34.

True, the official memorandum greatly narrows the construction of Article 34, and frees the neutral from the necessity of rebutting the presumption of contraband in all cases except where the foodstuffs are consigned to a well-known Government contractor. Unless the cargo were so assigned, the belligerent would have no plausible justification for taking the vessel in for adjudication.

Unfortunately, by some strange oversight, the plenipotentiaries failed to make the language of Article 34 the same as that of the explanatory memorandum; and as the explanatory memorandum forms no part of the final protocol agreed to, an enemy, in the circumstances mentioned above, would be provided with an arguable case, which is all he would require, to justify him in capturing neutral ships conveying foodstuffs to us, and in starving us pending the decision of the Court.

I asked Sir E. Grey whether he would, before ratification of the Declaration, obtain from the plenipotentiaries an additional protocol substituting the words of their own explanatory memorandum for the words in the existing Article 34. In reply he promised to accompany our ratification by a declaration that Article 34 was limited as mentioned in the explanatory memorandum. This, I submit, is not sufficient. We ought to obtain by agreement the substitution of a new Article 34; because the important point for us would be not that we, but that the neutral desiring to supply us with food, was party to an agreement with our enemy which gave that enemy no excuse for stopping his vessels when bringing us food supplies.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD HERBERT.

House of Commons,
April 20th, 1909.

## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND NONCONFORMISTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your current issue Mr. Everard Wilson remarks that "it is puerile for anybody to imagine that the Catholic Church of this land, of which Canon Henson is an ordained priest, is of the same nature as a man-made dissenting sect." It is a little disappointing to find that the special spiritual advantages Mr. Wilson enjoys as a member of a God-made Church do not involve a double portion of charity and courtesy; judging by the tone of his letter, Dissenters have good reason to rejoice that their "man-made" sects are *not* of the same nature as "the Catholic Church of this land." But what does Mr. Wilson mean by a God-made Church—for such he evidently thinks "the Catholic Church" to be, since dissenting sects are man-made? Does he mean a Church made without human instrumentality? He can hardly mean this, seeing that the first thing Jesus Christ did when beginning His ministry was to select certain men to aid Him in effecting His purpose. Mr. Wilson sneers at the man-made dissenting sect, but that was exactly what the primitive Church was in the eyes of "the Catholic Church of this land" of Christ's day, and exactly what members of that Church called it. The men Christ chose to make His Church were human to a degree, and it was a constant source of wonder to them that "common kitchen vessels" had been entrusted with so great a charge. Not only was the primitive Church a dissenting sect, but its Jesus Christ was as much anathema to the Established Church of the time as Dr. Clifford is to "the Catholic Church of this land" to-day. Members of the State Church in Christ's day went even further than Mr. Wilson in their condemnation, alleging that this dissenting sect was devil-made, whereas Mr. Wilson, surveying the Free Churches, is content with "man-made." It was the priests of "the Catholic Church of our land" who endeavored to stamp the dissenting Christian sect out of existence, and who to this end crucified its founder and leader.

Further, if for a sect to be man-made is a crime worthy stone-throwing, your correspondent does not live in a cement house. Has he forgotten Henry VIII., of pious memory, who made "the Catholic Church of our land" as we know it? Henry has had his traducers, but no one ever accused him of being anything less, or reverenced him as being anything more, than a man. Certainly Dissenters have manifested greater sensitiveness in their choice of makers, requiring a little more grace and a little less meat in them; but they can hardly be blamed for this. Henry compelled the Church to acknowledge the Royal supremacy in place of the Pope's; in other words he made it a dissenting sect, and it was because John Henry Newman could not stand this that he became a Roman Catholic. To the Roman Catholic Church, "the Catholic Church of our land" is a man-made dissenting sect, and the Church of Rome, in refusing to recognise the validity of Anglican orders, shows it thinks as little of them as Mr. Wilson does of Free Church orders. To speak as if the Catholic Church did not include dissenting sects is foolish. One might with the same accuracy refer to a man who only sold soap as a universal provider.

In conclusion, may I remind, or inform, Mr. Wilson,

that the present Bishop of Birmingham, who recently inhibited Canon Henson from speaking in a Free Church hall, himself, when Canon of Westminster, spoke in Dr. Clifford's chapel? Nor were Nonconformists false to their principles in inviting him to speak there. Nonconformist principles are those of their Master, who desired His followers to love their neighbors as themselves and did not qualify the instruction with the words, "provided they are not dissenters, or members of the Church as by law established."—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD MUDIE-SMITH.

9, Clifton Villas, Maida Vale, W.
April 17th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is refreshing to meet occasionally a little thorough-going candour. There can be no question as to the sincerity of your correspondent's scorn for the "man-made dissenting sects." He is genuinely amazed that a clergyman of the Established Church should so degrade his office as to associate on equal terms of Christian brotherhood with a Nonconformist minister. Of the warmth of his indignation with Canon Henson, and the depth of his contempt for the Free Churches, his letter leaves no shadow of doubt.

Let it not be imagined that Mr. Everard Wilson is alone in his opinion. Such outbursts in the public Press may be prudently few, but the feeling behind is not by any means yet extinct. Perhaps we ought not to regret this open exhibition of a spirit of intolerance that dies very hard. What one has the courage frankly to avow, many either secretly cherish, or manifest in deeds of petty spite. Social life in rural villages is the peculiar province of this anti-Christian temper. Although this attitude, when openly taken, usually appears in a more subtle and guarded form, it is still far too common and widespread, and nearly always as hopelessly incorrigible as it is blindly unreasonable.

After his ineffective captatio, your correspondent's appeal to Free Churchmen to have more self respect than to respond to the friendly overtures of catholic-spirited members of other branches of the Christian Church, falls quite flat. Indeed, his delicate accusation of "worldly snobbery" against these despised Dissenters seems not a little rash on his own part. Who are they to hold up their heads? They may not be without their share of spirituality and culture, but they certainly fall short in "worldly" prestige and wealth. But, in any case, Mr. Wilson should remember the mote and beam. Worldly snobbery, indeed! Which is the more snobbish—cordially to welcome fraternal advances of broad-minded Christians of other denominations, or disdainfully to repel all such approaches as impertinent and insulting?

Before there can be any peace in Christendom, the superior tone too frequently heard to-day, and especially the presumption of exclusive privilege and monopoly out of which it rises, will have to be reasoned down or shamed out.—Yours, &c.,

D. EASTHAM AUTY.

Lancashire College, Manchester,
April 19th, 1900.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondent of last week, Mr. Wilson, has an assured scorn of a "man-made dissenting sect," which would quite outpace a Pharisee's attitude towards "publicans and harlots," and the accursed people who know not the law.

But if I may ask a question without incurring a charge of "something akin to worldly snobbery," I should be grateful if your correspondent would tell me in what sense the Church and faith of Mr. Jowett are more "man-made" than the Church and faith of Canon Henson? And if he gets so far, would he kindly name the man?

I know, of course, that men like Cyprian, Anselm, Luther, Newman, and Dale have made manly contributions to the Church's doctrine and practice—and I hope none the less divine because manly.

I know, too, that the genius of Paul made Chrisitanity a "sect everywhere spoken against," in respect to the Church to which it was attached under the *régime* of the older apostles. But so far as I can see, the only point which makes Mr. Jowett's communion more "sectarian" than Mr. Wilson's is that, like the Apostolic Church, it dispenses with bishops, in the Anglican sense of the term.

But then, Canon Henson and many other priests of the Anglican Church do not believe in the divine right of bishops, nor did Bishop Lightfoot or Dr. Hatch, the chief luminaries on the subject of Cambridge and Oxford respectively.

No doubt dissenting sects will be able to endure being called man-made, even by members of a Church whose bishops are appointed by the Prime Minister, who may belong to a dissenting sect himself, so long as they continue to make men. Mr. Wilson may rest assured that Canon Henson would not have been invited to Digbeth Institute had he not been more of a man than a priest. "Cannot a priest be an Englishman too," and a Christian who does not see in inter-communion "something akin to worldly snobbery?"—Yours, &c.,

A. NORMAN ROWLAND.

April 20th, 1099.

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## "A STUDY OF THE BYE-ELECTIONS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The interesting leader on bye-elections in last week's issue of THE NATION furnishes further evidence of the unstable and unsatisfactory results of our electoral methods. When partisans hailed with joy the absurdly exaggerated majority with which the Liberals returned to power in 1906, students of electoral methods fully realised that that large majority, in so far as it was false, would prove to be a source of weakness to Liberalism. The pendulum, in the violence of its swing, had touched every constituency in which it was possible for Liberalism to gain a victory. That being so, it was obvious that it would be extremely difficult for the Liberals to win any additional seats at bye-elections, correspondingly easy for the Conservatives to achieve success, and that the impression would quickly arise that the Government had lost the confidence of the country. These things have happened, and the future uncertainty undermines the power and prestige of the Government.

Moreover, it is not sufficiently recognised that many of the votes that helped to swell the Liberal victory of 1906 were of a negative character. The electors wished to express their dissatisfaction with Mr. Balfour's Government, and could only do so by voting for Liberals. Doubtless a good many votes polled at the bye-elections express dissatisfaction with items of the Government's programme, rather than a positive approval of the Conservative candidate for whom they have been cast. It is not impossible that the swing of the pendulum at the next General Election will be as violent as in 1906, and a new, falsely exaggerated majority will, in the absence of any true constitutional check, be able to impose its will upon the people.

In order to break the force of some of the factors contributing to possible disaster at the next General Election the writer suggests the introduction of the Second Ballot, the transferable vote, or some mutual agreement as to seats between the Liberal and Labor parties. The latter suggestion—essentially undemocratic in character—implies that political organisations can dispose of the votes of the electors without any corresponding resentment on their part. Yet in Belgium, where party discipline is much more strict than in England, the "cartel" arrangements made by the Liberals and Socialists proved a failure; a certain number of the electors refused to ratify the agreements entered into over their heads. Moreover, the second ballot has proved an absolute and unqualified failure wherever it has been tried—with it the representation of parties depends not on their own strength, but on the action of the minorities which are not strong enough to reach the second ballot.

The writer speaks of the possible "whimsical but disastrous result of a Protectionist majority in the House representing a Protectionist minority in the country"; he does not appear to be aware of the fact that, as a result of the General Election of 1886, we had a Unionist majority of 104 representing a Unionist minority in the country. This result was not due to Home Rule losses at three-cornered

contests; it merely arose from that crude electoral system—single-member constituencies—which was consecrated once more by the last Redistribution Bill.

We are to have a new Electoral Reform Bill and yet there are some Liberals who still hesitate as to whether advantage should not be taken of this opportunity to place the composition of the House of Commons upon a stable basis. Yet M. Georges Lorand, the Liberal leader in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, says, in a recent issue of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," "It is astonishing that the Liberals of England did not long ago realise that a proportional system is for their party a question of life and death, and that this system alone can free them from a predicament to which they fall victims at every election." How long is our representation to depend upon chance majorities, upon the "final rallies" of the worst type of voters, upon constituency-nursing, instead of upon the number of electors supporting the party?

It is too often overlooked that a proportional system will provide a constitutional check of the utmost value, for that check will be within the House of Commons itself and not outside. Minorities, instead of being obliterated by the insensate swing of the pendulum, will be present in full force to speak on behalf of the large body of electors they represent.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS, Hon. Sec.,
The Proportional Representation Society.
107, Algernon Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.
April 20th, 1909.

## ADULT SUFFRAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mrs. Vaughan Nash's letter on the above subject is purely encouraging. It has that faith which removes mountains, and stands out in happy relief against the argument which declares that the smaller measure, at present claimed, will surely lead to the larger.

If all who are in favor of the smaller measure were equally in favor of the larger, this might be true. The thin end of the wedge, as it is called, would then lead to the thick end. But the thin end of this wedge is not trustworthy enough to ensure the completion of the job.

Among those who advocate the smaller measure are three distinct classes:—

1. Those who wish for Adult Suffrage, and hope to arrive at it through the smaller measure.

2. Those whose only interest is the removal of sex disqualification.

3. Those who, besides wishing for the removal of the sex disqualification, demand the vote for women on a property test and no other.

This irregular wedge will never be a workable tool for those who claim the right of "one man, one vote; one woman, one vote."

I hope Mrs. Vaughan Nash's appeal to those whose ideal is Adult Suffrage will waken them to their duties, and cause them to resolve to come out into the open, and help with her to hold the banner for the only really just measure.

As adult Suffragists we demand, in the name of the rising generation, an outlook which shuts out none, and an access to all to attain their full manhood and womanhood through responsible individual liberty.—Yours, &c.,

CATHERINE RYLE.
15, German Place, Brighton,
April 19th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Either your correspondent, R. Nash, has wholly failed to grasp the point of the present agitation for women's enfranchisement, or she is one of those people who would be glad to see it turned aside, and, if possible, divided against itself. The woman suffrage movement has for its sole object the gaining for women of political equality with men before the law. With opposing party or class interests it has nothing to do, in spite of the fact that a possible majority of its adherents have been largely prompted in their efforts by sympathy with working women. Women of all shades of political opinion, belonging to all classes, are united in their determination to get rid as speedily as possible of a disability which insults their common womanhood. They differ as to methods, not at all as to the immediate object.

R. Nash says that a belief seems to be spreading among women that they will get nothing from the Liberals. Is that belief a strange one, considering the history of the past three years? The present administration has by its persistent refusal to further the women's claim to simple justice, and by its repeated efforts to divide the movement on party issues, done everything to promote and foster such a belief. It is at any time open to the Government to satisfy the women's demand, and afterwards to bring in if they wish, and carry into law if they can, a measure of full adult suffrage.

But, since every woman is at present outside the constitution, it is foolish and unreasonable to blame the women's societies for not giving the Liberal Government a lead. R. Nash pathetically complains that adult suffrage "has never been put to the electors on its merits"; that "it has not had a chance." Then, why, in the name of common sense, do not the right people undertake this education? Liberal organisers and electors should themselves engage upon an adult suffrage campaign throughout the country, and not expect the women's societies to do it for them. These have enough to do to mind their own immediate business, in which they are unfortunately hampered by the very people from whom they might expect the most support, if political principles stand for anything.

It is true that many suffrage speakers dwell strongly upon the hardships of the poorest class of women, a class who will remain unenfranchised under the existing law. Not only is there no "conscious deceit" (as R. Nash puts it) in this, but also there is no contradiction. Rightly or wrongly these speakers believe that the outlawry of all women aggravates the unfortunate position of the very poor. Rightly or wrongly they believe that all social legislation applying to the poor and down-trodden will receive great impetus from the inclusion of women in the present electorate. Indeed, we may say that this belief forms as great an incentive to the women's agitation as does their sense of injustice, caused by denial of citizenship on the ground of sex. For "conscious deceit" we must look to the persistent efforts made by party politicians to turn aside the suffrage movement, and this deceit we have to thank for the growing hostility to the present Government which appears in the women's ranks. That the hostility is by no means unsuccessful can be plainly seen by study of the local Press wherever a bye-election occurs. If only the Liberal politicians would realise that the women have made up their minds! This condition of mind is said to be difficult of attainment by the fair sex, but it is proverbial that once having attained it they are determined.

"If she will she will, you may depend on't;
If she won't she won't, and there's an end on't."

—Yours, &c.,

B. BLAGG.
St. Helen's Villas, Burton Joyce,
April 19th, 1909.

## FORM IN POETRY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The writer of the eloquent tribute to the art of Swinburne in last week's NATION raises a very interesting point.

He protests against "the old, but barren criticism which insists on Swinburne's splendor of form, and says he sacrificed sense to the music and melody of words." He might have gone further and pointed out that, except in a figurative sense, the beauty of poetry has nothing to do with the "music and melody of words" at all. The beauty of poetry is wholly concerned with the form and relation, the meaning, and suggestion, and association of words. It is *this* particular word, or *this* particular context, that makes the poem. Rhythm, rhyme, alliteration, and assonance, and all the other "musical" tricks are, in truth, irrelevant.

Those sublime poems, the Psalms of David, are untainted by any of these adulteries, and so is the Epistle for Quinquagesima, which is probably the finest poem in the language.

The words which Poetry makes her own are often quite unpleasing to the ear. "Rapture," and "love," for instance, are beautiful and poetic symbols, but most unbeautiful sounds. Browning is often most inspired when he is most harsh and dissonant.

Even Bernard Shaw's critical insight seems to have failed him here. "In a deaf nation the plays of Shakespeare would have been dead long since." In point of fact the congenitally deaf, who, strangely, can appreciate rhythm though not rhyme, love and understand Shakespeare as much as those who hear.

"On such a night
Stood Dido, a willow in her hand."

There you have it; the mind is filled with pictures, not with sounds. When we speak of the music of poetry we should remember, I think, that we are using a metaphor—that it is a music of the mind, not of the ear.—Yours, &c.,

J. C. Graham.

64, Summerfield Crescent, Birmingham,
April 20th, 1909.

## THE MEDICAL VALUE OF SUNLIGHT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Let it not be suggested that the solid influence of the medical profession is lacking in support of the objects of the crowded meeting held at the Guildhall to-day, under the distinguished aegis of the Lord Mayor, and other Notables of the State and of Science. Though no professional voice, except that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, was prayed in aid to bless the Daylight Saving Bill, that profession which has consistently preached the necessity for pure air, pure water, and pure food in the welfare of the people, is insistent also on the free introduction of sunlight wherever humans live and move and have their being.

For the medical profession knows the problem as expressed in terms of pounds and inches, and actuarial calculations. Adolescence is the period which provides the great object lesson. As with air-space, so with sunlight; there is a mathematical ratio between these and the foot-pounds of a growing girl or boy. In the case of sunlight, this is effectively banished by over-crowding; and over-crowding reduces the available inches of stature by four, and the avoirdupois by close upon twelve pounds, during adolescence.

At no period of life are special facilities for sun and air of sovereign importance more than during the period of growth. Now is determined the physique of the future; so much direct sunlight means definitely more, so little means definitely less, in height and weight at the end of the growth-period. This applies especially to the proletariat, and if we do not want so-called "ricketty boys" for the Services, we must take care to delete the influences which provide stunted height and narrow chest in the defenders of the realm.

So much for the adolescent. How directly potent in the well-being of adult life is the effect of sunshine on the microbial foes of mankind. Here the mathematical expression is that of the actuarial expectation of life. The sun's rays are definitely inimical to the proliferation of the tubercle bacillus, the cause of the "white plague" of the century. The Registrar-General presented a statement of 51,000 deaths in 1907 as due to tuberculosis. What holds good for this germ is similarly true for many other vacillary enemies of the human race. It is to the protective character of the solar rays that we owe our increasing immunity to many invisible but deadly germ antagonists.

These facts are typical of hosts of others which underlie expert medical views as to the value of sunshine in daily life. And if the profession of medicine has not come into the arena and openly joined forces with those making for the passing of Mr. Willett's Bill, it is not that it regards the struggle as of little moment, or this particular measure as worthy of aught but its good will and support.

The Guildhall meeting of to-day heard the case put by members of Parliament, philanthropists, princes of commerce, and the highest dignitaries of the City. But the testimony of all is based on the influence, needing no proof, that the medical postulates of the Bill are sound.—Yours, &c., George Burford, M.B.

35, Queen Anne Street, W.
April 20th, 1909.

## POETS AND CHILDREN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Amongst those who estimate the worth of Swinburne's poetry, there seems to be a strong consensus of opinion as to the sentimental worthlessness of his poems on children. People greet such a collection of poems as "The Dark Month," with derisive shouts or parodies.

I notice that in your columns the reviewer, sympathetic as he mostly is, writes of "the maudlin wash that Swinburne sometimes poured over babies."

"Maudlin wash" is often the comment passed on the expression of a feeling which is unshared. That a poet should feel absolute delight in his devotion and surrender to a little child that appealed to his heart may seem strange, but to Swinburne it was evidently as inevitable as the love of sunlight and the sea; only more inwardly personal! Young, he would probably not have felt the loss of a child's presence so poignantly as in middle age or later. He who is drawing nearer to the wayside inn is attracted and touched by young, fresh, and unconscious life, which is expressible only by the poet who has known the passionate love of childhood. To him the surrender of all gifts and powers would be as nothing compared to the gaining and keeping the love of a little child. It was not the art of being a father, but "l'art d'être grand-père" that the old great French poet loved to express when he immortalised George and Jeanne, as surely no children were ever immortalised before. Most poets have sung of children; few poetesses, strangely enough, have given us poems of the exquisiteness of a child's love, and the intense longing for it, though Mrs. Hamilton King implies it in her passionate poem, "The Children." Charles Lamb and the grave Wordsworth knew it, and the gentle poet who sang of "The Children's Hour" and the weariness of age felt to the utmost the pathos of the relation of age to youth, the intense love, yet touched with pity and sympathy, for the unknown road that lies before those little feet. And love in its fullest sense Swinburne knew—but Swinburne-like—with a rejoicing in the child's kingliness of youth.

For utter simplicity in expression, take these three verses:—

"You send me your love in a letter,
I send you my love in a song:
Ah, child, your gift is the better,
Mine does you but wrong.

No fame, were the best less brittle,
No praise, were it wide as earth,
Is worth so much as a little
Child's love may be worth.

We see the children above us,
As they might angels above;
Come back to us, child, if you love us,
And bring us your love."

Or this, with all its music of sound:—

"As a soundless shell, as a songless nest,
Seems now the room that was radiant then,
And fragrant with his happier rest
Than that of slumbering men."

It is the heart that insists on immortality, not the brain.

It was from the heart that Swinburne wrote:—

"Where children are not, heaven is not, and heaven if they come not again, shall be never,"
"But the face and the voice of a child are assurance of heaven, and its promise for ever."

Yours, &c.,

B. Brooksbank.

April 22nd, 1909.

## GOGOL'S CENTENARY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—A ceremony—the opening of a national monument, &c., will take place on May 9th, in Moscow, in connection with the centenary of Gogol, author of "Dead Souls," "The Inspector-General," &c., and founder of the modern "natural" school of Russian literature.

Addresses will be read in various languages, and this

affords an opportunity for English admirers to express their appreciation of the great literature of which Gogol was the forerunner.

Such recognition is likely to be specially welcome at this moment in Russia, where the cause of truth and literature has always been connected with the cause of freedom, and few literary men have escaped suffering at the hands of the Government.—Yours, &c.,

CONSTANCE GARNETT.

19, Grove Place, Hampstead,
April 22nd, 1909.

## THE FIGHTING VALUE OF "DREADNOUGHTS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In reply to my letter published in your issue of April the 3rd, Mr. Kelway seems merely to repeat his former statements, and avoids producing proofs or answering the arguments produced against his theory.

If the high explosive shells could have been used in 6-in. guns, why did not the Japanese use them in their light cruisers against the "Slavana" and "Donskoy"? Wood entered very largely into the construction of these two vessels, and they should have fallen an easy prey. And further, why did the Russians treat the 6-in. so lightly, while the portmanteaus (12-in.) were held in such great respect?

His statement that the "Osylaba" was not sunk by penetration he contradicts in his own letter. "Three shells, one after the other . . . All in the same place, *on the water line*. Not a hole—but a regular gateway. Three of them *penetrated* together." He then says that this probably did not occur, but that the officer who said it was excited at the time. But since Mr. Kelway's arguments are based on Captain Semenoff's book, he can hardly be allowed to pick such evidence as suits his theory, and reject that which does not fit, as inaccurate.

"Subjected to the same gunnery fire as that which destroyed the Russian fleet in the Battle of Tsushima, the 'Dreadnought' and her improved sisters would be similarly destroyed." They might, if they had not the speed which they have—the main reason for their actual size is that they might have that extra speed which proved so invaluable to Togo—and also they might, if they replied with the same inaccuracy and badly-made shells as the Russians. But here Mr. Kelway has altogether failed to note Captain Semenoff's most important remark, namely: "The Russians, like the French, believed in shells made for penetrating, while the Japanese, *like the British*, in shells with a large bursting charge."

Finally, your correspondent shifts his ground entirely. From a demand to cease building "Dreadnoughts" he merely proposes to do away with armor-piercing shells, which proposal, in face of what is stated above, seems unnecessary.

The fact that all the great nations of the world are building "Dreadnoughts," or improved "Dreadnoughts," not only refutes the statement that they are frauds, but seems to be the sincerest flattery that our Admiralty could have received.—Yours, &c.,

C. G. WALKER.

Knowle House, Mirfield,
April 19th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## A SONG OF LIFE.

"Better than sovereignty over the earth, better than going to Heaven, better than lordship over all worlds, is the reward of the first step in holiness."—*Buddhist Scripture (Dhammapada xiii. 178).*

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls . . . . The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo, here! or, lo, there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you."—*Christian Scripture (Matt. xi. 29, and Luke xvii. 20 and 21).*

"As to those who . . . . work righteousness, the Lord will direct them . . . . and their salutation shall be peace . . . ."—*Mahommedan Scripture (Koran x. 166, &c.).*

I.

WORLD of wonders, fair to see,
Bountiful exceedingly,
All our wants 'tis you supply,
You receive us when we die,
Stern, but smiling on us, show
All the things we need to know!

II.

"First distinguish false and true,—
See what you are called to do!
Duties nearest to be done
Are the first to think upon;
Patient, till you see what's right;
Forward then, with all your might!

III.

"Darkness all, within, without,
All things hid in mists of doubt;
Humbly be content to see
What the next step ought to be;
Forward then, your doubting past,
For the next may be the last!

IV.

"If through weakness, sloth, or pride,
Duty should be put aside,
Or if passion, mean or strong,
Lead you on to doing wrong,
All things past unchanged remain—
E'en repentance may be vain!

V.

"Work is worship, thought is prayer;
Each his sorrows has to bear;
Steady labor, real thought,
Win whate'er success they ought;
Even sorrows by-and-by
Sweeten soon in memory.

VI.

"Men like ants may swarm on earth,
Boasting loudly of their worth,
As if they'd the world remake;
But if God should them forsake,
Two days' extra frost or heat
Could make all men maggots' meat.

VII.

"Life is real, not a dream;
But the things that real seem,
Chariots, buildings, sports, and game,
Are mere pastimes, all the same;
Pleasure-seekers never cease,
Never find the road to peace.

VIII.

"Peace they seek but never find;
Peace is harmony of mind,—
When the beauty of the world
To the loving eye's unfurled,
And the sounds that fill the air
Breathe of music everywhere. . . ."

IX.

World of wonders, fair to see,
Bountiful exceedingly,
All our wants 'tis you supply,
You receive us when we die,
Stern, but smiling, plain you show
All the things we need to know!

DAVID WILSON.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

MR. JOHN MURRAY'S quarterly list of announcements is, as usual, strong in biography and memoirs. One of the most interesting of the new books promised is the "Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," which is to appear in three volumes. Schurz was a young German student of promise when he took part in the Prussian rising of 1848, as a result of which he had to emigrate to America. He took the Northern side in the Civil War, and showed great ability in the field, rising to the rank of General. Subsequently he became American Ambassador to Germany, and took a leading part in politics during the presidencies of Johnston, Grant, and Hayes. He opposed the high-tariff policy of the Republican Party, both on moral and economic grounds, but gave the party his support while the questions growing out of slavery and the Civil War were of predominant importance. He supported Cleveland, but returned to the Republicans when Bryan declared for free silver, only to turn Democrat once more in opposition to McKinley's Imperialism. It is no small tribute to American discernment that in spite of these changes, Schurz's honesty and public spirit were always recognised, and few speakers had more influence in turning votes. The "Reminiscences" should prove a valuable contribution to American history.

* * *

ANOTHER biography to come from Mr. Murray is the Life of Giuseppe Baretti, the author of the famous Italian dictionary, and the friend of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and other eighteenth century men of letters. The book is based chiefly on Baretti's letters to his Italian friends, which are said to contain fresh information about Johnson, the Thrales, and their circle, as well as to bring out the contrast between literary society in Italy and in England during the eighteenth century. There is to be an introduction by the late Mr. Marion Crawford.

* * *

ANTICIPATING the publication in the course of the forthcoming autumn of Henrik Ibsen's posthumous works, a Copenhagen journal the other day published a fragment of a novel which Ibsen, in a letter to his friend Ole Schulevud, called his chief work at that time. It is an historical novel, "The Prisoner of Agershuus," and has for its subject the history of a certain Christian Lofthuus, who appears to have played a part in the political history of Norway towards the end of the eighteenth century, and being wrongfully accused of conspiring with Sweden against Denmark, was arrested under most dramatic circumstances, and kept in prison until his death in 1794. The same journal also publishes three new poems by Ibsen, the one dating from 1856 and the other from the following year, to his fiancée, now his widow; while the third is a congratulatory poem to his fiancée's sister on the occasion of her confirmation. One of these poems recalls Heine, and would quite have fitted into the "Buch der Lieder," although less pessimistic in its tone.

* * *

A BOOK by Mark Twain bearing the title "Is Shakespeare Dead?" is to be published shortly by Messrs. Harper. The book is a medley of appreciation, fact, and fiction. Among the subjects dealt with are Mark Twain's experiences as a Mississippi pilot and in the Far West.

* * *

Two books of more than usual promise upon the question of a future life may be expected during the next few weeks. The first is Mr. Lowes Dickinson's Ingersoll Lecture for 1909, which, under the title of "Is Immortality Desirable?" examines the significance which the idea of immortality has for different types of men. The other, to be published by Mr. Francis Griffiths, is called "Is Death the End?" and presents the case for immortality in a non-religious aspect. The author has collected the opinions of Mr. Balfour, Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Jevons, and others of distinction in various fields, the consensus of opinion being that the question asked in the title of the book must receive a negative answer.

* * *

LAST week we mentioned a couple of historical memoirs which, though of great interest, are not likely to be published for many years. Another book to be added to the list is the "Reminiscences" of M. Emile Loubet, late President of the French Republic. The manuscript is said to be very voluminous, and deals chiefly with M. Loubet's seven years' residence at the Elysée. It will not be published until twenty years after M. Loubet's death.

* * *

IT is a pity that the difficulty of copyright prevents several volumes of the American "Cambridge Poets" series from being published in this country. No such difficulty can, however, exist in the case of "The Cambridge Dryden," upon which Professor Noyes, of California University, has been engaged for the past seven years. The object of the new edition is to furnish in an accurate text a more complete edition of Dryden's writings than has hitherto been attempted in popular form. All Dryden's undoubted poetical works, both original and translated, together with a large number of his critical essays, will be included. English readers are fairly well off with the "Globe" edition of the poetical works and Professor Ker's excellent two-volume edition of the "Essays." The dramas are not accessible, except in a very expensive form—Sir Walter Scott's edition, as revised by Professor Saintsbury. A critical text of all Dryden's works might well be taken in hand for the series which Dr. Ward and Mr. Waller are now editing for the Cambridge University Press.

* * *

ONE of the characteristics of current American fiction, according to a writer in the "New York Times," is a marked tendency towards "the masculization of the novel." "By its masculization," he says, "I mean its tendency to concern itself more and more with that side of life which has been heretofore largely the domain of man, and to concern itself less with those affairs and conditions of life which have been of keen interest to what some cynic has called 'the marrying sex.'" The writer also laments the inferior artistry of most American novels, and their almost unvaried concern with material things. English novels, on the other hand, frequently fall into the opposite error, and present life as seen through a distorted haze of pseudo-romanticism, fatal alike to sincerity and any convincing treatment of actual problems.

* * *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have arranged for the publication of "The Economic Annals of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. William Smart, Adam Smith Professor of Political Economy in the University of Glasgow. During his three years' work as one of the Royal Commissioners on the Poor Laws, Professor Smart felt himself much hampered by the absence of accessible information regarding the economic and social evolution from the time when the Poor Law came into evil prominence during the great war, and this determined him to do something towards filling up the gap. The first part of the work, which will probably appear in the autumn, deals with the period from 1801 to 1820.

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"A Pluralistic Universe: Hibbert Lectures at Manchester College on the Present Situation in Philosophy." By William James. (Longmans. 5s. 6d. net.)

"Studies in Mystical Religion." By Rufus M. Jones. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

"Sir Robert Hart: The Romance of a Great Career." Told by his Niece, Juliet Bredon. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)

"Mendel's Principles of Heredity." By W. Bateson. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.)

"Mansfield College Essays, Presented to the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D." By Various Writers. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)

"The Faith and Works of Christian Science." By the Writer of "Confessio Medici." (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Milton Memorial Lectures, 1908." Edited by Percy W. Ames. (Frowde. 6s. net.)

"Treasure Trove." By C. A. Dawson-Scott. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"The Staircase of Honour." By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"Chronique de la Duchesse de Dino." Tome II. 1836-1840. Publiée avec des annotations et un index biographique par la Princesse Radziwill. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7fr. 50.)

"La Vie politique dans les deux mondes, 1907-1908." Par A. Viallate. (Paris: Alcan. 10fr.)

"La Formilière." Roman provincial. Par Lucien Alphonse-Daudet. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## THE HERO OF THE SIX ACTS.*

THERE are many statements in Mr. Hassall's sketch of Castlereagh which are open to question, and one of them meets us on the first page of the preface. Mr. Hassall thinks that the misconceptions of which Castlereagh's memory has been the victim have steadily increased. We should have thought that, whatever else might be matter for dispute, it would have been common ground among historians that Castlereagh has received not harsher, but more kindly treatment during recent years. We might take, for example, the treatment of Castlereagh's military administration. Mr. Fortescue has shown that Castlereagh's tenure of the War Office stands out as a conspicuous success among the records of failure which surround the names of Pitt, Dundas, and Addington. In one other direction, modern criticism, in its anxiety to be just to Castlereagh, has tended to be unjust to Canning. In place of the old dramatic and picturesque view that Castlereagh and Canning represented two opposite policies, and that Canning's glory was won in revolutionising the system he inherited from Castlereagh, some modern historians have maintained that Canning was merely following in the footsteps of Castlereagh, that the credit for initiating a liberal policy was due to Castlereagh, and that the two men had the same sympathies and aspirations. Mr. Temperley has shown, we think, that this view is an exaggeration, and that if England's attitude to the Holy Alliance was determined before Canning became Foreign Minister, it was so determined, not by Castlereagh's own native ideas, but by the influence of Canning in the Cabinet. Castlereagh said himself, in a letter to Bathurst, "Alexander suggests all the Powers of Europe being bound together in a common league guaranteeing to each other the existing order of things in Thrones, as in territories, all being bound to march, if requisite, against the first Power that offended. I tried to present something which would meet somewhat his ideas, which we could present to Parliament." That design was upset by Canning, who had fortunately joined the Government in 1816, and it was due to his influence that Castlereagh perceived, in 1818, that the ideas of the Holy Alliance were in danger of carrying the Government a good deal further than it had meant to go.

We do not propose, however, to discuss the rival claims of Canning and Castlereagh in this respect, or for the honors of the Peninsula War, for Mr. Hassall raises a still more interesting question in his challenge to Castlereagh's Radical critics. Why is it that the hatred of which Castlereagh was the object during the last years of his life, a hatred that would not make a truce even over his grave, has taken so fixed and prominent a place in the imagination of the time? Thackeray said that to be mentioned by Gibbon was like having one's name inscribed on the dome of St. Peter's, for all the world to read. Castlereagh, of course, owes something of the immortality of his unpopular fame to the fact that Shelley inscribed his name on the dome of Hell. But it was not, as Mr. Hassall seems to think, mere literary caprice or mere partisan malice that inspired this passionate feeling about Castlereagh. The reason for that bitter hostility is that Castlereagh represented the oligarchy in its internal policy at the worst moment in its history. He represented that phase because he overshadowed his chief accomplice, Sidmouth. Now, what is the case of the English poor against him in this character?

It is this. Castlereagh governed England at a time when the poor were in a state of inconceivable distress, when their distress was growing fast, when their place in the State was becoming more and more insignificant and dependent, and he offered them two consolations: one the policy generally represented by the "Six Acts," the other the diversion of a million of public money to a church which had about as much compassion for the poor as the governing class itself. Let us consider how a poor man would have received Castlereagh's speech in introducing his coercive legislation. Castlereagh began by remarking that the example of the French Revolution ought to have convinced everybody of the wickedness and folly of any revolutionary undertaking. It was an excellent argument for a House of Commons that represented property and sinecures, but an English agricultural laborer might pertinently have replied that between 1789 and 1817 the English peasant and the French peasant had changed places, that the French Revolution, if it had brought a great deal of trouble and confusion on the world, had lifted the French peasant out of his squalor and established his independence, and that the English oligarchy expected the English poor, who had been driven off their common fields, debauched, impoverished, and enslaved by a bad pauper system, who were sentenced to ignorance and neglect, who were punished under a penal system so brutal that boys ten years old were transported for trivial offences, and whose children were crowded in factories where no effective law sheltered them from cruelty and disease, to sit down and thank God and the governing classes for the defeat of Napoleon, and never to raise a whisper about their own sufferings and grievances.

Such a critic might further have pointed out that other nations had found time to improve their institutions during the Napoleonic War. For example, Stein had abolished serfdom in Prussia; whereas in England the ruling class declared that reform was unnecessary and dangerous, not only in times of war, but in times of peace. Those rulers did their best to show that in fighting France they had been fighting for their property in men and in acres. In this same speech Castlereagh went on to congratulate Parliament on the fact that a dangerous spirit was now to be found only in the uneducated classes. Whose fault was it that those classes were uneducated? What had Castlereagh and his friends done, what did they propose to do, to educate the poor? They had done, and meant to do, nothing at all. The truth is that there never was a time when social evils and social dangers called so loudly for action, and there never was a time when an English Government had so little imagination, so little care, and so little sympathy. The defence of the English Constitution, not in its virtues, but in its vices, not as a system of free government, but as a system of inflexible police, was the beginning and the end of the political creed of England's rulers. Hence it was that Castlereagh's answer to starvation and to famine, to the suffering and decay which Cobbett witnessed in the villages, to the cruelties and abominations of the factory system which were revealed to Parliamentary Committees, was to withdraw what liberties of protest and complaint the poor possessed, and to punish criticism with brutal and arbitrary laws. Mr. Hassall, who has very little to say about these conditions and the oligarchy's responsibility for them, thinks that it is ridiculous for anyone to-day to question the necessity of the Six Acts and the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*. We wonder whether he has studied the careers of the famous spies, Castles, Oliver, and Edwards, the trio whose names are immortalised in Lamb's little poem, "The Three Graves":—

> "Close by the ever-burning limestone beds
> Where Bedloe, Oates and Judas hide their heads,
> I saw great Satan like a sexton stand,
> With his intolerable spade in hand,
> Digging three graves. . . .
> I asked the fiend for whom those rites were meant,
> 'These graves,' quoth he, 'when life's brief oil is spent,
> When the dark night comes and they're sinking bedwards,
> I mean for Castles, Oliver, and Edwards.'"

These informers, on whose evidence Castlereagh and Sidmouth largely relied, were forced to admit that they had themselves fomented the plots of which they gave information, and Edwards encouraged the Cato Street conspiracy. The secret committees of both Houses, that reported in 1817, found that there were revolutionary opinions abroad (it would have been strange, indeed, if there had not been), but from that day to this no evidence has been produced to show that there was danger of a rising. After all, the decisions of juries who had all the facts before them demonstrate as much as the decisions of a secret committee of Parliament. The trials of 1817, like those of 1794, are a not unimportant commentary on the panic-stricken measures of the Government. One result of those measures was to drive discontent into other and more

* "Viscount Castlereagh." By Arthur Hassall, M.A., Student and formerly Censor of Christ Church, Oxford. Pitman. 3s. 6d. net.

dangerous channels, a consequence that Whigs like Holland predicted, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the Cato Street conspiracy would never have happened if criticism had not been made a crime. A more serious consequence was the suffocation of the popular movement. In fact, the only good result of Castlereagh's legislation, a result certainly not designed by its author, was the sympathy which sprang up between the popular leaders and the best Whigs, like Grey and Holland, who combated that legislation with great courage and power, for it was out of that sympathy that there developed the alliance which carried Reform.

Mr. Hassall is very severe on writers to whom he refers as "so-called Irish historians," for their criticism of Castlereagh's Irish policy. He thinks they are to blame for ignoring the fact that Castlereagh always held the view that without Catholic Emancipation the Union of Ireland, though itself necessary, would bring in its train innumerable dangers and difficulties. But it is rather cold comfort surely to the men whom Castlereagh bribed into accepting the Union by a promise which he did not redeem, to be told that he knew what a disaster the Union without Emancipation would be. Castlereagh's own record in this matter, though not so bad as Pitt's, is not quite as heroic as Mr. Hassall paints it, for he took office in 1807, his promises not ten years old, in a definitely anti-Catholic Government. Altogether it is difficult to see what Ireland has to thank him for. Mr. Hassall, who is fond of stating his opinion without giving reasons, and dismissing all contrary opinions with some phrase about "profound ignorance," thinks that the time chosen for carrying the Union and the means adopted were right and necessary. Mr. Lecky, after a very careful survey of the evidence, reached the very different conclusion that "it would have been far wiser to have deferred the Union question till the war had terminated, and till the English Ministers had arrived at a well-grounded certainty that it was in their power to carry the measures that could alone have made it acceptable to the majority of the nation."

Mr. Hassall's book is interesting, not for any new light that it throws on Castlereagh's career, but as an example of the persistence of the traditions and ideas of the old governing class in a University of which that class took possession.

## A CORRESPONDENT OF BRAHMS.*

THE title-page of the English edition of the Brahms-Herzogenberg correspondence differs slightly from the title on the cover, the latter running, "Letters of Johannes Brahms," while the former runs, "Johannes Brahms: The Herzogenberg Correspondence." The latter is more correct. Brahms's own letters are less than half the total number of those contained in the volume, and, being mostly short, they occupy probably not more than a sixth of the total space. It does not often happen, as it has done in this case, that the interest of a great man's correspondence lies mainly in what is said to him rather than in what he has to say himself; but then, all great men do not have such exceptionally intelligent correspondents as Frau Elisabet von Herzogenberg. She was the wife of one Heinrich von Herzogenberg (1843-1900), a man of wide general culture and some musical capacity, who gradually concentrated himself wholly upon music, making serious studies in technique, and composing a good deal in a conscientious, but apparently not very inspired, style. At first his sympathies had been wholly with Wagner and the so-called "New German" school; later he went back to Bach at his severest, and, for modern music, took Brahms as his model. In his letters and in those of his wife we can see poor Herzogenberg hungering and thirsting for a word of praise from the great man. But praise comes scantily from Brahms. He apparently does not think the music very striking, and it is hard to get any expression of opinion from him upon it. He thanks Herzogenberg for the pieces when they are sent to him; he is busy just then, but hopes to write him about them later; sometimes that is the end of the matter; at others there comes a word or two of encouragement or of guardedly expressed liking. Herzogenberg and his wife, we can see, would be glad of a little more enthusiasm on Brahms's part; and once or twice Elisabet's wifely affection is wounded by something Brahms has said or hinted, and she gives the master a courteous, but firm, lecturing on his unwitting cruelty of speech. But both husband and wife love him to the end with an almost canine devotion.

The real interest of the volume lies in the picture it gives us of the mind and soul of Elisabet. Besides being a woman of unusual general understanding, she was an excellent musician, and particularly quick to seize the fine points of feeling or of workmanship in the music of Brahms. He paid her the compliment of submitting many of his works to her before performance or publication. She frankly told him of anything she thought less admirable than it might be, and more than once he altered a work in deference to her criticism. The pages of the book are strewn with the most delicate and subtle appreciations of Brahms's music; while now and then she lays her finger unerringly on the faults that are typically Brahmsian. She cannot reconcile herself to one of his songs: "Either," she writes, "I am quite irresponsible and capricious in my tastes, or it really is not on the same musical plane with the others. To put it brutally, I feel as if it had only the contours of a Brahms piece—what is called mannerism as distinct from style." In another letter she points out to him that some of his work in the fourth symphony is mere paper-work, impressing the eye but not the ear. She tells him, too, of his occasional woodenness and dryness. "Just because I am so strongly predisposed to enthusiasm, so hotly prejudiced, I might say, in favor of this same Brahms, I often ask myself—softly, discreetly, but I do ask—whether he does not sometimes produce things born, not of his heart's blood, but only . . . of his cleverness, his routine, his supreme skill; while the impulse which stamps the thing produced as inevitable, enduring for all time, is entirely lacking." His "Ständchen" does not please her; it is "more of a Brahms manufacture than a Brahms inspiration." It needed unusual insight to see these things, and unusual honesty to say them.

Brahms at any rate could be sure that in criticising him she was applying to him no standard but one drawn from his own work at its best. She was curiously prejudiced against most other modern music and musicians, especially against anything of Wagnerian tendencies. Her hatred of Wagner is quite amusing. Like Frau Schumann, she is convinced that Wagner is a charlatan who is ruining music. She tells with bated breath of an incredible insult that has been put upon Frau Schumann, who has actually been asked to play at a concert the programme of which includes Wotan's "Abschied." "One *Feuerzauber*," she writes, "would be Frau Schumann's death. It is inconceivable that she should play. There really is a want of delicacy in the arrangement." Both she and Brahms are fearfully disturbed. Then it turns out that Frau Schumann, with a heroism of which only truly great souls are capable, has announced that she will play, but that, of course, she is not bound to listen to the *Feuerzauber*. It is evident that both the good ladies took themselves rather seriously on this point. Frau Herzogenberg's dislike of Bruckner also comes out; and it is surprising to read that Brahms shared her opinion of Bruckner, for it has been said elsewhere that Brahms regarded him as the greatest symphonist of the day. We do not see much, however, of Elisabet's little narrownesses; and her letters leave an almost undisturbed impression of a thoughtful, generous, lofty, and beautiful soul. What Brahms thought of her is shown by the fact that he kept her photograph on his writing-table to the day of his death. She died in 1892 of heart disease, aggravated by her devoted nursing of her husband through a serious illness. Brahms survived her only five years, and her husband eight.

The volume has been excellently translated by Miss Bryant, though there is a queer mistake in a note to letter 276, where the texts of the "Four Serious Songs" are spoken of as being "incredible" (unglaublich) instead of "unbelieving" or "irreligious" (ungläubig).

* "Johannes Brahms: The Herzogenberg Correspondence." Edited by Max Kalbeck. Translated by Hannah Bryant. John Murray. 10s. net.

## AMONG AUSTRALASIAN CANNIBALS.*

The writer of this autobiography enjoyed the friendship of Robert Louis Stevenson. Some of the incidents in his romantic and unselfish career appealed so strongly to the imagination of the accomplished Scot that he offered to write the life which is here presented to us. But the convenient occasion never came. It is interesting to speculate what the product would have been, if the story had been shaped by the master of such a delicate and picturesque style. The missionary here ventures to tell his own tale, and in lack of fine tapestry we must be content with honest homespun. Perhaps this handsome volume partakes too much of the character of a personal Apology. It is preceded by a sketch of the experiences of a runaway Yorkshire lad who afterwards became an apostle to the cannibals and is rounded off by complimentary resolutions passed in the Methodist Conferences of the Southern hemisphere. Mr. Brown deserves the expressions of confidence he received, for he was often placed in painful and difficult positions, and, if now and again exposing himself to criticism, acted for the most part with cool judgment and served the cause of Polynesian missions for nearly half a century with heroic devotion and painful sacrifice. He is doubtless sensitive to newspaper attacks made upon him a generation ago, but he might well have allowed the simple story of his work to stand as a sufficient vindication. This famous missionary began his career in Samoa when native churches had already been formed. Many instructive things are told us about the island populations in the midst of which he labored. Judging from the admirable photographs with which the book is enriched, the Polynesians of Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji are much more comely than the raw, uncouth ruffians for whose improvement he afterwards toiled, and the explanation may be found in the inheritance of finer traditions of courtesy and loftier standards of feeling, as well as in the beautifying power of a new faith. It is possible that in the forgotten centuries Indian influences may have affected the physique and the etiquette of the higher-grade islanders. Four different names are used to describe the same disease when it appears in different classes of society, or when a man is being addressed by others or is speaking of himself.

Most polite and elaborate forms of speech, from which modern Europe might learn, precede the declaration of war:—

> "When the vanguard of the two opposing parties first met one called out, 'You the eyes of the forest.' The other party at once answered, 'Yes,' or 'It is I.' . . . Then one would walk out unarmed to the opposite party, with many marks of respect, and using the most polite language, say, 'This is a piece of kava for you chiefs and warriors to drink.' The first speaker would then retire, and at once a chief from the opposite side would walk out and present a similar piece of kava to the first party, using the same words and expressions. After this, one of the parties would ask, 'When shall we trample the grass?' The others would answer, 'It is not becoming to us to dictate to such renowned chiefs and warriors as you.' And so the talk might go on for a long time, until at last some one might casually observe the sun appeared to be getting low. The others would at once take advantage of this, and would say, 'Well, if that is so, let us sleep to-night and pray for success and trample the grass to-morrow; it is too late now.' And they would retire, to fight at dawn next morning; but would sleep in peace that night, as such a truce was never broken."

The early missionaries agreed to put out of church membership all who took part in tribal wars, from which policy Mr. Brown dissented. One could almost wish that the spirits of these wise old missionaries might be reborn into the clergy of both the Established and Nonconformist Churches. As we read Mr. Brown's description of a war-palaver in Samoa in which he vainly attempted the part of "holder-back" or peacemaker, we can imagine we are listening to the proposals, compromises, and ultimatums of European statesmen put into child's speech and acted in a nursery, with coral reefs and cocoa-palms for a background.

After fourteen years' service in Samoa, the subject of this autobiography entered upon a formidable piece of fresh work in New Britain. He was accompanied by a staff of Fijian preachers and teachers who had freely offered themselves for the hazardous enterprise and who were somewhat officiously examined and re-examined by the Governor of that newly acquired Crown Colony, to make sure they knew the risks and had counted the cost. Mr. Brown proved himself an evangelist with a strong hand. When a chief who lived close by the Mission Station on Duke of York Island had speared and tomahawked his favorite wife and left her for dead upon the ground this zealous philanthropist took her into his own house, fortified himself against attack and refused to restore her to the chief, who wished to kill her right out, till security had been given for her proper treatment. She afterwards regained her lost position of pre-eminence in the affections of her spouse. Ex-territorial rights were claimed for the Mission House. If such an incident had occurred in some countries of Asia it would have been called a piece of political interference and a disregard of native customs, but amidst primitive races such humane actions, if somewhat masterful, may be the basis from which a better order of life is in due time evolved.

Another incident in the career of this resolute missionary provoked much animadversion at the time. A native preacher brought from Fiji and several teachers were treacherously killed and eaten in a village of New Britain, a few miles from the central station. No warship was at hand to punish the outrage. After calling into council a handful of white traders, reprisals were organised, the missionary taking the part of commander-in-chief of the campaign. One or two of the villages implicated were burned at the cost of a modest death-roll. The plea for this bit of private war was that the lives of the white traders and a white woman would have been in danger if the outrage had been ignored. It is not for those who have never been placed in such a frightful emergency to pronounce judgment. It is easy to point out a more excellent way in the abstract, and a William Penn might have been strong enough to tread it. The line of demarcation between right and wrong under such circumstances is obviously not a red-tape line, although certain British officials, who, perhaps, resent any trespass upon their prerogatives, were amongst the hardest critics of the incident. Colonial opinion was mainly on Mr. Brown's side, and within recent years the man in the street would have applauded the step taken to the echo. But the mind of even the latter is not obsessed forever by dreams of Isandluna. Many who know and honor Mr. Brown would rather not be challenged to pronounce upon the incident. Perhaps the least satisfactory part of this campaign of chastisement was that the chief murderer escaped and people who had no proved personal connection with the outrage were killed, a misfortune which sometimes occurs in orthodox campaigns. At a later stage in his career Mr. Brown had to act a happier part in ending the schism within the churches of Tonga which arose through the dictatorship established under Mr. Shirley Baker, an ex-missionary who had risen into the position of director-general of the converted king's conscience.

This founder of Methodist Missions in what is now known as the Bismarck Archipelago, did the work of a patrolling overseer rather than point duty, and it is scarcely to be expected that he would supply exhaustive studies in primitive culture and in the problem of race-origin such as have been received from missionaries who have concentrated their labors for a generation upon the same tribes. His book, however, abounds in fresh information and casts many side-lights upon these important subjects. He tells us that in one of the scenes where he labored warfare was so common and the suspicions it engendered so wide-spread that people of villages two or three miles apart had no communications with each other, and did not always understand each other's language. The bushmen of the interior hold little intercourse with the coast villages, and move to and fro in almost complete concealment. They cover themselves with leaves and grasses so that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the background of vegetation. Life is everywhere cheap, and may be paid for by a few cowries. The methods of burial vary. In New Britain the bodies of dead chiefs are put into their canoes and hoisted up into the branches of trees, whilst the bodies of the common tribesmen are sunk in the sea. On one of the Solomon Islands the dead are buried together in cemeteries which are sprinkled over with clean white sea-sand, and the graves are marked by head-stones of variously colored coral. Some

* "George Brown, D.D., Missionary and Explorer." Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.

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The novel opens with an extremely clever picture of life in old-time Rye, three hundred years ago. Outside the gates of Rye Royal lies the quarter of the foreigners, Protestants and Anabaptists from Germany and Holland, who had fled from persecution abroad, and, settling down, "built houses and conventicles for their pastors; wove, cured bacon, dried simples, traded in cordials, or changed money: they buried, they married, they were born, and they were baptised, or they refused to baptise, much at their own sweet wills, denouncing every seventh day, or three times a day, according to their faiths and practices, the bishops and clergy of the Established Church, or the deacons and pastors of the six other several sects that existed amongst them." The most prominent Dutchman is Pastor Koop, who has the care of the Knipperdollings of Rye town, and the worthy man's household is drawn with an admirable felicity of touch which makes Mr. Hueffer's scenes as easily visualised by us as are the interiors of Peter de Hoogh:—

> "The Pastor Koop wore his hair very long for those days; he dressed in hodden-grey; spoke Dutch better than English, and Hebrew better than either. He was extraordinarily square upon his feet; had a lifeless face; corrected all conversations addressed to him so constantly upon points of doctrine, that it was very seldom that he conversed with any one, save his deacon or his long-haired apprentice. . . . Magdalena Koop was very conversant with both doctrines, by reason of her father's enunciation of the one and denunciation of the other; she was fairly confident of another fifty years of life; she was able to contemplate herself with placidity, for she was fair, large, strong, gentle, and enduring. She could read Dutch and English, she could write English, she could nearly understand Hebrew when it was read to her in passages familiar to her in the Scriptures. She wore rather Dutch clothes: a white hood, and, on fair days, golden twists above her ears; her hair was golden, her eyes large and blue, her forehead white and smooth. . . . She wove an excellent strong cloth for making men's coats of, and had a linen loom of her own in the big room below the rafters, where she sat all through the summer days, with the roof-door open, looking at Edward Colman among his ships, and throwing backwards and forwards the shuttle.
>
> "She sat with Edward Colman in the shadows of the dusky houseplace. The Pastor, huge, square, and decorated with horn spectacles, sat astride a three-legged chair, his huge book upon a ledge that rose from the chair-back, after the manner of a lectern. It was the Pastor's habit thus to sit astride whether he read or wrote. Beside him, with long, lank hair, a high-crowned hat, and a lugubrious expression, on the broad hearth, with his woollen stockings stretched across

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the sea-coal fire, there sat the Pastor's deacon and apprentice, Tribulation Jones, an Englishman, who patiently carved the head of a bobbin of boxwood into a grotesque face, with squinting eyes and a protruding tongue. Edward Colman was drawing upon a slate that he used because paper was dear, the lines of a ship of seventy tons. The price of timber having risen very much in that neighborhood of late years, it was a matter to be considered to make the lines of a ship to take very little timber. From time to time he spoke, saying, 'So!' or 'So!' with his eyes upon his drawing, and his little smile upon his lips.

"Magdalena sat close beside him upon the polished oak-wood top of the chest; at times she looked tranquilly over his shoulder; at times she polished the brass sconce that she had taken down from the wall; at times she lifted slowly to her nostrils one or other of the two oranges that Edward Colman had brought to her, and that lay on the dark, polished wood of the huge table. The firelight flickered tranquilly upon the wooden chests that lined all the walls as high as the beams of the ceiling; it flickered on the metal hinges, and dimly on the sconces along the walls. Mirror-bright as they were, they were covered with network to keep them unsullied. Every piece of furniture in the room was, in the older Dutch fashion, formed of a chest. The seats all round the walls, upon which, during service time, the Pastor's disciples sat, were formed of chests standing before the other chests. The huge table itself had lockers below; the chairs themselves, all save the Pastor's, were formed of chests that had necks or arms set to them. And all of these things were of wood that Magdalena polished, with a love for the brown, rich surfaces, and for the love of polishing, that was as great, as tranquil, and as deep as her love for Edward Colman, or for the scent of that rare fruit, the orange. She looked upon Edward Colman's drawing, and it was good; upon his smile—and it was good; upon the brown wood of the chests, and it was good; and she inhaled the perfume of the orange's surface—and that was good.

"The Pastor turned over a leaf; pushed the horn spectacles up to his forehead; took with the little tongs a coal from the brass brazier on the table, and set it on his pipe. He puffed out wreaths of smoke, but never took his eyes from the page. The apprentice laid down his carving with a sigh; turned up his eyes towards the chimney-bar above his head; muttered with his lips, and then began to bray the Pastor's cane tobacco that was warming in a boxwood mortar beside his knees. Then they were all still again, and the fire rustled."

Edward Colman, the sailor hero, is denounced by the woman he has slighted, Anne Jeal, the Mayoress of Rye, to the Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, the Earl Dalgarno, on the charge of "owling"—*i.e.*, the illicit trade in wool with the Continent. The officers come to seize him in Pastor Koop's house, but are outwitted by the slimness of the Dutchman, and Edward Colman escapes to Amsterdam, where he ships on board the "Half Moon," a vessel commanded by Henry Hudson, the discoverer of the North-West Passage. The brilliant audacity of Mr. Hueffer's imagination finds full scope in the ingenious plot by which we follow the hero on his adventurous voyage to the New World with the great navigator and his crew of sullen and mutinous Dutchmen, while the termagant Anne Jeal, having failed in her plan of kidnapping him in Amsterdam, pursues him by bearing false witness against him before King James, and by casting witch spells and sorceries to bring him and his ship to grief. The scene between the furious Mayoress and the Scottish Solomon who, to discomfit his attendant lords, is eager to swallow all the lies she invents, has in it a whimsical quaintness that seems to spring from life itself. Again, Hudson's learned expositions to his men of the navigator's passion for sailing unknown seas have an individuality of tone that is surely no mere invention of the modern mind. But the best proof of the author's familiarity with the mental atmosphere of his period is that he almost makes us believe that his hero's ill fortune is actually interwoven with the incantations of Anne Jeal! That is to say, he admits us into that dim-lit region of superstitious fear which existed even in the minds of even the most far-sighted and sagacious thinkers of James I.'s day. The scenes on board the "Half Moon" are, perhaps, a trifle overcharged with the picturesque quaintness which characterises all Mr. Hueffer's descriptions, but his portrait of the great navigator, Hudson, is a most cunning and impressive study. While the "Half Moon" is too romantic in its elaborate picturesqueness to persuade us that Hudson and his companions were, indeed, thus and no other, the book, as a study of atmosphere and manners, is far more convincing than the work of many modern historians who, laboring to construct a body of historical facts, are powerless to fashion for us either a living image of the period or recreate its animating soul.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Frederick Lawton has lived for the past twenty years in France, where he has been personally acquainted with many of the leading personalities in politics and letters. His book on "The Third French Republic" (Grant Richards, 12s. 6d. net) is a capable performance which gives the reader an excellent summary of French history since the downfall of the Second Empire in 1871. After a short introduction, stating the main problems with which the Republic is at present confronted, the author summarises the events that led up to the Commune and the establishment of the Third Republic. Then follow six chapters on the Presidencies of Thiers, MacMahon, Grévy, Carnot, Casimir Périer, Faure, Loubet, and Fallières, which, we must point out, do not correspond with the more important political developments of the time. Four chapters deal with literature, science, and art, and the book ends with a discussion of the mutualist movement, education, the Parliamentary system, and other topics of present interest. The falling in the birthrate, to which so many observers point as a sure proof of French decadence, is not regarded by Mr. Lawton as a danger to the nation's future nor as a menace to her military security. It will not, he says, go beyond the limit at which families can provide for their offspring in comfort, and in the meantime the Government has an opportunity of suppressing pauperism and thus increasing the vigor of the whole people. It is a pity that Mr. Lawton thought it necessary to introduce so many names into his chapters treating of literature and art. They read too much like a catalogue, and, in the space allowed to each writer or artist, anything like adequate criticism or appreciation is impossible. All contemporary histories are open to the objection that most of the matters dealt with are as yet undecided, and, until they are, no writer can be sure that he has seized upon their correct significance. Nevertheless, Mr. Lawton's work is one of value. He is temperate in his statements and guarded in his conclusions. The book may be recommended to those who wish to learn the main facts of contemporary French history, as well as the points upon which French policy must be concentrated in the immediate future.

* * *

Mr. Horace Bleackley is known as a writer on some of the less familiar aspects of eighteenth century history, and he urges in the preface to "Ladies Fair and Frail: Sketches of the Demi-monde during the Eighteenth Century" (Lane, 12s. 6d. net), that "when the large coverts are exhausted one can only beat the copses and hedgerows." He has accordingly written biographies of six of the most celebrated courtesans of the Georgian era—Fanny Murray, Kitty Fisher, Nancy Parsons, Kitty Kennedy, Grace Dalrymple Eliot, and Gertrude Mahon. The first of these had some influence on politics, for she was the heroine of "An Essay on Woman," a ribald paraphrase of Pope's "Essay on Man," of which Wilkes was charged with being the author, and when he escaped to Calais was expelled from Parliament and made an outlaw. Nancy Parsons' name is preserved in the pages of "Junius," while Grace Dalrymple Eliot's "Memoirs" are known to all students of the French Revolution. The subjects are thus not without historical interest, quite apart from their value as illustrating the social life of the time. Mr. Bleackley has a thorough knowledge of the period, and writes about it in entertaining fashion. His book is on a much higher level than are most of the compilations upon similar subjects which we have met.

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English readers, Galicia is associated with Sir John Moore's death at Corunna and Sir Francis Drake's raid after the defeat of the Armada. The chief disadvantage of this remote corner of Spain from the point of view of the inhabitants is the heavy rainfall, which is one of the greatest in Europe, but this is not without its compensations to the tourist, for the country is richly wooded, has plenty of water, and is cool and shady at a time when the rest of Spain is unpleasantly hot. There is an interesting chapter on the great monasteries of Galicia, chief among them being the Cistercian monastery of Osera, "the Escurial of Galicia." As supplementary to the more regular guide-books, Miss Meakin's volume could hardly be bettered, while those who have no intention of visiting Galicia can read it with enjoyment.

* * *

An excellent work-a-day book of birds is the new edition of "British Birds in their Haunts," by the Rev. C. A. Johns (Routledge, 7s. 6d. net). This carefully written work was not designed for the sumptuous colored illustrations that its new editor, Mr. J. A. Owen, has given it. They are by Mr. William Foster, and there are 256 of them on sixty-four plates. They are diagrammatic rather than pictorial in execution, but the coloring and often the characteristic attitudes of the subjects are faithfully given, and pictures could not well be better as a means of identification. A comprehensive statement of the classification of our birds is included, and the late author's description of each species is very readable.

# The Week in the City.

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This week attention has been absorbed in the thrilling drama of Constantinople. Turkey and the Balkans have provided plenty of anxiety and excitement during the last six months, and as soon as one crisis has been safely passed, another supervenes. Consols have been depressed partly by this new alarm, partly by rumors of a naval loan, partly by more credible reports of a new issue of Irish land stock but still more by fear that the forthcoming budget will mean a reduction of the Sinking Fund. Mr. Fielding's budget statement made at Ottawa on Tuesday was more satisfactory than had been expected. The deficiency of revenue caused by bad trade has been offset by heroic retrenchments which are to be continued this year. Thus increase of taxation has been avoided. Nevertheless over ten millions sterling has been added to the debt of the Dominion in the last twelve months, of which three-fourths have been absorbed by the new railway line from coast to coast. However, the population of Canada has now reached seven millions, and there is little doubt that the line, however costly, will be ultimately remunerative, or, at least, reproductive. Perhaps the most striking feature of the Canadian budget is the withdrawal of sugar preference from the West Indies, owing to a belief that the West Indian planters have made a combine in order to extract the whole difference conceded to them by the Canadian preference. It is a good object lesson in the policy of Colonial preferences, and an illustration of the bickerings which would ensue if we once embarked upon an "imperial" scheme.

### The Stock Markets.

Money has now become so cheap that bankers have actually been lending at below 1 per cent., and discounts are weaker in sympathy. Thus speculators are encouraged to buy stocks in the hope of a rise, and an upward heave may take place. On the other hand, all the great Powers are faced by deficits, and by the necessity for new debt or new taxation. In the foreign market there has been a large inquiry for bonds which can be deposited with bankers as security for loans. The weakest spot in the market has been Peru Preference, which seems to be regarded with suspicion owing to poor traffics, the recent earthquake in Peru, and other causes. The new Chilian loan, on the other hand, is in favor.

### The Mexican Report.

The directors of the Mexican Railway have presented their shareholders with quite a reasonably good report, and they can look forward to a much more peaceful meeting than they had at the end of last year. There is, of course, a considerable decline in receipts, but that one would expect; and in view of the bad condition of Mexican trade in general a drop of 600,000 dol. in gross is not particularly bad. The figures in Mexican currency are as follows:—

| | 1907. | 1908. | Dec. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Receipts ... ... | $4,061,601 ... | $3,444,454 ... | —$617,147 |
| Expenses ... ... | 2,363,645 ... | 2,094,294 ... | — 269,351 |
| Net ... ... ... | 1,697,956 ... | 1,350,160 ... | — 347,796 |

Thus the balance carried to net revenue account was 1,350,160 dol., which, in sterling, is £138,129. With interest, &c., the amount available for distribution amounts to £140,759, a drop of £51,000 from the corresponding figures of last year. The main reason for this difference is the sale of the Vera Cruz Pier and Terminal, a business that produced £14,723 in the second half of 1907, but half-way through last year was handed over to a separate company in return for £148,700 in 4½ per cent. debentures. The first preference stock now gets a dividend of 6⅜ per cent., against the full 8 per cent. last year, and the second preference gets nothing, as against 5¾ per cent. Owing to the system on which the company is capitalised, the stocks are necessarily very speculative, the small issue of second preference stock requiring only about £30,000 to pay the dividend in full for the half-year. In the last few years there has been more criticism of the directors of the line than, perhaps, of any other railway board in England, and one reason for this undoubtedly is that the stocks lend themselves so easily to speculation. It would not be a bad thing to reorganise the capital. The report has had a good effect on the market, and prices this week have been rising. Quotations on Thursday are as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| First Preference ... ... .. ... ... | 127⅜ |
| Second ,, ... ... ... ... ... | 62¾ |
| Ordinary ,, ... ... ... ... ... | 30 |

The second preference went up to par in 1907 and varied in 1908 between 46 and 49¼. It does not look too cheap at its present figure.

### U.S. Gloves and Woollens.

In his speech introducing the new Tariff Bill, the Hon. Sereno E. Payne (chairman of the Tariff Committee) had to defend an enormous increase in the duty on gloves which was slipped in, they say, to please some of his friends and supporters who happened to be glove manufacturers. "Women," he said, "could get along without the kid gloves, or use fewer pairs of them, use silk gloves and cotton gloves, and all that sort of thing. They could keep their hands warm, although they could not cover their pride." This gallantry is, however, already repented of, for 300,000 women in Chicago alone have signed a petition against the new tax; and Senator Aldrich, whose interest is in the woollen business rather than in gloves, has apparently dropped Mr. Payne's speciality in the Senate. The "Evening Post" reminds me of the part played by a certain Mr. North in composing the woollen schedules of the Dingley Bill. He was a confidential clerk working under Senator Aldrich while that bill was framing, and was at the same time the paid secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers! He was loaned to Senator Aldrich's committee by his employers. When the Dingley law passed, the wool manufacturers gave Mr. North 5,000 dol. "in recognition of the arduous and responsible work" he had done in Washington. It has been repeatedly charged, and not denied, adds the Washington correspondent of the "Post," that Lucius N. Littauer, an ex-member of Congress, a glove manufacturer at Gloversville, in New York State, had a hand in framing the glove paragraph in the Payne bill.

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*SHEWETH,*

THe Complaint of the Sope-makers in briefis, That by reaſon of an Exciſe laid upon their Materials, and after they have made them into Sope, They are forced to pay 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel Exciſe; by meanes of which, thoſe that make it in holes and corners, ſteal the Exciſe of the ſaid 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel, and ſo are able to underſell them that pay it; by meanes whereof their Trade is loſt and deſtroyed. For remedy of which, they humbly deſire the Parliament will be pleaſed to lay 12*d. per l.* Exciſe upon all the imported Materials that Sope is made of, and totally take off the foreſaid 4*s.* 8*d. per* Barrel; which they humbly conceive will bring in annually, an equal revenue to what hath riſen of late years, both out of the Exciſe of Sope, and the 6*d.* in every 20*s.* that the Materials have paid, whereby all that make Sope ſhall equally bear the burthen of the Exciſe; and in caſe the Parliament ſhall Judge the ſaid 12*d. per pound* Exciſe upon the materials, not to be enough, they leave it to their Judgements and deſcretions to lay ſo much more above the ſaid 12*d.* in every 20*s.* upon the Materials onely, as they Judge annually will fully make up the ſame.

And they moſt humbly deſire that the Parliament would ſpeedily put this their Juſt Sute to an abſolute and final iſſue, and call upon Colonel *George Thompſon* to make his Report in the premiſes.

*Roger Pears*

| | |
|---|---|
| *John Hayes* | *John Hardwick* |
| *John Lilburne* | *Lawrence Whitwel* |
| *Tho. Howlet* | *Symon Weedon* |
| *Thomas Woodſtocke* | *Robert Barfoote* |
| *John Hutcheſt* | *Caleb Phinnies* |
| *Robert Drinkwater* | *John Murdock* |
| *Edm. Halley* | *Rickard Cox* |
| *William Rudd* | *Edward Leader* |
| *Edw. Whitwell* | *Tho. Bromley* |
| *Ja. Baker* | *William Heſter* |
| *John Wolcot* | *Tho. Poulsney* |

1650.

Sorſon Dee

That when in the Collicrug days of Charles the Second Pears was making Soap

"The Nation," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by The National Press Agency Limited, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by The Nation Publishing Company Limited, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—Saturday, April 24, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 5.] SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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*[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]*

## Diary of the Week.

On Thursday Mr. Lloyd George introduced the first great democratic Budget ever set before the House of Commons, in a speech lasting, with half an hour's interval for physical weariness, from five minutes to three o'clock to eight o'clock. No such effort of exposition had to be undertaken, even by Gladstone, in the most intricate of his Budgets. The speech was, in fact, the initiation of a broad policy of betterment for the people of Great Britain, whose fruits will be developed, not as Mr. Austen Chamberlain properly said, in one Budget, but in "a series of Budgets." This will be apparent when the financial scope of the proposals is realised. The Chancellor had to deal with a total deficit—due mainly to old age pensions and the increased Navy Estimates—of £15,762,000. But a careful view of his anticipations of the immediate increment of his fresh taxes suggests that even in 1910 he may be able to handle the magnificent surplus of £9,000,000. This will enable him not only to provide for the new "Dreadnoughts" which next year alone will cost almost five millions, but to begin to finance his far-reaching scheme of a universal compulsory insurance for the work-people of Great Britain, which should remove the fear of hunger from the entire body of manual laborers. This result Mr. George achieves, in the main, without calling on the mass of the professional and trading classes, by actually relieving the earned incomes of fathers of families which do not exceed £500 a year, and by calling on the workman for a small contribution from his tobacco fund.

* * *

The chief sources of new revenue which he opens up are:—

A. The land of Great Britain (partially excluding agricultural land), and its natural increments of value, with special reference to its mineral wealth and its urban developments.

B. The monopoly value of licences for the sale of liquor, obtained through a moderate adaptation of the American system of high licences. Both A and B represent the bringing into account of forms of social wealth.

C. The mass of *rentiers*, the higher ranges of unearned incomes, and the greater accumulations of capital accruing through death.

D. A levy on the motor trade, based on an agreed scale of taxes on motor-power, together with a tax on petrol, to be devoted to the maintenance of the roads, the balance for the relief of the rates.

E. The raising of the spirit duty and the tobacco taxes.

* * *

We proceed to state the immediate yield of all these imposts, and the way in which they fill the deficit. They are to be supplemented by three millions taken from the old Sinking Fund, which henceforth disappears as an automatic provision for the reduction of debt, and will re-appear in future years as a National Development Fund for enlarging the internal resources of the country. The full resources of Mr. George's many adroit and bold devices in taxation will, of course, be gradually developed, until they form at once a permanent endowment of social reform (the insurance fund, for example, will probably draw five millions a year), and a solid rampart against Protection.

* * *

| | |
|---|---|
| 2d. extra on all unearned incomes ... | £3,000,000 |
| Surtax of sixpence on incomes of over £5,000, levied on the amount by which they exceed £3,000 ... | £500,000 |
| New scale of Estate Duties, ranging from four per cent. on £5,000, to 15 per cent. on over a million, increase of one per cent. in settlement duty, and new legacy and succession duties raised from 3 to 5 per cent. for close relatives, and 10 per cent. for distant relatives.. | £2,850,000 |
| New scale of Stamp Duties ... ... | £650,000 |
| New scale of Licence Duties beginning at 50 per cent. of the annual value and subject to a minimum scale based on population, ranging from £5 in rural districts to £35 in London; 3d. in the £ on the receipts from liquor in clubs ... | £2,600,000 |
| New Spirit Duties (3s. 9d. a gallon)... | £1,600,000 |
| 8d. per lb. on manufactured tobacco ... | £1,900,000 |
| Land Taxes; 20 per cent. on unearned increments, a halfpenny in the £ on the capital value of unemployed urban and mineral land, 10 per cent. on benefits arising from the determination of leases ... ... | £500,000 |
| Total New Taxes ... ... ... | £13,600,000 |

It will be observed that though the sum of these taxes is large, not one of them is other than moderate in amount.

* * *

THE following are the main lines of immediate provision for social and reforming needs:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Road Repairs and Extension ... ... | £600,000 |
| Development Fund (afforestation, scientific agriculture, &c.) ... ... ... | £200,000 |
| Labor Exchanges ... ... ... ... | £100,000 |
| Land Valuation ... ... ... ... | £50,000 |

The larger schemes of social betterment indicated in the speech cover the inclusion of paupers in the old age pension schemes, and a plan of universal compulsory, State-aided assurance against sickness, invalidity, and unemployment. Mr. Lloyd George concluded his wonderful effort of adaptive, constructive, and prospective statesmanship by declaring that the Budget was a war Budget—"a declaration" of "implacable war against poverty," with the ultimate end of making the wolf of want as remote from the doors of the British people of to-day as the wolves that once infested their forests.

* * *

THE Opposition criticism of this tremendous scheme was, on the whole, less bitter than might have been expected. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was singularly mild, only reproaching the vagueness of the Chancellor's plans, and complaining that they were practically an "electoral manifesto," covering the legislative work of years. Mr. Balfour was silent. The Irish are repelled by the new whisky and tobacco duties, and threaten opposition. The Labor party is undoubtedly both surprised and warmly appreciative. The Ministerialists proper show much enthusiasm in the Radical ranks, and general content, based on the feeling that great and worthy combative and moral issues are opened up to them.

* * *

THE Tory Press inclines to bitterness, but is clearly puzzled what and where to attack—for though wealth is made to bear the main burden of the Budget no single impost is of a crushing character. This disables the Lords from their threatened attack—for the country will not rally round those who ultimately will be the chief sufferers from the Budget—the great ground landlords, and the very wealthy and luxurious classes, with a small fringe of earners of high "ability" incomes. The "Standard" absurdly calls the Budget an attack on the middle-classes, the "Telegraph" describes it as a "penal" Budget, and the "Times" suggests that it "increases the uneasiness of all who have property to be taxed." The final point that the Budget finances the present and future naval programmes destroys much of the hostile criticism. Probably the landed interests will make the chief rally; while in the House of Commons the only apparent difficulties are the necessary complexity of the Budget, the number of its critical points, and the Irish opposition.

* * *

LIBERAL Turkey has at last destroyed its enemy. On Saturday morning the army from Salonika and Adrianople, under the orders of Mahmoud Shefket Pasha, having completed its investment of the capital, marched in divisions on Stamboul, Galata, and Pera, captured the bridges, stormed the barracks where the mutinied regiments were quartered, and surrounded Yildiz Kiosk and its garrison. On Monday the army compelled its surrender by cutting off supplies, and made Abdul Hamid prisoner without bloodshed. The street fighting was sharp, and both forces lost heavily. The attack was actually led by Enver Bey, the young and brilliant military hero of the Revolution. Ten thousand prisoners —soldiers, spies, and reactionary priests and preachers— were taken and disarmed, the city was placed under martial law, and a Military Commission appointed to try offenders, many of whom were discovered with large sums of money on their persons.

* * *

MEANWHILE the National Assembly, returning from San Stefano to Stamboul, sat in the Parliament House to settle the fate of the Sultan—its Charles the First—and decided unanimously to depose him. To this end the aid of the supreme interpreter of the Mohammedan Sacred Law, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, was first invoked. A *fetva* or decree, by this official, a Liberal, was read, reciting, in the general terms appropriate to such a document, the crimes of Abdul Hamid—the destruction of certain Sacred Books, the slaughter, imprisonment, and exile of his subjects without legal cause, his perjury to the Constitution, and the strife and confusion which that act had caused—and authorising his removal. Abdul Hamid's fate was announced to him at Yildiz. He is said to have received the news in terror, to have begged piteously for his life, to have recited the good deeds of his reign, including the Greek War, and to have asked for leave to retire to the Cheragan Palace on the Bosphorus, where he was born. This was refused him, and he was conveyed by motor car to the railway station, with two of his sons, and a small part of his huge harem, probably consisting of the "consorts," or wives who had borne him children, and thence by train to Salonika. There he will probably be allowed to live, after disgorging part of his vast hoard.

* * *

HIS successor was found at once in the legitimate heir, the oldest of his surviving brothers, Mohammed Reschad Effendi, who ascends the throne with the title of Mohammed the Fifth. Reschad is sixty-five years old, is said to be gentle and enlightened, though not specially able, and has long been the candidate of the Committee of Union and Progress. He at once took the oath to the Constitution, and warmly expressed his adherence to it, and in his hurried drive to and from the Seraskierat was cheered by the populace. In an interview with Mr. Donohoe, of the "Daily Chronicle," he declared that while his voice has been stifled in his gorgeous prison of marble on the Bosphorus, the "voice of conscience had never been stilled," that he had followed the march of progress, and was a firm adherent of Parliamentary institutions. He has now returned to the Dolma Baghche Palace, and is keeping open Court there, thus breaking with the jealous and timid seclusion of his predecessor. Later on the important ceremony of girding him with the sword of Othman at the famous Mosque of Eyub, the friend of the Prophet, will be performed by the head of the Bektashi dervishes, a powerful but not an orthodox sect. The city is said to be rejoicing over its new Sovereign.

* * *

THE hopes of the Dutch people for an heir to the throne have been at last fulfilled. Queen Wilhelmina gave birth to a young Princess on Friday. The whole nation has been thrown into a passion of rejoicing over an event of great consequence both to Holland and to Europe.

* * *

THE second reading of the Trade Boards Bill was moved in the House of Commons on Wednesday by Mr. Tennant, and carried without a division—a result due largely to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's marked personal sym-

pathy with the measure. Mr. Lyttelton expressed almost unqualified approval, and thought that while it dealt with a national scandal and peril, it was experimental rather than revolutionary in character, following well-known precedents in factory law and industrial organisation. Even if it brought some kinds of "sweated" production to an end, that would be better than suffering them to exist in their present form. Mr. Balfour qualified but did not counter his colleague's support, being chiefly occupied with the old objections that in those cases in which the action of the Bill raised the price of an article it might let in competitive goods from abroad. To this Mr. Churchill answered that we should do well to lead in anti-sweating legislation, but that all countries, especially our rival, Germany, were also contemplating or had actually passed it.

* * *

We have referred so often and so recently to the question of University reform that we have no space this week to give other than a brief summary of Lord Curzon's important, and, on the whole, liberal Memorandum on the constitution of Oxford Colleges and Universities. The central point of the Chancellor's Open Letter to his University is practically an invitation to that body to reform itself. It also makes a number of definite recommendations, such as the abolition of compulsory Greek, the admission of women to degrees, the remodelling of the Hebdomadal Council, of Congregation, and of Convocation, the improvement of the pass-schools, the creation (by a future donor) of a new college for working men, on the basis of a maintenance cost of £60 a year, a redistribution of scholarships and exhibitions, and, most important of all, the setting up of a new Board of Finance for the revision of University and College accounts, and the framing of a general financial policy for the whole University. Some of Lord Curzon's proposals fall short of the reformers' programme, but the whole document is of singular weight and power, and will, we hope, initiate a great movement either of "self-reformation," or, failing that, of State reorganisation.

* * *

In reply to a question by Mr. Craig on Tuesday, Mr. McKenna, speaking on behalf of the Prime Minister, made the important and satisfactory statement that "under existing conditions the navy of the United States of America for the practical purposes of the two-Power standard," as defined in Mr. Asquith's speech on the Navy Estimates, "would not enter into the account." This ought to put an end to the attempt to make this country build ships against the whole united strength of the American and German fleets, plus ten per cent.—an impossible task. Mr. Robert Harcourt, in a letter to the "Times," shows that no other view of naval policy was taken by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane in the debate in 1904, and we have more than once pointed out that it represents the settled policy of the Government.

* * *

The formal recognition of the independence of Bulgaria by the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin is now complete. The Balkan crisis is at an end. The protocol between Turkey and Bulgaria was signed on Tuesday week, and contained a clause definitely recognising "the new political situation in Bulgaria." Russia was the first Power to signify her approval, and France and Great Britain followed. The Powers of the Triple Alliance delayed their sanction until it was decided to submit to arbitration the dispute between the Turkish Government and the Oriental Railway Company as to their respective shares of the indemnity paid by Bulgaria for the Eastern Rumelian line. It is highly improbable that a Conference will meet to put a final seal upon the recasting of the Berlin Treaty. Doubtless the Turco-Bulgarian difficulty would still have been dragging on but for the internal crisis in Turkey. The problem still remains why the settlement it has taken since October to reach could not have been made in a few weeks instead of many months. The Balkan crisis has exposed in the most damning fashion the unreality and the incompetence of European diplomacy and its complete estrangement from ideals or practical common sense.

* * *

The Tariff Bill has not gone very far yet in the American Senate, but apparently a strong campaign is being conducted to get the Senate to take at least two commodities off the free list. The art dealers are against the free importation of works of art more than twenty years old, on the ground that it would flood America with worthless imitations, a curious argument, inasmuch as the art dealers themselves would in most cases be the agents for transferring such forgeries to the American buyer. The independent oil producers and refiners again want crude oil to be subjected to a 50 per cent. duty; free importation, they say, would deliver them over to the Oil Trust bound and gagged. There appears, on the other hand, no strong movement for a reduction of duties, though a Democratic Senator pointed out that a moderate income-tax would transfer the burden to the wealthy, and permit schedules to be cut by half. Mr. Taft seems to have forgotten his promise of a genuine tariff revision. His only departure from the Roosevelt policy so far has been to drop many Roosevelt actions against the trusts. In anti-trust policy there is to be in future "less smoke and more fire; less noise and more action." The smoke and the noise have certainly abated, but there is no trace yet of fire and action.

* * *

The situation in Persia is curiously complicated. Last week it appeared that the Shah had not informed his troops before Tabriz of the armistice, and that the blockade was maintained. The Russian Government, therefore, hastened to dispatch a force of some 2,600 men to open the roads. This intervention was deeply resented by Satar Khan, and, it would seem, by the Shah likewise. The Nationalists declare that they prefer surrender to the Shah to a Russian occupation, and they entered into hurried negotiations with Teheran. Thereupon the Shah at once issued stringent orders for an indefinite armistice, and for the passage of unlimited quantities of food into Tabriz. The Russian force, however, has crossed the frontier, though its assistance is repudiated by both Nationalists and Royalists. The negotiations between the Shah and Tabriz are proceeding, but the Shah still limits his concession to a Constitution "in accordance with the Sheriat"—an ominous phrase in these days—while Satar Khan demands simply the restoration of the Constitution. Meanwhile, if the Teheran correspondent of the "Times" is to be credited, Russia and England hope to get both parties to accept the appointment of foreign agents to supervise the departments—in other words, the Russian plan of a few months ago for practically a condominium, leading, probably, to Russia "Egyptianising" Persia, is being revived.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC BUDGET.

Mr. Lloyd George's Budget is conceived with a boldness and originality all too rare in politics. Instead of opposing immense difficulties with a cautious defensive, it goes out to meet them with an audacious counter-attack. With a deficiency of over £15,000,000 to make good, most Chancellors of the Exchequer would have occupied the first half of their speech with complaints of increasing expenditure and proposals for cutting down every penny that might anywhere be saved, with little regard to the objects for which it was being spent. Social reform, they would have said, must wait. Battleships are imposed on us by necessity. Past undertakings have put great burdens upon us. This year the utmost we can do is to meet our liabilities without borrowing. Social progress has waited long. It must wait a little longer yet.

Happily, this is not Mr. George's view. For him the problem is to show that Free Trade Finance is constructive finance, and that its future lies with democracy. It can not only honor all existing obligations. It can go further, and, looking beyond the present year and its needs, can lay down a broad and deep basis of national development. In a Budget replete with new principles, the most original and fruitful of all is the conception of the Development Grant—a conception in which it would seem as though the old idea that Englishmen, having colonised the world, might at length discover their own country, is at length to take tangible shape. The Grant is to begin at the modest figure of £200,000, and is to be applied especially to afforestation, to experimental farming, and to the encouragement of agricultural co-operation and rural transport. But this is avowedly conceived only as a beginning, as the fund is to be swelled automatically by those savings on the estimates or unexpected increments of taxation, hitherto known as the old Sinking Fund, which have hitherto gone automatically to payment of debt. For the first time a definite source of income is set aside to constitute a fund available for the general development of Great Britain.

Nor does Mr. George hesitate to promise further expenditure on social reform. On the contrary he bids us look beyond the twelve months, and begin now to lay up the store out of which we may meet the coming obligations. It is not to be tolerated that all the available income of the country is to be swallowed up in the naval panic. Nothing could be more definite than Mr. George's declaration that this Government—like any other Ministry of the British Crown—will do everything necessary for the real security of the country. What it will not do is to postpone all succor for the poor and helpless to the allaying of unreasoning panic, and to guarding against imaginary dangers. "Dreadnoughts" are provided for, at the rate of a halfpenny apiece on the income-tax, and the "Spectator" is invited to "prepare" for the external dangers which beset its dreams by "paying" for the provision against them. But social reform will go on. The pace will not be what it might have been in a more peaceful atmosphere. But neither will it be arrested. The problems of the aged, of the sick and invalided, and of the unemployed, still press for solution, and the solution will not be indefinitely deferred. For the removal of the pauper disqualification we have, unfortunately, to wait till next year; but we are to have Labor Exchanges, and, what goes much further, Unemployment Insurance, without delay. Much will depend upon the precise character of the scheme put forward by the Government under this head. They do not appear to have been as much influenced as we should have expected by the strong arguments put forward by the Minority Report in favor of the "Ghent system," and the Chancellor has, with singular boldness, foreshadowed a complete scheme of compulsory assurance, organised by the friendly societies. But these are matters of detail. On the acceptance of the principle of insurance as the best thing that can be done under present conditions for the skilled worker, a principle long since urged in these columns, we can only congratulate the Government and the country. That they should have faced the responsibility at this moment of extreme financial stress, is above all to the credit of the Chancellor on whom the burden falls.

Thus on the side of expenditure two great constructive movements are foreshadowed. On the one hand there is the development grant, the nucleus of a progressive democratic organisation of natural resources for the national use. On the other there is the beginning of a system of national insurance, which, on the basis of a minimum provision by the State, will little by little build up a system securing the worker from what is now the terror of the poor man's life—the destitution incidental to unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and old age. On the side of income, how is this to be paid for? By no departure from Free Trade, by no additional burden on industry, and by no overwhelming addition to the load borne by any one form of property. To satisfy these conditions, changes are proposed too numerous and complex to be fully examined on this occasion, but here again some new and vital principles of democratic finance stand out. Three new departures are made, any one of which might in ordinary times be taken to mark an epoch. To begin with, we have for the first time the principle of the surtax, completing in outline the democratisation of the income-tax system. We have always had abatements below a certain income. Mr. Asquith gave us the just distinction of earned and unearned incomes. Mr. Lloyd George adds a surtax on incomes of £5,000 a year and more. The limit of the surtax is 6d. in the £, and, as it will be levied, it means only an additional 2½d. in the pound on an income of £5,000, so that the taxpayer will retain enough to find him in bread and cheese, with perhaps a margin. It is by no means an excessive call upon the wealth of the wealthy. We might even deem it insufficient for the occasion, were it not that by at the same time stiffening the graduation of the Death Duties the Chancellor is imposing an additional burden of more than 4 millions on realised property. Apart from the question of amount, however, it is the new principle which is important, graduation being now conceded in

essence, if not precisely in form, all along the line, with the admitted object of drawing on surplus wealth to meet the increasing demands of national defence and social progress. Mr. George's second principle is that of securing a percentage of the monopoly value of licensed property by a readjustment of duties. Of this departure, which was generally anticipated, we need only say for the moment that it is but the resumption by the State of a fragment of a form of wealth which it ought never to have created, or allowed to fall into private hands.

The third principle is one round which controversy has raged, and will rage. The most important point in Mr. George's scheme of land taxation is that he reverts in principle to Mill's original proposal for the taxation of the unearned increment. For a national tax, we believe this to be the sound and most productive policy. It will bring in little for the moment, but it will become year by year a richer source of income, and will aid future Chancellors materially in meeting the ever-growing demand. The separate taxation of site values is left, we take it, for the coming readjustment of local finance, and is in no way excluded by the present proposal, than which in itself nothing could be more just. There remain certain unavoidable new burdens, which, however, in no case fall on industry or the professions. The workman will pay on his tobacco, the City on its transfers, the property owner on his "unearned" income. But this last addition is tempered for the proud father of young children by a remission affecting all incomes up to £500 a year. Of all classes the motorist comes off most easily. He is to be taxed not for the general motor car, but for the improvement of the roads; that is to say, their adaptation to his needs. The scheme of adaptation, Mr. George tells us, has been planned in conjunction with the Automobile Association. We trust we shall find that other Departments of the Government will be able to combine with the Budget a plan for the safety and comfort of the public. But this portion of Mr. George's proposals stands self-contained and so clearly apart from the remainder that it might be omitted as a whole without affecting the rest of the scheme. For that scheme the Chancellor of the Exchequer may fairly call on every democratic force in the nation for sustained and undivided support. He will have united the "interests" against him by a comprehensive and fearless attack. He must unite the enthusiasms and principles behind him. Whatever there is of democratic ardor among our people, whatever feeling there be for national improvement, if there be any compunction for the lot of the poor, and any joy in the building up of a strong, vigorous, and united nation—all such forces, laying aside mutual controversy and nice preferences of detail, must rally in their supreme effort to enforce the will of democracy or write themselves down for ever barren of good.

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## LAND TAXES IN THE BUDGET.

Enthusiastic land reformers whose single revenue policy is based on the assumption that land values alone possess a true ability to pay are perhaps feeling some disappointment at the small proportion of the immediate new revenue provided in the Budget which is to be derived from land. Their proposal of an imposition of a tax of 1d. in the £ on the capital or selling value of the former, was not, indeed, found practicable. In the first place, it might have involved the provision of a novel machinery of valuation, probably demanding a legislative sanction that could not have been obtained. Secondly, what would have been in effect a second tax upon present incomes derived from land would have been difficult to defend, either upon economic or upon equitable grounds. Finally, any indiscriminate new tax upon landownership, falling as it would, not merely on great landlords, but upon large numbers of small investors in ground-rents, would have rallied an immense body of opposition among all classes of the community.

The actual proposals of Mr. Lloyd George appear to us conceived at once with courage and with moderation, and to be directed, not merely to meet immediate exigencies, but to the larger purposes of public policy. The most important of these proposals is based upon a radical distinction between existing and future increments of land value. Wisely recognising the difficulty of distinguishing existing land values from other forms of property, with which, indeed, they are largely commingled, the Chancellor proposes to secure for the public a considerable share—one-fifth—of all further increments of value. All real estate, as we understand it, is to have its capital value registered, and whenever it changes hands, either by an act of sale, or by transmission at the death of its owner, twenty per cent. of the increased value found to attach to it since the valuation or the last transfer will be taken in taxation. There can be little doubt that though the early productivities of this tax must be trivial, as time passes it will ripen into one of the most important sources of progressive revenue.

In the minds of social reformers more immediate interest probably attaches to the tax of ½d. in the £ upon undeveloped land and virtually, though not nominally, upon mining royalties. Although this again will not do all that the ardent land reformer desires to force owners to put their land to the most socially advantageous use, it will go far in this direction. For it will stimulate the owners of ripening land on the outskirts of our towns which at present virtually escapes taxation to bring their land into the market for industrial or domestic use. The indirect result of this increase in the effective supply of town land will be to reduce rent, and by spreading town populations over a wider area to diminish the evils of congestion in our great centres of industry. These proposals do appear to involve the process of a separate valuation of sites and improvements. The tax on increments could evidently be assessed by a simple measurement of the increased value of the estate taken as a whole, with an allowance or deduction for any capital expenditure since the last valuation. But the Chancellor appears to contemplate a valuation of the land separately from the improvements. The tax on mining royalties, though certainly not erring upon the side of severity, may be regarded as

a serviceable instalment of a long-demanded public right. Moreover, we presume that the tax on future increments is meant to apply to this form of land values as to others, and that in the development of new mines, the State will share the mining royalties *ab initio* to the extent of one-fifth. Finally, a 10 per cent. duty upon the reversion of a lease will fortify the incremental tax in the case of lands which, though not passing in ownership, are made the instruments of a fresh and usually a more profitable occupancy. Thus the Duke of Westminster or Lord Derby, coming into an increment of ground rent, say from £100 to £400, for which they have done nothing whatever, will have to restore £60 of it to the community which created the increased value.

Thus are laid the foundations of a sound and vigorous reform affecting in the future the fiscal and the social policy of the country in several very important ways. Though the immediate productivity of the new taxes is estimated at no more than half a million, it is evident that the incremental tax alone, in a country exhibiting rapidly advancing town values, will soon bring a million or more per annum to the coffers of the State. But still more important are the political, social, and industrial aspects of these land proposals, constituting as they do the first plain, practical assertion of the rights of the people to develop and enjoy the resources of their native land, and the first authoritative challenge to the great territorial oligarchy who have hitherto exercised without restraint over large portions of this country the powers which came down to them in law and custom from the time of feudalism. There is no rash handling of thorns, but a firm, far-sighted, and statesmanlike asseveration of the dominance of the commonwealth over the interests of the landlord.

## THE FUTURE OF YOUNG TURKEY.

Exactly a fortnight after the counter-revolution in the capital, the Young Turks have realised, with Abdul Hamid's deposition, the whole of the programme which they drew up in Paris fifteen months ago. The swiftness and efficiency of their movements has been equalled by their scrupulous regard for the forms of the Constitution. To each arm and instrument of the nation's will its function was assigned. To the army fell the task of assuring order and of dealing with the still recalcitrant mutineers. Not by a word or an act did generals or officers overstep the limits of their purely military task. To the Sheikh-ul-Islam, an official who is at once the Lord Chancellor of the Sacred Law and the Minister of Cults, fell the traditional duty of giving a decision based on the precedents and principles of the Sheriat. Such decisions are always general. As in the case of Abdul Hamid's two immediate predecessors, the question was put whether certain offences justified the deposition or abdication of a Caliph, and the answer was affirmative. Informed of this general definition of law, the Parliament had only to apply it directly to the prisoner at Yildiz. One may feel that in all this formalism there was something unreal. But for the influence of the Committee of Union and Progress the army might never have moved, and but for the protection of the army the Parliament and the Sheikh-ul-Islam would never have dared to act. But it is none the less only by a scrupulous observance of the letter of a Constitution that its spirit enters eventually into the mind of a people.

It is hardly necessary to inquire minutely into the personal responsibility of Abdul Hamid for the counter-revolution. There is available some evidence of his guilt, despite the censorship which has made our news so fragmentary. The Turkish papers, for example, state that the artillerymen who joined the mutiny declare that before they agreed to move, Prince Burhaneddin, the late Sultan's favorite son, came in person to their barracks and conveyed to them his father's command to revolt. The large sums of money found in the pockets of mutineers came, most probably, from the Palace. No less compromising was the Sultan's action in pardoning not the mutineers alone, but the murderers in their ranks. But even if it were possible to doubt the Sultan's personal participation in the plot, it was unquestionably a conspiracy which reckoned on his complicity after the fact, and repeated in all its details, notably in the Armenian massacres which were its most ghastly feature, the familiar lines of Hamidian strategy. While Abdul Hamid reigned, the temptation to repeat these abominations would always have existed. Nor was the plot, despite its eventual failure, an attempt which wise men could afford to despise. It might have provoked a foreign intervention, and, had the mutineers succeeded in their original design of murdering the Young Turkish leaders, it is doubtful whether the counter-stroke would have been effective, or even feasible. As a measure of security the deposition was an elementary precaution. To affect pity for the fallen despot would be perverted sentimentalism. His character is, indeed, among the most occult studies which psychology could propose to itself. Its root lay, apparently, in an overmastering physical cowardice, an abnormal instinct of self-preservation, which made him afraid of rebels, afraid of able generals or statesmen, and of competent subject races, afraid, above all, of assassins, and even afraid of the dark. Yet he showed, if not courage, at least a singular tenacity and recklessness of purpose, and the man who ordered countless massacres and murders shrank from signing a death sentence, and was solicitous, to a rare degree, about the sufferings of animals. The most charitable and the most probable reading of his mind was that, like others of his House, he was not far from insanity, and that is a reason which makes a contemptuous mercy the proper attitude in those who have now rendered him impotent for evil.

The Young Turks have never been stronger than at this moment, but the problems which confront them are of appalling complexity and delicacy. The logic of events seems to be driving them from the fine but impracticable idealism which at first caused them to refuse office for themselves. They are realising that of the better and more experienced Pashas of the old *régime* some are untrustworthy and others feeble. They are said to contemplate a Ministry under their noblest and most distinguished leader, Ahmet Riza Bey, whose decision of character would make him a better Grand Vizier than he

was a Speaker. But one shudders to think of the feelings even of the better sort of Mohammedans in the Asiatic Provinces if they have to learn that their new Grand Vizier, the man who really overthrew their Caliph, is a Positivist. Of his pure life, his disinterested character, and his high intelligence they will hear nothing; they will only be told that he is a sort of Frankish atheist. Nor is the immediate problem of handling the situation in the conquered capital at all easy, despite the loyalty of the army. The real sentiments of the populace, and even of the flabby mass of the deputies, are very doubtful. The veteran and closely observant correspondent of the "Daily News" describes a city given over to sincere joy at Abdul Hamid's fall; the less experienced correspondent of the "Morning Post" declares that 95 per cent. of the population are really on the side of the deposed despot. It is a fact that in a bye-election in the capital just before the mutiny the Committee had lost ground. It is also a fact that when the Chamber went out to San Stefano to place itself under the protection of the Macedonian army, very few of the numerous clerical deputies went with it. How to handle the inert opportunism of this mass sentiment, how to divine the opinion which is seldom frankly uttered, how to inspire manhood and self-respect into these city crowds called suddenly to self-government—that is a task not for one generation but for two.

More urgent is the problem of how to deal with the guilty conspirators. We are not disturbed by the statement that 10,000 "prisoners" have been made in the process of policing a city given up for two weeks to anarchy. Most of these prisoners are probably merely the potential "hooligans" of Constantinople, the rough Kurdish porters and the fanatical *softas* (theological students) who might have rioted or pillaged had they not been controlled. They have been detained rather than imprisoned. As for the soldiers and clergy who carried out the cold-blooded slaughter of the 150 Young Turkish officers who are said to have been killed after the mutiny, we know of no ground which should excuse them from exemplary punishment. More difficult is the problem of dealing with the responsible persons who engineered the plot. To terrorise a Parliament by a hired mutiny, to expel certain of its deputies, to slaughter political opponents, and simultaneously to organise a massacre in Asia Minor in which at least 10,000 Christians have been killed—this surely is treason of the cruellest kind. Whether the whole plot was known or approved by all who shared in it we do not know. At best those concerned were engaged in a faction fight; more probably they were the venal tools of a Palace reaction. To inaugurate a reign of terror would be an unpardonable folly, of which the Young Turks would be the last to dream. But if, after a fair trial, the real authors of this conspiracy, whoever they may be, should be sentenced to imprisonment or exile, public opinion in this country will not, we hope, allow itself to be misled. Our own complete immunity for so many generations from civil strife inclines us sometimes to pass facile and inexperienced judgments on those who are forced to regard it as an ever-present danger.

The events of this fortnight have reminded us sharply that in a great part of their Empire the Young Turks are simply a party of intellectuals, imbued with an alien culture, at issue with all the primitive forces of fanaticism and race-hatred. By the high character of their officers they control at least three army corps, the Second and Third in Europe and the Fourth in Asia. Advanced and progressive centres like Salonika and Smyrna are naturally with them. In Europe they have no one to fear save the wilder of the North Albanian clans, which never have been submissive to any rule whatever. In many Asiatic districts, as the telegrams received by the Chamber during the week of uncertainty go to show, they have their alert and well-organised branches. But there are whole provinces and whole army corps in which as yet they have hardly a footing. The populace, the soldiery, and even the officials of Cilicia, in and around Mersina, Adana, and Tarsus, and southward as far as Beyrout itself, have behaved precisely as they would have behaved in the nightmare year of 1895. That Kurds and Arabs in districts yet more remote have changed their ideas is hardly probable. Behind the struggle between Abdul Hamid and the Committee there is latent an antagonism between Europe and Asia which no act of deposition can affect. Far graver than the business of dealing with the mutineers in the capital is the tremendous task of imposing first order and discipline in these Asiatic provinces, and later of making a beginning in the work of enlightenment and education. These crowds which are slaughtering Armenians and burning them by hundreds in their churches are composed of Ottoman citizens, who have chosen deputies, and will again choose them. They are raw material for any unscrupulous clerical faction which has the wit to call them in to oppose the Europeanised young men from Paris. In course of time they can, no doubt, be repressed and coerced. But can they be educated? It is a problem which will try all the tact and the capacity for leadership of the Young Turks. If they really were, as their critics suppose, a denationalised faction, they must miserably fail, and sooner or later disruption would follow failure. We argue better from their success in Macedonia. The soldiers they had to deal with there are of all races and of every stage of culture, neither better nor worse than the average of the Moslem peasantry. The qualities of leadership which enlisted these soldiers for the revolution are not predestined to fail on Asiatic soil. No organisation ever essayed a harder or more glorious task. It deserves, amid the vicissitudes and the temporary failures which certainly lie before it, the utmost patience, the most abundant sympathy, from British public opinion.

## THE LAST OF THE TYRANTS.

The conscience of the world was relieved of a sensible burden when Abdul Hamid, with his monstrous regiment of 500 wives, concubines, and negro eunuchs, his chamberlains, cooks, spies, and body servants, and all the apparatus of frippery and fear belonging to Asiatic and medieval monarchy, was bundled out of Yildiz Kiosk and

conveyed to Salonika. Thus ends a long obsession of civilised society by a personality which had nothing to do with civilisation except to use its meaner instruments for the purpose of personal tyranny. Mr. Edwin Pears, the last survivor of the band of great English and European journalists who all but overthrew the Hamidian system in the 'seventies, testified in Wednesday's "Daily News" to the feelings which his dethronement excited among the immediate observers of his rule. Under it Constantinople was less like a modern European city than Rome under the immediate descendants of Augustus. A body of 2,000 spies, directly organised and paid by the Palace, at once suppressed and terrorised opinion. Even Europeans were watched at their meals, in the streets, at their business. As for the intelligence and public spirit of the Ottoman and the dependent races of the Empire, it was crushed and demoralised. The best men they contained fled to Europe, there to nurse the seeds of revolution. The worst lived under the Sultan's protection and served his ends, and the scheme of corruption included even Englishmen base enough to take the despot's pay. Statesmen in office, more honest than their fellows, were driven to seek refuge from death or banishment in the foreign Embassies and warships. Once the narrow streets and far-reaching suburbs of the beautiful city of Constantine ran blood, and miserable, shrinking, unresisting Armenians were slaughtered by the thousand. Soldiers in Abdul Hamid's uniform patrolled the streets, and shot all the Armenians they met; Kurdish porters clubbed and knifed them as they stood. Boat loads of escaping wretches were fired at from the shore, and barges floated out into the Sea of Marmora piled up with corpses. All these scenes Christian Europe witnessed and reported without one serious attempt to interfere or to punish. For years Disraeli, a Jew, personally sympathetic, like so many of his race, to the Turks, and indifferent to the special vices of Hamidian Government, shielded its author and turned British sympathies, not to the Turkish people, but to their oppressor. For not only had Abdul Hamid crushed in succession every movement of Turkish nationality that did not win either autonomy or independence, but he had immobilised the intellectual and moral activities of the Mohammedan peoples he ruled. His Ministers, including the ancient and powerful Oriental office of Grand Vizier, became mere heads of departments, mouthpieces of the all-powerful voice from Yildiz. Low favorites, spies, and eunuchs, types of the ruling freedmen in the days of Tiberius and Nero, usurped all the real power that the Sultan himself could not exercise. European commerce and enterprise suffered from Palace corruption, which spoiled even interesting projects like the railway to Mecca, and at least one European Power, we are afraid, traded freely on it. When his methods bore fruit in massacres which made St. Bartholomew look trumpery in comparison, those Powers, singly or in concert, moved in vain. The Armenian horrors, prolonged month after month, coolly carried from vilayet to vilayet, and directly instigated by the Sultan, passed unpunished and almost uncensured, thanks to the policy of Lobanoff and the sympathies of Germany. German influence on Hamidian Turkey culminated in the coercion of Greece by the fleets and diplomatists of Europe, the partial Germanisation of the Turkish army—the bitter fruits of which the Sultan has reaped this week—and the aid and encouragement administered to Edhem Pasha and his troops during the Greek war. In a corner of the Hippodrome, hard by the spot where the turbulent factions of Justinian's time waged their wars, stands, glistening in green and gold, the pompous memorial of the Kaiser's shameful friendship for Abdul Hamid.

But in reality the Cretan expedition and the following Turco-Greek war marked the turn of the tide. Greece, and British sympathisers with Greece, were much reviled in the days when a hundred members of the House of Commons proclaimed their sympathy with the action of Colonel Vassos. Their critics proved to be singularly short-sighted. For shame's sake Europe could not give up the historic ground of Crete to wholesale murder and violation. It was kept by the Concert, and will soon be reunited to Greece. The Greek war was the first military success of Abdul Hamid's reign, and it proved to be the last. Macedonia quickly and inevitably followed, and from Macedonia sprang the seeds of the neo-Turkish movement. Without Greek and Armenian sympathies the Young Turks could have done little, and tolerance of Christian faith and nationality was from the first the note of the Constitutionalists. The Sultan's downfall has indeed found Asia Minor a prey to the fanaticism which this cold and crafty but ignorant nature used as the cement of his "blood bolstered" Empire. But the conception of a national patriotism sprang from the Turkish Constitution as from the French Revolution. Abdul Hamid's purely selfish and personal rule never awoke it.

His fall, and his abject demeanor under it, are a great gain to the Liberal spirit in Europe, an emphatic rebuke to the materialism which, itself clothed in forms of highly centralised rule, found nothing in Hamidianism very widely or deeply removed from its own conceptions of Government. "In the modern world," says Professor Hobhouse, in "Democracy and Reaction," "the deeper movements of social opinion can no longer be isolated; but progress and reaction, by their success or failure, propagate waves of encouragement or disillusionment from nation to nation, and from continent to continent." Liberty is not a mere constitutional formula; it is an unconquerable instinct of the heart, an inevitable goal of the human intelligence, and if for the moment an awakened East seems to have outpaced the West, the events in Constantinople will sink deep into many governing minds, and will inspire more than one popular cause that seemed lost or stationary. This generation has at last seen a twice victorious Revolution, a seemingly unshakable tyranny broken to bits, and turned shamefully out of doors. Such teaching is good for it, as is the affirmation that to such acts and such characters as Abdul Hamid's a certain end is appointed. While he flourished the cynic could well point a finger of scorn at the idealisms of the world. Now that he is cut down and withered, the ground of hope in progress seems at the same time to be sensibly enlarged.

# Life and Letters.

## THE GAME OF EFFICIENCY.

When Lord Rosebery introduced into this country the game called National Efficiency, made, like other political and philosophic toys, in Germany, he can have had little notion of the vogue it was destined to achieve, or of the fine tinge of ironic humor conveyed by his personal introduction. We need not explain to an English public that in speaking of National Efficiency as a game we have no intention to disparage its seriousness. For it is not either cynicism or paradox to say that not only do we take our games seriously, but that they are the only things which, as a nation, we do take seriously. It first became a serious pastime among journalists, platform politicians, and unsuccessful merchants at Chambers of Commerce. They would speculate or dogmatise, according to their mood, upon the questions what in particular this National Efficiency might mean, and how to get it, and whether we or Germany, or later on Japan, had most of it. When we were first discovering the commercial advance of Germany, we put it down to her better scientific and technical training, and our notion of procuring the requisite competitive efficiency consisted in dreams of British Charlottenburgs endowed by patriotic Jew financiers and sustained by copious draughts of whisky-money. Education got the first call in the game. Then came the Boer War and all the heart and pocket-searching that ensued. Here was England with drained resources and damaged military reputation in charge of a magnificent imperial domain which malicious enemies were eyeing enviously. It was then that the subtle pleasures of national posing began to be cultivated. Our ancient national pride in England's greatness gave place to a brooding self-consciousness, in which dramatic confidence in our "destiny" was punctured by occasional questions about our capacity to fulfil our "mission." Then Mr. Kipling came in and imparted to the game its distinctive character, for it was he who gave sentimental unity to the proper blend of "destiny" and "mission."

It was Mr. Kipling who first raised the full note of "solemn" warning, admonished us of our sins and negligences, and shifted the demand for "efficiency" from the commercial on to the "moral" plane. It was he who discovered that we were a nation of sportsmen and "slackers," besought us to cultivate once more the virtues of an imperial temper, and to substitute the rifle-range for the football posts. It was partly romantic sentimentalism figuring as "dead earnest," partly a complacent repentance that enjoys itself—the "miserable sinners" of the squire's pew on a Sunday. But it was nothing more than an amiable and misty state of mind in the semi-educated classes. If we had serious poets and a people capable of taking them seriously, a chant of national efficiency might indeed have struck home. But everybody had already learned the art of taking poetry as poetry; they all knew in their undermind while they enjoyed the melodious austerity of the "Recessional" that it was only "Kipling."

There was grace and skill and imagination in the appeal of Kipling. There are none of these qualities in the recent drum-thumping. The game of efficiency is now taken over by the scare-preachers of the "Spectator" and the "Observer," who are determined to get us into "a new way of life." What we have to do is to see "the new fact from which there is no escape. Our command of the sea is being challenged by a people with material resources just as great as, if not greater than, our own." What we have, therefore, to do is to "Prepare, prepare, and again prepare." Every nursery is to be a miniature scouting ground, blind man's buff and hide-and-seek are to be "preparatory" play, what time remains for schoolboys after their military exercises must be given to the teaching of "real" history which shall show "the world, not as we would like it to be, but as it is—the world of blood and iron, controlled by men who are not humanitarians or philanthropists, but persons intensely human on the other side of man's nature, persons who do not take what they would call the Sunday-school view of the world, but rather the view that man is still a wild beast, that the race is to the strong and not to the well-intentioned." As they approach maturity, our boys and girls should "get together" into brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and register "a solemn and serious resolve to do their best in the future to prepare themselves for meeting a great national emergency, should it arise, in a calm, vigilant, and self-sacrificing spirit." It is not mere drilling and rifle-shooting that are wanted. The spirit of Savonarola is to be abroad, preaching to every soul preparation against the approaching doom. Whatever your hand finds to do must be done in this spirit of national preparation: "Every man, whether he is tilling the soil, hewing coals, laying bricks, writing books, organising business, or planning some industrial work, great or small, must accustom himself to feel that he is doing it, not for himself or for his family alone, but partly for his country." A laudable sentiment enough at all times; has it any special application now?

To this agitation we apply the term sham-serious, though it is altogether too simple and abrupt for an accurate description. The persons who read with approval and even with emotion these hysterical appeals to "Repent and Prepare" do not really believe what the "Spectator" calls "the new fact": they do not really believe England is in imminent and deadly peril, and they have not the least intention to make any serious personal sacrifice to "save" her. They are, however, willing to play the game of make-believe up to a certain point—that is, up to the point where it ceases to be a game, and calls upon them to face real dangers and incur real sacrifices. As men they will play "Territorials" and "Dreadnoughts" just as long as it doesn't mean too great inroads on their leisure and their purse. If they can get others to serve and pay they will "save" England as long as the editor of the "Spectator" likes. It will not be mere pretence. Every child knows that it must really believe the assumptions of a game, or else there is "no fun in it." "Clarence," the boy-scout, who is to save England, must believe in the enemy he stealthily tracks down. So it must be with the grown-ups whom the "Spectator" summons to a life of "playing Indians." They must agree to "believe" in the reality of the plotting enemy against whose dastardly attack they are preparing, they must "believe" in "the world of blood and iron" and all the rest of the false sentimental hypotheses of the "preparation" game. Nay, they must, in a sense, "really" believe these things, but this "reality" of your belief must itself be sham, and yet they must not consciously recognise its shamness—that feeling lying in the background of their mind as a provision against taking the game too seriously. They are to get their satisfaction out of the thrills of surprise, fear, hate, and exultation which "The New Way of Life" will yield. The scornful and indignant protests against this representation of the appeal are themselves part of the game.

Let us put the issue in a plain question. Does any sane, observant person really suppose that this "revivalist" appeal upon the basis of a few passing misstatements of German shipbuilding will do anything appreciable to induce the well-to-do to prefer a dull, hot, crowded march, carrying arms, to a day's golf with caddies to carry their clubs, or a motor ride at twice the speed-limit? Will it induce the masses to abandon spectatorial football for Spectatorial preparation? Not a bit of it. They understand far too well what their "Daily Mail" is for. Savonarola, indeed! Their Savonarolas preach in the music-halls and in the Yellow Press. Truly a feat of humor to be able to mouth such jargon with a straight face. But not at all a serviceable humor. For national efficiency, after all, is a real thing, and the worst that can be done to it is to besot the national intelligence with idle make-believe directed to repudiating the primary principles of the progress of civilisation, and to inflaming those passions which it is the first aim of all human government to curb. Nor is

the play redeemed from its dangerous frivolity by the fact that a good deal of political and commercial "business" is mixed up with it, and that it brings in plenty of "gate-money."

## THE SALE OF A SOUL.

THERE is no need to return to John Davidson, for only last week we attempted some estimate of his work, and some expression of our regret at his apparent fate. But a letter from Mr. William Watson in last Monday's "Times" suggests many general thoughts beyond the particular case of the poet who seems to have ended in such profound despair. The letter was prompted by generous sympathy for a distinguished and passionate writer who never attained to the same measure of recognition as Mr. Watson himself. As a personal expression of regret and indignation, the words are what we might expect. They tell of the natural sorrow of one poet for another poet's loss. A touch of the feeling of "Lycidas," "Adonais," and "Thyrsis" is there, though it is only given in a letter to the "Times." But, apart from this personal note, the lament takes the form of three charges against the poet's countrymen, two of which appear to us unfounded and the third dubious.

The first is no great matter. Mr. Watson complains that John Davidson's mysterious departure had but slight interest for the English people. He says that when an utterly insignificant and uninteresting young woman resorted to disappearance in order to escape her creditors, this great nation went into throes of excitement over the trumpery affair; whereas, when the man who had worn out his fiery heart and brain in its service disappeared, the British people remained uninterested and unmoved. For our part, we were rather astonished at the amount of interest taken. When we considered the almost invisible fraction of the people to whom John Davidson's name meant anything at all, it was a surprise to see the signs of public attention at the news of his disappearance. Nearly all the papers "billed" it, nearly all had leading articles on it, all had an account of it and some estimate of the poet. When his death was finally attributed to suicide, all "billed" the news again, one at least had nothing else on its bill, and nearly all published fresh leading articles on the subject. Since Mr. Watson's letter appeared, some have commented on the whole affair once more. These may seem vulgar methods of displaying interest, but, after all, they are the only methods we have. There was no opportunity for a public funeral, and there has been no appeal for assistance. The British people are stupid, no doubt. They have been called so for many generations, and are quite reconciled to the truth, though a little bored with it. Poetry—even the best poetry, and John Davidson's was not of the best—does not enter very largely into the daily life of average Englishmen who work for their living. But, still, we do not see how else the country could have displayed interest or emotion. To us, indeed, as we said, both have been a little surprising in amount.

We grant that the interest was heightened by the mystery. That is mankind's way, and there is no helping it. Our people are not alone in loving the mysterious. It was the mystery that gave us our interest in that "utterly insignificant and uninteresting young woman" who disappeared in short-lived tragedy. When her mystery became amusing, we took all the more interest, for people enjoy laughter more than tears. There again, it is poor old mankind's way, and there is no helping it. Anyone who can make a nation laugh for a fortnight deserves interest at the least, whether it be the Captain of Köpenick or an utterly insignificant young woman. Nor is Mr. Watson's second charge much more justified than what he says about lack of interest. He admits that in his later work John Davidson's thought was often crude, his voice often strained and harsh, but he tells us this was primarily the fault of the "public" and critics who are perpetually demanding from a poet an "output" such as no artist can produce without doing murderous violence to his powers and his artistic conscience. We are far from thinking lightly of poetry and its influence on national life, but the sad fact is that the public makes no such demand. The public urges a poet to no murderous violence against his power. It drives him to no "output" at all. It raises no "more or less insincere clamor for volume after volume," such as Mr. Watson speaks of further on. It may regret that a true poet like Mr. A. E. Housman publishes no more since "A Shropshire Lad"; it may regret that a true poet like Mr. William Watson gives us hardly a page of verse a year. But there is no clamor, no ravenous demand for more. We take what we have got and are thankful. We know that the boats of most poets are very lightly laden before they reach the sea of immortality. We heartily agree with Mr. Watson's own advice:—

> "Time, the extortioner, from richest beauty
> Takes heavy toll and wrings rapacious duty.
> Austere of feature if thou carve thy rhyme,
> Perchance 'twill pay the lesser tax to Time."

But John Davidson neither gave us the richest beauty nor carved his rhyme austere of feature, and, deeply as we regret the tragedy of his end, it is pathetically ludicrous to talk of him as driven to write badly by any demand, any clamor at all for his books. People were quite content to take the best he had written at its true value, and it was a high value; but certainly it was no public call that urged him to volume after volume of verses about imponderable ether, electrons, eddying vortices, atoms, metalloids, and the material of eternity. We need not criticise those volumes now, but if, as Mr. Watson says, they are not to be ranked high, it is absurd to put the blame of their failure on a public demand for more.

People, to be sure, would not go on paying John Davidson enough to live on just for the little work of his they really did admire; and if the poet continued to produce his volumes in the hope of inducing them to pay more, he unhappily failed to induce them. But that brings us to Mr. Watson's third charge, and it is the only one that seriously counts. He says that John Davidson died because he could not make a living, and he implies that the English people was to blame. We need not discuss the particular case, or recall that, however small the poet's pension was, it was more than thousands of his countrymen can ever hope to receive in wages for the support of their families; it was more than has ever been received by many poets and artists, who yet, with the help of strict asceticism, have contrived to accomplish their work. But the charge opens up a wider question, which is one of the tragedies of art. How is it possible for the true artist to live? We may take it for granted that all art is meant for an audience of some sort. It implies communion, and originally its appeal was always direct, like the appeal of rhapsodists, bards, or story-tellers to the circle seated around them. Livelihood then depended on the power of giving immediate pleasure, for if the audience did not enjoy the performance, they walked away. It appears that art was no worse on account of this necessity of pleasing, if we may judge by the fragments that remain, such as the Homeric poems. But with writing and printing, the appeal became different, and the question of livelihood changed too. No longer satisfied with delighting the circle around them, poets looked to posterity for their highest reward. They have often received it from posterity, but meantime, who is to discount posterity's bill so that the poet may go on living?

There are some artists—great artists, too—who need never fear the lack of food. Even Dante, whose writings were unlikely to be lucrative, could say, "I shall not want for bread." Poets like Victor Hugo and Tennyson expressed the feeling and thought of their nations so accurately and with such power to please that there was no need for them to starve, even if they had not been at least as particular about their temporal rewards as most business men. "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," said Dr. Johnson, and he described some other writer as "the richest

author that ever grazed the common of literature." There the professional spirit utters its half-ironic but sturdy protest against the languid helplessness of all amateurs. Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens may have written too much, but probably they would not have written so well as a whole if they had not made money by their writings, and been obliged to make it. Many of the greatest writers have kept the faculty of giving immediate and public delight—the faculty of the story-tellers of the East or the journalists of Europe, who must please their audience at once or die of hunger.

But what of the shy and delicate spirits who have no voice for the present world? What of those who have to create an audience and wait for applause that only their ghosts will hear? We need not tell of Milton with his £5 for "Paradise Lost," or of Wordsworth, who said his poems never kept him in shoestrings, or of Blake, who, in the depth of neglected poverty, could only boast that his books would be printed in heaven and beautifully bound, or of Landor, proud in the knowledge that he would "dine late." Examples new and old are too numerous to be recalled. Spenser, Burns, James Thompson, Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson—the shades of hungry and ruined genius crowd in upon us from every side. When, as Mr. Watson asks, are these tragedies to cease? To struggle for a living on the sale of a genius that does not sell—that is a recurrent tragedy in the history of modern art, and we do not see any chance of its conclusion. The endowment of genius is almost impossible in youth, and deadly at any age. It is dangerous for genius to be put into any kind of almshouse, no matter how delicately the alms may be concealed. Or if pensions are to be granted and increased, let them be earned by some public service unconnected with the special function for which they are granted—something like Wordsworth's distribution of stamps, or stone-breaking, or cutting wood, so that the spirit may be free. On the public side there is, perhaps, no other way.

But might not the artists do something to save themselves? It was a question that Goethe often dwelt upon. Speaking of his finest and most spontaneous poems, he says:—

> "I felt a peculiar reverence towards them. I felt like a hen to her chickens when first they go chirping about. My earlier pleasure in only publishing them by reading aloud returned, and the thought of exchanging them for money seemed perfectly horrible."

That is from his "Reminiscences," but there is a similar and earlier passage in "Meister":—

> "Genius," he says, "is like virtue; you must love it for its own sake or entirely renounce it, and neither genius nor virtue is ever recognised or rewarded unless practised unseen, like a dangerous secret."

All through his works and conversations we find him again and again calling upon artists, and especially on poets, not to shut themselves up with their art, but to come out into the windy battlefield of the struggle for life. "A man has a poor time of it," he writes, "if he refuses to thrust his hand into the fulness of common existence." And again, he said to Eckermann, "The pressure of business is of great advantage to the soul; when she is disburdened of it, she plays with greater freedom, and enjoys her life." It is impossible to make rules for genius, and we rejoice to find the smallest trace of it anywhere, no matter in what distress or ruin. But, in all admiration and honor, we would ask the men of genius who seek to live by selling their souls, and still get no decent price for them, whether it would not be better to practise their genius unseen, like a dangerous secret, and come out into the windy battlefield of life. For them and for us, we believe it would be happier. And besides, they might then perhaps find something better worth saying.

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## THE ART OF READING POETRY.

A WRITER in these columns recently stated that the poems of Miss Rossetti gave him "the most poignant pleasure he could ever hope to receive from any of the arts or from life itself." This may seem to some of us a little excessive; but there are not wanting those who would make the words their own, say, of Dante Rossetti's "Sister Helen," or the old Border ballads, or Shelley's "Skylark" and "West Wind," or Coleridge's "Christabel." For the true lovers of these things life holds no more "poignant pleasure." One would add there is no pleasure so sane, so beneficent, so unselfish; no such escape from the prison of small personal worries in which so many of us are enclosed, as the escape which poetry gives. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the capacity for feeling this pleasure is the very rarest of endowments. It is not nearly so common as the delight in music or in landscape painting.

Delight in poetry—one cannot too strongly insist—is delight in rhythm. It is the understanding of and feeling for the rhythm of the poem, not merely sympathy with the sentiment it expresses, or the story which it tells. Everything in the poem is subservient to the rhythm; or, at least, only finds its right expression as the rhythm is given its true value. The elocutionist too often rushes in with a complete want of sympathy with rhythm, and a very defective ear for it, and by mouthing and emphasis robs the poem of its proper magic. The cheated and disappointed ear listens in vain for the fairy music with which it knows so well the words are charged. It is curious that, whilst everyone understands what is meant by "an ear for music," "an ear for rhythm" is never even so much as heard of. The present writer, who does not know one tune from another, is often haunted by the lilt and cadence of a verse of poetry to which he can assign no words. It seems to be commonly supposed that all that is necessary for the reading of poetry is to understand the poem intelligently, to emphasise the right words, and to mind the stops. But the difference may be as great between two readers of a poem as it is between two performers of a sonata of Beethoven; one of whom plays all the notes correctly, and thumps and tinkles at the pianos and fortes respectively, and another who gives himself up to the music, who forgets himself and all thought of making effects, and who so feels with the master and divines his thought that his personality is lost in the music which he renders and reflects. We may distinguish these two performers as the Elocutionist and the Rhapsodist.

One feels that it is very difficult to express one's meaning clearly about this. The word "render," still better the word "reflect," probably goes to the root of the matter. It means to "give back," to give again the poem as it lived in the poet's mind, to be the medium which receives his thought, as the untroubled limpid lake amid the hills receives the image of the hillside town, with every tower and tree. Nothing can be more irritating and distressing to the listener than the intrusion, sometimes the violent and exaggerated intrusion, of an alien personality between the poet and himself. The true declaimer of a poem is, of course, the "maker" of it—the making and rendering of poetry is, indeed, one art, the rarest and most lovely art of all. This is the art of the Rhapsodist, for which that of the Elocutionist is a sad and sorry substitute.

Nothing can be truer than the saying that it takes a poet to read poetry. Those who heard the late Lord Tennyson recite his poems describe it as "a kind of glorious chant." One would have given much to have heard him declaim, say, the "Choric Song" of the "Lotus Eaters." One imagines his recital of such lines as

> "The full juiced apple, waxing over mellow
> Drops in a silent autumn night";

or

> "To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
> Its waters from the purple hill,"

with the full value given to each syllable, and the whole of the words welded into an indissoluble harmony. To have heard the last chant of the gods "beside their nectar," "looking over wasted lands," must have been like listening to the sea. The last lines of all would have been like the falling of a great calm. Again, one

thinks of Mr. Swinburne—alas, no longer with us—as an ideal Rhapsodist. It would have been a great thing to hear him recite "Itylus."

In our own day poets are few, reciters of poetry are many. Those who undertake such recitations should remember that their labor is in vain unless they have themselves something of the poet's knowledge, unless, in some measure, they know his art from the inside. Poetry, indeed, is not so much "art" as "nature." A poem is not a manufacture, but a revelation. Like the poet himself it is born, not made. It is "the chance *birth* of some evening at an Ionian festival or morning amid the Sabine hills." It can be truly shown to others only by an intuitive sympathy. If this is wanting, no number of mechanical rules can take its place. The Rhapsodist is commonly confused with the Actor, but he is altogether a different person.

It is a commonplace to say that, in supreme poetry, no single word could be changed. There is much, indeed, which can fairly claim to be called poetry, which yet is verbose, wordy, which talks about things rather than shows them to you. There is also the poetry which is the very music of the world. The one younger English poet who can give us poetry of this kind is the author of "A Shropshire Lad." Words are powerless to express the "poignant pleasure" (to quote the text once more) which this little volume gives to its true lovers. In Mr. Housman's lovely verses the words cannot conceivably be changed. Just as certainly there can be but one right way of reading them. The secret is, no doubt, Mr. Housman's, but an immense sympathy might perhaps come near it.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says somewhere that the words of a true poem "have loved one another from the beginning of the world." The saying comes very near to a definition of the secret of rhythm. It is the appreciation of this fact which makes the essential difference between the Elocutionist and the Rhapsodist. To one the words are a heaped-up pile of separate coins or counters; to the other they live and grow together into a lovely whole. To the Elocutionist they are simply a lot of different words, to the Rhapsodist they form a unity. Take the first line of poetry that comes into one's head, as a "rhythm test," say this of Mr. Quiller Couch's:—

"Leaves of the creeper redden and fall"

and see how many of those who try to say it show any sense of the subtle relationship and sympathy of the four chief words of the line! But to go back to Mr. Housman, the writer knows of no poetry, ancient or modern, where the words so belong to each other as the "Shropshire Lad." Take, for example, the poem "Bredon Hill."

"In summertime on Bredon,"

—the words sing themselves. Sad as the poem is, it is yet by sheer loveliness of rhythm "a happy noise to hear." One thinks of some elocutionist making a strident declamation of that humming murmur. In this little book the pleasure to be obtained from rhythm may be found in perfection, in an absolute degree. People speak of it as almost unendurably sad; on the writer it never makes this impression; the lovely mastery of English words brings a reconciliation into all its tragedies. Mr. W. B. Yeats, again, in such verse as

"I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree,"

knows how to make words join hands in some dancing game, and kiss and whisper and call to one another among the trees.

Rhythm is full of subtleties which the ordinary elocutionist seems quite to miss. Take, for example, the curious and charming effect of the last line of every verse in Rossetti's "Staff and Scrip":—

"For him the stream had never welled
In desert tracts malign
So sweet; nor had he ever felt
So faint in the sunshine
Of Palestine."

One can only describe it by saying that the first four lines advance in a troop, and that the fifth line meets and clashes with them, or that a swiftly moving tide suddenly rolls backward in the last line.

Fortunately, elocutionists rarely choose really poetic poems for their experiments, and this is well, because the murder of poetry is to be classed with the cutting down of limes and mulberry trees, and with apostasy, heresy, sorcery, and all the sulphur-colored crimes of a medieval wizard.

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## A SUSSEX HANGER IN SPRING.

Let us at any rate call it a hanger till some learned person who has made hangers a speciality puts us to rights. We have more than a suspicion that this term is too generally used. Gilbert White's hanger ran to the top of a hill, whereas ours is mostly in the hollow, and its highest bank can scarcely be called a hill. Gilbert White's eminence was covered altogether with beech, "the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful, pendulous boughs." But we have never heard the name given colloquially in Surrey or Sussex to a wood of timber trees.

First your rough ground given over to Sylvia bristles with young scrub. The brambles begin to be subdued with shoots of oak, ash, sycamore, and all manner of self-sown trees. The rods attain ten or twelve feet in length, and the beater-up of pheasants forces his way through them with difficulty. The place becomes a hanger. Then your best suited trees smother out the others, the trunks swell and lengthen, but the space for walking becomes more liberal. We have a carpet of dead leaves and lofty architraves carrying bright green. For a hundred years or so it is to be a forest. Then we cut down the trees, and everywhere between them, like magic, for they seem to come from nowhere, up spring the primroses, the anemones, the bluebells. The wild strawberries come there redder, larger, and more luscious than anywhere else. The blackberries of a hundred years ago are reincarnated as blueberries, early, large-lobed, with a rich bloom, generous as garden fruit. Then from the sawn stumps of the timber trees shoot up long, clean rods, that stand in crowded fascicles and spread over the interspaces like the sheaves of wheat growing from plants the hoe's-width apart. The nightingale comes back after an absence of fifty generations; the wood becomes once more a hanger, and still more a hanger than it was before the timber grew.

Our Sussex hanger is in the maturest stage, or shall we say in all the stages at once? The oaks that were too staggy to be worth cutting down are still here. The stools near them have not sprouted, for the tyranny of overhanging leaves in June forbids. But the primroses, anemones, and bluebells can amply develop their beauty before the oakleaves come. We push through the stiff rods of the stool-growth with difficulty. They spread out against us, lock fingers against us, thrash at us, force us aside, so that we are continually walking round half-circles when we aim at diameters. But clearer sky is ahead, and we fight on, to come out with a gasp of wonder into one of those oak-sheltered spaces starred to the brim with white and butter-colored flowers. The flick of the last envious stool-rod has vanished, and ours is the most perfect sabbath peace—in our garden of Eden open to the full warmth of sunshine, the full ecstacy of blue sky, sheltered from whatever wind may be blowing.

A big bumble-bee drones somewhat disconsolately through our flowery kingdom, for it does not appeal to her as a substitute for the sallow blooms that have now fallen. As we lie prone against the trunk we can watch the chiff-chaff at his eternal search of the twigs overhead. No, not eternal, for he stops to utter his knife-sharpening song that fits spring sunshine as no other song does. Two swallows, ample assurance that summer is here, circle high up in the blue; the swinging call of the cuckoo announces that industrious bellman to be quite near; thrush and mavis are, as it were, silenced

by the low rattle of the nightingale from such a thicket as the one through which we have just passed. We must face that jungle again for the sake of one glimpse of the shy red bird.

There is a difference that seems almost specific between the close-noded twigs of the grown oak and the long-jointed, smooth, clear-skinned shoots from the old roots that have lost their trunks. The difference will be as marked when the great leaves come on the latter, and it runs even to the galls which are, nevertheless, caused by the same flies that have operated for a hundred generations on the older trees. Here stood a cherry tree two good feet in diameter. Forty vigorous shoots are striving for the succession. Each has opened its red young leaves as early as the other, as though eager to get an all-important week's start in this summer's race. An older tree standing near can afford greater deliberation, and gives us, like a delicious blow in the eye, sprays of white blossom that obliterate every twig.

Some instinct or some stroke of luck makes us very silent in a certain clearing with a streak of heather that proclaims a sanded floor, a mat of dead bracken near by, and little tangles of honeysuckle here and there under the branches that they cannot reach. For there on the bracken lie two vipers sunning their carelessly-flung coils. One is a lithe, young-looking, though full-grown, male, the other a thicker, more sluggish-looking female. He is a plain grey viper; she has a distinctly rosy tinge, both in the black that becomes a sort of deep maroon and in the lighter part of her pattern. They are so near that we can confirm the first impression as to their sex by the relative length of their tails. Then, as our eyes roam a little to see what else may be present, they are caught by a slightly warmer tint in the shadow of one of those honeysuckle tangles. It was but a spot of slightly alien color that caught the eye, which, steadily focussed, wrests other items of the bush's secret. Yes, we have got it at last. We have managed, or shall we say happened to spot in this quiet wood a hare sitting on her form. Hundreds of times we have had them burst out from our very feet, and dozens of other times, no doubt, have passed them by without being aware of their existence. But here is a hare discovered before her bolt, and, within four yards of her, two vipers caught in their siesta. As we look from one to the other, something speaks to the hare, and like a furred tornado she bundles from her seat and bounds away in a scurry of dead leaves. In the same second the place of the vipers is empty. It is as though they had melted into their bed of bracken. Not a stirred twig shows which way they went; there is nothing but a color impression to persuade us that they were really there. The hare has at least left her "house" in the honeysuckle, the roof arched to her back and the floor shaped to fit the long hind-legs that shot her into safety.

The beauties of our hanger are unusually contemporaneous this year. The blackthorn hedge that guards it is a foam of blossoms, as it should have been a month ago. Who has ever seen blackthorn before companioned by bluebells, and opening its buds to the full glory of the primroses? And there goes a bird with the blackness of winter blackthorn and the whiteness of its spring blossoms. Its long-winged hawking flight proclaims it to anyone a flycatcher. We cannot retain such a beauty as the pied flycatcher in our southern wood. It must fare on to one of its restricted haunts, probably as far north as Cumberland. It is all the dearer in our Sussex hanger because its visit is, like the blackthorn blossom, so transient. Then, as we pass through the fairy birches, with their net-like cascades spangled with tiniest green, a puff-throated, black-headed bird flies out, and, perching craningly close to our path, pours out a piping, rattling run of music, the sole song of its repertory, that throws any of the nightingale's hundred fancies into the shade. It is, of course, Ireland's nightingale, the blackcap, here to stay the summer, for our hanger is blessed as the nesting-place of these two princes of song.

# Contemporaries.

## THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

The present Government contains many able figures, and at least three specially interesting ones—Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Churchill. For the moment, and for many weeks to come, all eyes will be fixed on the second of these personalities. Mr. Lloyd George is a new man, with a new problem, the financing of social reform on Free Trade lines. As the lives of politicians go, he is at once younger and less highly trained than most of his rivals and contemporaries. He has behind him no prestige of birth or of family history or of a brilliant University career—none of the useful, friendly props which in this most conservative of lands sustain the first trembling essays of its statesmen. He is a fresh type even among our conquerors. He lacks Disraeli's opulent and attractive literary genius; he has no private fortune, like Chamberlain. He belongs to a class almost as near to the people, the actual tillers and workers, as Mr. Burns. And he proceeds from a dependent nationality, not from the central governing race. He is an orator of genuine quality, but up to Thursday night he had only made one speech in the House of Commons that could be called great; a personality of originality and charm, yet owning no large and attached following outside the borders of his own country.

Mr. Lloyd George's success is indeed an effect of pure genius, exercised in an atmosphere peculiarly fitted and prepared to receive it. The British aristocracy can still boast a Balfour, the English middle classes an Asquith. Mr. George is the first remarkable product of Welsh democracy, of a country where the mass of the people can struggle with powerful possessing forces without being thoroughly depressed and impoverished, like the Irish nation, and without losing natural refinement and care for culture, like the English working-men. He is therefore something rare, and even unique, in our statesmanship—middle class without a touch of snobbery, a lawyer without legal preciseness, an idealist and nationalist with the governing instinct and the gift of compromise and management—a man in whose making neither the Church nor "Society" nor the Universities nor the great money-making interests have had any share, but whom none could describe either as a fanatic or an "idealogue." To men thus born and constituted political life in such a community as ours naturally presents itself as something of the adventure that court life was to the young D'Artagnan. The next few months and years of Mr. Lloyd George's life will inevitably reveal whether it has also been conceived as a large and fruitful enterprise.

Mr. George's early struggles in Welsh tithe wars and burial scandals* may seem small and narrow in comparison with the sheltered experiences of our ruling youth. But they hardened him and kept him true, not only to his people, but to a mass of feelings and experiences which are the necessary stuff of British democracy. Much of our modern political tissue is soft; Mr. George's is tough and firm to the point of hardness. It was to his almost unsupported initiative that British Nonconformity owed its first powerful and decisive reappearance on the Parliamentary stage since the generation which knew Bright and Miall and Richard. And, curiously enough, it was through him, a lawyer without a strictly commercial training, that Mr. Chamberlain's ideas of "business" statesmanship first bore useful fruit. On the whole, the member for West Birmingham's tenure of the Board of Trade was as barren as Mr. George's has been fruitful. A more placable and flexible spirit, and a diplomacy quicker in the turn, gave him an advantage over the imperious Radical of the 'eighties. But power over a bargain is, after all, only an illustration of freshness and directness. These are the qualities which our governing classes most lack, and which it is the business of their successors to supply.

* Very interestingly told in "From Village Green to Downing Street" by Hugh Edwards and Spencer Leigh Hughes. George Newnes. 1s.

Mr. George has the reputation of having the nimblest and most resourceful mind in the Cabinet. Thus is democracy, with its essential idea of calling the whole available brain of a nation to its service, justified of her children. Mr. George's subtlety and quick brilliancy of temperament have been put to more than one interesting test. When he had to meet the railway directors of Great Britain, he found them unalterably fixed in the notion that they would never, no never, concede formal recognition of the men's trades unions. Some politicians would have battered at this closed door, and broken their strength against it. This was not Mr. George's way. He had his own plan, and he had imagination enough to see that if he carried it, recognition *and* peace would both, in effect, be secured. Accordingly, he turned the directors' flank with the quite unexpected proposal of a scheme of arbitration. Before this Napoleonic strategy, their grand army, elaborately drawn up to meet an assault that never came, melted away. Rumor has it that the Admirals found Mr. George a not less skilful antagonist than the railway directors, and an equally persuasive handler of a situation when peace was worth the making.

Mr. George has both the faults and the virtues of the newcomer. Life has given him few chances of acquiring the critical power, the balance and breadth of mind, the wide knowledge of the processes of life and action, which Lord Morley, for example, possesses. He must think problems out in the terms of the hour or not at all. To the slow and the timid, life presents few or no opportunities; to the bold and quick-minded, it presents them every hour. But tried by the standard of fidelity to purpose, the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not fare ill. He has done well for Wales and for British trade, and if he has time and opportunity, he will lay the foundations both of democratic finance and of a large scheme of industrial assurance. An adaptive and fertile mind, receiving readily, and rich also in personal suggestion and expedient, Mr. Lloyd George, like Mr. Churchill, has set an example of accessibility to skilled opinion which even Mr. Chamberlain, the first truly democratic head of an internal department of British Government, never attained. All parties, all sides, are heard to-day at the Exchequer and the Board of Trade as they have not been heard before. The workmen's representatives often criticise this Government; from which of its predecessors have they received so much individual attention, so large and so proper a share in administrative work? Mr. George's mind lacks something of the finish and exactness of the Prime Minister's; its strength lies more in its originality and adroitness, the way in which, gathering up the threads of controversy from a hundred contributors as it goes along, it weaves them into new and attractive patterns. Officials may have shaken heads over the Chancellor's unorthodox ways of work, the "sketchiness" of some of his views, but they have not been able to slight or to brush aside the clear, strong, and not easily cowed intelligence behind them. It remains to be seen to what strength and capacity for large generalisation and construction he will attain when office, and the self-confidence awakened by familiarity with the springs and methods of Government, have matured and enlarged his powers. Rapid worker as he is, the time and toil he has given to the preparation of his Budget compare with the monumental labors which went to the building up of Sir William Harcourt's scheme for the reform of the death duties.

Mr. George has surprised all men by the way in which he has grown up. Everybody knew him to be an orator of fire and highly communicable force, a wit, a master of fighting tactics, an observer of more than the outside of politics, a close, brilliant, and never purposeless debater. Friends and foes recognised the courage which neither difficulties nor perils, nor the superficially imposing forces in English life, could daunt. No quality is more needed for the government of men, and none is rarer. From the lures of idleness and vanity which English society offers to the talented, Mr. George has always been free: a silken net would never restrain so impatient a spirit. It was natural to him to retain the simple habits of the son of a Welsh yeoman, to remain a Welsh Dissenter—which is not at all the same thing as an English one. A still deeper strain of spiritual faithfulness unites him to his early home and to his native land. In the entrance hall of his house in Downing Street hangs, in reminder and testimony of an irredeemable debt, the portrait of the uncle, Calvinist minister and working shoemaker, who brought him up, and with whom he maintains a daily correspondence. Whatever his precise development may be, his future is, by personal taste and choice, owed to the mass of the people, to working and commercial England. He is essentially middle class, with an imaginative bent; he will do the work of the "industrials," and will not lose touch with Labor, either in sympathy or policy. But he will always think of the country as commercial, and here and there he may be tempted to make Government and business run closer together than the Free Trade doctrinaires might approve. Lack of the rich preparation for life which England offers to a handful of her most favored children during their first twenty-five years may sometimes limit his powers, and make Mr. George ask native wit to furnish what knowledge and experience must supply. But here lies the temptation of all adventurous temperaments. Genius is, after all, a rarer gift than the best finished talent; and genius certainly waved her wand over the cradle of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

## SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

### An Open Letter to the Home Secretary.

By John Galsworthy.

Sir,—In addressing you, I desire to say that I do so with a gratitude and respect that must be shared by those who know how much you have already done for the improvement of our prison system.

I head this letter "Solitary Confinement" because, though the expression has long been officially abandoned in favor of the term "Separate Confinement," it more adequately defines the seclusion undergone by prisoners in closed cells, and distinguishes that system from a practice obtaining in local prisons of setting prisoners to work separately in their cells with open doors (when it is impossible to find them work in association).

Solitary, or closed cell, confinement—that is to say, complete seclusion every day for nearly twenty-three hours out of twenty-four—is now, Sir, as you, but not all men, know, endured by every convict (persons sentenced to penal servitude for three years and over) during the first six months of his or her sentence, and for the first month of their sentence by all prisoners (except juveniles) sentenced to hard labor.

It is the object of this letter to urge on you the complete abandonment of this *closed cell* confinement, save where it is rendered necessary by the conduct of the convict or prisoner after his arrival in prison.

In order to demonstrate the weakness of the case for its retention, I shall first quote certain paragraphs from the Report of the Departmental Committee, 1895, over which you, Sir, presided. (The italics are my own.)

52. "We do not agree with the view that separate confinement is desirable, on the ground that it enables the prisoner to meditate on his misdeeds. We are, however, disposed to agree that the separate system as a general principle is the right policy. The separate system rests on two considerations only. It is a deterrent, and it is a necessary safeguard against contamination. But we are not of the opinion that association for industrial labor *under proper conditions* is productive of harm. On the contrary, we believe that *the advantages largely outweigh the disadvantages.* . . . Subject to this condition" (careful supervision) "and to a proper system of classification,

Colonel Garsia, a prison official of great experience, stated in his evidence that there was *no danger whatever* in associated work. . .

53. " . . . We think that this limited form of association is desirable for several reasons. (1) It is a welcome relief to most prisoners from the dull and wearying monotony of the constant isolation which forces men back on themselves, and *in many cases leads to moral and physical deterioration.* (2) It can be made in the nature of a privilege liable to suspension, and would be, therefore, a satisfactory addition to the best kind of available punishment. (3) It materially lessens the difficulty of providing and organising industrial labor in prisons. Prisoners can be taught trades in classes, and they can then work in association under proper and economical supervision in regular workshops or halls provided for the purpose. (4) It is more healthy. *It is desirable that cells should be untenanted for some hours in the day,* and in any case it is better that work which produces dust should not be carried on in the cells.

55. "In recommending a wider adoption of associated work, we must admit that several competent witnesses expressed disapproval of the principle. . . . But upon cross-examination, it *did not appear that they could sustain their objection to associated labor properly supervised, and they seemed to us to have formed their opinion rather because separation has been the accepted rule of the prison system than on any experience of failure of the associated system.* . . .

76. "In the consideration of several matters contained in the reference we had to touch upon the practice of confining convicts for nine months'" (now six) "solitary imprisonment either in local or convict prisons. . . . The history of it is interesting and suggestive. It was originated in 1842 by Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary. . . . We shall show how complete a change in the apparent object of the practice has since occurred.

77. " . . . The convict was to undergo eighteen months' solitary imprisonment, but he was to be *freely visited* by chaplain and prison officials . . . he was to be kept in a state of cheerfulness; hope, energy, resolution, and virtue were to be imparted to him, and he was to be trained to be fully competent to earn his own way and become a respectable member in the penal settlements. . . .

78. "In 1848 it was determined that, eighteen months being too long a period for isolated confinement, a system should be introduced based on a period of separate confinement, followed by a term of associated labor, with a maximum of twelve months. This was reduced by Lord Palmerston in 1853 to nine months. The original intention of Sir J. Graham, which was that this period should be *primarily of a reformatory character, appears fifteen years later to have been lost sight of.* . . .

79. "It would appear from Sir J. Jebb's evidence in 1863 that the main object of the separate (solitary) confinement had come to be *deterrence.* . . .

80. "*In effect, this is the purpose which it must be regarded as now designed to serve.* . . . It is certainly a practical convenience in the sense that the expense of sending convicts immediately after sentence to convict prisons, either singly or in small detachments, is curtailed by the system of gathering prisons. *This consideration alone is not sufficient to justify the practice.* The argument that it is a necessary discipline for penal servitude, *if true,* is no argument for sending the convicts to local prisons. We do not regard the system with favor. We see no objection to short periods of detention in local prisons for the purpose of collecting parties for transfer to the convict prisons; *but if the system is a good one at all,* we think it ought, as far as possible, to be worked out in the convict prisons from first to last. *We think it cannot be denied that cases occur in which a nervous condition, agitated by remorse and by a long continuance of the separate system, may be injuriously affected by it.* From the evidence before us, we have no reason to believe that such cases are of other than exceptional occurrence. We think it is worth considering whether the severity of the system might not be mitigated by a substantial reduction in the period of separation. . . ."

These, Sir, were the conclusions of your Committee as far back as 1895. I submit that, as a whole, they point to the existence of very grave doubts in the minds of its members as to the wisdom of retaining this system of closed cell confinement at all. Since then great strides have been made in the direction of the classification of prisoners, and of associated labor, and the whole slow trend of thought and effort in regard to prisons has been in the direction of reformation of the prisoner.

The late Sir Edmund Du Cane, one of its chief supporters, has called solitary confinement . . . "*an artificial state of existence absolutely opposed to that which Nature points out as the condition of mental, moral, and physical health.* . . ." ("The Punishment and Prevention of Crime," p. 158.) Its effect on a highly-strung temperament is thus described by a young woman who had served a long term of penal servitude. . . . "It is like nothing else in the world—it is impossible to describe it; no words can paint its miseries, nothing that I can say would give any idea of the horrors of solitary confinement—it maddens one even to think of it. No one who has not been through it can conceive the awful anguish one endures when shut up in a living tomb, thrown back upon yourself. . . . The overpowering sensation is one of suffocation. You feel you must and can smash the walls, burst open the doors, kill yourself! . . . ."

Compare with this Sir Robert Anderson's description of his sensations (XIXth Century, March, '02), after he had caused himself to be locked up for only a few hours with a political prisoner. "I seemed to be in a pit. There was no want of air, and yet I felt smothered. My nerves would not have long stood the strain of it."

This is the conclusion, from personal experience, of H. B. Montgomery: "The whole of this procedure" (solitary confinement) "is cruel and barbarous, unworthy of a humane or civilised nation. To my knowledge, it drives many men mad, and even when it does not induce lunacy, mentally affects a large proportion of those subjected to it . . ," and "The less a prisoner is thrown in on himself and the more he is encouraged to foster his home ties, the less likely is he to descend into that condition of despair and demoralisation which are such potent factors in driving men to perdition."

These are the words of Colonel Baker, of the Salvation Army, before your Departmental Committee of 1895: "As to convicts on discharge, I should like to say that we find a great number of them incapable of pursuing any ordinary occupation. They are *mentally weak and wasted,* requiring careful treatment for months after they have been received by us. In several cases they are men who are only fit to be sent off home or to a hospital."

These, after personal experience, are the comments of W.B.N. in his moderate, and stoical, book, "Penal Servitude":—

" . . . but, at the best, the system of 'separate confinement' is a very bad one. It is only solitary confinement slightly improved, and it has some of the worst effects of that terrible punishment. The intention of it, doubtless, is to impress the prisoner with the gravity of his offence against society, and to bring him to a better state of mind. But in some cases, I am convinced, it has quite the opposite result. The solitude and the hopeless monotony, with nothing to think of but the long years of suffering and disgrace ahead, produces nervous irritation approaching, in some cases, to frenzy, and instead of softening the man brings out all the evil there is in him. Under such conditions, the worst companions he could have are his own thoughts. In men of a different temperament, again, it deadens all sensibility, so that they do not care a straw what happens afterwards, but would just as soon become habitual criminals as not. It is this sullen hatred of themselves and of everybody else engendered and fostered during the long, dismal months of separate confinement that makes the most dangerous and troublesome prisoners at a later stage. There are a third class, who, having no criminal instincts, nor any strong instincts at all, merely give way mentally, without any acute distress, and become little better than half-witted by the time their separate confinement is at an end. . . ."

These are the remarks of Professor Prins, Inspector-General of Belgian prisons: "Solitude produces in him (the vacuous-minded, erratic, and animal person who is

usually the criminal) no intellectual activity and no searching of conscience; it serves to deepen his mental vacuity and to deliver him over to unnatural indulgence in the one animal appetite of which he cannot be deprived." ("The Criminal." Havelock Ellis, p. 328.)

Beltrani-Scalia, formerly Inspector-General of Prisons in Italy, is of the same opinion, and remarks that "the cellular system looks upon man as a brother of La Trappe." ("The Criminal," p. 329.)

The following passage, taken from Prince Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," refers to a peasant, confined solitarily in a cell beneath him in the Fortress of Peter and Paul, and with whom he and his neighbor could communicate by knocking. "Soon I began to notice, to my terror, that from time to time his mind wandered. Gradually his thoughts became more and more confused and we two perceived, step by step, day by day, evidences that his reason was failing, until his talk became at last that of a lunatic. Frightful noises and wild cries came next from the lower storey; our neighbor was mad. . . . To witness the destruction of a man's mind under such conditions was terrible."

Finally: This is the judgment of the Rector of St. Marylebone, Dr. W. D. Morrison (after more than ten years' experience as Prison Chaplain): "It tends to have a demoralising effect upon many classes of prisoners."

Such evidence might be multiplied indefinitely.

*(To be concluded next week.)*

# Present-Day Problems.

## ORGANISED LABOR AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.

### II.

In the history of great changes a most appalling feature is the waste of the best human energy. Such waste is particularly apparent during the English Revolution of 1642, during the French Revolution of 1789, and during the European revolutions of 1848. Compared with the faith and hope, the enthusiasm and the effort they called forth, how little was accomplished!

This waste still continues in the great process of change which marks the struggle of organised labor to win for itself a better place in the world. The Social Democracy of Germany is perhaps the most conspicuous example of it in recent times. I have no intention here of repeating the oft-told tale of the rise of the German Social Democracy. But it is necessary for my purpose to recall two important facts—that it was originated by Lassalle, who in one aspect of his career might be regarded as a brilliant adventurer, and that it soon fell under the influence of Karl Marx, an extreme revolutionist living in exile in England, who was prone to interpret the past by abstract formulas and to impose them on the present and the future. Thus the German Social Democracy was brought up on revolutionary formulas, and the whole matter was put on an entirely false basis. The cause of organised labor was mixed up with a revolutionary Socialism, in which subversive views regarding religion, marriage, the family, and patriotism were advocated in the most violent language. In such a way the heads of the reaction were enabled to come forward as the champions of truth and righteousness and of the vital order of society, while the men who aspired to lead organised labor could be branded as the apostles of anarchy, atheism, and immorality. Nothing more welcome to the reaction could have happened. The wrong-doing of centuries was obscured by controversy on irrelevant matters. It was an entirely false rendering of the situation and a grave calamity for labor to have the main problem thus distorted and turned upside down. Let us take the question of patriotism. After generations of calamity and humiliation it was the ardent and resolute aspiration of the German people during the nineteenth century to restore the national unity and to recover a fitting place in the world. This was a reasonable and honorable ambition, and it has been accomplished. Whatever human errors may have been committed in the doing of it, it was in its essence a profoundly progressive and desirable thing, which the Social Democrats ought to have welcomed. Social Democratic leaders very unwisely and very needlessly placed themselves in opposition to the national idea. The cause of organised labor to-day suffers from the unwisdom of its chiefs. And we may add in passing that they are not the only men who have seriously gone astray in this matter. It may be maintained that some of the worst mistakes in English policy since 1864 have been due to the fact that our statesmen have not understood what German unity and legitimate opportunity for development meant to the German people.

The German Socialist Party has never, as far as I am aware, expressed any fitting regret or penitence for the blunders of its youth. We deplore it the more, as we might wish that the new parties which seek to establish a better social order should show a good example of insight in recognising errors, and of candor in admitting them. In any case it remains certain that the party has by its past action raised many very unnecessary obstacles to the accomplishment of its proper and most urgent tasks. A yawning chasm, largely of its own making, still separates it from much that is healthy and progressive in German life. The German democracy has been fatally divided and weakened. For fifty years German labor has suffered cruel wrong through the mistakes of its leaders. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that they have had a prejudicial effect on the whole course of recent German life and history, and that the only cause which has gained by them is the reaction. This will be all the more evident if we remember that at the last General Election, in 1907, apart from the Anti-Semites, the Conservatives won only eighty-two seats, being about one-fifth of the Reichstag.

Thus the German party carries about with it to-day the burden of a too revolutionary past. But while this is so, we must also recognise that its principles and policy have for a long time been marked by a growing insight and moderation. As regards the German Government, the party has but one rôle—vigilant scrutiny of all its acts, outspoken criticism when necessary, and it is often necessary—uncompromising opposition to its fiscal and military, naval and colonial policy. To such a system they will grant neither men nor money, and therefore refuse to vote for the imperial budgets.

But they deny that their attitude is a purely negative one. They point to a long list of practical measures, chiefly for the better protection of workpeople, which they have promoted, with little success, in the Reichstag. Apart from the Reichstag, they are taking an active part in many departments of the practical work of the country. In the communes they have more than two thousand members. The interests of the working-class are represented by Social Democrats in most of the corporations of the great towns. When the German Social Democracy was originated by Lassalle, he made a fierce onslaught on the co-operative system, which was then growing up in Germany. Now, especially in South Germany, the Party and the co-operative movement appear to be drawing together. In the early stages of revolutionary Socialism there was a tendency to regard mere trade unions as reactionary institutions, which, being too intent on petty details of wages and hours of labor, were really obstacles to the better order. It is now recognised that trade unions represent the more purely economic side of the great movement of organised labor, and have therefore a most important function to perform in harmony with the more purely political movement carried on by the Socialist Parties. In Germany the Socialist Party acts in harmony with the great trade union movement.

The annual meeting of the Party at Nuremberg in 1908 saw the first attempt on a considerable scale to modify the too rigid policy of its leaders. By a minority of 119 against 258 the South German members

maintained the right to vote for the budgets of their Governments. While the majority still adhere to the old policy, regard Liberalism as the valet of the reaction, and expect to have no better relations with it, we may anticipate that an increasing minority will take a wider view. The German Social Democracy has a duty to the working people of their country and to all that is genuine and of goodwill in the German democracy outside of the working-class. By reason of its numbers, organisation, and discipline, it holds the foremost place among the labor organisations of the world. It holds a unique place in the labor annals of the world. But its greatness is the greatness of promise rather than of achievement. To a sympathetic observer it appears to have wasted its own strength, as well as that of Liberalism, by excessive devotion to revolutionary formulas for the last thirty years. Is it prepared to imperil the future in the same way?

In the neighboring country of Austria the Socialist movement presents some very interesting features. The working people of Austria had to wage a long and hard struggle for universal suffrage. In order to win it they carried on a strenuous agitation in their Press and at public meetings, by great demonstrations and processions, and by the menace of a general strike. It was at last granted, and the first election on the basis of universal suffrage was held in May, 1907. The Socialists polled nearly one-fourth of the votes, and gained 87 seats out of 516. The Christian Social Party won 96 seats.

It had a pleasant significance that the Socialist leaders showed quite a friendly tone towards the aged Emperor Joseph. But the most notable feature of Austrian Socialism is its solution of the racial question in the Empire. This solution is both simple and effectual, having for basis national autonomy and international federation. The party is an International in miniature. The whole forms one party, with a common programme, a common executive and a common policy. But each nationality—German, Czech, Polish, Italian, &c.—has a very substantial measure of autonomy. On this basis the various nationalities act together in fraternal harmony.

In so doing the working men of Austria have furnished a solution, as simple as it is effectual, for many of the most vexed problems of politics. For the mixed populations that occupy the regions from Bohemia to Salonica there is but one method that is favorable alike to peace and progress—the method of national or local autonomy and federal union. For its successful application there and elsewhere, all that is wanted is the enlightened goodwill to use it.

T. Kirkup.

# Letters from Abroad.

## ABDUL HAMID'S PLOT AND ITS FAILURE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

Sir,—The military rising of the 13th April not only came upon Europe as a surprise, but was described by Rifaat, until a few weeks ago Turkish Ambassador in London, as falling like a bomb on him and his colleagues. It was a plot of which the secret was well kept. It was bold, inasmuch as it proposed to make the rank and file of the army rise against their officers by appealing to their religious sentiment. It proposed to stimulate this appeal by a lavish distribution of money. To give it a better chance of success, trustworthy emissaries were sent into the interior of the country to stir up strife between Moslem and Christian. At Adana, Marash, Alexandretta, Antioch, and Aleppo simultaneous attacks were made by Turkish and Kurdish fanatics upon Christians. It was hoped that disturbances would ensue which would no doubt bring European ships of war into the Levant and lead the Powers to say that the Constitutional system was a failure, and that the rule of Abdul Hamid, bad though it was, must be supported. The object of the rising being to bring back absolutism, it must be sprung suddenly upon the soldiers before they had time to think about their action. The moment seemed to be favorable. Five Turkish newspapers were attacking the Nationalist section of the Committee of Union and Progress. The troops had seen the Government powerless to repress the large guild of hamals, or porters, unable to prevent general strikes, and the mass of the lower classes regarding liberty as licence. Discipline in their own ranks had become lax. They were told, moreover, by certain softas and a few hodjas that religion was in danger. Men of various occupation had made demonstrations, why should not they? The plot seemed to have a good chance of success, and, to a certain extent, it succeeded. Suddenly 20,000 soldiers rose against their officers. Many of the latter—some say 240—were killed. The deputies scattered, and many of the leaders fled into hiding. Mahmoud Muktar, a trusted member of the Committee of Union and Progress, with a few men at the Seraskierat, held out for a while against the revolted soldiers. "It would have been child's play," he declared during the night of his escape into the house of a British subject while the soldiers were seeking to kill him, "to have put down the revolt" if he had been supported. But he had to flee for his life, and, by the combined aid of the British and German Ambassadors, managed to get on board the steamship "Bayern," and so to the Piraeus and round by land to the investing army.

But it was not a well-thought-out plot. It was ill-organised because there was no military leader who commanded confidence, and it was based upon statements which were certain to be shown almost immediately to be false. The motive power which was counted upon, apart from the bribing of the soldiers, was the influence of religion. It was known that the mollahs, the best educated class of Moslem teachers and the real leaders of Moslem thought, had been alarmed by the violent language of some members of the Committee. To make it appear the work of the mollahs and to raise the cry of "religion in danger," spies under the old *régime* were employed and found a few young and hot-headed softas, that is, theological students, ready to their hands. The spies wound a white turban round their fezes, and thus passed readily among the soldiers as mollahs. In this way when the demonstration came off it made a great noise, and within two or three hours the army was in possession of the capital. The first move was a surprise, but the second? Abdul Hamid, for all the evidence points to him as the principal author of the plot, had not thought of it. The army had got rid of its best officers. Those who remained were mostly without character. Having gained the rank and file, Abdul Hamid did not know how to use them. He hastened on the very first day to grant an indemnity to the mutineers. He appointed Tewfik as Grand Vizier, and having set his organs in the Press to declare that he had no intention of attacking the constitution his resources were exhausted. It was, from any point of view, a foolish and a stupid plot.

The troops soon found out that the men who had visited them in barracks and who urged them on the 13th to shout for the Sheriat, were mostly impostors disguised as mollahs. The Sheikh-ul-Islam, apparently as staunch in his attachment to liberty as his great predecessor, denounced the impostors, and was supported by the mollahs generally. But the greatest blunder of Abdul Hamid was to overlook Macedonia. The great master of spies knew little of that country before July last. He had apparently not recognised that the revolution was made by Macedonia. He was to be taught within a few days of the demonstration, that Macedonia would protect its work. It has done so during the last week quickly and effectively, and as I write this Monday noon, Abdul Hamid's power has been broken, and he himself is a prisoner in his Palace, awaiting the decision of the Macedonian Army.

All Macedonia rose upon the news of the outbreak. The heads of all the communities in Yanina telegraphed a resolution demanding the proclamation of Reschad Effendi. Monastir, Uskub, and Salonika were of the same mind. The Macedonian army immediately took

action. It moved rapidly but cautiously. Its leaders were unaware whether Abdul Hamid had organised a force to resist them. They gathered round the capital in a curve extending from Lake Chekmeji on the Marmora to Ortakuei on the Bosphorus. They sent forward small detachments, which took possession of San Stefano, Daoud Pasha, and the valley of the Sweet Waters. They then drew an iron semi-circle round Yildiz, the arc being the Bosphorus. On Saturday, the 24th, they entered Pera, and diminished the semi-circle. All day they were occupied in fighting the troops in the numerous barracks within a radius of a mile on each side of Yildiz. The first serious object of attack was the artillery barracks at the Taxim, where, after the occupants had shown a white flag, the Macedonians were shot down, on approaching to take possession, by Abdul Hamid's troops. There, and at the still larger barracks of Tashkishla, they encountered the greatest opposition. By Sunday morning they were in possession of both. At four o'clock yesterday the other neighboring barracks at Mateka, Ortakuei, and the great building at Scutari, called the Selimieh, the scene of Florence Nightingale's labors half a century ago, had all been captured. The Sultan had previously informed the troops at Yildiz that defence was useless, and that they must act on their own responsibility, and thereupon, within an hour, the victors of Macedonia were in possession, and Abdul Hamid remained without further power of resistance. The victory has cost probably two hundred lives and about three hundred wounded. Thus the plot failed.

Before concluding, it is worth while clearing some of the misapprehension which appears to exist in England as to the facts. The plot was aimed at constitutional government, and not at any party. From the Committee of Union and Progress two parties were evolved, the Achrars, or Liberals, and the Nationalists. Each is as much devoted to the Constitution as the other. There are no Liberals who wish ill to it. They, indeed, are more conservative than the Nationalists. It is some of the latter who wish to make radical changes of a somewhat violent character, such, for example, as abolishing the privileges of the Christian churches. The mollahs are more in sympathy with the Liberals, because they regard them as more moderate than the Nationalists. In regard to the Ulemas or mollahs also, there has been strange misapprehension in England. Nothing has been more surprising than the way in which they have supported the Constitution. They are not only the leaders of Moslem thought and conservative in habit of mind, but they have convinced themselves that the Constitution is ordained by the teaching of Mahomet, and therefore must be supported. If they raised the cry of "religion in danger," the great mass of the population would take up arms in its defence. But they have been absolutely on the side of the Constitution. The softas, or theological students, have always had a tendency, like University students of most Continental countries, to demonstrate. The mollahs did not see that religion was in danger, but a few softas, very few I believe, thought they did. They were *plus royalistes que le roi*. The order, said to have been given by the Minister of War, to fire even upon the Ulema, was directed, if it existed, against the impostors who had donned the turban, and any of the softas who were attempting to sow discord in the Army. To suppose that the rising was a religious one is a mistake, which no one in Constantinople would be likely to make after the first demonstrations. It was from the first disliked and disowned by the Ulemas.

Nor is there any reason for supposing that the plot was supported by the Liberals. Kiamil and Ismail Kemal were not likely to sanction a movement which would undo the work of their lives. Granted they are sore at the attempt of the Nationalists to ride roughshod over them, it is yet a far cry from that to plotting for the return of absolutism. The wild statements that they were in the plot are, I believe, without a tittle of evidence.

Few persons have any doubt as to the real author of the plot. The only person who could gain by it was Abdul Hamid. So fixed is that conviction that when on Saturday and Sunday I went about the crowded streets to learn the opinions of men of various classes, of many nationalities, and in many languages, there was but one general sentiment. "The Constitution will never be safe so long as Abdul Hamid is on the throne." The consternation on Friday evening when Shevket's declaration was published and its somewhat delphic terms understood to mean that the retention of the Sultan was decided upon was general. "It is a blunder, an irretrievable mistake; everything will have to be done over again; we must be finished with Abdul Hamid." What I have said represents, in my opinion, the view of all moderate and fair-minded observers who know the facts. There was a tendency in the parties to drift apart. Abdul Hamid has united them. I will not speculate as to his fate. A Turkish newspaper headed its article on Friday with the words, "The last selamlik of Abdul Hamid." Other papers also openly declare for his deposition. It is indeed rare to find anyone who does not agree that this much at least is necessary.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

Constantinople, April 26th.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE DECLARATION OF LONDON.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I thank Mr. Arnold Herbert for his kindly reference to old relations between us, and will endeavor to reply in a like spirit to the points he raises in your last issue.

Article 24 of the Declaration of London places foodstuffs among articles which are conditionally contraband.

Article 33 declares that such articles are liable to capture when "destined for the use of the armed forces or of a Government department of the enemy State," whereas by Article 30 absolute contraband is liable when "destined to territory belonging to or occupied by the enemy or the armed forces of the enemy."

It follows that the offence of carrying conditional contraband can arise with respect to foodstuffs only when it can be proved that they are to be used for hostile purposes. It is here that Article 34 comes in. It refers to the proof of the offence, not to its nature. It says that the destination which is essential, that is to say, destination for the armed forces or Government departments of the enemy, shall be presumed "if the goods are consigned to a contractor established in the enemy country who, as a matter of common knowledge, supplies articles of this kind to the enemy."

Mr. Herbert argues that these words may cover the case of "goods consigned to any provision merchant in the enemy country." I venture to maintain that such an interpretation is practically impossible. The thing to be proved is that the cargo is destined for hostile use. Can the proof be that it is on the way to a person who purveys it for peaceful purposes? The offence charged is the carrying of conditional contraband. Can the evidence be what brings home the offence of carrying absolute contraband? If this be so, the difference between the two offences has vanished, and Article 34 has made useless the distinctions and classifications of Articles 22-26, 30-33.

It is, of course, true that the words "to the enemy," if they stood alone, might mean, to the population of the enemy country. But if we follow the rule which says that a document must be construed so as to be consistent with itself, we must take them to mean what all the parties concerned in the recent Naval Conference unite in asserting they were intended to mean, that is to say, to the Government of the enemy country. I can conceive of no other interpretation as possible for Judges charged with the important task of applying the Declaration of London. It, and it alone, makes the chapter on Contraband intelligible and consistent from beginning to end.

Mr. Herbert's fear that an enemy might seize neutral vessels carrying foodstuffs to our ports, in the hope of thereby starving us into submission before the International Prize Court had delivered judgment, is based rather on poli-

tical than on legal grounds. Such action is conceivable, whatever interpretation is put on Article 34. But the neutrals whose highly lucrative trade was interfered with would have a good deal to say, and it might quite possibly be said out of the mouths of their big guns. Moreover, Great Britain, even with a navy "hard pressed, if not defeated," is a power to be reckoned with, and International Law recognises a resort to reprisals when undoubted rules are wantonly violated by a foe. I doubt whether the suggested course is likely to commend itself to the most unscrupulous belligerent.

I am grateful to Mr. Herbert for obtaining from Sir E. Grey the promise to which he refers; but I remain of my old opinion that "we came out of the Conference in a better legal position than we went into it."—Yours, &c.,

T. J. Lawrence.

Upton Lovel Rectory, Wilts.
April 28th, 1909.

## THE DEFECTS OF LIBERAL PROPAGANDA.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I see several correspondents to your paper give their view as to the causes of Liberal losses at bye-elections, but, in my opinion, they do not mention the principal one, and that is the defective way in which the Tory attack is met. I have worked as a voluntary worker at elections on the Liberal side for the last thirty years in Lancashire, Cheshire, Liverpool, Birkenhead, London, and surrounding constituencies, and it is obvious that the attack as at present delivered by our opponents completely overwhelms the existing system of organisation on the Liberal and Free Trade behalf, and although in the majority of cases the Conservative candidate carefully keeps off Tariff Reform, or if pressed by questions, gives the stereotyped reply, "That he is a follower of Mr. Balfour," yet the constituency is invaded by the paid orators of the Tariff Reform League, who, although extremely ignorant of the subject they speak on, are yet through practice very good judges of which particular phase of the question will best catch their audience. If it is a working-man audience it is higher wages and two jobs for each man. If a farmer audience a tax on flour and the statement that if this were carried out larger quantities of wheat would come in, the village mill would again be working, the farmers would be able to buy their offals cheaper, and they could then afford to keep and hold more stock against a rising market. Again, at Croydon, tax the foreigner to pay for all the "Dreadnoughts" you require; so it goes on.

On the other hand, the Free Trader is at a great disadvantage because he has to go into facts and figures to show the advantages of the existing system.

Now, if two men go down, both strangers to the electors, it is obvious that the man whose promises are only limited by his imagination has a great advantage in bidding for votes at the street corner and in the market places. It is canvassing in the bulk, and the candidate is not pledged in any way to the statements made to catch votes on his behalf.

The class of man he addresses does not, as a rule, attend the regular meetings, and the distribution of literature is, in my opinion, of little use. My experience leads me to believe that only the partisans on either side read it. I am firmly convinced that the only way to stop the rot setting in is to have a much more capable type of agent, a political enthusiast who will form local committees, and meet them week by week, find out any local speakers and see that they are well supplied with figures and facts, and encourage them to speak locally, attend the street corner meetings, question the Tariff Reform speakers, and keep them somewhere near the truth. The workman who is so coached is invaluable, he carries the local sympathy of his audience, and at his work he is continually canvassing without really being aware of it.

This is quite easy of accomplishment. In the recent bye-election here, in this polling district, the Tariff Reformers held two meetings, but owing to the persistent way in which they were questioned and set right, they did us more good than we could have possibly done ourselves. I am honorary secretary for this polling district, and have a committee of forty—thirty-eight workmen and two belonging to the middle class. Most of them are now well able to hold their own with the paid speakers on the tariff platform. Another point: get as many Liberals as possible to subscribe towards the local party funds. The workman who subscribes one shilling a year will work much harder than the man who does not. He has got his money on! and he will try hard to get a run for it. All this may not be organisation, but it is, in my view, the only effective way of meeting the present situation. The appointment of election agent and sub-agents for various departments, meetings, vehicles, &c., may be very necessary, and the office work may be as near perfect as possible, but the other side is throwing all its energies to canvassing in the bulk in the open air, and however good your election agent, if this attack cannot be met, and if he has not the material at hand to meet it with, I am very much afraid that Mid-Devon, Peckham, Newcastle, and Croydon are only the preliminary to the day of disaster.

The agents, when spoken to, generally put the blame on Head Office, Home Counties, Central, or elsewhere, but I have met a very large number of agents, and the men at the top, and personally I should not hesitate one minute in locating the weakness.—Yours, &c.,

W. M. T.

April 27th, 1909.

## THE UNFORTUNATE ARGYLL.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In the review of my book, "A Scots Earl in Covenanting Times," by Mr. Andrew Lang, in your issue of the 17th inst., there are two seriously inaccurate statements which are calculated to produce a false impression of the contents of the volume in question. My critic deplores the bad taste of Lord Lorne in watching from the window of Moray House the progress of Montrose to prison and to the gibbet; and he says that I try to explain the statements away. I do nothing of the kind. I speak of Lorne's presence in Moray House, and say: "One regrets to read of the procession being witnessed from the balcony and of the cart in which the prisoner sat being delayed for a few moments before the door." In a note I assert that there is no evidence to prove that orders had been given (by Argyll or Lorne) for the cart to stop. Apart from this comment my narrative of the incident corresponds exactly with that ordinarily given of it. I neither attempt to deny the facts nor to defend Lorne in the matter of taste.

The second inaccuracy to which I draw attention is in the following sentence: "The father (Argyll) fatally committed himself by his dealings with Monk, while the son turned out for 'The Young Pretender,' as it pleases Mr. Willcock to style Charles II." I do not give Charles II. any such absurd designation. Probably Mr. Lang's error arises from a hasty reading of the following sentence on p. 38 of my book: "Some who have formed an unfavorable estimate of the Marquess of Argyll have compared his conduct to that of such men as Lord Lovat a hundred years later, who adhered to the Hanoverian Government while he sent his son out to assist the Young Pretender." I think that it is due to the author of a book considered worthy of such a long notice in The Nation that his critic should read the volume with some measure of care, and also should credit the writer with as much knowledge of history as would keep him from confusing Charles II. with the Young Pretender.

Perhaps I may be allowed to reply to the statement that I should have entered into a discussion of the question of debts due to Argyll by the Macleans of Mull. These matters were considered and adjudicated by the law courts of the time. I presume that they would have the facts before them. It was sufficient for my purpose to refer to their decisions and decrees; and it would have been foolish at this distance of time to attempt with the aid of some *ex parte* statements which may still exist to discuss the justice of those decisions.—Yours, &c.,

John Willcock.

Lerwick,
April 23rd, 1909.

## THE SALVATION ARMY'S SOCIAL WORK.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—In view of the misleading nature of some of the statements in your recent article "The Poor Law Commission and Voluntary Agencies," by Social Reformer, I trust that you will permit me to reply to some of his misrepresentations concerning the Salvation Army. I will not enter into the question of whether the Royal Commission was right in its decisions regarding the co-operation of voluntary and State agencies. Though I cannot accept Social Reformer's views on the subject, it is at least a question which admits of more than one opinion. However great an authority on the Poor Law Social Reformer may be, he is lamentably ignorant concerning the Salvation Army and its methods.

In his article Social Reformer says: "General Booth and his coadjutors have perfected their organisation, and in one respect the result is mystifying by reason of their silent lips when a controversy rages round some such institution, for example, as the settlement in Hanbury Street, Whitechapel, for destitute joiners and carpenters." What does Social Reformer mean by "silent lips"? One can only suppose that he speaks thus from ignorance, but it is surprising that he writes in this way when he has evidently never taken the trouble to inquire after the truth.

In 1907 and 1908 certain charges of sweating were made against the officers of the Hanbury Street factory. Social Reformer's statement that the Army maintained "silent lips" during this time is altogether incorrect.

I have before me, at the moment of writing, six cuttings from the "War Cry," dealing at great length with these charges. I have also a pamphlet issued from the Headquarters of the Salvation Army disproving the accusations with such success that the members of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, who first made the charges, have at last expressed their "appreciation" of the Army's object in conducting the factory. Publicity was given to a letter from General Booth to Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P., the well-known Trade Unionist. In addition to this, a demonstration was held last August on four consecutive nights at Regent Hall, Oxford Street, at which the produce of the factory was on view, and at which not only the officers but also the men—who were supposedly sweated and ill-used—defended the Army's methods, and showed how devoid of foundation the charges were. General Booth was also interviewed by the "Daily Chronicle."

Will Social Reformer maintain, in the face of these facts, that he was justified in making such a statement?

Commissioner Sturgess, who is responsible for the Hanbury Street factory, the Bermondsey settlement, and other departments of the Men's Social Work, flatly denies that the Truck Act is eluded in spirit or in letter at any of the institutions, as Social Reformer alleges.

As to the men at Bermondsey having to work for a mere pittance, Social Reformer does not appear to realise that both the Hanbury Street factory and the Bermondsey settlement are "Industrial Hospitals." Neither of them is designed to supply work for capable workmen who could claim the Union rate of wage. They are for the purpose of assisting, and rescuing from moral and physical ruin, men who have, from some cause, fallen out of the running and cannot find employment on any terms. The condition of the applicants has been well described by Commissioner Sturgess, who said: "Two-thirds of the men who enter are maimed by drink, either in character, body, or mind. My Trade Unionist friends demand that these should be paid for their labor according to their scale, irrespective of their moral and physical condition. Let me say, however serious it may sound in some people's ears, it is not wages these men are in need of most. Some would even be better without a sixpence, until such time as they are morally strong enough to spend it outside an ale-shop. They need, in a word, remaking. As it is, their greatest temptation is to spend the grant they receive in the public-house, and our greatest task is to prevent them doing so. . . . But they do not all come under that classification. Ill-health, inefficiency, partial knowledge of their craft, and sheer poverty—in some instances absolute hunger—drive them to us."

A brief extract from the report by Mr. W. T. Stead of an interview which he had with General Booth may help Social Reformer to understand the situation.

> "The Trade Unionists don't contend, do they, that these poor derelicts whom you have picked out of the depths, whom no one will employ, and who come to you in despair to keep them from starvation, are to be regarded as capable workmen, and paid as such,"
>
> "That seems to be their idea," said General Booth, "but it does not seem to me quite reasonable."
>
> "Stark, staring lunacy," said I. "It is equivalent to maintaining that damaged goods or second-hand goods should be sold at the market price of new goods in first-class condition."
>
> "That is about it," said the General. "Damaged labor, like damaged goods, is a drug in the market. It is the most difficult thing in the world to find a market for it. I make a market, and by giving these people a subsistence wage I get a good many of them on their feet, and enable them to go out and sell their labor at Trade Union rates. But if I did not intervene they would have to go to the workhouse or starve."

The above extracts serve to show how utterly foolish it is to talk of these men as though they are capable workmen.

It is to be hoped that all who harbor suspicions of this branch of the social work will obtain further information. They might, for instance, write to the International Headquarters, at 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for the pamphlet entitled "A Calumny Exposed," which deals thoroughly with all sides of the question.

Social Reformer says that the Salvation Army refuses to "supply the data on which alone the public can estimate its moral and material value to the State." If he refers to the Balance Sheets and general statistics, his statement is untrue. The Balance Sheets of both the Spiritual and Social work are regularly issued every year. The statistics of the whole of the Army's work throughout the world are frequently published. They enable one to see what is being done in fifty-four different countries and colonies in which the Army operates.

A little further on, Social Reformer asks: "Were they (the Royal Commissioners) aware that the leader of this society has again and again refused an inquiry into the serious charges that have been made against it on the ground of sweating, underselling, and defective management?" General Booth and his officers have been particularly active in refuting these charges. The Trade Unionists, who formulated the charges, were fully and frankly answered on all points. I have already referred to General Booth's letter to Mr. Steadman. The General received a deputation of Trade Unionists, and facts were laid before them. Most careful investigations were made for the benefit of the members of the deputation, who personally visited the Social Headquarters and saw the books of the institution. The Trade Unionists have now abandoned their former attitude.

—Yours, &c.,

RONALD H. KIDD.

21, Downside Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.
April 26th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I am obliged to you for the permission to read before its appearance in your columns the reply of Mr. Ronald H. Kidd to my article "The Poor Law Commission and Voluntary Agencies." The reply possesses a characteristic which can only be clearly discerned by those who have carefully studied and followed the methods of Salvation Army controversialists. With all desire to be scrupulously fair, permit me to pass this uncommon observation upon the letter: While I do not question that, physically, Mr. Kidd is the writer, the actual author or inspirer of it must be one of the adepts at evasiveness connected in some way with the Salvation Army. If I am mistaken, my apology will be ample, but the features of the letter are so peculiarly those of the Salvation Army that I feel justified in beginning my reply to it with this comment.

The letter itself purports, with an amplitude of apparently overwhelming quotations from Salvation Army journals and Salvation Army officers—all *ex parte* evidence—to establish the following propositions:—

> The charge of sweating against the Salvation Army has been disproved; General Booth has already and fully answered this charge; the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress have withdrawn its objections to the *system* of remuneration or wages paid to the carpenters and joiners

employed at the Hanbury Street shop—otherwise named an "elevator"; and that the conditions of the Truck Act are not violated, as they state, at that place.

By far the most serious point raised by Mr. Kidd is that which refers to the Parliamentary Committee. Now, has that Committee or has it not withdrawn its objection to Hanbury Street? Mr. Kidd clearly suggests that it has. I say that it has not, and for proof of this I turn to the following extract of the letter written by Mr. Kidd, viz.:—

> "I have," says Mr. Kidd, "also a pamphlet issued from the Headquarters of the Salvation Army *disproving the accusations with such success* that the members of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, who first made the charges, *have at last expressed their 'appreciation' of the Army's object in conducting the factory.* Publicity was given to a letter from General Booth to Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P., the well-known Trade Unionist."

The italics are mine, for this reason: The "object" of Hanbury Street is not and never has been in dispute. General Booth and his men are sincere. Their object is deserving of all respect. What is strongly resented are the *methods* carried on in fulfilment of that "object." And the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress stands to-day exactly where it did when the subject was first brought under its notice. Mr. Steadman's name is mentioned. Let Mr. Kidd ask that gentleman if I am correct or not. The Parliamentary Committee still demand an inquiry, still denounce the system of organised sweating that obtains at the Hanbury Street shop, and still intend to agitate for an investigation at the Trade Union Congress. But Mr. Kidd reads his "War Cry" with the assurance of one who believes in the infallibility of that remarkable organ, whose argumentative powers consist in an amazing ability to answer specific charges by general statements.

As for the Truck Act, I maintain that if the social officials withdrew the humiliating document which inmates have to sign, which brands them as destitute and requires from them an obedience which, I maintain, they possess no human or Divine right to exact, they would be prosecuted for violating that Act. Skilled men do skilled work at this elevator. The very Year Book of the Salvation Army advertises the fact, and yet they are paid for their skilled labor in doles of food and "grants" that vary from 6d. to 5s. per week! We are told, of course, that this and similar places are "hospitals," where "cures" are affected on the morally depraved. But does any man in his reason believe that these "cures" are brought about by carpentry and small grants of money? No—the good they do is the tribute to the goodness and humanity of the officers who superintend these places, a fact which, to the credit of the organisation as a whole, is best illustrated, I think, in its intrinsically religious operations.

If the charges had been disproved, how is it that the agitation for an inquiry continues? Why does General Booth object to men of the stamp of Mr. Steadman, whom he now extols, assisted by his own nominees, going into the affairs?

I refrain, however, from trespassing further upon your space. I have pointed out sufficient, I hope, to support again the main purpose of my article—that it will be a dangerous departure when the State tries to employ such agencies as these, unless, of course, a system of audit and inspection accompanies the arrangement and is such as to safeguard the public interest.—Yours, &c.,

SOCIAL REFORMER.

P.S.—The reason why I have not exposed and refuted Mr. Kidd's other statements is one of regard for your space.

April 27th, 1909.

## THE OBJECT OF GERMAN EXPANSION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—Either there is a serious danger of war with Germany or there is not. Reading between the lines the Government takes the former view, while THE NATION labors to show that no such danger exists. Is not "the wish the father to the thought"?

As one who was in Germany during the darkest days of the Boer war and who was always treated with the utmost courtesy by all sections of the German people, I say that there is no dislike of the individual Englishman, no misunderstanding to be overcome by greater common intercourse: no sense of injury or of jealousy to be counteracted by deputations of workmen for specific purposes, but the whole population realises the need of expansion, and the fact that Britain and her Empire stand right across the line of German aggrandisement. A war with Britain would be purely a matter of business. Germany has fought three wars of aggression within recent years, and from a material point of view they have been triumphantly successful; but this success has made Germany the most materialistic State the world has ever known; whereas in France, obsessed as she is by fear of her neighbor, manufactures and industries refuse to expand, and, as "The Statist" unceasingly points out, the most thrifty nation in the world refuses to utilise her enormous savings at home.

The Monro doctrine seems to have closed her out of South America, but consider wealthy Holland and her splendid Colonial Empire and our international responsibilities. It seems to me that those who write for THE NATION understand the statesmanship which would have provoked a war with France in 1875, and which would sacrifice men wholesale for an adequate material *quid pro quo* as little as Bismarck could have understood the objections of THE NATION to our *entente* with Russia.

Let the writer of "The Growth of International Law" look at the matter psychologically, and, in the light of Baron Aerenthal's action and Germany's cynical support, cease his arguments as to international treaties. The land on the globe is limited and occupied, and German expansion, which will be along the line of least resistance, must be at the expense of some other nation.

The one great factor which makes for peace is, of course, the tremendous risk of war and the uncertainty of success; but Germany's risk is less than ours; for we can only fight her on the sea; and the prize of victory is so dazzling. The first and foremost duty of a British Prime Minister is to make sure that no German Chancellor shall ever be able to say to his Emperor—not, as Bismarck did in 1870, that victory is a foregone conclusion, but even that the chances are in Germany's favor.

The Government policy I understand and admire and support; that of the Society of Friends I understand; but what is that of THE NATION?—Yours, &c.,

A YORKSHIRE RADICAL.

Yorkshire, N.R.
April 26th, 1909.

[We demur to our correspondent's statement that the Government think that there is serious danger of war with Germany.—ED., NATION.]

## THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—Will you allow me space to call attention to a further and serious defect in the Small Holdings Act, which might easily be remedied by a short Act this Session?

It is eminently desirable, if not absolutely essential to the rural revival, that men should be allowed to carry on their trades in connection with the cultivation of the land. Nothing is more to be regretted than the way the small handicraftsmen are being driven from the villages, and nothing is more pitiable than the plight of those that remain. Wholesale machine manufacture with its corollary of overcrowded towns, production for profit with its attendant evils of slums and unemployment have already deteriorated the moral and physical fibre of the people and brought about an unprecedented degradation of workmanship throughout the whole civilised world. Yet, in spite of the well-known fact that it is only where the petty trades are allied to Agriculture that they are at all prosperous, the terms of the Small Holdings Act make it possible for County Councils to prohibit a small holder from utilising even the smallest portion of his land for the erection of a workshop in which to make boots or even to shoe horses! Is it not extraordinary? The East Sussex County Council in particular is using its powers to prevent this being done and is refusing land on this ground. In one case at least this is resulting in the young men of the family deciding to go abroad, and yet the Board of Agriculture has not said a word!

The whole administration of the Act is a miserable failure, causing every sort of injustice to working people and bringing the general administration of the law and the Government into contempt.

The only hope is that the people will now combine, as we have done here, for their protection against the indifference of County Councils and the avarice of landlords.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. R. Gill,
Secretary of the Keymer and District Land Club.

Soper's Ditchling,
April 24th, 1909.

## "THE GROWTH OF INTERNATIONAL LAW."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I have read your most timely and interesting article on the above subject which appeared in your issue of the 24th inst. with great pleasure and interest. It is a grand and inspiring thing to know that, when great journals with traditions like the "Spectator" and the "Saturday Review" appear to despair of the arrival of the golden age, The Nation still holds on and points the way upwards and onwards to a somewhat timorous and doubting present-day humanity. If one will only look about there are evidences of encouragement to be found on all sides. I have recently returned from Rome, where a movement is now in progress having for its ultimate object the creation of a European Tribunal with powers more or less limited as to scope, but, at the same time, definite and binding, which it is hoped will exercise the function of a supreme constabulary, and be able to use an international army and navy supplied by the contributing parts for the enforcement of its will upon the rest of Europe. It is proposed with this object in view to hold an International Congress in Rome next month to be followed annually by similar congresses, and I have had the honor to be asked to join the Committee which is engaged in making some of the preliminary arrangements.

The Congress will be divided into three sections, Political, Economical, and Judicial, and will, doubtless, pass some good resolutions, and come to some excellent decisions. All this has happened before and nothing further has come of it. The goal to aim at then must surely be the creation of a European Federal Parliament or Tribunal which will put a stop to aggression, and possess power to adjudicate upon questions of International Law. Until some such tribunal has been created as an alternative to the law of force it is, to my mind, useless and futile to talk and write about general disarmament or even a limitation of armaments.

A correspondent of yours, "Facta non Verba," in your issue of the 17th ult., suggests the Peace and Arbitration Conference at The Hague as an alternative to the ruinous competition in armaments. It seems to me that The Hague Conference is not clothed with sufficient powers, and is much too slow and cumbersome in action to be really useful and effective. What is wanted is a supreme body or Federal Parliament with power to act. Let us imagine for a moment when such a body would prove useful. Take the question of the misgovernment in the Congo. All civilised Powers are agreed as to the abuses and misgovernment, but the difficulty is to get a stop put to these abuses. Then there is the Macedonian question and the present anarchy in Turkey. All these questions could be discussed and promptly settled by an International Tribunal as compared with the long-drawn-out agony and barbaric method at present in vogue. Adverse critics say that such a tribunal would eventually be dominated by some aggressive Power or group of Powers. This, of course, is possible, but the history and experience of all deliberative assemblies goes to prove that such a state of affairs is most unlikely to take place for any length of time. In any case free speech and discussion are bound to advance the interests of truth and justice and lead to their eventual triumph in the end.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. Mason.

April 27th, 1909.

## THE PAPACY AND JOAN OF ARC.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The writer of the interesting article on Joan of Arc in your last issue, while applauding the present action of the Church, speaks of its "inconsistency" in once having condemned the Maid, and in now proclaiming her virtues heroic. He "can only regret that the discovery was not made sooner"—than after five centuries. He appears entirely to forget—for throughout an article in which this inconsistency is referred to more than once, he makes no mention of them—two important facts. One is, that the Church did not condemn Joan of Arc. The tribunal by which Joan was condemned, that of the notorious Cauchon, the tool of Bedford, was not a valid ecclesiastical court, but a tribunal fabricated *ad hoc*, about as constitutional as the Commission that sentenced Charles I. Joan protested against it, and vainly asked to be tried by the regular ecclesiastical authority. "I appeal to the Pope," was her repeated cry during the interrogatories. The other fact is, that not five centuries, but twenty-five years after her death the Church vindicated the Maid. When at last an interval of decency in the politics of the miserable French Court permitted an appeal to regular authority, Pope Calixtus III. issued a Commission to examine the cause of Joan. The Commission examined the records of the Cauchon trial and took evidence itself from Joan's neighbors, friends, and many witnesses of her exploits. It is to this inquiry, indeed, that we owe most of the evidence which remains extant as to the character of the Maid. The judgment of the Pope through his Commission was given on June 7th, 1456. It was announced in a solemn assembly at Rouen by the Archbishop in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff. It was proclaimed in the Cathedral and in the Church of St. Ouen, and also in the market place where Joan was burnt. It repudiated and completely reversed the judgment of Cauchon's tribunal, declaring that the trial and two sentences passed against Joan were "full of cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences, and manifest errors in fact, as well as in law." The whole was declared to be "null, non-existent, and without value or effect," and Joan and her relatives were pronounced not to have "contracted or incurred any stigma of infamy."

What the Church has delayed five centuries about is not this vindication, but decreeing Joan's beatification. But the Church moves slowly in these matters. Proceedings for the investigation of Joan's claims were begun generations ago; they were advanced considerably under Pius IX.; and they have only reached their final stage—two Popes later—under Pius X. Is there not, after all, something significant in the period at which this process comes to maturity—something impressive in the fate which decrees that at this moment in the spiritual life of Europe the pure and sublime figure of the French peasant girl who once saved her country in time of degeneracy and corruption should be held up before the eyes of the world for conspicuous reverence?—Yours, &c.,

G.

April 27th, 1909.

## CONCERNING OUR FRIVOLOUS STAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In a criticism of "The Earth" which appeared in your last issue under the initials H. W. M., I read that "dramatic critics" (as well as managers and the Lord Chamberlain) "combine to keep the stage frivolous, immoral, and stupid." I agree if by that you mean that the office of the Lord Chamberlain as vested in a stage censorship is immoral; but must demur to your contention about dramatic criticism, so far as I personally am concerned.

And I would say that our stage is stupid and frivolous precisely because it is not immoral enough, *i.e.*, that it has not the power, as possessed by the Halls, to be immoral, to be serious, or to take interest in serious plays such as "Waste," "Monna Vanna," "In the Lower Depths," &c.; and this because of our immoral nursery stage censorship which is the reason why powerful French plays, such as "Samson," are put on our stage "en papillote," as it were, depleted of all native strength and vitality. Surely, too, it is rather hard on the critic to accuse him of keeping

the stage "frivolous." What can he do if our playwrights will serve the public with "pap" and taty-diddy? I assure you, sir, the critic often suffers agonies at the dramatic playlets of our "leading" dramatists. But the cause of the evil lies with the public who, ever since the bogey of Puritanism, has come to regard the theatre as a mere place for entertainment and will not use its brains.—Yours, &c.,

Savile Club, AUSTIN HARRISON.
April 27th, 1909.

## LONDON UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Shindler's letter calls, I think, for some comment. His original position, if it means anything important at all, was that "independent examiners" are an advantage to education, and he rejected as impossible the idea of allowing professors to examine their own pupils. But his views, or his expression of them, have changed in a manner which, if he was a pupil of mine at Leiden, would make me consider the necessity his being ploughed on the ground of general confusion of thought. He first of all claimed that there was a general consensus of opinion that independent examiners ought to be employed. When I pointed out that this was untrue in fact, he called my view "childishly simple." When I urged that mine was the practically unanimous view of the Dutch, he suggested that our motive in Holland is to obscure the deficiencies of our teaching. And he introduced this unpleasant accusation by expressing the view that the Dutch are much better educated than the English!

It seems to me that Mr. Shindler is an example of the confused suspicion with which some people regard the profession of teaching. I know nothing personally of the majority of my London colleagues; but I do not believe that they are any exception to the rule that the staff of a great University is in the main composed of capable and trustworthy teachers, who wish to do the best in their power for their pupils, for society as a whole, and for the science which they serve. Such remarks as those with which he closed his last letter are insulting to an honorable profession, and unworthy of the club from which he writes.

The simple question is this: It is a matter of debate whether independent examination is a better method than examination by teachers. Mr. Shindler thinks it is. I think it is not. Mr. Shindler's system is, on the whole, the English system—mine is the Dutch. Mr. Shindler believes that the young Dutchman is better educated than the young Englishmen. I submit that, if he be right on this point, it is probably due to some difference between English and Dutch systems, not to some point on which they are alike, and such a difference is to be found in the method of examination. I do not claim this as demonstration, but as a *prima facie* argument, which is not to be met by calling it "childishly simple" in one letter and suggesting that it is a cover for deficiency in the next, by only showing there is some difference which explains the facts.—Yours, &c., KIRSOPP LAKE.

Leiden University,
April 24th, 1909.

## SWINBURNE AND THE SEA.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—One cannot think without emotion that the sea which has thrown its mantle over so many men of genius now keeps for ever within the sound of its waves him who of all others felt its ardent and mysterious spell. Swinburne was, indeed, the poet of the sea. He saw in its immense and perpetual movement a strange commentary on the eager hurrying of life. It seemed to hold within its depths all human passions and desires, and to cast them back at last, futile and unanswered, as though with prophetic and mournful weariness. For it typified to him the meaning of destiny. It had all the eloquent and sundering power of fate. What man has voiced more profoundly the beautiful, relentless, and secretive spirit of the sea?—Yours, &c,.

RICHARD H. P. CURLE.

5, Clement's Inn, W.C.
April 20th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## ODE IN APRIL.

APRIL'S feet are heard
In the doorways of the world;
At her sound
Sings the bird,
And the ground
Is daisy-pearled.
Again, again
She is coming, coming
With her showers
Of bright rain
To gem
Her diadem,
Strewing sweet
At her feet
Honied flowers
And the humming
Of brown bees
Over them:
And the trees
Are ringing
With the singing
Of the thrushes,
And the brushwood flushes
Out of grief
Into leaf;
And from her,
As she passes
With her bosom
Full of blossom,
She is shedding
An aroma
On the grasses
In her treading:
And light clouds waft her
With bright sun after,
With pleasure
Beyond measure,
And laughter,
And din,
For the sweet buds are shooting,
And the sweet birds fluting,
And young lovers luting
To welcome her in.

O my beloved, is it nothing to you
That life is trembling into love to-day?
Does not a strange new music blossom through you,
While green earth and blue sky keep holiday,
Weaving such harmonies as lovers may?—
*O my beloved, is it nothing to you?*

See, my beloved, see the April moon,
A slip of silver peeping through the boughs!
Fast as they bud, she blooms; and very soon,
As they with odor, she with light shall rouse
The lovely earth out of its winter swoon,—
*See, my beloved, see the April moon!*

Up! my beloved, there are better things
Than the chill maidenhood of earliest spring;
Nature, that wakes in snowdrop blossomings,
Has richer gifts in store, which she shall fling
Freely to all who welcome her coming,—
*Up! my beloved, there are better things!*

Rose of my adoration, O immense
Flaming, mysterious, million-petalled rose!
The tapestries of your magnificence
Are fluttered by a wind of God, which blows
Whither and whence and how no mortal knows—
*O wind of God, laden with frankincense!*

As fly the warblers singing oversea,
So must the pretty thoughts fly to your heart,
To sing in it and nest in it and be
Of all your loveliness the loveliest part,
Happy and musical beyond all art—
*O pilgrims frail across the fairy sea!*

R. C. K. ENSOR.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

As we announced a couple of weeks ago M. Anatole France's next literary work is to be a course of lectures on Rabelais. The subject has filled his mind for some time, and a letter sent him by the late Professor York Powell, on behalf of the Oxford Rabelaisian Society, shows that M. France's rank in the world of Rabelaisians has been recognised by this country. We are able to print the letter which was to have appeared in the preface to "L'Ile des Pingouins," but was omitted at the final revision of the proofs:

Pour qu'on ne doute pas que je suis membre honoraire de l'Académie Rabelais, je publie ici mon diplôme.

29 novembre 1893.

Christ Church, Oxford (England)

Au créateur de l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard,

hæc feliciter.

Monsieur,

Nous avons ici une petite Société de professeurs et autres, en l'honneur de Rabelais. Il n'y a pas longtemps, nous avons décidé de vous offrir un fauteuil honoraire dans cette Société, et, si vous voulez bien accepter cet honneur, le seul que nous puissions vous proposer, car la Société n'existe que pour la propagation des vraies lumières pantagruéliques, nous nous estimerions bien heureux.

Nous avons lu la Rôtisserie, et, surtout, les Opinions de Monsieur Jérôme Coignard, avec grand plaisir, car c'était facile à voir qu'il régnait dans ces deux livres le bon sens et l'esprit de Mâitre François, notre patron. Ces qualités, accompagnées d'une charité évangélique, sont assez rares, comme vous admettrez facilement, de nos jours. Aussi nous avons voulu vous remercier d'en avoir fait preuve dans ces deux œuvres, et nous n'avons pu trouver mieux que de vous soumettre la proposition avant-dite. J'aurais voulu le faire dans des termes mieux choisis et plus idiomatiques, mais le bon vouloir y est, toutefois, et l'ami de l'abbé Jérôme comprendra que la plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a.

Dans l'espérance de recevoir votre consentement, et en vous priant d'agréer nos sentiments bien respectueux, j'ai l'honneur de me souscrire, Pour la Société:

Frédéric YORK POWELL,

A Monsieur, Christ Church, Oxford.

Monsieur Anatole France.

L'original est sur papier vergé, sans filigrane.

* * *

WE are glad to hear that the English translation of M. France's works which Mr. John Lane is issuing will not be confined to fiction, and that the first volume of "La Vie Littéraire" will be published in the early autumn. "La Vie Littéraire" originally appeared in the form of weekly articles in the "Temps," and contains some of M. France's most characteristic work. The preface to the first volume is the nearest approach to a manifesto that he has ever put forth. It gives his views on criticism and defends the purely personal and subjective stand-point. "Criticism like philosophy and history," he declares in a paragraph that has become famous, "is a sort of romance that falls within the province of circumspect and curious spirits. And, rightly taken, all romance is an autobiography. The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces."

* * *

THE six-shilling novel which has weathered a number of storms during the past few years, is at last in serious danger. Two movements in the publishing world threaten its existence. We understand that one enterprising firm of publishers are about to issue new novels at two shillings or half-a-crown. It is difficult to see how this price can give a profit to both author and publisher, but, if the policy succeeds, the six-shilling novel will certainly be driven out of the market. On the other hand, a movement energetically led by Mr. Eveleigh Nash seeks to raise the price of novels to half-a-guinea. Mr. Nash's plan is meeting with a good deal of support, and is likely to have a far-reaching effect on literary production. The trouble, of course, with novels is that too many of them are published, so that works of real merit are drowned in the flood of inferior stuff. This has long been recognised both by publishers and authors, but of late the trouble has been so acute that the present system cannot continue. Mr. Nash points out that the old three-volume novel was an excellent sifter. The more expensive form made publishers more critical in deciding about a manuscript, and a novel which failed in a small library edition was not reprinted. The same function would be performed if novels were issued in the first place at half-a-guinea, and then in cheaper form if there was a sufficient demand. In the meantime several publishers are declining all contracts until the matter is settled.

* * *

TOWARDS the end of the month Mr. Andrew Melrose will publish "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century: An Essay in Criticism," by Mr. Laurie Magnus. The volume, which is dedicated by permission to Mr. George Meredith, attempts to trace the governing forces that influenced the different epochs of nineteenth century literature. It is divided into three books, the first dealing with the period from 1784 to 1832, the second being called "The Transit through 1832," and the third "The Victorian Age." Mr. Magnus belongs to the small band of publishers who are also authors. He has written an excellent "Primer of Wordsworth," and two useful volumes called "How to Read English Literature."

* * *

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE hope to publish shortly the second volume of the late Professor Pfleiderer's great work on "Primitive Christianity." The first volume, which appeared about two years ago, was, in the main, devoted to an examination and appreciation of the personality and writings of the apostle Paul. The late Dr. Pfleiderer was an acknowledged master in this field, and his conception of the life and place of Paul in primitive Christianity represents the most matured results of recent scholarship. The coming volume is an appreciation of the historical books of the New Testament, more especially of the first three Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. We have recently had a good deal of first-class work on this subject from the pens of Wellhausen, Harnack, and Loisy. But no students can afford to neglect the inquiries of Pfleiderer. The volume closes with an illuminating account of the preaching of Jesus and of the faith of the first disciples.

* * *

THE current "Quarterly Review" is a centenary number and contains the first instalment of a history of the periodical which has played so distinguished a part in English politics and literature. This year is rich in centenaries, and the opening article in the "Quarterly" is called "The Centenary of Tennyson," and is written by M. Emile Faguet. M. Faguet takes a very different line from that of Taine, whom he declares to have been "très dur pour Tennyson." Tennyson, according to M. Faguet, is "comme le rendez-vous en un seul homme de tous les genres de poésie qui avaient brillé dans la génération précédente. . . . . Il a eu une sensibilité romantique trouvant la perfection classique pour s'exprimer." The Centenary of Darwin is treated under three headings, "Evolution and the Church," "Evolutionary Ethics," and "Evolution of Truth," the last being a sympathetic account of Pragmatism, reaching the conclusion that "of the current notions of Truth the absolutist notion is devoid of all real meaning, while the humanist notion is contrived to supply its deficiency." It is, perhaps, significant that the current number of the "Edinburgh Review" should have an article in which Pragmatist views are dealt with in a severe fashion. Other articles in the "Quarterly" are "The Essentials of Great Poetry," by the Poet Laureate, "Ovid and Shakespeare's Sonnets," by Mr. Sidney Lee, "A Century of English Music," by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, "The Meaning of Modernism," by Professor Inge, and "English Party Government," by Professor Dicey. We offer our congratulations to Mr. John Murray on the hundredth birthday of the great review with which his house has been so honorably connected.

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Russian Army and the Japanese War." By General Kuropatkin. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay. Edited by Major E. D. Swinton. (Murray. 2 vols. 28s. net.)

"Dante in English Literature, from Chaucer to Cary." By Paget Toynbee. (Methuen. 2 vols. 21s. net.)

"The Origins of Christianity." By the late Charles Bigg. Edited by T. B. Strong. (Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

"A History of German Literature." By Calvin Thomas. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Samuel Pepys." By Percy Lubbock. Literary Lives Series. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

"Walks in Paris." By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allinson. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Infamous John Friend." By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"Le Théâtre libre: Essai critique, historique, et documentaire." Par Adolphe Thalasso. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## THE TEACHING OF THE SPIRIT.*

The modern world, it is often said, sits loose to religion. The statement, put in this way, is not borne out by facts: seldom, if ever, has the general attitude of the world to religion been so interested, so expectant, so sympathetic as now. What is true is that the modern world sits loose to religious formula and observance; and it would be difficult to over-estimate the significance of this fact. The momentous change in virtue of which, in the second century of our era, Christianity from a religion of the spirit became a religion of the letter was, if not justified, brought about and accounted for by the transformation of the little company of believers into a mixed multitude. The Cenacle became the Church; and the charismatic consciousness of the former vanished, as childhood is lost in youth: letter took the place of spirit, dogma of prophecy, law of grace. Now, it seems, this secondary Christianity is breaking down. That this is so is due to more than one cause: here, however, one only need be mentioned; that it rests on a reading of history which is no longer possible. Belief and observance, it is safe to say, will be retained by those who see them in their true perspective—by those, that is, who could with least loss dispense with them. For the average or natural man, the psychic of St. Paul, to meet whose needs they were introduced, they are losing significance: the foundation has been cut away, and the superstructure falls. The only hope, it seems, is in the increase of spiritual as opposed to literal or external religion; Christianity must be propagated as a spirit, not taught as a creed. The Churches have been too quick, perhaps, to assume that this is impossible; they have forgotten "that one of the main approaches to the meaning of religion is through the nature of the soul of man."

More than any other body of Christians the Society of Friends has borne witness to this truth. Its limitations have emphasised this testimony. Originating as a protest against the hard formalism of a spiritually hard and formal age, its missionary period was shortlived; when the Spirit breathed over the dead bones of Christendom the uniqueness of the Quaker position disappeared. The Society survived as a shelter for certain interior souls of sensitive fibre, and as a reminder to the Church and the world at large of that which is the essential thing in religion, the kingdom of God within. In England this standpoint was represented by the late Miss Caroline E. Stephen, whose "Quaker Strongholds" and "Light Arising" struck a note that went home to many; in America it has no abler spokesman than the author of "Studies in Mystical Religion."

By mysticism he understands "the type of religion which puts the emphasis on immediate awareness of relation with God, on direct and intimate consciousness of the Divine Presence. It is religion in its most acute, intense, and living stage." The mystic, in other words, conceives religion not as a Church, a creed, or a rite, but as experience. He is "a thorough-going empiricist"; he takes his religion at first hand. Only so does it deserve the name of religion. Experience must be experienced; like any other vital act, from thought to digestion, it cannot be done for us; it must be our own. From another point of view, mysticism is "a protest in favor of the entire personality. It says that men can experience, and live, and feel, and do much more than they can formulate." Here it is opposed to rationalism; it seeks for truth, not with one specialised faculty, but with the whole man. That its connection with abnormal states of consciousness is non-essential cannot be too strongly emphasised. Such states are exceptional and open to misconstruction. The mystical faculty, though it varies in degree, is universal. "Something of this sort is familiar to the sanest and most matter-of-fact person among us"—and normal—it is only the sophist who does not recognise that man is more than a brain. This recognition, so far from being a denial, is a vindication of the function of the understanding in life and knowledge. "The intellectual abstractive element," says Baron von Hügel, "is, if neither minimised in the life of the soul, nor allowed to be its sole element or its last, a sobering, purifying, mortifying, vivifying bath and fire."

An individual experience is valid only for its subject: to be universally valid it, too, must be universal. In its rudimentary form the experience that lies at the root of mysticism is so: it may be misread, the analysis of consciousness may be faulty, but it is there. And, if it be objected that this is not conclusive, that our nature may be in a conspiracy to deceive us, the answer is that we cannot get outside it; truth comes, and must come, to us *more humano*, in human sort. And "the universe backs the experiment. Such experiences minister to life, construct personality, and conduce to the increased power of the race." If this be pragmatism, we need not quarrel with the name As Mr. Jones puts it, with studied moderation:—

> "While these inward mystical experiences cannot be pushed to the extreme of being turned into compelling ontological proofs, they nevertheless do afford a very weighty ground for believing that there is a More of Consciousness continuous with our own—a co-consciousness with which our own is bound up, and that constructive influences do come into us from beyond ourselves. We must not take fright at the word *auto-suggestion*. It is only a word, a phrase, which explains nothing. We have not eliminated God when we conclude, as we must do, that the physical universe has evolved. 'Evolution' is only a fresh word for describing the method of making a universe. And when we have named the great spiritual crises which carry men up to the new levels of life and power and service, 'auto-suggestive experiences,' we have only substituted one word for another. We called them 'new births'; we call them 'auto-suggestions.' The *fact* remains on our hands, and the fact is a momentous one."

The subjective element in consciousness even of this sort is beyond question. There are no "pure experiences." *Omne receptum secundum modum recipientis recipitu* is a sound axiom; the liquid takes shape from the vase. Hence theologians distinguish private from public revelations; the former, they argue, are valid only for the recipient. And the Divine Light never descends unclothed. Where the medieval Christian saw in ecstasy the Host or the Virgin, the believer of to-day sees, with St. Paul, the Saviour; the Sufi, perhaps, will see the Prophet; the Buddhist, Buddha; the accent falls on the substance not the form.

> "It is this conformation of mysticism to the type of religion out of which it springs, and the fact that it is always embedded in the life of a social group that gives it its sanity and safeguard from vagaries and caprices. Religion and morality are the consummate gains of the travail of the ages, and no person can cut loose from the spiritual group-life in which he is rooted without serious loss. To sever one's roots in history and in the slowly-gathered content of religious faith, 'to build all inward,' and to have no light but what comes 'pure' by the inward way, is to suffer shrinkage and to run the tremendous risk of ending in moral and spiritual bankruptcy. The religion of first-hand experience is not a substitute for Christianity; it is Christianity alive and vocal in personal experience and in individual love."

Never in the most legal age was this free spirit wholly absent from Christendom; its fire glowed under its embers; a touch, and it kindled into flame. Mr. Jones traces it in a series of historical studies from the Montanist prophets to the seventeenth century precursors of Quakerism; the chapters on the Church Fathers, on John the Scot, and on St. Francis in particular being models of scholarly and sympathetic treatment. The reader who comes fresh to the subject will notice that mysticism is older than Christianity, its historical development in the Church being to a great extent an inheritance from later Greek philosophy. Its roots lie, indeed, in no external teaching, but in the inner manifestation of God in the heart. We can no more get away from it than from our shadows. Unseen, unheard, "the Hound of Heaven" pursues us; we are haunted by the divine. The very men who did most to fasten the bondage of the letter upon religion—Tertullian, Athanasius, Augustine—break forth into the song of the Spirit: there were two selves in them lying side by side unreconciled. Nor is this all: the hardiest paradox of the New Theology may be paralleled in medieval mystics such as Eckhart and Henry Suso; the continuity of the larger, more spiritual teaching is beyond doubt.

The bearing of this on modern problems is obvious. The Church of to-day is no longer in the upper chamber: like that of the post-Apostolic age, it has come down into an unconverted or half-converted world—a world of men whose

* "Studies in Mystical Religion." By Rufus M. Jones, M.A., D.Litt. Haverford College, U.S.A. Macmillan. 12s. net.

mouths must be held with bit and bridle; for whom law and formula are necessary—and this in a time when law and formula have broken down. Nor can their rehabilitation in their original form be looked for; the past enters into the future, but as past does not return. It is possible to cut the Gordian knot by simple acquiescence in their loss. To do this, however, means a breach with the past of Christendom, the adoption, if not of an individual, at least of a sectarian standpoint, and the abandonment of the worldwide mission of the Christian Church. To the older Churches this way is not open: and what seems their weakness may in the long run be an element of strength. Short cuts are to be distrusted: the premature Monism of the mystics (to take an example to the point) was a hindrance to the development of the idea which it was an attempt to represent. Monism is the goal: but the intermediate steps must be taken; the time of ultimates is not yet. So with the fabric of historical Christianity. It is of time, not of eternity; but the work that lies before the Church of to-day is to spiritualise it, to give it significance and life. Here the Mystics are our teachers; they assure us of the need, the possibility, and the fruitfulness of the work. "There is an interior freedom which may grow side by side with an allegiance fostered by birth and custom, by prejudice and piety." This may and should be ours; it is the secret of sane and ordered progress in Church and State.

## CAUSES OF DEFEAT.*

It is in keeping with the irony of Kuropatkin's fate that his name should be most prominently connected with the overwhelming defeats of the Russian armies in Manchuria. Out of the nineteen months of the war he was in supreme command for only four and a half—from the end of October, 1904, to the middle of March, 1905. At the beginning of the campaign he had to submit his judgment to the disastrous counsels of Alexeieff; at the end he was superseded by Linievitch, whom he seems to have found no difficulty in serving with honorable fidelity. Yet when we recall the disasters of that land campaign, we think at once of Kuropatkin as commander-in-chief, though in many of the most essential questions of strategy, such as the relief of Port Arthur, he was overborne by decisions he could neither approve nor set aside.

Equally ironic was his position in regard to the political and military aspects of war with Japan. He had made a careful study of Russia's relation to other countries. For five years before the campaign began he had been her Minister of War. He had visited Japan in the previous summer and seen her energy and perfection of organisation with his own eyes. From history he had learnt the immense sacrifices that Russia had made in the last two centuries to extend her power to the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Caspian, the Caucasus, and over the Polish frontiers. He regarded as Russia's task for the coming century, first, a complete incorporation of Finland; secondly, an approach to the Indian Ocean, by way of the Persian Gulf; and, thirdly, an approach to the Pacific. But all these ends he hoped could be gained by peaceful means. Finland was to be reconciled by favors and improved conditions; there was to be an agreement with England about Persia, and no more talk of invading India, which he regarded as a useless and troublesome possession; and there was to be a similar agreement with Japan, founded on non-intervention in Korea.

In the meantime Russia was to devote all her attention to two necessities only; the advancement of her poor and uneducated population, and the security of her western frontier, where she lies fully exposed to attack from Germany and Austria. He showed that this was strategically the country's vulnerable point, chiefly owing to the large number of railways by which the German Powers can rapidly crowd troops upon the frontier, whereas the Russian railways are few and bad.

> "For the first years of the present century, therefore," he said in his final report as War Minister, "the attention of the War Department should be confined to strengthening our position on that side, and not diverted to aggressive enterprises elsewhere."

Russia was to remain strictly on the defensive, consolidating her strength and improving her government. He strongly advised the withdrawal from Manchuria, in accordance with the treaty with China. He supposed all was arranged for withdrawal when he went to the Far East in 1903. He had the Tsar's word for it that there was to be no war with Japan. He is not the last who has found the Tsar's word a broken reed to trust to.

When he returned all was changed. We cannot here re-examine the hideous scandal of Bezobrazoff and the Yalu timber concession in which the Imperial family was so deeply involved. Without Kuropatkin's knowledge, Alexeieff was appointed Viceroy, the troops were retained in Manchuria, and, in the hope of filling the pockets of a few Grand Dukes and Dowagers, the country was allowed to drift into one of the most murderous and disastrous wars in history. From the outset Kuropatkin was thus hampered by disbelief in the whole policy of the war. He was too much of a statesman to act as a mere soldier carrying on the policy of others without question. When war was unavoidable, he did his best, but his heart was never in the work, and probably he stood alone in estimating the risk at its true danger, though he admits that even he undervalued the moral strength of Japan.

And besides disbelief in his own cause, he was confronted in Manchuria by almost every phase of military weakness. The generals were divided in opinion, and so touchy of their dignity that they refused to carry out orders. The chaotic army depended for supplies and reinforcements on a single line of railway nearly 6,000 miles long. The men, accustomed to the immense Russian plains, could hardly move in hilly country. There was a perpetual waste of hands for transport, cooking, and guarding communications, so that a regiment was fortunate if sixty per cent. of its number carried rifles. The unhappy peasants who had been converted into soldiers were so stupid and uneducated that they could not be trusted to act alone, like the Japanese, but had to be massed together like sheep. Owing to the same want of education, the non-commissioned officers were useless and the cavalry constantly failed to bring correct intelligence. As uniforms are used for the police and all manner of civilian officials in Russia, they inspire no respect, and the soldiers themselves are disgusted by being employed in putting down civilian disorders and having to shoot their relatives and fellow-citizens. The Press correspondents spread discouragement by remaining in the rear and accusing officers at the front of mistakes of which they knew nothing. Finally, there was at Harbin the usual base for debauchery where officers who preferred drink, cards, or women to the hardships of a campaign could find the sort of thing they liked. Harbin was the Mount Nelson of the war.

In spite of all this, Kuropatkin maintains throughout the book that, if only the Treaty of Portsmouth had not been concluded, Russia would have come out victorious in the end. He points to many historic parallels—to the wars with Charles XII., Napoleon, the Turks, and others—to prove that Russia has a way of winning after many years of defeat. As he expresses it, Russia was unable to defeat Japan, "in the time allotted for the war." Just when the allotted time was over, Kuropatkin was ready to begin:—

> "By September, 1905," he writes, "we were at last able to collect an army 1,000,000 strong, ready in every respect to commence a second campaign, with troops and material of a nature to guarantee success. We had received machine-guns, howitzers, shells, small-arm ammunition, field railways, wireless telegraphy, and technical stores of all sorts, and the senior officers were mostly fresh. The War Department had, with the co-operation of other departments, successfully accomplished a most colossal task."

It is lamentable to be ready at the end instead of at the beginning. We can imagine with what feelings Kuropatkin heard of the peace just when victory was within his grasp. He thinks the Japanese were worn out. They had lost 135,000 dead by wounds and sickness. Far more than double that number had been put out of action, and the loss in officers was especially heavy. Japan was filling the

* "The Russian Army and the Japanese War." By General Kuropatkin. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay. Edited by Major E. D. Swinton. John Murray. 2 vols. 28s. net. It is the last volume of the four that Kuropatkin wrote on the war, with part of the third added.

ranks with old men and boys. Evidently she was nearly exhausted. But then, she had been ready at the beginning, and that makes such a difference.

In our opinion the difference went far deeper than a question of readiness. Time after time Kuropatkin himself shows where the real difference lay. It lay in the contrast between a happy-hearted, honorably treated, freedom-loving people, who were fighting for the existence of a country to which their whole hearts were devoted, and a depressed and cruelly misused people, who knew nothing of freedom, had no pride in their country, and cared nothing for the causes of a war in which defeat or victory made no difference to themselves, provided they could only get home with life. Kuropatkin expresses the truth exactly:—

> "At that time," he says, "when the war was neither popular with, nor understood by, our nation, the whole manhood of Japan was responding with unanimous enthusiasm to the call to arms. There were instances of mothers committing suicide when their sons were rejected for the army on medical grounds. A call for volunteers for a forlorn hope produced hundreds ready to face certain death. While many officers and men had their funeral rites performed before leaving for the front, to show their intention of dying for their country, those who were taken prisoners at the commencement of operations committed suicide."

And again:—

> "The principal thing which gave success to the Japanese was their high moral tone. It made victory seem worth any sacrifice, and led directly to that determination to win which characterised all ranks, from Commander-in-Chief to private soldier. One thing is certain: if the whole army had not been saturated with patriotism, if it had not felt the friendly support of the nation behind it, if it had not realised the supreme importance of the struggle, the endeavours of its leaders would have been in vain."

Contrast with that spirit the indifference, the apathy, of the Russian troops with regard to a war waged for Grand Ducal timber concessions and the advantage of their other oppressors. Kuropatkin is continually speaking of their unwillingness to go to the front, their lack of military spirit, their readiness in listening to revolutionists who showed them the absurdity of the war. There was no enthusiasm, no "moral exaltation" in any ranks. As to the reservists, called up from their homes, they were always thinking of their families, and it was almost impossible to get them into action. Under the excuse of looking after the wounded, thousands fell to the rear. Brave as Russians are, nothing would induce them to risk their lives in a war of no interest to themselves. Beneath Kuropatkin's words we can read the truth in the minds of these peasants:—

> "They did not understand the reason for the war, and far from being urged on by their country to deeds of gallantry, they were fed with seditious proclamations, advising them to kill their officers instead of fighting. During the retreat from Mukden several units retired in disorder, and many men were met who had thrown away their rifles. One of these was heard by my staff to ask: 'Where is the road to Russia?' On being told he was a cowardly cur, he answered: 'Why should I have to fight? I've got six children to support.'"

That is a spirit we may hope to see grow among the working people of all nations. It is not the spirit of cowardly curs, but of reasonable beings who will absolutely refuse to go out killing or being killed unless they fully understand the reason and recognise their cause as one for which a man must needs give his life and all. Where that cause exists and is acclaimed by the whole nation, as it was in Japan, the readiness will be present too. But no amount of armament or technical preparation can compensate for the lack of that devotion which binds together all classes in a free nation maintaining the honor of their freedom to the utmost extremity of war.

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## LONDON BY THE SEA.*

Mr. Melville has done the public a service by this volume on Brighton. It is the best book we know on the subject, and tells within a moderate compass much that will enhance the enjoyment of a week-end in "London By the Sea." Mr. Melville, however, does unwisely in his disparagement of the Brighton of to-day. It is sheer affectation to describe present-day Brighton as "the cockneys' Paradise" and "the Mecca of the stockbroker and the chorus-girl." Why should not the cockney enjoy Brighton exactly as he did in the eighteenth century? It is not his fault that there are more of him. Why should we wax ecstatic over the Prince Regent and his vulgar friends, and sneer at the stock-broker or the chorus-girl?

It is interesting to follow Mr. Melrose in his story of the modest Brighthelmstone—a decayed fishing village of the seventeenth century. He tells of its sudden rise in the eighteenth century, when Dr. Richard Russell advocated sea-water for certain diseases, and sent visitors to the sea instead of to Bath or Tunbridge Wells. In those days there were but four hundred families in the place. Defoe was the first writer of importance to visit it, and Doctor Johnson appeared there in 1769. Ten years later came Fanny Burney. Gibbon also was among the visitors in these days, but it was Prince George who made Brighton an important watering-place, who wasted money in abundance upon his Palace—the Pavilion—the architectural infamy of which was severely abused by writers so opposite in their dispositions as Cobbett and Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Melville quotes Sidney Smith, who said, in reference to the countless small domes of the Pavilion, that "one would think St. Paul's Cathedral had come to Brighton and pupped." We have a very good account of Brighton under the Regency, when George was there with Mrs. Fitzherbert and many less worthy friends, so loud, so noisy, and so ill-bred, that one wonders that our author can think for a moment that the Brighton of that day was really preferable to the Brighton of this. Mr. Melville tells the story from Creevy, of Sheridan meeting Warren Hastings at the Pavilion. Creevey declares that he heard Sheridan assure the great proconsul that "any part he had taken against him was purely political, and that no one had a greater respect for him than himself." Hastings, we are told, listened courteously, and then remarked drily, that "it would be a great consolation to him in his declining days if Mr. Sheridan would make that sentence more public," whereupon, Creevey adds, Sheridan retreated nonplussed. Mr. Melville ought to know his eighteenth century better than to serve up this calumny once again. Whatever be Sheridan's faults, he was no toady. He never lacked moral courage, and when Creevey suggested this stultification of one of the most brilliant passages in Sheridan's life, Creevey obviously lied. Incidentally, we are reminded that Charles and Mary Lamb spent some quiet days in Brighton in 1817. There is a good chapter upon the Brighton Road. Public vehicles to the number of sixty, in 1811—thirty going each way—and countless private vehicles, were ever on the way. The glories of that road were suddenly terminated by the arrival of the railway in 1843, to be revived by the coming of the motor car in the opening years of the present century.

Brighton had grown so strong in the days of George the Fourth that the neglect of later monarchs affected it but little. Queen Victoria preferred the Isle of Wight. But Brighton grew. It was a favorite, though not a first favorite, with Charles Dickens, who placed more than one of his scenes there. Thackeray, we know, sang its praises more than once, and declared that "a day at Brighton was the best of doctors." He wrote one of the parts of "Vanity Fair" at "The Old Ship" Inn, and he borrowed the name of his wicked nobleman from the Steyne at Brighton. Altogether, we have found considerable pleasure in Mr. Melville's volume, not so much for anything new that it contains, as in the fact that it recalls so many interesting memories.

* "Brighton: Its History, Its Follies, and Its Fashions." By Lewis Melville. With portraits, caricatures, views, &c. Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d.

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## UNCLE GREGORY.*

In "Uncle Gregory" Mr. Sandeman has worked out with fresh and frank cleverness an idea that Mr. Henry James would have spun into a web of disconcerting threads and endless implications. The narrator, Robin Rowley, an attaché at Petersburgh, is summoned back to England to confer with his cousins, Dick and Vera French, on the administration of the Rowley Trust. Uncle Gregory,

* "Uncle Gregory." By G. Sandeman. Heinemann. 6s.

a colossal figure in his day, has left to his hapless relatives the staggering duty of carrying out the fulfilment of his immense social and philanthropic schemes and the whole range of his multifarious public activities. The spirit of Rowleyism stands for the Victorian Age, and the sum of money set apart for the purposes of the Rowley Trust—for all the philanthropic, educational, and scientific institutions and endowments, for the testator's half-hatched social projects, and for further schemes of the same nature—is enormous. The late Gregory Rowley, a director of a great banking house, railway magnate, and financialist, was extraordinarily able, strong-willed, and efficient from his youth, a leading character in public life, and the possessor of a "big personality; morally as well as physically a man of enormous mass and momentum." But, above all this, he was "a supremely forcible and consistent example of moral principle. Before everything and beyond everything else he was good. He proclaimed good, and did good, and enforced good, and endowed good, everywhere and continually. And not only is the responsibility of the Rowley Trust left on the aching shoulders of his relatives, but they are also empowered to construct a complete Life out of his prodigious correspondence, his diaries and manuscripts, and his many publications, and they are also directed to carry on the Manor and the Museum with all their activities, traditions, and associations." The two central projects of the Trust are, first, the promotion of research, and, secondly, the foundation and endowment of a new denomination! The trustees by the will are given a free hand in the execution of these philanthropic projects, and the whole neighborhood, including the town, the villages within a few miles radius of the Manor, and the Model Institute, are to be kept, as formerly, under the spell of the late Uncle Gregory's superhuman will and contagious moral optimism. But the question for Robin Rowley, as he speculates on the incredible life work of his philanthropic relative is: Was there ever a real Uncle Gregory at all? What *was* he—as a private man?

> "It is not chiefly their own fault that their philanthropy leads them *away* from the love of man, and their philosophy leads them *away* from wisdom, and their religion *away* from every Christian virtue, and their politics *away* from the welfare of their country. It was something of this kind that made it so difficult to deal with Uncle Gregory. He was genuine all through, but it seemed impossible to make a picture that should be lovable. There seemed to be no reserve, no mystery, no twilight about him, so extravagantly had he expressed himself in word and deed; so voluminous, precise, and elaborate was his exterior. It would seem as though a photograph, with all its crude detail, would show him more truly than a picture could do; often, for a moment, one came to the conclusion that there was no real Uncle Gregory at all.
>
> "But then one would swing round immediately to the opposite conclusion, that it was impossible to imagine anyone being really just what Mr. Rowley was publicly. It was inconceivable that he did not think and feel, more and otherwise, than as he spoke and acted. No one—I found myself saying it again and again—no one could possibly be such an ass. I thought of his speeches, for instance, when he went around opening his Mechanics' Institutes, and his new wings to hospitals, and his university class-rooms and laboratories, and when he was receiving the freedom of cities; I thought of his books and pamphlets on duty and public spirit and thrift and progress, and the responsibilities of wealth, and the marvellous instincts of the little bees; and concluded that it was simply inconceivable that anyone could actually and inwardly live among these lamentable platitudes and fallacies. These publicities surely could not reach all the way down. Somewhere, below the Philanthropist and the Thinker, and the Statesman, with all their absurd provincialism and wrong-headedness, there must surely be a real Uncle Gregory. . . .
>
> "See how queer the characteristic Victorian conception is to us; how absolute as the noon it was to them! He lived all his life (only think what it must have felt like!) actually laying stone after stone of the enduring walls of a kind of New Jerusalem; he never dreamed, none of them dreamed, that their masonry was not fundamental, sempiternal. He lived in a wild confusion of the wild ideas of the English Enlightenment; he lived in the immediate expectation of universal peace, comfort and happiness, of a golden millenary age that was to come about through the extension of the franchise, compulsory education, free trade, improved drainage, and especially through unlimited competition. Progress, Thrift, Self-Help, Invention, Science, the Universal Diffusion of Knowledge—these were his watchwords; on these he composed innumerable pamphlets; to these he dedicated innumerable Mechanics' Institutes as fast as he could found them. For nearly half a century he served these ideals as a Whig Member of Parliament, and once even held minor office for a few months. He was England's most uncompromising apostle of progress—progress to a consummation supposed to be obtainable; nay, it was supposed to be just at hand. What a dream it all was!"

The narrator, Robin Rowley, who represents the new generation's reaction against Uncle Gregory and his works, has been appointed, in the will, as a kind of informal referee, or supreme adviser, to the Trust. And when he meets Jack French and Cousin Vera, who "had been reared in the Manor from infancy for a virginal minister of the cult; Aunt Josephine, and others long dead, had taught her baby fingers to trim the sacred lamp," he advises them solemnly that the only possible solution is "to chuck the whole game." "Don't let the old man devastate your whole life. Year after year you will both be bound up more and more inextricably with his preposterous trusts. You will be poisoned more and more by his damnable way of thinking; you will be burdened more and more by his enormous memory. . . . Otherwise you will only be his clerks to the end of time." And, to his unprejudiced eye, Jack French, "a sportsman and a gentleman," shows a great change for the worse in his appearance, after only six months of shouldering the Trust. Instead of his old fresh and confident air, he now seems worn, harassed, and depressed. Vera, too, in place of the old charming vivacity, seems "a little wan and pinched, a trifle hard, metallic, voluble, and noisy. . . . She had been occupying herself with ideas outside of the range of her actual, vital experience; and that is for woman or for man, for young or for old, mere poison." And the domestic situation is, indeed, highly complicated. Vera appears to be living up to the Rowley Trust "for the sake of Jack's notion of her piety and her fidelity, just as he seemed to be living up to him for the sake of her supposed interest in the old man, and yet both of them held him in a deep abomination, and neither could ever say so." Uncle Gregory is buried, but the system and the set of principles he is identified with—"I always aim, I always have aimed, at the Highest and Best"—permeate, not merely the Manor, but the whole neighborhood. The new statue of the philanthropist in the great hall, astoundingly like him in the flesh, "with the broad, unlined, placid brow; the large bony face; the shaven upper lip firmly pressed on the lower in a perfectly straight line," is "a thing from which you couldn't turn your eyes." And Higgins, the old butler, sums up the paralysing effect on the nerves of this atmosphere of "exasperating Olympian benevolence," by his remark, "It's a fine statue, very commanding; suits the 'all nicely. If I may say so, Mr. Rowley, sir, it makes me feel as if he was here with us again, a-watchin' us and a-directin' of us more than ever." The deeper the narrator goes into the whole situation the less hope does he see for the luckless executors of the Trust. They have inherited a kingdom, and "every place, every hour, every occasion is saturated with a profound, intangible, organised, living something that was Uncle Gregory." And you can't bury a kingdom. You can only abdicate and run away, and Jack and Vera, hypnotised by the Trust, are like rabbits before the boa-constrictor.

In the second half of the novel, which solves, more or less, the fascinating secret of Uncle Gregory's personality, the author enters gaily into a subtle exposition of the effect the Trust has in destroying the confidence of the members of the Rowley family in one another. Aunt Josephine comes on the scene with her views of how the provisions of the Trust should *not* be carried out; Sir Roland Potter, F.R.S., D.C.L., "a great scientific swell, one of the old gentleman's great correspondents," contributes his private views, and the air grows electric when after Jack and Vera's quarrel, the narrator, Robin, learns that he has been from the beginning the great stumbling-block! that by his position of "general adviser and informal referee," he has been, to the other relatives, all along a kind of nightmare. Fresh shocks are administered when it turns out that as regards the Life of the deceased there are some things that ought never to be known. They might be easily misunderstood—for example, dear Gregory's business methods. He was in advance of his time! for, as Aunt Josephine puts it, "just after they had taken over our bank, it was only by paying an immense sum that Gregory prevailed on them not to prosecute." The involved personal relations of the Rowley family and the general atmosphere of tension and stress are capitally in-

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dicated; though we cannot help complaining of the smart trick the author plays on us when the narrator "vacillates," shifts his critical attitude, and seems to be turning into a chip of the old block. The issues are growing unconscionably confused when everything is, providentially, straightened out by a fire! Aunt Josephine has been pottering round, in the family's absence, and the fire which she "discovers" reduces the Manor, the Museum, the materials for the Life, and even the provisions of the Rowley Trust to ashes! The quiet family lawyer, Mr. Morton, does the rest, and whittles down the will to a tithe of its former proportions. "We must look at the Trust broadly, and interpret it, I am of opinion, with a great deal of latitude. I really don't think we are bound to carry out its provisions as they stand . . . . but be content with some foundation or endowment to bear Mr. Rowley's name in perpetuity." Jack and Vera are thus saved. And while everyone returns to sanity the station-master delivers the verdict of posterity on Uncle Gregory: "'E was a good man, was the late gentleman, sir; but there's no denying 'e was a miasma on the neighborhood."

Apart from the brilliance and subtlety of the novel, in the figure of Uncle Gregory Mr. Sandeman has constructed a telling satire on the ethical outlook of the Victorian age. He might, indeed, have gone deeper had he shown us in a flash that it was the bankruptcy of the old system and the chaos of the new that brought Uncle Gregory "a-watchin' and a-directin' of us," with his watch-words of Progress, Thrift, Self-Help, Invention, Science, and the Universal Diffusion of Knowledge, to birth. The insight and wit shown, however, are admirable, and one lays down the novel with the feeling that the generation of the fathers must always seem remote and distasteful to the sons, for each generation is like a crop which weakens or exhausts the soil, for the time being, of certain of its chemical constituents.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

THE first of two volumes on "The National Gallery" (T. C. & E. C. Jack, 10s. 6d. net), deals with the Italian, Flemish, and German schools represented in the collection, and includes 52 plates in color. The latter, considered from the purely technical standpoint, are certainly one of the finest achievements in art reproduction that have appeared in recent years; they are, furthermore, distinguished by careful and catholic selection, and are calculated to give an excellent idea of the artistic wealth the Gallery contains. The color plates issued by the Arundel Society and by commercial firms of more recent origin have set a high standard for work of this kind, and it is greatly to the credit of the present publishers that, within the limits of a half-guinea volume, they have produced something comparable with the best. The joint authors of the text are Messrs. P. G. Konody, M. W. Brockwell, and F. W. Lippmann. It consists of a popular account, not merely of the pictures and whence they were acquired, but of the schools they represent. Margaritone's "Virgin and Child, with Lives of the Saints," the earliest Italian picture we can boast, is the starting-point for a painstaking survey of Italian and Venetian art, from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the end of the sixteenth. Since the Italian schools are the most adequately represented of any in the Gallery, it is not surprising that quite three-quarters of this volume are devoted to their discussion. Regarding matters of authenticity, and so forth, there has been, and still is, so much debate and dispute among modern critics that it is very difficult to steer a perfectly safe course between the conflicting opinions. Such questions, for instance, as what part to ascribe to Antonio Pollaiuolo and what to his brother Piero in the painting of their joint work, the "St. Sebastian," or whether our version of Leonardo's "Virgin of the Rocks" is as genuine as that in the Louvre, depend so much upon personal vision and feeling, that, given the requisite powers of discrimination, one critic's judgment is as good as another's. All, therefore, that the writer of a concise history can do, is to avoid juggling with facts, or stating opinions as facts; and this principle has been observed in the guarded and well-constructed account before us. When we come to the Flemish and German schools, we are reminded, directly and incidentally, of what the National Gallery is deficient in. We have not a single work belonging to the Early Dutch School, though we are so rich in paintings of Dutch seventeenth-century masters; and the great French masters of the corresponding period, who derived so much from the Flemish example, are similarly unrepresented. In regard to German art, too, it was not until after the middle of the last century that this was thought worthy of attention by the authorities, the result being that to-day, though we can pride ourselves on one masterpiece of Holbein's, the examples of German painting in our possession are, on the whole, meagre and unsatisfactory. This volume is a finely planned piece of book-making, and if its successor reaches the same standard of excellence, the complete work, dealing as it does with an institution of which we have every right to be proud, will occupy an important place in our popular literature of art.

* * *

THERE is much that is offensive and more that is foolish in Dr. Leo Sera's "On the Tracks of Life" (Lane, 7s. 6d. net) which Mr. J. M. Kennedy has translated from the Italian, and for which Dr. Oscar Levy has written an unconsciously amusing introduction. The purport of the book may be judged from its sub-title, "The Immorality of Morality," and though both Dr. Sera and Dr. Levy endeavor to appear as terrible persons belonging to "a new Jesuitical Order" formed of "a superior class of men" drawn from all countries, they are unlikely to make even the most ingenuous reader's flesh creep. We are given nothing more than the stock arguments against accepted moral standards which are familiar to readers of Nietzsche. Indeed the work is little better than an amalgam of the more extravagant views of Nietzsche and Stendhal, especially on the relations of the sexes, together with some crude philosophising. Dr. Sera is pedantic and dull, qualities alien from the true Nietzschean spirit. Hegel said that the penalty which a great man inflicts upon the world is to force it to explain him. Dr. Sera's book belongs to the class which, in attempting to explain a great man, go a long way towards making him appear ridiculous. Nietzsche has already suffered greatly at the hands of his less intelligent admirers, and we would remind Dr. Sera and Dr. Levy of Zarathustra's remark about certain writers, "A sensation of voluptuousness and a sensation of tedium: these have as yet been their best contemplation."

* * *

"PASSING English of the Victorian Era: A Dictionary of Heterodox English, Slang, and Phrase," by Mr. J. Redding Ware (Routledge, 7s. 6d.), contains a collection of words and phrases that have either drifted out of use since 1870, or have not yet attained to the dignity of mention in dictionaries of the English language proper. Many locutions of the former sort become obscure very soon after their appearance, and Mr. Ware's book gives a flood of diverse information. Dipping into it at random, we find such entries as, "Chump: Equivalent to Juggins. A youth (as a rule) who is in any way cheated of his money—especially by the so-called gentler sex." The preceding entry has explained the use and derivation of "chump" meaning the head. The book is one of some philological importance, though intended to amuse rather than to instruct. The author begins his preface by hoping that "there are errors on every page," and ends with a desire that "he may be found amusing, if neither erudite nor useful." He succeeds in the latter wish, while as to the former, we may note at least one error. We have never seen the word "Carlylese" used as equivalent to "benevolent despotism; Tory democracy." It is employed to describe a style and diction like Carlyle's.

* * *

WE remember Mrs. Rodolph Stawell's "Motor Tours in Wales" as a book that combined a good deal of useful information to motorists with a fair amount of literary imagination. The same authoress has now produced a volume, entitled "Motor Tours in Yorkshire" (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net), which has very much the same qualities. The itinerary embraces a zig-zag route from Skipton to Middleton, including such places of interest in the West Riding as Bolton, Fountains, and Jervaulx; the North-East coast is explored from Yarm to Filey; and three sides of the East Riding are covered by the journey from Scarborough

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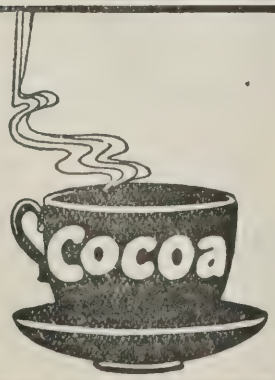


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to Helmsley, thence to York, Pontefract, Selby, Beverley, and Hull. The total number of places visited is too great to allow of detailed treatment of any one of them, but there are pleasant appreciations of York and Beverley, written in a fresh style, and the historical interest of the whole area is expounded persuasively enough. Perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book is that which deals with the coast towns and villages; these appear to have been done in a hurry and with a too great reliance on guide-book history. We notice, too, an error in nomenclature; the village of East Row, near Whitby, is referred to as "New Row." However, the photographic illustrations are of high quality throughout, and the text will not present any less attraction to the average motoring reader because it does not allow him to forget the motor.

* * *

In "Fair Women at Fontainebleau" (Nash, 15s. net), the writer who signs herself "Frank Hamel" has hit upon a good idea, though she hardly works it out with sufficient skill. There is a formidable list of authorities at the beginning which the author has probably read, but out of which she has not drawn either the charm that belonged to the Palace of Fontainebleau or the spirit of the times she treats. To describe the palace and to people it with the dead and gone beauties who, by right or by favor, reigned there, would not be an easy task, even if it hardly requires "the minuteness of a Dangeau or a De Luynes, the insight and imagination of a Bassompierre and a Saint-Simon, and as many words as are contained in their combined works." The table of contents will probably prevent many people from looking farther into the book, for the labels which "Frank Hamel" adds to the names of her heroines smack of the "Harmsworth Brand" rather than of serious biography. Lest the reader should fail to recognise Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon, we find them labelled "Passion and Piety," while the Demoiselles de Nesle and Madame de Pompadour are alliteratively introduced as "Four Sisters and a Siren." The book itself is of the nature which these labels lead us to expect.

* * *

America sends us one of the best of nature chats in "Insect Stories," by Vernon L. Kellogg (Bell, 5s. net). It tells of how the Professor and Mary investigated the life-histories of many interesting creatures, a very good arrangement because it allows of rather more imagination than a professor alone could indulge in and gives science more readily assimilated than the Professor is wont to give his sophomores. Dragon-flies, ant-lions, locusts, and the inhabitants of a simple but effective observation bee-hive give up their delightful secrets and one of the best sections is that which raises admiration at the great variety of galls with which seemingly identical flies decorate the trees. It is a wonderfully well-designed and ably executed book, and we hope Professor Kellogg will give us others.

# The Week in the City.

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Considering the nearness of the Budget and of the new taxation, markets have been remarkably firm all the week. I write before the City has had time to digest, or even to consider, Mr. Lloyd George's proposals, and I do not pretend to say what effect they are likely to have on prices; but on the eve of the Budget statement gilt-edged stocks rose, and, despite the grumblings and the jeremiads of City men, the general tone is cheerful. For this there are two main reasons—the victory of the Young Turks and the cheapness of money. The first need not be insisted on, but it is pleasant to find the Stock Exchange so anxious for the triumph of Liberal principles in Turkey. As to the second, cheap money, there seems to be no doubt that we are in for a spell of very low rates, and the present level of ½ to 1½ per cent. for loan money, and 1¼ per cent. for three months' bills, is quite likely to continue through the summer. The effect on the stock markets is unmistakable, and speculative sections especially are more animated than they have been for a month or more. Kaffirs are great favorites for the moment, and prices are firm all through the market, but perhaps the most striking rise of the week is in Mexican Railway stock, which has been extraordinarily buoyant. The small amount of the second preference stock and the uncertainty of its dividend both help to make it a great gambling counter, and in the last few days the bulls have been having it all their own way on the strength of a decrease in working expenses for March. Since last Friday the price has risen by 8 points and is now at 69½, a very sharp movement which may cause disappointment later on. Another curious movement is in London General ordinary, which, for the last three weeks, has been jumping up and down in the most erratic way. Three weeks ago it was dropping sharply till it fell to nearly 20; then it rose in seven days to 34½, and now it is down to about 32. Of course, the market in these days is a very narrow one, and not many sales are needed to cause a slump. It is impossible just yet to give any account of City opinion on the Budget. Probably it will not be very unpopular.

### The New German and Prussian Loans.

The startling issue which is to take place in all the great cities of Germany—Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Munich, Cologne, Leipzig, &c.—of £16,000,000 for the Empire of Germany, and £24,000,000 for the kingdom of Prussia—should be an eye-opener to the deluded British public. After the huge borrowing of last year and the incessant talk of German Professors about financial reform the German Government has to make another enormous addition to the debt to pay its ordinary services, civil, military, and naval. Nor is this by any means the full year's borrowing for Germany, though the 24 millions will probably see Prussia through. There is a deficit in last year's estimates of no less than nine millions, and the gap between the Empire's expenditure and revenue for the coming year will be nearer thirty than twenty millions unless the Government curtails its expenditure or the Reichstag passes some of the proposed taxes. Italy has just issued a 3½ per cent. loan at 102. Yet Germany has to pay the same price for a 4 per cent. loan! German and Spanish Fours are now pretty much at the same figure. The situation is really most extraordinary; and financiers are beginning to wonder how much longer the German naval programme can be financed. Its acceleration is more likely to lead to ruin and bankruptcy than to threaten its neighbors. Germany is borrowing year by year more in time of peace than Great Britain found it necessary to borrow year by year during the Crimean war. Half the German Imperial loan and half the Prussian loan are 4 per cents. issued at 102 and irredeemable until 1918, while the other half will be 3½ per cents. at 95½. Thus by a single transaction an additional charge of about £1,600,000 is laid upon the present and future taxpayers of Germany and Prussia. The other States of Germany are also borrowing heavily, and the latest statistics of unemployment show that it is now worse than ever in Germany, whereas here in England things are gradually mending. Between 1880 and 1908 the German Imperial debt rose in consequence of deficits on ordinary and extraordinary expenditure from 13 to 212 millions sterling. It is hardly possible that this process can continue indefinitely without some severe crisis.

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The first appointments to professorships in the new Queen's University of Belfast will be made in the near future. Five chairs are to be filled, together with nine readerships or lectureships, including one in Celtic language and literature, the subject which has, of late, been so hotly debated in Ireland.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 6.] SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1½d.

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## Diary of the Week.

The Budget has already become not only the chief topic of debate and party battle, but almost the only political subject. On the whole its prospects have a thoroughly healthy appearance. The Labor Party is united and enthusiastic in support. No dissent of any consequence is revealed in the Ministerial ranks, some very rich men, like Sir John Brunner and Mr. Lever, being firmest in their friendliness. On the other hand some of the great interests affected, like the brewers and the distillers, have turned from preachments of ruin to practical devices not only for getting out of their taxes but for squeezing handsome profits from them. Agriculture, which gains markedly under the Budget, is favorable, and a Tory Chamber of Agriculture has declined to pass a censuring resolution. Tory criticism generally divides itself between complaints of the crushing burdens on the rich and attempts to show that they will fall on the poor. It concentrates mainly on the taxation of land and licences. The real concern is the almost insuperable obstacle to a Protectionist tariff which the Chancellor's scheme of developing revenue sets up. More dangerous is the opposition of the tobacco trade, which asserts that the new tax will kill the business in cheap cigars, and here there may be modifications. Meanwhile, the prices of Consols, of gilt-edge securities, and even of brewery shares have risen since the character of the Budget was made known.

* * *

The one point of machinery to which serious objection seems to be taken is that the old Sinking Fund (which in the hurry of writing last week we accidentally confused with the new Sinking Fund) is not the proper basis for the development fund. Such a basis would make the fund depend on accidental errors or deliberate miscalculations in estimates, while it might be impounded by the Tories for doles to landlords. This contention Mr. Lloyd George meets by promising to place the Fund under strict Parliamentary control. We greatly hope, however, that it will be by no means abandoned, for it is the chief guarantee against the waste of the new revenues on armaments or half-corrupt grants, and for the maintenance of social reform.

* * *

Mr. Balfour's criticism, delivered on Monday, fell far short of a root and branch attack. As Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, it said nothing of the increase of 2d. on income tax, passed over the super-tax with a mild word, omitted the motor tax, and refrained from attacking the estate duties. Mr. Balfour's main points were an objection to the abolition of the old Sinking Fund, a criticism of the property taxes as likely to encourage evasion, coupled with the declaration that the community suffered from having not too many rich men, but too many poor men, a statement that unearned increment could not be applied merely to land, and a violent rhetorical denunciation of the licence duties. He quoted figures showing that the new duties would more than wipe out the dividend which Whitbread's brewery paid last year to their ordinary shareholders. This part of the Government's scheme was vindictive—you could almost hear the "swish of the scorpions" applied to the brewers' backs. Generally speaking, the confiscatory character of the Budget gave a shock to "confidence and credit."

* * *

The two chief replies to this criticism were supplied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George's contribution was a model of dexterity. He pointed out that Ireland was asked in this Budget for two per cent. less than her general contribution to taxation, and that she ought to remember her share in old age pensions. He hinted at the usefulness of the Development Fund in reviving local transport, and at a further relief of rates, pointed out that German Conservatism favored an increment tax on land, and that our own Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, of which the present King was the President, proposed to tax undeveloped land near the towns, and concluded that the Budget would bring no privation to any home, however humble, and no injustice to any industry, however powerful.

* * *

The Prime Minister's defence was broad in conception and attractive in form. He chaffed Mr. Chaplin very amusingly over his claim that the idea of a Development Fund was his own, and had been stolen from him, just as Sir Robert Peel was said to have caught the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes. If Mr. George had taken Mr. Chaplin's clothes, said the Prime Minister, playing on the physical contrast between the two men, could there be a better case for a Development Grant? He

pointed out that both parties had taken common ground on Old Age Pensions and the Navy Estimates—the items which were the starting points of the Budget scheme. After all, the Government, having passed Old Age Pensions, were practically asking for the same sum which the Tories asked some years ago without Old Age Pensions. It was childish to talk of driving capital from the country. Where was it to fly to, considering that all the nations, met with the double demand for armaments and social reform, were prepared to tax it? He strongly challenged the Opposition on their alternative, which could only be a scheme of taxation including meat, corn, and dairy produce—that is to say, on the necessaries of life. On that ground the Government would always be prepared to meet them. Up to Wednesday the House had carried preliminary resolutions by majorities varying from 132 to 161. On the motion for the closure of the debate on the tea duty resolution, the Government's majority sank to 107, owing to an unwise combination of some members of the Labor Party with the Nationalists. The Budget is perfectly safe if it is vigilantly and strongly defended at every point by all its friends and the Government's tactics generally accepted. But these conditions are essential.

* * *

We observe that the "Times," dismissing with some contumely its colleagues of the "Observer," advises the Unionist party to aim at mending the Budget rather than "joining in the nonsense talked in some quarters about the intervention of the House of Lords." Nonsense indeed it is, and Lord Ridley's profession of it does not lessen its absurdity. The constitutional point, though it is interwoven with the story of the fight for English liberties, can be simply stated by reference to two authorities on the Constitution among many. May states it in his "History," and more elaborately in his "Practice of Parliament." "The Lords have no voice in questions of expenditure, save that of a formal assent to the Appropriation Acts. They are excluded from it by the spirit and by the forms of the Constitution. Not less exclusive has been the right of the Commons to grant taxes for meeting the public expenditure." To this we may add Lord Courtney in "The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom." "The exclusive and conclusive authority of the House of Commons over expenditure has long been practically established in the United Kingdom." This exclusive and conclusive "power" destroys, in fact and in theory, the power of the Lords to amend Money Bills. It leaves them a purely nominal and quite unreal power to reject them and take the consequences of setting the State in an uproar. "The power," says Lord Courtney, "is not dead. It cannot be called living."

* * *

Lord Morley's great Indian Reform Bill, with Clause 3, has gone through with a compromise, which, we are afraid, strengthens the veto of the Lords on Liberal legislation. Bengal is to have its Executive Council without obstacles. In any other province the Governor-General's proclamation is to lie on the table of both Houses for sixty days, and will have effect if neither House stops it. Thus the Lords retain the power of disturbing Indian, as they do British, politics. This is rather a heavy price to pay for an uncontested Councils Bill.

* * *

Three bye-elections have taken place during the week. On Saturday Mr. William O'Brien's old seat in Cork was filled by a representative of his views of Irish Nationalist policy, Mr. Maurice Healy, brother of Mr. "Tim" Healy, and not far behind him in ability. Mr. Redmond's candidate was defeated by 1,159 votes. The Attercliffe division yielded a surprise. There were four candidates, two Tories, waging deadly war with each other, a Liberal, and a Labor man. The last received just enough votes—3,531—to elect him, the next candidate, Mr. King Farlow, a Tory, obtaining 3,380. The Liberal, Mr. Lambert, came third with 3,175, and the independent Tory last with 2,803. Thus the election fell to the recipient of the largest of a series of minority votes, though Free Trade views were in a clear majority of 523. This is one of the best local cases for proportional representation. Stratford-on-Avon also yielded a mixed and rather complicated result. Captain Kincaid-Smith, the dissident "Liberal," who tried to fight the election on forced national service, found only 479 voters favorable to the views of Lord Roberts and Lord Milner. Mr. Balfour refused to have anything to do with him, and gave his undivided influence to the Tory, Mr. Foster, who won by the overwhelming majority of 2,627 over his Liberal opponent, Mr. Joseph Martin, the Canadian statesman. The seat was always a Tory stronghold till Captain Kincaid-Smith captured it in 1906 for an equivocal form of Liberalism.

* * *

The completion of the restoration in Turkey is going on rapidly. On Sunday the unreliable marine battalion in Constantinople was arrested and broken up, and on Monday the first executions took place, thirteen mutineers of the Salonika Chasseurs being hanged. Commissions have been sent to Asia Minor to punish those responsible for the Armenian massacres. On Wednesday Tewfik Pasha resigned, and Hilmi returned to his post as Grand Vizier. There seems to have been some division in the Committee of Union and Progress as to whether its members should take office, but at least one of the new Ministers belongs to the Committee. It is noteworthy that a new Sheikh-ul-Islam has been appointed. The Chamber is busy revising the Constitution. The amendments before it aim at making the Sultan take an oath to the Constitution in the presence of Parliament, abolishing the Censorship, establishing the fullest responsibility to Parliament of the Cabinet, making the Senate largely the choice of the Chamber, and declaring illegal associations hostile to "the unity and integrity of the State." Messages from Austrian sources suggest that the relations between the new Sultan and the Constitutionalists are not happy, but there seems no evidence of this. Mahommed V.'s rescript on his accession was liberal enough, and he has made a good impression by renouncing one-fifth of the Civil List, or £5,000 a month. The inventory at Yildiz is said to have led to the discovery of £1,000,000, a sum which should help somewhat to relieve the financial situation.

* * *

Wednesday was the Shah's birthday and the Shah issued a rescript announcing that, as a Constitutional *régime* was alone capable of restoring order, elections would shortly be held under a new electoral law, and a Parliament would meet in Teheran on July 19th. This means the granting of *a* Constitution, not the restoration of *the* Constitution. The Nationalists apparently are both sceptical and unsatisfied, but the British and Russian Governments seem to regard the step as the acceptance of the advice lately pressed by them on the Shah. The electoral law under the original Constitution was highly Conservative, and unless the new franchise practically puts nomination into the Shah's hands it is not likely greatly to affect the character of a Persian Parlia-

ment. The real trouble with the *mejliss* was the struggle between Shah and Parliament for the control of the Executive, and the Shah's latest rescript throws no light on this problem. Sir Edward Grey, in answer to questions, said, on Tuesday, that the Russian troops were sent to Tabriz solely to protect foreigners, and will retire as soon as order is secured and foreigners out of danger.

* * *

The First of May passed in perfect quiet in Paris and throughout the Provinces, but the quarrel between the Government and the postal servants has been reopened. The postal servants think that the Cabinet has not kept its word; in particular they look upon the retention of M. Simyan, the Under Secretary, as a breach of faith. Some protests appear to have been made, and as a result the Government has suspended 54 postal employees, and ordered them to appear before a disciplinary court. These measures are hailed as an assertion of Governmental authority. The postal servants, however, are greatly agitated, and have a renewal of the strike under serious consideration. It is quite possible that if they decided to take this step the railway workers would co-operate with them. The railway servants, including those in Government employment, have been holding a Congress, at which the general strike has been approved. The Cabinet seems to be rather anxious. It hopes that its sharp action may reduce the postal officials to subordination, but it is making preparations to supply an emergency service of telegraphists and letter carriers.

* * *

The second Session of the South African Convention began on Monday for the consideration of the amendments to the draft constitution adopted by the various legislatures. The Transvaal has no change to recommend, but Natal and the Cape are responsible for eleven amendments each. Natal wants, among other things, that no State's representation in the Union Parliament should be less than in the first Assembly, and that the provincial executives should not be elected by proportional representation on a non-party basis. The Cape wants the judicial provisions altered slightly, but the most contentious of its demands are that the thinly settled country districts should have more members and not be subjected to proportional representation, and that Dutch should have a more assured status as a language. An attempt is being made by the Progressives to revive in this connection the racial cry of British and Boer, and we are being told that if the Cape persists in its amendments the Union is wrecked. Doubtless there is more cry than wool about these protestations.

* * *

The finance reform muddle in Germany is as great as ever. The Conservatives and the Centre have both pronounced against death or legacy duties as a source of direct taxation, and suggested a tax on unearned increment in the value of land and stocks. The Government sticks to its legacy duty proposal, and though it is prepared to accept a tax on increment in the case of land, it will not look at a similar impost in the case of stocks. The Liberals and Radicals, on the other hand, will not accept a tax on unearned increment, and insist on legacy or death duties. The *bloc* is thus pretty badly split, and Radicals and Liberals have the mortification of seeing the Clericals working back into their old official position. Apparently, however, no group or probable combination in the Reichstag is quite strong enough to force through its own scheme. To make the confusion greater, all parties have combined to increase the deficit by adding—against the strong protests of the Government—a million pounds to the salaries of officials, an arrangement which, if carried through, will involve the Prussian Government in the like expenditure. The natural way out of the deadlock would be a dissolution, but that might almost double the number of Socialist members.

* * *

The Government are showing an administrative activity and a care for the public interest to which even their opponents bear witness. They are arranging a meeting in the summer for the discussion of Imperial Defence, a new bye-product of the system of formal Imperial Conferences. Mr. Churchill announced on Thursday that a Departmental Committee would be appointed to consider the question of railway amalgamation. And the Prime Minister stated on Thursday, in reply to a question by Mr. Lehmann, that it had been decided to take the subject of aerial navigation out of the rather muddled and haphazard control of the Navy and the Army, and transfer it to the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. This body is to be assisted by a strong Committee of scientists and specialists, headed by Lord Rayleigh, and is to be adequately financed. The time has come, we suppose, to follow the lead of Germany and France, and see whether aerial navies are really going to send ocean navies to the bottom of the sea, or to the scrap heap. But we doubt whether the National Physical Laboratory is really equipped for practical scientific research. It has been a rather costly failure hitherto.

* * *

"The meeting of the British and Italian Sovereigns in the classic Bay of Baiæ" (writes our Rome correspondent), "and the meeting of President Fallières and the Duke of Genoa at Villefranche, together with the conferring of the Collar of the Annunziata on the President of the French Republic, are considered here to be symptoms of a radical change in Italian foreign policy. Nearly thirty years of participation in the Triple Alliance has clearly demonstrated to the Italian Government and people that the treaty with the Central Empires is entirely to the advantage of Berlin and Vienna, while Italian interests, as the recent annexation of Bosnia and Herzogovina demonstrated, are not only neglected, but suffer grievous injury. The Triplice will have to be renewed or abandoned within two years from now. The great majority of the country is opposed to a policy which sets Italy in conflict with her traditional friendship with Great Britain, and with her feeling for a closer understanding with the neighboring Republic, to which the Italians are bound by historical, racial, and linguistic ties, and, above all, by her liberal and progressive principles. Politicians and simple observers without distinction of party are unanimous on one point—that the continuance of Italy in the Triplice is impossible if Germany maintains an anti-English attitude."

* * *

We draw attention to the powerful indictment of the system of solitary confinement which Mr. John Galsworthy concludes in our present issue. The moral effect of this punishment is by general consent deplorable. It always weakens mental and moral fibre; and in a number of cases leads directly to lunacy. We strongly hope that Mr. Gladstone will take the matter into earnest consideration, and that at the least the system will be largely mitigated during his term of office.

* * *

*We shall publish next week an article by Dr. Hastings Rashdall on Lord Curzon's proposals for reforms at Oxford.*

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE ATTACK ON THE BUDGET.

THE "directing" and enjoying classes of the civilised world do not at the moment present an edifying spectacle. We do not like to see either this country or any other laboring under heavy deficits, but we must remember that it is our governors and their well-to-do supporters who are largely responsible for them. How are they footing the bill they have run up? In the United States, under the specious guise of relieving the burdens of the consumer, they have evolved, as the result of a caucus of all the interests gathered to bleed and oppress the general public, a scheme of taxation which raises the average rates of duties on imported goods from 44·16 to 45·72 per cent. of their value. In Germany, one class of these interests, the agrarian landlords, called upon to find less than one-fifth of a deficit of 25 millions from estate duties never rising above 3 per cent. on the largest holdings, have broken up the *bloc* on which the German Government rests and have left Prince Bülow to choose between surrender and a great Socialist victory at the polls. In Great Britain the tactics have been less sensational, but not more dignified. From our Tories, as from similar parties in Germany and elsewhere, and not from any organised body of workmen, has come the cry for a fresh scale of expenditure on naval defence. From this same party also proceeded the original proposal of old age pensions. The Budget makes provision for these two public ends. In making it, it increases the proportion of revenue accruing from direct taxation from about 39·63 per cent. of the whole to about 41·63 per cent., and decreases the proportion of indirect levies from about 43·19 per cent. to about 42·7 per cent. Thus it somewhat adds to the burden which falls on realised wealth and large comfortable fortunes, and somewhat relieves that which falls on labor and industry. How has this moderate demand on public spirit and patriotic feeling been received? Some individual criticisms have been comic enough. Mr. Ashley, a Conservative Member of Parliament, who married the daughter of one of the richest men in England, withdraws a subscription to a local fund on behalf of poor children, "owing to the very heavy increased taxation which the present Budget proposes to impose." Others, according to Mr. Balfour, are likely to take either themselves, or their capital, or both, to some undiscovered country where rich men are not taxed. Others, again, threaten to dismiss their laborers and servants. According to Lord Ridley one evil of the Budget is that it penalises the thrifty millionaire. He has made a "rough calculation" that a "millionaire henceforth will, with death duties and income tax added together, pay a total tax amounting to 5s. in the £, *and that, of course, discourages saving.*" To this pathetic figure of the millionaire, thrown, against all his moral instincts, on reckless expenditure, we have to add the brewing and liquor-distilling interests, which, having thoughtfully supplied Mr. Balfour with figures showing the total loss of a year's profits in a celebrated concern on the new scales of licence duties, have in the twinkling of an eye transferred the entire burden to the public, combined with a handsome, not to say extortionate, profit for themselves on articles which have largely escaped the fresh taxes! Thus the new licence duties amount to a fresh tax of threepence a barrel on beer. The large brewers are raising their price to the retailer to six or seven shillings a barrel—twenty-four or twenty-eight times the cost of the tax, while the distillers are proposing an extra profit of 2s. 11d. on each gallon of spirits, because of the increased tax of 3s. 9d. a gallon. We have yet to record the working out of this plan of spoliation, and to discover whether, as the brewing interest was presumably charging the top price for its goods before this Budget was heard of, and as on the whole the consumption of alcohol is going down, it now possesses any fresh power of raising that price permanently.

This unpleasant blend of panic and rapacity is, we suppose, part of the "preparation" for a life of patriotic devotion to which the "Spectator" has summoned the leaders of the British people. But, indeed, there is no proof that any one of the taxes, though now and then their united incidence may cause a little temporary difficulty, even approaches the level of the taxable capacity of our wealthy classes. The gross income brought into account by the Inland Revenue Department for the past year, a time of depression, exceeded the enormous sum of one thousand millions, an increase of 31 per cent. in ten years, as against an increase of only 15 per cent. in our taxation. In other words, we have in five years added a sum of about 120 millions to our national income under this head alone. Mr. Lloyd George's additions to the income tax represent a rise of less than one per cent. in the proportion this impost bears to the total taxation of the year. Or take the estate duties. Estate duty was last year paid on £271,500,000, which, though the year was not a great one for this class of revenue, included nine fortunes of a million and upwards. The evidence supplied by the growth of luxury in the capital and in the personal habits of the wealthy—the multiplication of sumptuous theatres, music-halls, palace-hotels and restaurants, the rapid change from horse to motor carriage—amply supports this statistical proof.

If, therefore, it is absurd to speak of the Budget as an instrument likely to drive capital out of the country, it is still more ridiculous to describe it as "plundering the middle classes." If there is one class more than another which it spares, it is the great mass of citizens who stand between the manual worker and the ranks of the leisured and the endowed. They fare, indeed, better than the workman, who, in our view, is too heavily hit by a large addition to an ungraduated tobacco tax. Save in the very highest grades the professional man entirely escapes. If his income is all earned, it may reach £2,000 and yet pay an income tax of only ninepence in the £, and his contribution to "Dreadnoughts" and old age pensions will depend solely on his accomplishments as a smoker and spirit drinker. If he is a father of four children and earns only £200, he contributes under the new system not one farthing to the income tax. If he makes £300 a year, and has six children, he contributes only £3, and even if he has none his contribution is merely at the rate of a fraction over fourpence in the £. The

small unearned incomes are, no doubt, subject to the full rate of 1s. 2d., and we much hope that the Chancellor will open a door of relief. But here also the scheme of abatements comes in, and largely reduces the actual percentages paid. While, therefore, no British trade but the luxury trades of liquor and tobacco suffers under this Budget, and the greatest of British trades, that of agriculture, receives a number of handsome benefits, while the workman is relieved of all further strain on his stock of necessaries, the intellectual "proletariat," excepting the most wealthy and most successful members of the class, is unhampered. And the reduction of our debt goes smoothly on, while Protectionist Germany, weltering in a financial chaos, is compelled to issue heavy loans at four per cent. What other country in the world is standing the strain of the new scale of public expenditure on such easy terms, combining so slight an interference with its productive industrial forces with so large a measure of forbearance to the creators of its wealth?

The Budget, therefore, is essentially a just instrument, and by no means lays itself open to Lord Hugh Cecil's sneer that it is a kind of vindictive human "rehearsal of the Day of Judgment," arbitrarily declaring this class of wealth to be evil and that to be good. Some of its largest innovations are conspicuously free from a vindictive element. Is it merely "vindictive" to set up a scheme of taxation which promotes cheap and healthy settlement on the borders of our towns, in place of overcrowding in the centre? Are death duties vindictive? Or the attempt to reserve for the community future land values which its general activities create? Under it no man can lose any fruit of labor or organisation; the State will merely aim at detecting and applying forms of wealth which cannot be traced to individual effort at all. The new scale of licence duties belongs to the same category of attempts to take public wealth for public purposes. It constitutes a fair rent for special monopolist privileges, without which the liquor trade could not exist for a month. It is not "vindictive" to press lightly on labor and industry, and let wealth pay something of the real toll which it owes to the State that gives it absolute security of possession, that multiplies its enjoyments, and hourly expands its powers of increase. Therefore we Liberals need not be afraid of thinking and saying that this Budget contains a sound "moral" element. *Pace* Lord Hugh Cecil, it is good morals as well as good finance and high statesmanship to make wealth pay according to its ability, to keep labor—which probably pays an average income-tax of about 2s. in the £—immune from assaults on its necessary food and clothing, and industry all but unharassed. These are the blessings that only Free Trade and democratic finance combined can supply, and the mingled violence and incoherence of the attacks on the Budget show that some at least of its enemies know that it safeguards the nation against the downright plunder of Protection, and qualifies the selfish dominance of wealth, while it enables the State to take a long look forward into the future, and to equip itself for the tasks that time will bring.

## SOME PRINCIPLES OF THE BUDGET.

The press and platforms of the Opposition vary their attack upon the Budget to fit their public. The working man is told that he must pay the whole of the increased taxes upon spirits, beer, and tobacco, and a swift conspiracy of the trades dealing in these articles has set an object-lesson by raising to quite disproportionate extent the price of their stocks which are not called upon to pay the enhanced duties. Besides this "practical" argument, Lord Lansdowne, deriding the notion that this is a Poor Man's Budget, enunciates the novel doctrine that "all taxation ultimately affects, and probably affects most severely, the people who are least able to bear it."

But these strictures upon the Budget as a new oppression of the poor do not prevent the middle-class journal from denouncing it as a burden peculiarly devised for its long-suffering *clientèle*, though perhaps nineteen-twentieths of its readers are almost untouched by it, while among Society and in the seats of the mighty it is briefly summarised as plundering the rich. Where does the truth lie? The gathering of all these imputations would seem to afford a somewhat striking testimony to the even distribution of the new burdens. But, as we indicated in our first approach last week, the main purport and the supreme merit of Mr. George's proposals is that they shift the relative strain of taxation on to the classes with most ability to pay. Though some share of the new revenue will probably be found by the working and the lower-middle classes, it is the manifest intention of the Government that the rich should pay most of it, and pay they will. It is not "sheer Socialism," and there is nothing vindictive about the proposal. The owners of large properties and high incomes, of land values and liquor values, the products of privilege or natural scarcity, must necessarily find the bulk of the required revenue, for there is no other course from which it can be got without inflicting obvious and grievous injury on industry and the efficiency of labor. Two impregnable principles dictate this national finance. The first is that in imposing direct taxation, unearned incomes and property are to be preferred to earned; the second, that wherever it is desirable to retain indirect taxation, whether in the interests of revenue or public order, luxuries and superfluities are to be preferred to necessaries as objects of taxation.

These two principles afford a triumphant defence of this democratic Budget. Mr. Balfour, indeed, in his opening speech, conceded the main doctrine of the equity of graduation in taxing property, and made it manifest that the brunt of the attack was to be directed against the "iniquity" of selecting land and licences for special severity of treatment, and the injury inflicted upon trade and industry in general by the accumulated pressure of so many new burdens. Upon this latter point a grave misunderstanding arises. Large though the volume of the fresh taxation is, amounting to some fourteen millions, it inflicts no intolerable hardship upon a nation with such vast and growing resources as Great Britain. Even if the entire body

of the new revenue were defrayed from the incomes of well-to-do persons with upwards of £2,000 per annum, it would not even seriously encroach upon the luxuries of these owners of three hundred millions *per annum*. There may no doubt be hard cases to which consideration should be given in the further adjustment of the new taxes. But the notion that wholesale retrenchments will be imposed upon the wealthy classes is destitute of any reasonable foundation, and can be supported by no better arguments than those of Mr. Pretyman, who piled up a piteous tale of ruin on the absurd supposition that an estate yielding a net realised income of £1,000 *per annum* would be taxed on a capital basis of £100,000.

It is amazing to hear critics of the Budget expressing so much genuine indignation at the injustice of selecting the owners of licences and land for special punishment. Surely, say some opponents of the Budget, there are many other forms of equally "unearned increment" in high dividends on capital, great rewards of lucky enterprise, large rents of professional ability. Why tax land and licences and leave these scathless? Well, if Mr. George's Budget contained no other taxes than those on land and licences, there might be some force in this contention. But this is not the case. Careful nets are spread for these other unearned or needlessly high incomes in the shape of further graduation of estate duties and of income tax. Though they cannot be quite in the same class as the wholly unearned incomes arising from rents of land and liquor monopolies, such unearned elements as they may contain are cautiously but not unprofitably tapped through the more general suckers of direct taxation.

Some of Mr. George's opponents are mournfully apprehensive that owing to evasions and the difficulties of collection his super-tax and higher death duties may not bring in the full revenue which is ascribed to them. Others are sure that the Budget will react so disastrously upon the credit of the country as to impair industry, reduce all values and incomes, and so lower the taxable corpus of the nation. But two assumptions—in our judgment both false—underlie these dismal forebodings. The first is that the raising of the new revenue by the proposed methods will, in fact, impair either the efficiency of labor or the productivity of the land, capital, and ability, which co-operate with labor to produce wealth. We believe there is no warrant for such a supposition, either as regards the sum extracted from the long purses of the rich, or as regards the small share which the workers may be called upon to pay out of the enhanced price of their luxuries, assuming that the liquor and tobacco rings find it really profitable to maintain their "bluff" of raising prices, an assumption which we gravely doubt.

The second assumption is that the whole body of the new revenue is to be expended unproductively in ways fraught with no gain to the efficiency of the people and the productivity of their country. But if that important sketch of social constructive policy which Mr. George put forth be taken, as it ought, for an integral part of his financial proposal, no such conclusion is warranted. This great Budget, in its plan for securing a large contribution for the development of afforestation and other improvements of the material fabric of our national life, lays the foundation for a truly constructive finance, which in the future may fructify in innumerable ways for the advantage of the nation.

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## THE ALTERNATIVE TO THE BUDGET.

The flames of Tariff Reform indignation against the intolerable burdens imposed by the Budget received a douche of cold water in the debates at the hands of the Prime Minister and the Attorney-General. The payment of the bill is never the most attractive part of the entertainment, but it has to be done. Now in this case the public bill has been run up by the agreement of both parties. The bulk of the Opposition accept Old Age Pensions, and we have no doubt that their acceptance is perfectly honest and sincere. They were for years advocates of the pension system, and many votes accrued to them thereby. But they would not or could not find the money. Now the Liberal Government have introduced the pension system, with Unionist acquiescence, and not only with their acquiescence, but with their applause, and not only with applause, but with not a few incitements to go further. We are glad, for our part, that our opponents agree with us, but the conclusion is clear that they must be prepared to pay the bill. So much for one item in the additional sixteen millions that have to be found. With regard to the second item the same reasoning applies, if anything with greater force. The Unionist not merely agrees to the additional four "Dreadnoughts," but he proclaims his want of eight with all the power of his lungs. His only complaint on this head is that we are not spending more. Clearly, then, if the Opposition were in power to-day the deficit to be faced would be, not less than sixteen millions, but more. They cannot complain of the absolute magnitude of the new burden. They would have to impose one equal or greater themselves. How, then, would they do it? Here lies the point of contention, and to it Liberal speakers will have to address themselves during the campaign.

At no single point, to begin with, will Mr. Lloyd George's Budget touch a necessity of life. Neither bread nor tea nor sugar, neither meat nor dairy produce nor fruit will cost the consumer a penny the more in spite of all the new weight of taxation that has to be borne. What is the alternative proposal here? Mr. Chamberlain proposed a duty on all kinds of foreign corn except maize, on all meat except bacon, on butter, on eggs, and on cheese. The duties were, in the first instance, no doubt, to be comparatively light. According to a useful little volume, called "Tariff Makers: Their Aims and Methods," issued by the Cobden Club, the proceeds of the duties proposed by the Tariff Commission would amount in the first instance to about twelve millions. Let us see what this involves. In the case of necessaries of life, and where the proportion im-

ported is large, there is little doubt that a duty raises the prices not only of foreign but of home-grown food by its whole amount. The whole twelve millions would, therefore, fall upon the consumer. But this is only the beginning. The same increase of price would accrue to all home-grown food, and this is estimated very roughly, but not, we think, immoderately, by the Cobden Club as equal in amount to that which we import. The total burden imposed on the food of the country would be twenty-four millions, the great bulk of which would fall upon the working classes. We should probably be within the mark in saying that if Mr. Austen Chamberlain were to carry through the proposals of his party in place of those of Mr. Lloyd George, the working classes would pay in the increased price of food alone a sum equal to the whole burden now to be borne by the entire community. On the other hand, the Exchequer would receive from these taxes less than half of the amount which they would cost the people. It is estimated that $1\frac{1}{4}$ million would be deducted by way of preference to the Colonies, leaving to the Exchequer $10\frac{1}{4}$ millions out of the twenty-four which the taxes would cost the nation. It must be added that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the outset of his campaign proposed to balance matters so far as food was concerned by remissions on tea and sugar and cocoa. The balance was not a fair one, but let that pass. We have to point out that, taking Liberal finance as a whole, it has carried out a large part of Mr. Chamberlain's proposed deductions while meeting increased expenditure and without imposing countervailing food taxes. It has remitted a penny on tea, and half the sugar duty, without being driven to the compensating 6s. a cwt. on corn. It has balanced food remissions not against more burdensome duties on the poor, but on most desirable abatements of the superfluities of the rich.

But food is not the only, though it is the greatest, point in question. With the single and quite legitimate exception of petrol, Mr. George places no burden on any article of use in industry. How would the Tariff Reform Budget compare here? We have seen that their food taxes would leave them with five millions to find, and cheerfully would they set out to find them, by taxing what they are pleased to call manufactured goods. But of the goods lumped together as "manufactured," a large proportion are in reality used as materials or appliances in further industrial processes, and so far as all these are concerned, the Tariff Reformer is on the horns of a dilemma. Either he must tax materials and thereby increase cost of production, narrow down the margin for wages and profits, and hamper the manufacturer in face of foreign competition. Or he must keep on cutting down his list and reducing the taxable remainder till it comes to a very slender proportion of the actual national import. In this case two of the results which he promises himself dwindle away. He does very little to "protect" the manufacturers as a whole, and he gets little revenue. On the whole he prefers the former haven, and we find him boldly advocating, for example, a tariff of five per cent. on pig-iron, $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on bars, and 10 per cent. on iron sheets. Now this tax simply means that every British industry using iron and steel will be burdened to the extent measured by the duty, and so far as such duties are generalised every manufacturer will find his expenses raised in greater or less degree. He may not know what he is paying or whom or why, but pay he will, and the workman and the consumer will suffer along with him. In part he will put off his burden on to them. In part he will find that as prices rise consumption falls off, and production must be curtailed, and this means in the end that the area of employment is narrowed and the sum of national weath less. To do justice to Mr. George's Budget two alternatives should, we suggest, be set forth, in figures as clear and concrete as possible, taken from the published proposals of the Tariff Commission. The public would then be able to judge which is the more fitting source of additional revenue—whether it is better to bleed the active industry of the country or to draw judiciously from the widening reservoirs of the economic surplus.

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## THE NEW ORDER IN EGYPT.

It is the commonplace of history that subject races are rarely so discontented as at the moment when their fortunes are beginning to mend. The Egyptians are no exception to the rule, and it is round this text that the second of Sir Eldon Gorst's annual reports has been written. In one perfunctory sentence, indeed, he suddenly pulls himself up to remark that there has been no "change of policy" since Lord Cromer's departure. But every page of this report, every tone of the new voice, and nearly every act in this record belies the inevitable ritual of official piety which was satisfied by the penning of this sentence. The old polemics against the Egyptian character and the Mohammedan religion, the sneers at men so foolish as to wish to govern themselves, have vanished. In their place we have a laborious and evidently sincere attempt to convince the Egyptians that Sir Eldon Gorst is really working for the end of national freedom which they themselves profess. The evidences of this intention which he accumulates are numerous and striking. A Ministry of able men, some of them reputed to possess a certain independence and self-respect, has taken the place of a Cabinet of puppets, who were content to draw salaries as the humble registrars of the decisions of their English advisers. The importation of English officials and teachers which had reached its maximum towards the close of Lord Cromer's reign has notably diminished. Egyptians are receiving higher posts, and they are also less "inspected" and less "advised" than of old. The Khedive, whom Lord Cromer treated with studied brutality, is now used with respect and encouraged to play a certain modest *rôle*. Better still, Sir Eldon Gorst is evidently trying to encourage the consultative Legislative Council to use such rights as it possesses and to deliberate in public. The old attitude towards criticism or suggestion, whether from native or European quarters, was one of contemptuous indifference. Sir Eldon Gorst clearly has an open and sympathetic mind. Several scandals of long standing have been or are about to be remedied, notably the

cruel abuse of child labor in the cotton ginneries, and the imprisonment of the Dervish captives at Damietta. No less important is the gradual reversal of Lord Cromer's policy of anglicising education, and the slow but steady effort to build up in the schools and in the new University a sure basis for a native Arabic culture. Very quietly, perhaps too quietly, a new order has opened under new men.

Yet the change of tone, spirit, and policy, which is to an English observer so patent, has made as yet but little impression on the Egyptians themselves. A brusque system of personal rule and a constant use of espionage have given way to an open-minded and well-mannered leadership, respectful towards native ideals, benevolent towards native culture, anxious to conciliate sane opinion, and striving clearly rather towards Anglo-Egyptian co-operation than towards an English bureaucratic despotism. Yet native opinion has rarely been more hostile. The violence of the Nationalist press is a bad symptom. The reluctance of the Legislative Council to respond to Sir Eldon Gorst's attempts to encourage it to magnify its meagre functions is even more disappointing. In diagnosing this situation Sir Eldon Gorst naturally lays stress on the responsibility of the Nationalists themselves. They are not, we think, a wise or very capable party. Their outlook in politics is rudimentary, and for such vital matters as the reform of their religious colleges, the education of women (matters which really lie in their hands), or the condition of the fellaheen, they display no concern at all. They have suffered from the utter death of intellectual life in Egypt which followed from Lord Cromer's policy of anglicising education and starving the means adopted by the Khedive Ismail to encourage Arabic culture. The death of Mustafa Kamel Pasha, their one leader of talent, has left them even more violent, but much less united and much less competent, than they were. The spectacle of the sudden renaissance of Turkey by a swift revolution has naturally made them more than ever impatient with the slow evolution which their English rulers offer them as their only hope.

But on the other side of the account there is much to be set. A nation does not easily forget the humiliations of a period of foreign rule as tactless as it was despotic. It used to hear even from Lord Cromer occasional professions of his desire to educate them to govern themselves. Nothing in his policy confirmed these professions. For some time to come similar declarations from Sir Eldon Gorst, sincere though we believe them to be, will leave them sceptical and cold. Official etiquette and the fetish of continuity forbade him to make a sudden breach with the past. But only a sudden and dramatic breach would have impressed the native imagination. A bolder statesmanship would have found in the transformation of Turkey the occasion for such a breach. Nor are we altogether surprised at the irresponsive attitude of the Legislative Council. They ask for a Parliament, and Sir Eldon Gorst offers them Provincial Councils. He then sends them for their criticism the draft of a reform towards which they are quite indifferent, and he is surprised because they are not pleased by this sign of confidence, and delay indefinitely to send in their amendments. Their attitude may be foolishly sullen, but at least it is human and natural. "If the English are going to rule us," they reason, "let the English bear the whole responsibility for changes which are not the reforms we demand. If, on the other hand, the English really mean to consult our opinion, let them follow it; our opinion unanimously demands a Parliament." To the practical English mind this seems a foolish procedure, and it is certainly not a procedure which an Irish party under good leadership would have followed. The Irishmen saw the possibilities latent even in County Councils. But the curse of Egypt in the past has been the pliability and the timidity of its public life. A refusal to compromise, however inconvenient to us, is at least a proof that the nation is beginning to stand erect and to respect itself. Sir Eldon Gorst has not improved his chances of influencing native opinion by reviving the old Khedivial Press Law of 1881. We admit the provocation; a section of the Nationalist Press is both violent and unscrupulous. We recognise also that the intention was rather to threaten than to punish. But to revive a law which enables Ministers by an executive order and without trial to suppress a hostile newspaper, was to cast grave doubts on our sincerity in working for a Constitutional *régime*. The native Press has taken care that this one mistake shall be far more prominent in men's minds than the many indications of better things which mean so much for us.

For our part, we confess ourselves reluctantly sceptical of the success of a policy of evolution which fails to win the good-will of educated Egyptians, and is forced to temper reforms for which few are grateful, with coercion at which all are angry. One race can educate another only if confidence and mutual regard govern their relations. But the average Egyptian profoundly distrusts us; the average official despises and dislikes the Egyptian. The change of tone comes too late, and we doubt the power of men like Sir Eldon Gorst, Mr. Chitty, and Mr. Harvey to transform the standpoint of their subordinates trained in Lord Cromer's school. We are far from thinking the Egyptians in any sense mature. They lag behind the Indians or the Turks in culture and character, nor have they even the natural capacity of the Persians for speculation and literature. But it is easy to exaggerate the capacity even of Western races for self-government. Our armaments, our standing problems of poverty are a perpetual satire on that capacity. Europe, as a Cromer sees it, differs somewhat from Europe as an Anatole France sees it, and the latter has the clearer vision. An Egyptian Parliament would make mistakes as every Parliament does. They would not be the mistakes which Lord Cromer made, but they might not be, from an Egyptian standpoint, quite so objectionable. The sense of responsibility and the concern for detailed problems which are absent at present can come only from the exercise of power. What is required at once is, we think, some more imaginative effort to conquer Egyptian sympathies, which would most naturally take the form of an assurance that the gift of full self-government will be, if all goes well, an affair rather of years than of decades.

# Life and Letters.

## TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE.

The centennial celebration stands upon the supposition that a hundred years are a good and sufficient time for the settlement of any human reputation. But there are instances which falsify the supposition, and one of the most remarkable is that of Thomas Paine. After a long life of conspicuous service in the causes of political and spiritual enlightenment in three great countries of which he was a citizen, a halo of infamy settled upon his memory which no vindication of the later historians of the revolutionary age in which he lived and worked has yet been able wholly to dispel. There lingers even now in most respectable circles of "educated" Englishmen the notion that Paine was a scurrilous writer of "atheistic" books, and in politics a forerunner of the modern anarchists. The present writer calls to mind how in his boyhood a gaunt, lonely old man used to be pointed out in superstitious whispers as "a follower of wicked Tom Paine," and there are parts of England where there still stands outside the front door a bushy brush for muddy shoes, to which is given the contemptuous name "Tom Paine." Nor has the faithful biography by Dr. Conway succeeded in winning any adequate recognition of the greatness of the man even in America, the country which owed even more to him than the country of his birth. The man whose eloquent and reasoned appeal, "Common Sense," first formulated the demand for independence, the first coiner of the great thought and expression, "The United States of America," the man whom Washington and Jefferson were proud to call their friend, and whose magnificent work for the liberation of their country they acknowledged with unstinted praise—this man was spoken of by Theodore Roosevelt quite recently as "a dirty little atheist." But, after all, our feelings of resentment at such a brutality are assuaged by the reflection that whereas Mr. Roosevelt will in a quick generation sink to the obscurity from which a series of accidents lifted him for a few years, history will gradually set in its proper place among the makers of the Republic the memory of the man whom he defamed.

For though Paine cannot be placed among the greatest philosophers and political thinkers, the magnitude, variety, and immediate efficacy of his writings constitute him one of the chief personal forces of the revolutionary age. How is it, then, that his name has been so besmirched, and that far smaller men have usurped his fame? It was not that he was an evil liver or a coarse, indecent writer, though both false charges were contained in the evil mythology that soon gathered round him. Though in a depressed period of his later life he indulged in excessive drinking, this was no bar to respect in the age of Fox and Pitt, and his domestic experiences, though unfortunate, were entirely free from blame. His pen, though sometimes virulent, hardly ever betrayed him into that offensive ridicule which has sometimes tainted the literature of "free thought." Even in the bitterest passages of the "Age of Reason" he did not exceed the liberal limits set by the practices of theological controversy in his time. Neither can his long eclipse be accounted for upon the ground of his excessive "rationalism," his over-confidence in the efficacy of abstract reasoning upon the rights of men, and his disregard of the sentiments and traditions which mainly govern human conduct. To modern readers of his two great works this criticism may sometimes recur. But two points must be remembered. In overrating the practical efficacy of reasoning, Paine only erred in common with nearly all the great minds of his and the succeeding age. It was an era of illumination: man was by nature just and reasonable, ignorance and the interested craft of rulers and priests had confused, retarded, and misled him in the past! Paine only shared with Fox, Godwin, Wordsworth, Shelley, Bentham, Owen, the delusion that a plain exposition of the rational order of society and the new moral world would liberate the necessary power for its prompt achievement. But modern sceptics who contemn the abstract idealism of the man who helped to draft the Declaration of Independence must not be permitted to deceive us. Ideas and general formulæ were not barren in the later eighteenth century; they were charged with faith and wrought great works. Paine was not in the least an arid intellectualist: from his early life of sordid struggle, in what his biographer justly calls "an almost incredible England," he carried into the New England across the water a consuming passion for human justice and liberty, not as platform phrases, but as hard, concrete goods worth fighting and dying for, which set America afire, when she was confusedly pondering "an impossible and unnatural reconciliation." From America to France, fresh in the throes of her great upheaval, he passed, not as an incendiary, but as a moderating and constructive influence in her National Convention, risking his very life for the cause of clemency in dealing with a traitorous king. From France to England, carrying the same doctrines of liberty in politics and religion, not a cold utilitarian conception of individual rights, but a rich human gospel of a commonwealth sustained by a passion of humanity as deep and real as ever inflamed the soul of man. Roosevelt's "dirty little atheist" was one of the first open advocates of the liberation of the negro slaves, of the abolition of capital punishment, of international treaties of arbitration: forty years before Comte he was the author of the phrase "the Religion of Humanity." So far was he from being the atheist his malignant traducers fastened in the common mind, that his first and avowed motive in writing his "Age of Reason" was to induce man to "return to the pure, unmixed, and unadulterated belief in one God and no other."

It is true that Paine was republican and Deist, an enemy of kings and churches. But many men of great and undimmed honor held the same principles: Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and others of the "Fathers" were Deists, and in England that creed was even fashionable in certain aristocratic quarters. Paine's real sin was not that he preached Deism in the land of Bolingbroke, Hume, and Gibbon, or even that he professed republicanism in the age of rising republics, but that he succeeded for the first time in inoculating the people with these heresies. There was no danger in philosophic revolutionism at a guinea a volume, but 200,000 copies of the first part of the "Rights of Man," within two years of its appearance in 1791, revealed to the ruling aristocracy the new peril of a serf population who could read and think, and presently might act for themselves. For Paine found thought and feeling for the first batch of literate working men. He discovered this large new sort of Englishman, and invented a new, vigorous language for his use. A far more genuine thinker than Cobbett, he set him the example of terse, direct, dignified and sinuous English, with which these two men won the position of the first popular prose writers. It was not the views but the popularity of Paine, the reflection that his thoughts might spread among masses of men discontented with their hard lot, who might take ideas in earnest and strive to put them into practice, that brought upon Paine's head the vials of anger and calumny from persons in authority in Church and State. No wonder his books were burned by the common hangman, himself substituted for Guy Fawkes on the fifth of November, and his character blackened from a thousand lying pulpits! "Invent printing," wrote Carlyle, "and you invent democracy." Not quite so! Invent a sort of writing which when printed shall be understanded of the people, then you invent democracy. And this, earlier and better than any other man, is what Thomas Paine did. For this reason he was hated and maligned by those classes endowed with the power to make hatred and malignity effective. For this reason he will recover a glorious though tardy fame among those who take the necessary trouble to rectify false estimates and to do honor to one of the most truly honorable men who have striven to serve mankind.

## IN RETREAT.

"No nasty shells here, Sire! No more screaming shells, and we are both alive!" said the jester, lying on the ground at his master's feet.

The large room was littered with bundles and various kinds of luggage. Several women, covered from head to foot in long cloaks and veils, lay about the floor or on the divans round the walls, hardly distinguishable from the bundles except that now and then they moaned or uttered some brief lamentation. From other parts of the house came sounds of hammering and the hurried swish of cleaning walls. From the long windows a deep and quiet harbor could be seen, and a few orange lights were beginning to glimmer from the quay and anchored boats. Across the purple of the water rose the blue mass of Olympus, its craggy edges sharp against the sunset sky, and over Olympus a filmy cloud was sometimes blown across the half-moon.

"No more shells, Sire!" the jester kept repeating, and at the word "shells" the women groaned. But the man whom he addressed was silent. Since dawn he had said nothing.

"Last night no one thought we should be alive this evening, Sire," said the jester. "We have gained a day of life. Who could have given us a better present?"

The half-moon disappeared behind Olympus, and out of the gathering darkness in the chamber a voice was at last heard: "They have killed other Sultans," it said. "They will kill me too."

At the sound of the voice the women stirred and whispered. One cried, "I am hungry"; another said, "Water, O give me water!" but no one answered her.

"Death is coming," the voice went on. "Every minute for thirty years I have escaped death, and to-night it will come. What is so terrible as death?"

"Nothing is so terrible," said the jester, "but fear is the brother of death."

"When death is quick, they say you feel nothing," said the voice, "but they lie. The shock that stops life—the crash of the bullet into the brain, the stab of the long, cold dagger piercing the heart between the ribs, the slice of the axe through the neck, the stifling of breath when someone kicks away the stool and the noose runs tight—do you not feel that? To think of life ending! One moment I am alive, I am well, I can talk and eat; next moment life is going—going—and it is no use to struggle. Thought stops, breath stops, I can see and hear no more. One second, and I am nothing for ever."

"Your Majesty is pleased to overlook Paradise," said the jester.

"Let me live! Only let me live!" the voice continued. "I am not old. Many men have lived twenty or even thirty years longer than I have. They say when you are really old death comes like sleep. Nothing is so terrible as death. That is why I have shown myself merciful in my power. What other Sultan has kept his own brother alive for thirty years? Did I not give him a great palace to live in, and gardens where he could walk with few to watch his safety? Did I not send him every day delicate food from my own table? Did I not grant him such women as he desired, and books to read in, and musicians to delight his soul? His were the joys of Paradise, and he was alive as well. He had life—the one thing needful, the one thing that can never be restored! And now my own brother turns against me. He will let them take my life. The shock of death will strike me down, and I shall be nothing any more."

"Truly," said the jester, "the joys of the Prophet's Paradise are nothing to be compared with the blessedness of your Majesty's happy reign. Yet men say that where there is life there is sorrow."

"Have I not watched over my people? Have I not upheld the city against the enemy? Have I not toiled? What pleasure have I given myself? When have I been drunk with wine as the Infidels are drunken? What excess of delight have I taken with the women sent me as presents year by year? They dwelt in their beautiful chambers, and I saw them no more. I have neglected no duty to God or man. Week by week I risked my life to worship God. From dawn till evening I have labored, taking no rest and seeking no pleasure, though the right to all pleasures was mine. Whatever passed in my Empire, I knew it. Whatever was whispered in secret, I heard. The breath of treason could not escape me, and where treachery thrust out its head to look, my sword was ready."

"Truly, Sire," said the jester, "from the days of Midhat it was ready, and there are more silent peacemakers than the sword."

"The Powers of the Infidel stood waiting. Like vultures round a dying sheep they stood waiting round the dominions of Islam. Here and there one snatched a living piece and devoured it as though it were carrion, while the others screamed with gluttonous fury and threatened with wings and claws."

"Ah, Sire," said the jester, "you have shown us how these Christians love one another!"

"One war," the voice went on, "one war I have lost, but the enemy did not receive the fruits of victory. In one war I was victorious, and the Crescent would again be flying over Athens if the Infidel Powers had not barred the way. I have not lived without glory. From east to west the moon of Islam shines brighter now. The sons of Islam are gathering side by side. They stand again for the glory of the Prophet and his Khalif. I see the brown peoples of Asia, I see the black hordes from African deserts and forests. They pass quick messages. They pledge their faith on the Sacred Book. They issue out again to the conquest of the world, and it is I who have gathered the might of Islam into one hand. It is I who have swept away the princes, the ministers, the governors, and the agents who divided the power of Islam and squandered its riches. It is I who have stored up wealth for the great day when the sword of Islam shall again be drawn."

"Forget not, Sire," said the jester, "the names of Fehim and Izzet, who stood beside you and also stored up the wealth of Islam against the coming of that great day. If I could find where it is stored now, Islam would be more secure, and I less hungry."

"I held the city of the world," said the voice from the darkness: "I kept the breath of life moving throughout the Empire when all said it must perish. For thirty years my one brain outmatched the diplomacy of all the Embassies. Emperors have been proud to visit my palace. Kings have called me venerable. I have worshipped God, I have protected my people, and now I must die."

"Ah, Sire," said the jester, "even in your blessed reign men have died. Their life was sweet, but they managed to die, and what is so common can hardly be intolerable. People have even been murdered before, and if together with the women we should now be murdered in the dark ——"

He was interrupted by the cries of the women. "We shall be murdered—murdered in the dark," they moaned. "We knew how it would end! Death is the honor of a Sultan's wives."

A rifle-shot sounded from the street and, dark in the darkness, a form cowered back upon the divan, making the draperies shake.

"They are quick," he gasped. "They are always so quick! They do not leave time for my plans. The sword of Islam is at work in Asia now. My orders were to slay and slay. They must be dead by now—thousands of them dead— thousands of cursed men and women—as many thousands as once made the quays so red—as many thousands as in the churches and villages long ago, or on the mountains of Monastir. Europe will not endure it. The Powers will intervene. They will save my life. They will come to set me free. They will give me back my power—my power and my life. I alone can govern this people. They know it. I am the only chance of peace. I have toiled without ceasing. I have never harmed a living soul. They themselves say I am merciful. It is no pleasure to me to have people killed. The Powers will come to save me. They will not let me die. Why are those rebels so quick? They do not give me time, and all my plans were ready!

Far down in Asia the killing has begun. Why does not the telegraph speak? The Powers will intervene. They will not let me die."

"Sire," said the jester, "they are lighting lamps in the street. They are firing guns. They are crying 'Long live the new Sultan'! Your Majesty's brother is proclaimed."

"I am the Sultan," cried the voice; "I am the Khalif, I am the successor of the Prophet. Tell them I am the successor of the Prophet! Tell them they dare not kill me!"

"Sire," said the jester, "greatness shares the common fate. The will of the Eternal is above all monarchs."

The firing of many rifles was heard in the street below. The door of the large chamber was flung wide open, and a flood of yellow light revealed the piled up luggage, the muffled forms of women, and a dark little figure curled upon the divan, his head hidden in his arms.

"Oh, be merciful," he cried. "Spare my life, only spare my life! What, would you kill a ruler like me? Would you kill an old, old man?"

"Your Highness," said an officer in a quiet voice, "dinner is served."

## POETIC DICTION IN ENGLAND.

The death of Swinburne must have set some of us reflecting over the great gulf which to-day in England divides poetry from the people. Was it ever so wide before? And of whom is it a condemnation—the poets or the people?

Partly, no doubt, of the people. Popular education since 1870 has turned and is turning out millions of readers who have learned how to read but not what to read. This vast army of persons, whose taste in literature is much on a par with a savage's taste in colored beads, produce an effect on the book-trade, and through it a reaction even upon the more cultivated classes, to which earlier history affords no parallels. But the modern reading world is a very large one. There are in it many mansions. The tiny apartment still tenanted by the Muses is only one room out of a large suite, which those illustrious ladies might have occupied had they been less shy.

The fact is—and the sooner we recognise it, the better—that the Englishman of to-day has well-founded grievances against contemporary poetry. What he objects to, generally, is its aloofness from himself. His implied demand is that the poets should write with more eye to him as consumer. Particularly that they should speak the language which we now speak. Modern English poets aim at climaxes of affectation. The majority talk an obsolete jargon compounded incongruously of ballad-English, Elizabethan-English, and Miltonic Latinisms. When in doubt they ransack the Bible for disused phrases. The present fashion was definitely fastened upon them by Tennyson, and in a very real sense even the greatest of them after him—Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne—may be called Tennysonians. Browning alone travels quite a different road, handicapped, however, by modes of literary indirectness peculiar to himself. Arnold, the earliest, came least under the Tennysonian category; Swinburne, the latest, came most. The critics still make an artificial poetic diction their principal criterion for poetry; and the verse-writers mostly acquiesce.

Of course this literary language is by no means indefensible. Its adepts may claim, with much truth, that it has behind it a long evolution whereby those modes of expression best fitted to poetry have been picked out; that, moreover, to the literary person it works wonders by association—"all the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word." These claims must be allowed for; Virgilianism has its place, and no one wants its total abolition. On their own ground, it is true, our English Virgilians come a long way after Virgil; some of us may even incline to the verdict of a great Oxford scholar, not long dead, who said that the exact Latin equivalent to Tennyson was Statius. Meanwhile, there are other souls in England not less important than the souls of literary persons, and at present they are too often like the hungry sheep which look up and are not fed. In other lands they would fare better. Things like the death-scene of Ase in "Peer Gynt," like "Mein Ruh ist hin," or any of the hundreds of exquisitely direct poems and passages in Goethe and his successors, have the straight unliterary appeal, which so little in modern English poetry has. Or, indeed, one need go no further for an illustration than to Scotland. The zeal and appreciation with which almost any commonplace Scot will sing or declaim the masterpieces of Burns should be a thought-begetting experience for a Southerner. We in England have had greater poets than Burns; but none of them has for our countrymen to-day the significance which Burns has for his.

Swinburne must represent something like the high-water mark of possible artifice. He practically never succeeded in anything at all natural and direct. Notice that the point we are considering has nothing to do with his wonderful metrical and rhythmical ingenuity. Miracles of sound, as Goethe showed, and after him Swinburne's own idol, Hugo, are quite consistent with direct and natural diction. It is true that such diction shields no makeshifts, and the innumerable stanzas and passages which Swinburne beyond question wrote not primarily to express anything, but to fill up a difficult metrical scheme or to work off sets of novel rhymes, would look naked indeed without their screen of artifices. But the drawback of screens is that they hide strength as well as weakness. Compare two comparable things—the political poems of Swinburne and Hugo. What explains the immense superiority, which we must all feel, of the latter? Partly no doubt the vastly greater dynamic force of the Frenchman's personality. But is it not also in great measure Hugo's constant readiness to drop affectation? Is it not those direct sentences, said in plain words straight from the heart, which save Hugo from falsetto, and which keep convincing us, as Swinburne so seldom does, that the poet's feeling is just as strong as its expression?

There are far more aspects of this problem than can be discussed here. The charge which we have suggested cuts deep at the roots of most English poetry since the death of Byron. But one further point may be touched on. It may be pleaded that the poet writes not for to-day but for all time, and that a poetic diction, though to-day it can only be appreciated by cultured persons, may preserve its charm for similar persons through all generations. And once more appeal is made to Virgil; has not the diction which he matured done precisely this? The argument would have more weight if other conventions had not practically all failed where Virgil succeeded. In the history of poetic mannerisms his is quite an exception; the rule is that after the passing of the age which hall-marks them (not always the poet's own age; sometimes, as in Milton's case, a succeeding one), they become more and more a hindrance to the appreciation of the poets encumbered by them. Where is now the poetic diction of Pope and Johnson? Milton preferred the style of "Paradise Regained" to that of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"; do we? Even the Virgilian mannerism hardly succeeded except with Virgil. Statius, no doubt, we can some of us still relish, but chiefly for graces of his own; can any scholar really enjoy Valerius Flaccus or Silius Italicus? Even where an obsolete poetic diction does convey some charm to us after we have acquired a taste for it, this charm is not poetical. Many of us enjoy Pope's mannerism very much, but its effect is to diminish and not to augment the *poetical* significance which Pope has for us.

The qualities which confer immortality on a poet or any kind of writer are various and uncertain, and perhaps it is easiest to talk in negatives. It pretty clearly does not pay the aspirant to do certain things. It does not pay him to obscure and dilute his vocabulary with slang, as, for instance, Mr. Kipling has done. Equally it does not pay him to tie himself, as Swinburne and most of his contemporaries did, to a

cultured mannerism which is sure to go out of fashion. By one or other of these handicaps so much modern English poetry is burdened that one is tempted to fear it may mean even less for posterity than it has for the mass of its contemporaries. And yet how much genuine inspiration and how very much cleverness have gone to its making!

## Short Studies.

### ROBINA AND MARRIAGE.

"She's a good woman," said Robina.

"Who's a good woman?" I asked.

"He's trying, I expect; although he is an old dear: to live with, I mean," continued Robina, addressing apparently the rising moon. "And then there are all those children."

"You are thinking of Mrs. St. Leonard?" I suggested.

"There seems no way of making her happy," explained Robina. "On Thursday I went round early in the morning to help Janie pack the baskets for the picnic. It was her own idea, the picnic."

"Speaking of picnics——" I said.

"You might have thought," went on Robina, "that she was dressing for her own funeral. She said she knew she was going to catch her death of cold, sitting on the wet grass. Something told her. I reminded her it hadn't rained for three weeks, and that everything was as dry as a bone, but she said that made no difference to grass. There was always a moisture in grass, and that cushions and all that only helped to draw it out. Not that it mattered. The end had to come, and so long as the others were happy—You know her style. Nobody ever thought of her. She was to be dragged here, dragged there. She talked about herself as if she were some sacred image. It got upon my nerves at last, so that I persuaded Janie to let me offer to stop at home with her. I wasn't too keen about going myself: not by that time."

"She was a charming girl," I said, "seven and twenty years ago, when St. Leonard fell in love with her. She had those dark, dreamy eyes so suggestive of veiled mysteries; and her lips must have looked bewitching when they pouted. I expect they often did. They do so still; but the pout of a woman of forty-six no longer fascinates. To a pretty girl of nineteen a spice of temper, an illogical unreasonableness are added attractions: the scratch of a blue-eyed kitten only tempts us to tease her the more. Young Herbert St. Leonard—he had curly brown hair, with a pretty trick of blushing, and was going to conquer the world—found her fretfulness, her very selfishness adorable: and told her so, kneeling before her, gazing into her bewildering eyes—only he called it her waywardness, her imperiousness; begged her for his sake to be more capricious. Told her how beautiful she looked when displeased. So, no doubt, she did—at nineteen."

"He didn't tell you all that, did he?" demanded Robina.

"Not a word," I reassured her, "except that she was acknowledged by all authorities to have been the most beautiful girl in Tunbridge Wells, and that her father had been ruined by a rascally solicitor. No; I was merely, to use the phrase of the French police courts, 'reconstructing the crime.'"

"It may be all wrong," grumbled Robina.

"It may be," I agreed. "But why? Does it strike you as improbable?"

We were sitting in the porch, waiting for Dick to come by the white path across the field.

"No," answered Robina. "It all sounds very probable. I wish it didn't."

"You must remember," I continued, "that I am an old playgoer. I have sat out so many of this world's dramas. It is as easy to reconstruct them backwards as forwards. We are witnessing the last act of the St. Leonard drama: that unsatisfactory last act that merely fills out time after the play is ended. The intermediate acts were probably more exciting, containing 'passionate scenes' played with much earnestness; chiefly for the amusement of the servants. But the first act, with the Kentish lanes and woods for a backcloth, must have been charming. Here was the devout lover she had heard of, dreamed of. It is delightful to be regarded as perfection—not absolute perfection, for that might put a strain upon us to live up to, but as so near perfection that to be more perfect would just spoil it. The spots upon us, that unappreciative friends and relations would magnify into blemishes, seen in their true light: artistic shading relieving a faultlessness that might otherwise prove too glaring. Dear Herbert found her excellent, just as she was, in every detail. It would have been a crime against Love for her to seek to change herself."

"Well, then, it was his fault," argued Robina. "If he was silly enough to like her faults, and encourage her in them——"

"What would you have had?" I asked. "A lover does not tell his mistress of her faults."

"Much more sensible if he did," grumbled Robina. "Then, if she cared for him, she could set to work to cure herself."

"You would like it?" I said. "You would appreciate it in your own case? Can you imagine young Bute——"

"Why young Bute?" demanded Robina. "What's he got to do with it?"

"Nothing," I answered, "except that he happens to be the first male creature you have ever come across since you were six that you haven't flirted with."

"I don't flirt with them," said Robina; "I merely try to be nice to them."

"With the exception of young Bute," I persisted.

"He irritates me," Robina explained.

"I was reading," I said, "the other day an account of the marriage customs prevailing among the Lower Caucasians. The lover takes his stand beneath his lady's window, and, having attracted her attention, proceeds to sing. And if she seems to like it—if she listens to it without getting mad, that means she doesn't want him. But if she gets upset about it, slams down the window and walks away, then it's all right. I think it's the Lower Caucasians."

"Must be a very silly people," said Robina; "I suppose a pail of water would be the highest proof of her affection he could hope for."

"A complex being, man," I agreed. "We will call him X. Can you imagine young X coming to you and saying: 'My dear Robina, you have many good qualities. You can be amiable—so long as you are having your own way in everything; but, thwarted, you can be just horrid. You are very kind—to those who are willing for you to be kind to them in your own way, which is not always their way. You can be unselfish—by fits and starts. You are capable and clever, but, like most capable and clever people, impatient and domineering; highly energetic when not happening to feel lazy; ready to forgive the moment your temper is exhausted. You are generous and frank, but if your object could only be gained through meanness or deceit, you would not hesitate a moment longer than was necessary to convince yourself that the circumstances justified the means. You are sympathetic, tender-hearted, and have a fine sense of justice; but I can see that tongue of yours, if not carefully watched, wearing decidedly shrewish. You've any amount of grit. A man might go tiger-hunting with you—with no one better; but you are obstinate, conceited, and exacting. In short, to sum you up, you have all the makings in you of an ideal wife, combined with faults sufficient to make a Socrates regret he'd ever married you.'"

"Yes, I would!" said Robina, springing to her feet. I could not see her face, but I knew there was the look upon it that made Primgate want to paint her as Joan of Arc; only it would never stop long enough. "I'd love him for talking like that. And I'd respect him. If he was that sort of man I'd pray God to help

me to be the sort of woman he wanted me to be. I'd try. I'd try all day long. I would."

"I wonder," I said. Robina had surprised me. I admit it. I thought I knew the sex better.

"Any girl would," said Robina. "He'd be worth it."

"It would be a new idea," I mused. "Gott in Himmel, what a new world might it not create." The fancy began to take hold of me. "Love no longer blind. Love refusing any more to be the poor blind fool: sport of gods and men. Love no longer passion's slave. His bonds broken, the senseless bondage flung aside. Love helping Life instead of muddling it. Marriage, the foundation of civilisation, no longer reared upon the sands of lies and illusions, but grappled to the rock of truth—reality. Have you ever read Tom Jones?" I said.

"No," answered Robina; "I've always heard it wasn't a nice book."

"It isn't," I said. "Man isn't a nice animal, not all of him. Nor woman either. There's a deal of the beast in man. What can you expect? Till a few paltry thousands of years ago he *was* a beast, fighting with other beasts, his fellow denizens of the woods and caves; watching for his prey, crouched in the long grass of the river's bank, tearing it with claws and teeth, growling as he ate. So he lived and died through the dim unnamed ages, transmitting his beast's blood, his bestial instincts, to his offspring, growing ever stronger, fiercer from generation to generation, while the rocks piled up their strata and the oceans shaped their beds. Moses! Why, Lord Rothschild's great grandfather, a few score times removed, must have known Moses, talked with him. Babylon! It is a modern city, fallen into disuse just for the moment, owing to temporary alteration of the traffic routes. History! It is a tale of to-day. Man was crawling about the world on all fours, learning to be an animal, for millions of years before the secret of his birth was whispered to him. It is only during the last few centuries that he has been trying to be a man. Our modern Morality! Why, compared with the teachings of Nature, it is but a few days old. What do you expect? That he shall forget the lessons of the æons at the bidding of the hours?"

"Then you advise me to read Tom Jones?" said Robina.

"Yes," I said, "I do. I should not if I thought you were still a child, knowing only blind trust, or blind terror. The sun is not extinguished because occasionally obscured by mist; the scent of the rose is not dead because of the worm in the leaf. A healthy rose can afford a few worms—has got to, anyhow. All men are not Tom Joneses. The standard of masculine behavior continues to go up. Many of us make fine efforts to conform to it, and some of us succeed. But the Tom Jones is there in all of us who are not anaemic or consumptive. And there's no sense at all in getting cross with us about it, because we cannot help it. We are doing our best. In another hundred thousand years or so, provided all goes well, we shall be the perfect man. And seeing our early training, I flatter myself that, up to the present, we have done remarkably well."

"Nothing like being satisfied with oneself," said Robina.

"I'm not satisfied," I said, "I'm only hopeful. But it irritates me when I hear people talk as though man had been born a white-souled angel and was making supernatural efforts to become a sinner. That seems to me the way to discourage him. What he wants is bucking up; somebody to say to him, 'Bravo. Why this is splendid. Just think, my boy, what you were, and that not so very long ago: an unwashed hairy savage; your law that of the jungle, your morals those of the rabbit-warren. Now look at yourself; dressed in your little shiny hat, your trousers neatly creased, walking with your wife to church on Sunday. Keep on—that's all you've got to do. In a few more centuries your own mother Nature won't know you.'"

"You women," I continued, "why a handful of years ago we bought and sold you, kept you in cages, took the stick to you when you were not spry in doing what you were told. Did you ever read the history of Patient Griselda?"

"Yes," said Robina, "I have." I gathered from her tone that the Joan of Arc expression had departed. Had Primgate wanted to paint her at that particular moment I should have suggested Katharine—during the earlier stages—listening to a curtain lecture from Petruchio. "Are you suggesting that all women should take her for a model?"

"No," I said. "I'm not. Though were we living in Chaucer's time I might; and you would not think it even silly. What I'm impressing upon you is that the human race has yet a little way to travel before the average man can be regarded as an up-to-date edition of King Arthur—the King Arthur of the poetical legend, I mean. Don't be too impatient with him."

"Thinking what a beast he has been ought to make him impatient with himself," considered Robina. "He ought to be feeling so ashamed of himself as to be willing to do anything."

The owl in the old yew screamed, whether with indignation or amusement I cannot tell.

"And woman?" I said, "had the power been hers, would she have used it to sweeter purpose? Where is your evidence? Your Cleopatras, Pompadours, Jezebels, your Catherines of Russia, late Empresses of China, your Faustines of all ages and all climes, your Mother Brownriggs, your Lucretia Borgias, Salomes—I could weary you with names. Your Roman task mistresses; your drivers of lodging-house slaveys; your ladies who whipped their pages to death in the Middle Ages; your modern dames of fashion, decked with the plumage of the tortured grove! There have been other women also, noble women, their names like beacon lights studding the dark waste of history. So there have been noble men: saints, martyrs, heroes! The sex line divides us physically, not morally. Woman has been man's accomplice in too many crimes to claim to be his judge. Male and female created He them: like and like, for good and evil."

By good fortune I found a loose match. I lighted a fresh cigar.

"Dick, I suppose, is the average man?" said Robina.

"Most of us are," I said, "when we are at home. Carlyle was the average man in the little front parlor in Cheyne Row, though to hear fools talk you might think no married couple outside literary circles had ever been known to exchange a cross look. So was Oliver Cromwell in his own palace with the door shut. Mrs. Cromwell must have thought him monstrous silly, placing sticky sweetmeats for his guests to sit on: told him so most likely. A cheery, kindly man, notwithstanding, though given to moods. He and Mrs. Cromwell seem to have rubbed along, on the whole, pretty well together. Old Sam Johnson, great, God-fearing, lovable, cantankerous old brute! Life with him, in a small house on a limited income, must have had its ups and downs. Milton and Frederick the Great were, one hopes, a little below the average. Did their best, no doubt—lacked understanding. Not so easy as it looks, living up to the standard of the average man. Very clever people, in particular, find it tiring."

"I shall never marry," said Robina. "At least, I hope I shan't."

"Why 'hope'?" I asked.

"Because I hope I shall never be idiot enough," she answered. "I see it all so clearly. I wish I didn't. Love!"

"It's only a trick of Nature to make fools of us all," she went on. "He will tell me I am all the world to him; that his love will outlive the stars: will believe it himself at the time, poor fellow. He will call me a hundred pretty names, will kiss my feet and hands. And if I'm fool enough to listen to him it may last—" she laughed—it was rather an ugly laugh—"six months, with luck perhaps a year, if I'm careful not to go out in the east wind and come home with a red nose, and never let him catch me in curl-papers. It will not be

me that he will want—only my youth, and the novelty of me, and the mystery. And when that is gone——"

She turned to me. It was a strange face I saw then in the pale light—quite a fierce little face.

I drew her down beside me. But the childish face was still stern.

"I want the truth," she said; so that I answered very gravely:

"When the passion is passed, when the glory and the wonder of Desire, Nature's eternal ritual of marriage, solemnising, sanctifying it to her commands, is ended—when, sooner or later, some gray dawn finds you wandering bewildered in once familiar places, seeking vainly the lost palace of youth's dreams—when Love's frenzy is faded, like the fragrance of the blossom, like the splendor of the dawn, there will remain to you—just what was there before; no more, no less. If passion was all you had to give to one another, God help you. You have had your hour of madness. It is finished. If greed of praise and worship was your price—well, you have had your payment. The bargain is complete. If mere hope to be made happy was your lure, one pities you. We do not make each other happy. Happiness is the gift of the gods, not of man. The secret lies within you, not without. What remains to you will depend not upon what you thought, but upon what you are. If behind the lover there was the man—behind the impossible goddess of his love-sick brain, some honest human woman; then life lies not behind you, but before you."

"Life is giving, not getting. That is the mistake we most of us set out with. It is the work that is the joy, not the wages; the game, not the score. The lover's delight is to yield, not to claim. The crown of motherhood is pain. To serve the State at cost of ease and leisure; to spend his thought and labor upon a hundred schemes is the man's ambition. Life is doing, not having. It is to gain the peak the climber strives, not to possess it. Fools marry, thinking what they are going to get out of it. Good store of joys and pleasure, opportunities for self-indulgence, eternal soft caresses—the wages of the wanton. The rewards of marriage are toil, duty, responsibility—manhood, womanhood. Love's baby talk you will have outgrown. You will no longer be his 'Goddess,' 'Angel,' 'Popsy Wopsy,' 'Queen of his Heart.' There are finer names than these: wife, mother, priestess in the temple of Humanity. Marriage is renunciation, the sacrifice of Self upon the altar of the race. 'A trick of Nature' you call it. Perhaps. But a trick of Nature compelling you to surrender yourself to the purposes of God."

JEROME K. JEROME.

## SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

### AN OPEN LETTER TO THE HOME SECRETARY.

### II.

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Now, Sir, in regard to the object of solitary confinement we have surely no need to go behind the finding of your Committee:—

"It would appear that the main object of the separate" (closed cell) "confinement had come to be deterrence. . . . In effect this is the purpose which it must be regarded as now designed to serve."

In regard to its nature we have, as surely, no need of other description than its supporter's, the late Sir Edmund Du Cane's: "An artificial state of existence absolutely opposed to that which Nature points out as the condition of mental, moral, and physical health."

The questions arising, then, are two:—

(*a*) Is this practice of solitary confinement, in fact, deterrent?

(*b*) Has a civilised nation the right to retain offenders for months in a state of existence absolutely opposed to mental, moral, and physical health, even for the purpose of deterrence?

To question (*a*), after noting that no support can be gathered for the plea of deterrence from the statistics of penal servitude, I remark that the nature of their coming punishment is too vaguely known to those who have never been in prison for the thought of solitary confinement to have any deterrent effect whatever on ninety-nine out of a hundred first offenders. An unanswerable proof, indeed, that it is not sufficiently present to any man's mind is afforded by the fact that the most humane public in the Western world knows and thinks so little about the suffering of solitary confinement as to have allowed it to remain part of their prison system. With regard to those who either in penal servitude or in hard labor sentences, have already undergone solitary confinement, it is to be noted that mere severity of punishment has never been proved to be a factor of deterrence. When men were hung for horse or sheep stealing those offences were far more prevalent than they are now. The proportion of sailors, who, after experiencing the bitter sufferings of a winter passage round Cape Horn, are deterred by those sufferings from repeating the experience, is infinitesimal.

It is further to be noted that the effect of a period of solitary confinement which comes at the beginning of long years of imprisonment is inevitably wiped out by the monotony of the prison life which follows. Mechanical adjustment to environment is always going on in the human being. Solitary confinement is a smothering process to which the mind must adapt itself, or perish. The mental demoralisation remains after the confinement comes to an end, but the consciousness of that mental ruin, the consciousness of the suffering, has become dulled; from his closed cell the convict passes on to the ordinary prison life, actually unable to appreciate the extent of the suffering he has undergone. It is obvious, moreover, that deterrence (if there be deterrence) paid for by mental and moral weakening is not true deterrence; *for the acquired power of resistance to crime, if any, is nullified through deterioration of the prisoner's fibre.*

The true deterrence of imprisonment lies in the general fear of loss of liberty; in that nightmare of a thought, all details of impending punishment (even if known) mechanically merge.

This solitary confinement, however, is sometimes justified, on the ground that it is necessary to buoy the convict up with hope. It is thought that by placing him at the outset in the seventh hell of pain we lessen his sufferings in the minor hells which await him at the expiration of those first six months. That, Sir, is humanity with a vengeance. It would be curious to see a social life to which this principle was logically applied. The husband would beat the wife that she might not so greatly feel the inevitable wear and tear of matrimony; the mother would starve the child that it might experience with more equanimity the ordinary pangs of hunger. The master would withhold wages that the servant might more duly appreciate the receipt of what was due to him. It appears, indeed, to be almost what is called a vicious principle.

To question (*b*) Whether a civilised country has the right to retain its offenders in a state of existence absolutely opposed to mental, moral, and physical health, even for the sake of a supposed deterrence—I conceive, Sir, but this one answer: Only so long as we do not realise what this solitary confinement of convicts means.

Six months is a short time to a free man, it is an eternity to a prisoner confined in solitude. One hundred and eighty days—four thousand one hundred and forty hours, of utter solitude and utter silence in a cell, which—in the words of Sir Robert Anderson (XIXth Century, March, 1902)—"differs from every other sort of apartment designed for human habitation, in that all view of external nature, such as might soothe, and possibly alleviate, the mind, is, with elaborate care, excluded"—solitude broken only by one hour a day of chapel, and walking up and down a yard; by the sight of a warder, three times or so a day, bringing in food; by a rare ten minutes' visit from an overdriven chaplain or governor.

Four thousand hours of utter solitude in a closed space some twelve feet by seven—with the prospect of anything from two to twenty years of monotonous routine and loss of liberty to follow! Can a Public Opinion, which succeeds in bringing these facts home to its imagination, justly say that two-and-a-half to twenty years of loss of liberty, with all that this means in prison, is not sufficient punishment for

any crime that man can commit, without the preliminary agony of four thousand hours of solitude in a closed space twelve feet by seven?

Sir, Public Opinion has never yet succeeded in realising what this so-called separate confinement means. In the year ending March, 1907, we set 1,035 persons, of whom 691 had never been sentenced to penal servitude before, to endure this four thousand odd hours of agony and demoralisation. In the year ending March, 1908, we set another 1,179 to endure the same, 749 of them for the first time. At the present moment, another thousand, more or less, are undergoing it.

In thus subjecting year by year a thousand persons to six months of an "artificial state of existence absolutely opposed to that which Nature points out as the condition of mental, moral, and physical health," we are annually committing an offence against our reason, of which we reap the full reward in the mental, moral, and physical deterioration of persons already weak and demoralised enough; and an offence against our humanity in reality as great as if we had placed them on the rack.

I by no means lose sight, Sir, of the fact that this closed cell confinement falls with different effect on different temperaments; it falls, no doubt, far less heavily on the sluggish and the brutalised than on the nervous types, of which, however, we are now breeding vast numbers. But, Sir, even the habitual criminal—popularly supposed to dread flogging more than anything—has been known while enduring solitary confinement to beg for the lash in place of it. Sir J. Jebb, giving evidence before the Penal Servitude Acts Commission in 1863, uses these words: "With burglars and reckless bad characters I think that separate confinement is dreaded more than any other kind of discipline." And in regard to its other effects on the habitual criminal, the words of Professor Prins, above quoted, are sufficiently significant. In the face of them it cannot be denied that the sluggish brutality of many recidivists is produced in the first place by this very process of closed cell confinement. Man, even the lowest type of man, is a social and gregarious animal—all that is best in him depends on, and is brought out by, contact with his fellow-creatures; if that be not so, our religion and whole social scheme are falsely conceived. Deprive man of all contact with his fellow man, shut him in upon himself, hopelessly, utterly, month by month, and not one in a hundred men—I say it as a professional student of men—but will come out of that artificial existence lower and more brutal than when he entered it. Prolonged starvation and agony of the mind is worse than starvation and agony of the body, carrying, as it does, the wreck of the body with it.

We have the right to restrain offenders, and to safeguard society; in doing this we unavoidably punish with that already terrible punishment "loss of liberty." But, sir, we have—surely—not the right to inflict *unnecessary and harmful suffering*. I use these words, recognising to the full that there is no lack of humanity among those who work our prison system; recognising to the full that they would not willingly inflict any suffering that they acknowledged to be unnecessary; but also recognising, what is true in every department of life, that those who administer a system are, in the nature of things, with rare exceptions, too habituated to that system, too close to it, to be able to see it in due perspective.

I desire to submit it to you, Sir, and to the common sense of the Public, whether harmful and unnecessary suffering must not inevitably be endured by the mind, and through the mind by the body, of a man or woman, during four thousand hours of closed cell confinement. To answer that question fairly, each member of the public has but to ask what would be the effect on himself or herself of six months' utter seclusion (except for one hour each day) from all sight and sound not only of human beings, but of animals, trees, flowers, and from the sight even of the sky, all but a patch no bigger than a tea-tray. We are a humane people; and it is not a question of our humanity. It is a question of our imaginations. The position is plainly this: No blame rests on those who have to work our prison system, for they could not do so at all if they allowed their imaginations fair play. No blame rests on the community, for they are too aloof to realise what that prison system means. And so, Sir, the unnecessary demoralisation and suffering caused by this closed cell confinement goes on at the rate of (for convicts alone) some 4,000,000 hours a year!

I do not base the appeal of this letter on humanity, I base it on common sense. Why, when we are faced with such appalling statistics of criminality, with such appalling difficulties in dealing with, and reforming criminals, do we deliberately continue a practice which both evidence and reason tell us, contributes to the more complete demoralisation of such as are already demoralised?

In the Report of your Departmental Committee of 1895 occur these words:—

"It should be the object of the prison authorities through the prison staff and any suitable auxiliary effort that can be employed, to humanise the prisoners, to prevent them from feeling that the State merely chains them for a certain period and cares nothing about them beyond keeping them in safe custody and under iron discipline."

And again: ". . . it strengthens our belief that the main fault of our prison system is that it treats prisoners too much as irreclaimable criminals, instead of reclaimable men and women."

I submit that no unprejudiced man can regard this closed cell confinement as a humanising influence, except in the rarest cases, or maintain that it helps to reclaim men and women.

I refer again to this paragraph in the Report of your Committee: "It" (the six months' detention of convicts in closed cell confinement at local prisons) "is certainly a practical convenience in the sense that the expense of sending convicts immediately after sentence to convict prisons, either singly or in detachments, is curtailed by the system of gathering prisons. *This consideration alone is not sufficient to justify the practice.*"

I am credibly informed that the whole matter is one of administration, and can be modified without Act of Parliament. I appeal, then, to you, Sir, who have already done so much towards reforming our prison system, to work for the abandonment of this custom of confining convicts in closed cells for six months, or any less period, either in local, or in convict prisons; to substitute therefor work in association from the commencement of sentence; or, where such is not immediately possible, work in separate cells with open doors. And I would further appeal to you to advocate the reduction of twenty-eight days' closed cell confinement endured by prisoners serving sentences of hard labor.

Than this great and necessary reform, I can conceive none that will, at a single stroke, remove so much harmful and unnecessary suffering, or do more to reconcile our Penal Laws with Justice and Common Sense.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

[ERRATUM.—The present term of solitary confinement served by women convicts is, or was, four months, not six.]

# The Drama.

## THE "HARMSWORTH BRAND" AGAIN.

IT is not surprising that, after crying out for a drama of life and reality, our leading critics of the stage, or some of them, are unhappy now that they have got or are getting it. This is the way of mankind. When spirits rise at our call from the imaginative deeps, and fail to assume the shape in which we wished them to appear, we dislike the phantom, and perhaps disown the invocation. I trace this feeling in the cold welcome meted out by some of our writers to Mr. Fagan's play, "The Earth," and Mr. Arnold Bennett's treatment of the same theme in "What the Public Wants." There is Mr. Walkley, for example, in whose active memory live all the dramatic types of our age, and who can classify and label that astonishing collection of mummies with the most adroit and amusing effects. But Mr. Walkley will not allow that certain things exist, or that, if they do, they are worth putting on the stage. For example, he politely but firmly declines to believe in the Potteries. I think he has no faith in the existence of the

English provinces, though he accepts parts of Scotland by looking at them with the eye of faith lent him *pro hâc vice* by Mr. J. M. Barrie. He has blank misgivings as to the existence of hypothetical tribes of men reported of east of Aldgate and west of West Kensington. Above all, he will not allow that the scheme of life contains any such created object as a Newspaper Proprietor, least of all a Proprietor remotely resembling Sir Felix Janion in "The Earth" or Sir Charles Worgan in "What the Public Wants." Confronted with these unhealthy dreams, Mr. Walkley retires to the normal life of British stageland, covering his retreat with epigrams.

What, therefore, explains this persistent concern of our young playwrights with such social trifles as the tendency of newspapers to be grouped under the ownership of one or two men with the power, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Fagan, of living vicariously in the street of busy common life, now and then descending to the gutter, and again flying as high as—let us say—Printing House Square itself? Is there nothing here to concern the stage moralist, the stage realist? For example, might not the existence of such a force incidentally affect some factors in modern existence—its religion, its politics, the tone and character of its literary and dramatic criticism? If it were worked very cruelly and unscrupulously, might it not set up blackmailing inquisitions into the private affairs of public men? And if it were exercised purely for commercial ends, would it not sadly cheapen the tone of the newspaper, banishing independence, sincerity, distinction, making the advertiser king, and setting up the business of catching and fixing the common fancy as the sole aim of the journalist? Is there not here dramatic stuff in plenty, yielding the very form and pressure of the times and holding the mirror up to their nature?

So at least think our young dramatists, and a fair number of the theatre-going public seem to think with them. Now this is surely an effort of the dramatic spirit to live, to find its sphere of influence, to be in with the movement of things, and therefore it should be encouraged. Mr. Arnold Bennett, indeed, does not make his satire on yellow journalism the sole motive of his new play "What the Public Wants," for he links it on to the line of portraiture in which he excels, his pictures, namely, of certain middle-class provincial types. He is, in a word, a thorough-going realist, eager to get on to his canvas a number of truthful sketches of certain hard, limited people, living "dismal illiberal lives," in middle England, but living them thoroughly and rather well. These two aims mingle and to some degree conflict with each other in "What the Public Wants." Mr. Bennett's newspaper millionaire comes from the Potteries. He is a chip of the old ware, and thus far he is not thoroughly characteristic of the "Harmsworth brand." He has no imagination. He is a very slightly magnified image of the common man he "caters" for, running his big newspaper shop on the principle of giving the public what they want. Testing these wants by circulation, he finds they require sensations, crime stories, popular religion. These he provides. Art he leaves out, and morals, and "culture." A vague love motive for an ineffectual pretty woman makes him feel the want of them, the "blind side" of his character. This again leads him back to the provincial stock from which he came. Coarsened by his great business "principle" beyond the average Bursley hardness, he sees nothing improper in weaving into a series of "Crimes of Passion," appearing in one of his Sunday journals, a recital of an old Bursley murder in which friends of his family were concerned. His sweetheart can coax him into cancelling "The Downes Murder Case"; but he cannot even understand the reproaches of his Bursley relatives; the instinct for circulation has swallowed up all delicacy, even the old provincial family and class feeling. The end of this must be the loss of his artistically minded lady-love; piqued but soon consoled, he abandons love and sham culture together, and throws himself with a fresh ardor into the ever fascinating study of the "largest circulation."

Mr. Bennett draws his picture of *mœurs de province* with his usual deliberate, rather cynical, skill, now and then with close touches of nature, seeking always to make all these peoples move on their accustomed plane, talk their day-by-day language, rise no higher and sink no lower than their nature and environment permit. His satire on the Yellow Press and the modern commercial drama loses itself a little in these subtleties; and Mr. Fagan's presents the more direct, popular, dramatically expressed challenge to the audience. In a sense he is wrong; the new journalism comes from America rather than from the Potteries, and it was conceived and built up by a slightly more imaginative type of man than his Sir Charles Worgan seems to be. He has got its governing ideas and policy right; but he declines to give to them the sharp, violent, concentrated issues which Mr. Fagan provides. And he has not secured a great actor like Mr. McKinnel to interpret his *enterpreneur* from the Potteries. Mr. Hearn's Sir Charles Worgan does not suggest power and sinister purpose; a timid, pompous, appealing snobbishness, and imitative culture-worship, almost blot out the bolder lines of the character, and the artist could not restore them. And the play should move quicker; the new journalism is rapid enough in all conscience, and Mr. Bennett should have got something of its "hum" and swing into the first and last acts. But the satire is excellent, even if a little over-done (the Yellow Press, for example, would not exchange its religious and its sporting editors; it keeps both these specialists in their places, neither confounding their functions nor dividing their substance). And he takes higher ground than Mr. Fagan when he makes his play centre in the main in a battle between art and cheap-jackery.

H. W. M.

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# Art.

## PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The authorised critics of an Academy Exhibition are generally expected to inform the public of the feature or features by which that exhibition may be remembered in years to come. Such information, moreover, must be expressed in the tritest phrase, since the public in matters of art have no leisure to digest any but the tritest; it must be a phrase that is comprehensive and pithy at any cost, and truthful if it can. Now critics, like most other people, are not averse from saving themselves trouble, and as a formula is not a troublesome thing to adopt and adapt to all manner of purposes, it is a formula by which many critics seek to express the character of an Academy Exhibition. This formula embodies the pronouncement that it is somebody's or something's year at the Academy. To give a few illustrations, we have heard on recent occasions of portrait and landscape years, of an "outsiders'" year, and of a Sargent year. It should be said in explanation of the not very happy description, "An Outsiders' Year," that the Exhibition contained three or four prominent pictures by as many clever young men, and this fact was held to be sufficient justification for the label. A Sargent year is, of course, self-explanatory. It is understood to mean that Mr. Sargent exhibits his full quota of big portraits of big personages, and that these are satisfying in respect of æsthetic quality and social interest alike.

There are certain drawbacks to this method of summarising an Academy. The principal one is that as time goes on, and wisdom is slowly but surely pumped into the heads of hanging committees, it becomes increasingly difficult to make the formula fit. The various sections of the paintings tend to become more evenly balanced, and, among individual artists, the general levelling up in respect of quality makes it harder and harder to say, without a twinge of conscience, that one man is so far superior to his fellows that his work is the distinctive feature of the exhibition. One feels this difficulty in the case of the exhibition just opened—the difficulty of finding a formula-like phrase that does justice to its character. It is not particularly a year of landscapes or

portraits, of Academicians or outsiders; it is not even a particularly good year or a bad one. It is not a Sargent year, at any rate, not in the accepted sense, since of this artist's four contributions only two are portraits; he is disqualified on numerical grounds. Were one possessed of easy scruples, one might call it a year of political portraits; for have not Mr. S. J. Solomon, Sir Luke Fildes, and Mr. Harold Speed given us a Cabinet Minister apiece, for all the world to talk about? Yet the conscientious person cannot but feel that nothing less than the whole Cabinet on canvas would, considering the size of the total exhibition, justify such a description. So one is reluctantly obliged to give up the idea of general description by phrase or formula, and proceed straight to some matters of detail that are likely to thrust themselves upon the intelligent visitor's notice.

It may be observed, in the first place, that neither Mr. Abbey nor Mr. Brangwyn exhibits this year. Their absence is a serious one for the Academy, since they are among the very few artists in this country who are capable of painting large pictures in the way these should be painted. The question is that of scale; and we are reminded by the present exhibition of how far we still are from appreciating its importance. In monumental painting it is not enough that a large area of canvas should be covered with color, that the color should be harmonious, and that the brush-work should be bold in proportion to the size; it is necessary that there should be a big subject bigly conceived and perfectly designed. At any rate, perfect design is a paramount condition of success, since imperfections in this respect, which, like inaccuracies in drawing, might escape observation in a modest-sized picture through the insistence of some good quality of color, magnify themselves unforgettably in the work of great scale. There are many large pictures here that fail simply in respect of design, and—design being inextricably connected with scale—in point of scale. Mr. L. Campbell Taylor, for instance, has made the mistake in his "Bedtime" of expanding a modest *genre* subject into a very considerable canvas; Mr. Harrington Mann's "The Workroom," and Miss Anna Airy's "The Scandalmongers," are other examples of misplaced expansion without the necessary power of design. Mrs. Laura Knight's "The Beach" may at the first glance appear to succeed, in spite of its lack of design, for it has beautiful qualities of atmosphere, of liquid sunshine and melting shadow, and of animated movement; it breathes the very spirit of happy youth at play. Only on analysis is the movement seen to be arrested, as it were by a camera, and the design to be at fault.

We take these cases from the rank and file; indeed, it is only among the rank and file that they are found in any number. Your average Academician knows his limitations at any rate, and, as a rule, avoids perilous experiments. Consider, for a moment, Sir L. Alma-Tadema's delightful little essay in marble, bath towels, and sponges, "A Favorite Custom," which the Chantrey Trustees have purchased. It is the latest of a series of similar small pictures exhibited by this artist in the same place; he has painted but few big pictures in recent years, and it is a long while since he favored the Academy exhibition with one. The logic of this course is obvious. Why, indeed, having found his *métier* and his scale, should he depart from either? It is right logic, and equally right is the decision of the Trustees that a fancy price be paid for this small work, rather than for an Alma-Tadema five times the size. Assuming that the artist has a right to be represented at the Tate Gallery, it was surely better that he be paid handsomely for the small work that he can do handsomely, rather than for the large one that he cannot. The same *savoir faire* may be attributed to the majority of other Academicians, and to several Associates. They are often charged with repeating themselves unnecessarily, but an alternative, in the shape of novelty, would in many cases bring sure disaster to safe public reputations. As matters are, theirs is the reward of consistency: the penalty is that, as regards the enthusiasms of an ever-changing populace, they must mostly give place to the younger generation, the generation of new artistic ambitions and indiscretions. As the years pass, this rising generation is making its presence felt more and more at the Academy. The present exhibition is an astonishing revelation of the fact; with some few honorable exceptions, its interest and opportunities for speculation are provided by the new men.

There are, however, Academicians of long standing who, if they furnish nothing absolutely new, retain a welcome freshness. Sir W. Q. Orchardson is one of these, and his two portraits, the "Mrs. Moss-Cockle" and the "Sir Lawrence Jenkins," are staggering expositions of an art controlled within the limits of a restricted palette, and worked out to its extremes of finesse. The first-named picture is the more searching of the two; perhaps it is a little too searching—the introspective painting of the eyes gives one a sense of uncanniness. Honestly, we prefer the second work, which, with all its curiously old-world air, is distinguished chiefly by its modern science in the scheme of black and white and subtle grey, buff, and crimson, and by its noble simplicity of arrangement. The portrait compares with the best in the gallery—even with Mr. Sargent's "Earl of Wemyss," which is more likely to be talked about as the picture of the year. Certainly the latter is a big accomplishment. It has much of the sombre dignity of a Velasquez, and character is expressed in every line of it, in the lean square-shouldered figure as well as in the keen face. And the seriousness of it is emphasised by one's memory of the same artist's "Mrs. Astor" in the first gallery, for this, in its delicacy of white and salmon pink, very adroit, very winsome, is just a Sargent; by that of the "Cashmere" in the Gem Room, whose whole seductiveness, which is very great indeed, does not allow one to forget that it is just a beautiful study; and by the big lunette "Israel and the Law," which suggests, rather than proves, that the artist's adaptiveness extends even into the art of pure design. In completeness, then, the "Earl of Wemyss" may be pronounced Mr. Sargent's *chef d'œuvre* for this year—and who remain among the Academic portrait-painters? With a slight bias in favor of interesting subjects, one might praise Mr. S. J. Solomon's "The Prime Minister," Sir Luke Fildes's more precise "Mr. Lloyd George," the virile "Sir John Brunner" of Sir Hubert Herkomer, and Mr. Speed's "Mr. John Burns" before one turns elsewhere in search of beauty or accomplishment. Yet one need not elaborate the praise.

The portraiture, on the whole, is sound rather than brilliant; we could point to fifty portraits, each of which is as sound as the other, but we cannot recall one other that belongs to the special rank of those we have already specified. So with the landscapes, admirable examples as there are of Mr. East, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Clausen; and with the seascapes which, beyond the fact that Mr. David Murray is painting the sea and Mr. Hemy is not painting yachts or fishing-smacks, except in the water-color room, call for no particular comment. At the subject pictures, however, one may cry halt, if only for a brief space. In the third gallery Mr. Edward Stott has a picture of "The Flight" into Egypt, a gloaming landscape with figures rather than a subject picture, yet pregnant with subject interest; a biblical picture conceived with Rembrandtesque simplicity and executed in a spirit of poetic reverence; an old subject made new with reticent harmonies of color and tender handling. Then, in Room I., Mr. Frank Dicksee, whose art is often apt to hover on the border line between theatrical and dramatic force, reaches something like noble religious drama in "The Shadowed Face"; one cannot but be moved by its intensity. Mr. George Lambert, too, with his group of sporting figures on "Mearbeck Moor, Yorkshire," in Room VIII., triumphantly vindicates his right to make subject subservient to decoration, interest out of broad planes of sombre color, life itself a beautifully-balanced arrangement of tones and half-tones. And, to retrace our steps to the first room, and to what perhaps is the most seductive, as well as the most delightfully pagan, picture in the whole Academy, Mr. Charles Sims has taken "The Night Piece to Julia" from Herrick and has translated it into a color poem of his own. He is no illustrator of Herrick; the audacious variations he has introduced disabuse one of that idea: he has simply made the elemental sentiment of the poet the peg on which to hang a theme of feminine voluptuousness, of *putti* and elves and shooting stars, a sweet, suave melody of rainbow colors. We repeat that it is not an illustration to Herrick; it would be equally easy to think of it in connection with "Midsummer Night's Dream," with the inhabitants of that Shakespearean fairyland reinforced by

a dim quaker figure and a silver white peacock. It is the product of a joyous, if slightly irresponsible, imagination, and the proof of a genuine power, unhappily rare, to conceive in terms of paint.

# Letters from Abroad.

## THE END OF THE BÜLOW BLOC?

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—On Saturday last the special Commission of the Reichstag on Imperial Finance rejected in repeated divisions the new proposals to cover a moderate portion of the deficit of 500 to 600 millions of marks by an increased tax on inheritances. This brings us very near a crisis which in the logical course of events would result either in the resignation of Prince Bülow or in the dissolution of the Reichstag and a new General Election.

The meaning of the vote is clear enough, and admits only one interpretation. The Conservatives and the Catholics—the latter assisted by the Poles—have combined in opposition, just as at a former division they cooperated in the stifling of the estate duty in the form first proposed by the Government. These three groups obstinately resist any measure that would tax the inheritances, be they ever so large, of husband or wife and direct descendants.

Now, some such taxation is, as things stand, almost indispensable, if wealth is to any considerable degree to bear a share of the new impost. Of Imperial taxes on incomes and property neither the majority of the Reichstag nor the federated Governments will hear, and the substitute for the succession duties proposed by the Conservatives and their allies in the shape of an Imperial tax on unearned increments is of too doubtful a character to be regarded as an equivalent source of revenue. There is even an aspect of bunkum about it.

The allied agrarian reactionaries recommend a tax on unearned increments on movable and immovable property. Profits on stocks and shares are to be taxed as well as profits on sites and other lands, agricultural land to be, of course, treated with due consideration. The first suggestion—the taxation of profits on stocks and shares—has, for obvious reasons, been declared inacceptable by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Committee have consequently only asked the federated Governments to take this point into consideration. Much more peremptory is their language in regard to the second point. They urge the federated Governments at once to draw up a Bill for the taxation of unearned increments on the value of immovables. But it is doubtful whether the federated Governments, even if they are inclined to do so, will be able to outline a workable measure that would yield the required millions. The mere fact that Germany is a federated Empire makes the task a very difficult one. Hitherto the taxation on immovables has been left to the States and the municipalities, and several of the latter do already tax unearned increments. Both bodies have the machinery ready for such taxation. But for the Empire it would have to be created at a considerable cost. And the experience of the municipalities which impose this tax is that the revenue from it fluctuates more than that from most other taxes.

The semi-official "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," in its issue of Saturday night, indeed passes over the question of this tax as a matter not worth considering, and says of the vote of the Finance Committee that "it has only proved the impossibility of providing an adequate substitute for the taxation of the inheritances of husbands and wives and children." On the federated basis of the Empire no other suitable taxation of wealth could be found, and consequently it is absolutely necessary to stick to this tax and to press its acceptance, all difficulties and *resistances notwithstanding*. With this determination "all political parties will now have to reckon. THE SITUATION IS EXTREMELY GRAVE. . . . The reform must now be settled. The nation demands it from the Reichstag. The early despatch has become a QUESTION OF NATIONAL HONOR. If the majority of the Reichstag fails in this task, incalculable consequences will be the result."

It is long since a threat of this kind appeared in the Ministerial Press. What is the position? At present hardly more than 150 members of the Reichstag can be relied on to vote for the financial Bill as a whole if it assumes the shape now advocated by the Government. Some twenty members are waverers. The forty-three Social Democrats who in Committee voted for the taxation of inheritances as part of their programme will, on the final vote, reject the Bill, because of the 400 millions of marks of indirect taxes; 105 Catholics and twenty Poles are determined opponents of the taxes on inheritances, and are almost sure not to recede from this opposition. Thus, as the Reichstag consists of 397 members, from two-thirds to three-fourths of the fifty-nine Conservatives are required to secure the Government a majority. But up to the present not more than fifteen have shown any disposition for a compromise. If their number is not increased to about forty to forty-five the conflict seems inevitable.

In politics nothing is impossible. But it can be said with some certainty that so many of the Conservatives are very unlikely to yield. They risk little if they persist in their opposition. Elected for the most part in agricultural divisions, they are pretty sure of their seats, since they are backed by the strongly organised agriculturists, and the Government will hardly make serious war on them. They count on their indispensable *rôle* as the traditional bodyguard of the Hohenzollern monarchy. This is, by the way, one of the reasons why a dissolution is not so sure a thing as it would appear to the outsider. A dissolution pure and simple will hardly bring a solution of the difficulties of the situation. An appeal to the electorate would, at the present moment, in all probability bring the Catholics and the Poles back in their former strength, the Socialists in increased numbers, the Conservatives little, if at all, weakened. In that case the upholders of the Bülow compromise, the Liberals and the Freisseinige might be the losers. And this will certainly not improve matters for the financial reform as now proposed.

But perhaps Prince Bülow has more than a pure dissolution in his mind when he directs his organ to point to "incalculable consequences." He may be thinking of a second dissolution to follow the first, should the new Reichstag not prove more amenable than the old one. He may be contemplating an appeal to the Nationalist sentiment of the German people—of a passionate Nationalist agitation, such as was led in 1887 by Bismarck against his then opponents. He may even dream in the last resort of some manipulations of the franchise.

All these are possibilities. They may sound adventurous; but the situation is so utterly confused, the whole system of parties and their relations is so contradictory, that no one looks for a rational development.

The Bülow *bloc*, never a healthy body, has now been in full decomposition—one may even say putrefaction—for some months. And yet some people go on repeating that it is not dead at all. Its life force is, on the one hand, the embittered strife between the working class democracy and the democratic elements of the middle classes, and on the other the over-representation in the Reichstag of the agrarian element and in the Parliament of the predominant State of the empire, Prussia. According to the latest census of the occupations of the people the industrial and commercial population of the Empire stands now to its agricultural population in a relation of 2 to 1, viz.,

| | |
|---|---|
| Industrial population ... ... | 26,386,537 |
| Commercial population ... ... | 8,278,239 |
| Together ... ... | 34,664,776 |
| Agricultural population ... ... | 17,681,176 |

We find almost the same proportion in Prussia, if counted alone.

For both Parliaments the agrarian element secures the nomination of the majority of the members, thanks to the maintenance of the now obsolete distribution of seats. Here is the mainspring of much of the present difficulties of Prince Bülow. Even the powerful federation of the great Captains of Industry, the famous "Zeutralverband deutscher Industriellen," cries out against the damaging effects of the disproportionate strength of agrarians in the councils of the nation. But to what purpose? A redistribution of seats, the measure that would do away with at least some of the anomalies, has by Prince Bülow himself been declared as out of the region of practical politics. The agricultural population, as the stronghold against the steady advance of the army of the proletarians, shall keep their political privilege. Is it, then, to be wondered at that the organised agriculturists make use of that privilege to secure by all means and at every opportunity the preservation of the safeguards of their *social* strength? That is the motive power of their attitude, and the virtue of consistency cannot be denied them. Prince Bülow, who to-day celebrates his sixtieth birthday, called himself seven years ago, when he forced the agrarian tariff of 1902, "an agrarian Chancellor." But this will not hinder the agrarians from acting as if they had no more ardent desire than to end his political career and to give his self-chosen epitaph the significant change:—"Here lies an *insufficiently agrarian* Chancellor." But this is mere skirmishing. It is more likely that we shall again live to see a great act of political sale and barter.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin,
May 3rd, 1909.

# Communications.

## THE PASSING OF THE SIX-SHILLING BACK.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Whatever may be said of our books, at least our business is not dull. Once more we are making ready to be stirred to our depths—this time because one of the wealthiest firms, whose name is not, in this connection, public property, proposes to issue fiction by the leading authors, in bulk and format equal to the best six-shilling standard, at two shillings. Not reprints, be it observed, but original issues. The appeal of getting for two what one has hitherto paid six shillings for is universal; at least, at first sight. But is it really going to be cheap? Is there not at least a chance of our having to pay, if not in meal then in malt, rather more than we can afford? I fancy there is.

It is a pity that Mr. Roosevelt is busy with lions in Africa, for the new proposal smacks of race suicide. Publishers have hitherto copied nature and thrown their bantlings recklessly on the world, leaving elimination to the play of natural forces, with the result that the average reader—he still exists, despite the temptation of two-hundred-and-fifty-guinea prizes to go over to the enemy—has had at least an infinite variety of choice. That, on the whole, has made for good. The novelist has to learn his job, and the only way to learn it is by getting himself published. That might be compassed if his book could be published at six shillings; he will have to show a promise, and even an achievement very rare in the beginning practice of any art before a publisher can afford to risk publishing his book at two shillings. I mean, of course, at the publisher's own expense—the way in which, despite popular rumor, most novels are nowadays published. If the point be not too technical for the columns of a lay journal, I may explain that a publisher can give a beginner a fair run, printing a first edition of a thousand copies, for an outlay of about one hundred pounds, and out of the sales the author may look to get thirty-five pounds or thereabouts. But the publisher is now to be asked to print, not a thousand, but about five thousand copies. Remember that the cost of production will be very slightly decreased, if at all, and that advertising, carriage, and the general expense of handling will remain the same. Unless the author can bear, at any rate, a share of the outlay, the book can hardly appear. Thackeray's publishers came from the gutter and his authors from the 'Varsity; it is hardly too much to say that the reverse is now more nearly the case. And that, on the whole, is all to the good. It means that the net is cast wider, that those of the masses who are articulate can make their voices heard. Is our recruiting ground henceforth to be confined within the limits of the richer classes?

Certainly it would seem from this that the supply of fiction to the public is likely to be standardised; for you cannot have a number of prices, varying inversely with the popularity of the author and ranging from the beginner at six shillings down—or should I say up?—to Hall Caine at a penny. To put it concretely, my librarian knows the kind of novel I like, and supplies me regularly, and, as a rule, satisfactorily. But I don't want to tempt him beyond his strength. If he can work out my subscription on books that cost him a third of what he is now paying, clearly I shall get, whether I want them or not, the books that a certain firm thinks it can profitably publish at two shillings; if I want anything else I shall have to clamor for it. To continue with my own case, it so happens that I do not read the boomsters—not in the least because they are boomsters, but because our existing race of boomsters does not interest me. There may one day be a new boomster. . . . The men whose books I do want do not, I fancy, have very large sales. What is to become of them? The novels I have in mind give me very pleasant hours—there are still a few old-fashioned persons who play neither golf nor bridge—but I do not buy them. No, I would not if they were ever so cheap. I have not the space. And I believe my experience and habits are, in this respect, like those of most people. If I am right in this, it follows that the class of novelist I have in mind will suffer. He may get published; I doubt if, as is just barely the case now, he will receive a living wage. Many men of this type are doing what is, in my judgment at least, our best work in fiction. Will their sales be multiplied by four or five? In the case of a few, perhaps; and the new departure may for them mean a wider popularity and an increased income. The greater number have not, I think, just that knack of writing that enables a writer to gain the attention of a large number of persons of widely different tastes and habits of thought; those who have will, I fear, be tempted even more than they are now to "write down" to their readers. Once more, the reader does not come in; some of the work he wants he will lose, and some of it will cease to interest him.

With the firm that has formed the scheme I have no special concern. Its partners are well able to look after themselves, and to argue to them that they are by way of losing their money were something of an impertinence. But I do think so; I believe that they are mistaken in imagining that there is a section of the public, numerous enough for their purposes, which is yearning to buy current fiction but is debarred from doing so because of the price. And, if I am right, the experiment will clearly be costly. But assume I am wrong; suppose this fiction-buying public is there after all, and that the firm in question, with its money, its faculty of appreciating what the public wants—I believe the standard is higher than most publishers will admit—and its strong list of authors, justifies its policy. The considerations I have urged on behalf of the novice and the writer with only a small following will still hold good. The remaining richer firms will have to follow suit, and the smaller firm will suffer equally with the smaller author. The prospect rather suggests a publishing trust, or, at least, a narrower range of choice for the author; the corollary, lower author's fees, is so obvious as to be hardly worth stating.

And what of the bookseller? He is, too often, so

absorbed nowadays in the sale of photograph frames and toothbrushes that one has almost forgotten he exists. If the same demands are to be made on his space and the work of his staff, with, roughly, a profit cut down from a shilling to fourpence, it seems to me that he had best imitate the snark, and softly and silently vanish away, or else show a stronger line in knick-knacks. But he may take it fighting, and prove the lion in the path. He is not exactly in love with the sevenpenny reprint, and, just possibly, he may think that the two shilling novel may ease his lot. That is for his own trade organisation to decide.

The printers will, I think—and by the term printers I mean also the publisher's other tradesmen, binders and paper-makers—be affected much in the same way as the authors. The few bigger firms, who get the orders from the few bigger publishers, will do well; the smaller man will be hurt. So perhaps it is all part of the same general tendency—a narrowing of the gate of opportunity, but more space and ease for the few who get inside. Incidentally, that has been tried with the drama. I mean that a smaller selling price does not mean cheaper production, but costlier production; and the costliness of theatre production has involved the sterilising of our drama. In publishing, we have hitherto at least given the beginner and the less popular man his chance. Shall we do wisely to refuse it?—Yours, &c.,

A Literary Agent.

# Letters to the Editor.

## "THE MILLS OF GOD."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Some twelve years have elapsed since Lord Salisbury uttered words of warning to the Turkish Sultan. Abdul Hamid's policy had been crowned with apparent success. He had carried through his series of Armenian massacres with thoroughness and efficiency. The great Powers, armed with overwhelming strength, had looked on in impotent confusion, and their perfunctory protests were artfully silenced with commercial concessions or boldly flouted by massacre on massacre. When they feebly murmured over the devastation of Asia Minor, the Sultan replied with the greatest massacre of all before the eyes of their ambassadors. It was a triumph of consistent brutality unsurpassed in history, a complete epic of victorious evil, and paralysed humanity. Rounded off by the victories of 1897 and the farcical collapse of the Greeks, it seemed to establish the very incarnation of Wrong upon the throne of this world. It was at the climax of the action that Lord Salisbury predicted a very different end from that which then appeared inevitable to most onlookers. In language which unfortunately I imperfectly recall, and can but unworthily reproduce, he warned the Sultan of the existence of unseen forces working towards a very different consummation. We might call it the Providence of God, or we might call it the inherent and unalterable tendency of things, but call it what we might, and shut our eyes to it as we would, there was a principle at work in the affairs of men by which in the end persistent and unheeding iniquity brought its own retribution. Lord Salisbury was hardly the man to wield the sword of justice with his own hand. It was something if, alone among European statesmen in a cynical day, he maintained and avowed his belief in forces which only that form of short-sightedness which we call materialism can utterly ignore. We have had to wait long for the verification of his prophecy, and, while waiting, the faith of many of us waxed cold, but at length we have seen it with our eyes, and we shall not forget.

To be moved by a single event, it may be said, is at once illogical and weak. Lord Salisbury's principle is one which we must either accept as true, reject as false, or dismiss as unprovable, on the broadest grounds. Our acceptance or denial is a part of our whole interpretation of our experience. If in some sense, however difficult to formulate with precision, we believe it to express a truth founded on the unchanging order of things, it is unworthy to let our faith in it be moved by the accidents of contemporary history. We ought, if we were perfectly assured and perfectly consistent, to be neither unduly depressed at the apparent triumph of colossal wrong, nor too much elated when justice palpably comes by her own. One swallow does not make a summer. It must be admitted at best that, so far as our experience goes, the justice to which Lord Salisbury appealed is leaden-footed, and that if she be iron-handed her blow too often misses the arch criminal. That in this case the aim has been true is no warrant for unreasoning optimism.

All this may be true. Nevertheless, the regeneration of Turkey is an event which will profoundly affect the outlook on the world of many in our generation, and that, in part at least, quite reasonably. For if the event does not prove that the right always wins, it does prove that there is no good cause so hopeless as to be unworthy of an effort, for no cause seemed more hopeless than that of Turkey. It does prove that overwhelming material power may be undermined by adequate moral force. It proves that heroism, like wisdom, is justified of her children. It proves that

> "To defy power which seems omnipotent,
> To love and bear, to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates,"

is the part neither of the fanatic nor the madman, but of the sanest patriot who, tested by hard fact, will accomplish the greatest things.

But furthermore the course of contemporary history, the successes or failures that we actually witness have an effect on the mind beyond that which pure reason can justify. Yet it is an effect that few can escape. The firmest constancy is that of those who can work on without thought of results, who do their part and let success or failure come as they may. Those of us who are cast in less stoical mould may admit that, logically or otherwise, we derive fresh courage from the more recent course of public events. At the beginning of this century three great wrongs stood out in black and bold outline above all others—in Russia, in Turkey, and in South Africa. In distinguishing these three I am not forgetful of the Congo or of Angola slavery, of Ireland, or of the pervading incubus of economic oppression in the darker corners of modern industrialism. I am taking only those which most publicly and defiantly and with most exuberant force outraged the conscience of mankind. In all three freedom seemed to be beating itself to death against the adamantine walls of material power. All three could be cited as proofs of the impotence of justice, and brought as overwhelming evidence to confound the faithful. But in two of the three the seemingly hopeless struggle is already won, and even in Russia the day is gone by when the lamp was kept alight only by a few scattered exiles among Siberian snows. In future, we who have seen Abdul Hamid deposed, and have welcomed Botha and De Wet as Ministers of the Crown, will move to the attack, I think, with less of the grimness of the forlorn hope and more of the assurance of final victory.—Yours, &c.,

L. T. Hobhouse.

May 6th, 1909.

## M. LOISY'S INAUGURAL LECTURE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your readers may like to have a brief account of M. Loisy's inaugural lecture and his triumphal entry into the Collège de France on Monday. No inaugural lecture since that of Renan has excited so much public interest. But, whereas, in the case of Renan, the disturbances were so serious that the Government seized the opportunity of suspending his *cours*, the threatened oppo-

sition to M. Loisy had melted away before Monday, thanks to the energetic action of the students of the Sorbonne.

An enormous crowd of a composite character waited outside the gates of the Collège de France on Monday for an hour before they were opened, and the majority had their wait for nothing, for the lecture hall could not accommodate nearly half of those who desired admission. When the gates were opened at ten o'clock there was a scramble like that for the pit of a theatre. In accordance with custom a small enclosure in the front of the hall was reserved for a few friends of professors and the family of M. Loisy's predecessor in the chair of religions; the rest of the hall was thrown open to the public.

On the platform were a large number of the professors of the College, including M. Bergson, M. Louis Havet, M. Arthur Chuquet, M. Lechatellier, &c. When, at half-past ten, M. Loisy entered, accompanied by the *administrateur* of the Collège de France, M. Levasseur, the whole audience rose to its feet, and there was a scene of wild enthusiasm which lasted for several minutes. M. Loisy seemed for a moment almost overwhelmed by his reception, but he soon recovered self-possession.

The first part of his lecture was a warm tribute to his two predecessors in the chair of the history of religions, Albert and Jean Reville. He then proceeded to explain his own conception of the purpose of the chair and the method which a professor should adopt, and sketched his programme. In an admirable passage he contested the view that the critical study of the history of religions involves indifference or contempt in regard to the subject studied. "Ah! Indifference and contempt in the face of that which is universally, fundamentally human!" He declined to agree with Renan that, in order to write the history of a religion, one must have believed in it and have ceased to believe. "Ask my colleague who teaches philosophy here"—and M. Loisy slightly turned towards M. Bergson, who was close by him on the platform—"ask him if he regards it in the past and the present with a cold look of disdain. Assuredly he loves it with all his soul. And, what is still more grave, he believes in it." "For my part," said M. Loisy, "I do not think that religion is a mere illusion." "To understand and to teach the history of religions, it is not necessary to see in religion the supreme folly of humanity; but it is necessary to regard all religions with that sympathy, if need be that indulgence, that one ought to feel for all that is human."

M. Loisy went on to say that it was, on the other hand, impossible to study impartially the history of religion if one regarded any one religion as exclusively and absolutely true, as being the perfect, definitive, and infallible expression of the religious ideal. "The science of religions cannot serve the purpose of any particular theology, and particular theologies are incompatible with the science of religions. For they impose on the latter conclusions which often contradict its acquired results and always fetter the labor of research." Their method would be critical and comparative, the method of historical criticism applied to religious history. They would use the results acquired by anthropologists, folklorists, sociologists, and other savants without binding themselves to any of those sciences.

The programme would be the study successively of sacrifice, divination, and prophecy, prayer, religious morality, beliefs, priesthoods in the various religions, and, finally, of those reforming movements which have resulted in religions that may be called universal. M. Loisy could not hope, he said, that his career would be long enough to enable him to finish so comprehensive a programme. "All that I can promise you is to proceed courageously. So far as it rests with me, all the new facts that are acquired to the history of religions, all the new discoveries that concern it, all real progress in its methods, will here have their echo; in that way we shall be able to elucidate our researches and to strengthen our conclusions. And we shall have no concern other than concern for the truth."

When the lecture closed with these words, another storm of applause burst forth. The applause was repeated by a crowd gathered in the Rue des Ecoles as M. Loisy left the college by the main entrance accompanied by Professor Havet and other friends.—Yours, &c., R. E. D.

Paris, May 6th, 1909.

## CONCERNING OUR FRIVOLOUS STAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

Sir,—Some of us are getting a little tired of being always reminded that Puritanism is responsible for a frivolous stage. The absence of seriousness in the theatre is due to commercialism. As soon as it became possible to make a fortune out of a single play, the commercial speculator regarded the drama as a legitimate commodity for a gamble; and when a man runs his theatre for the sole object of making money out of it, he purposely avoids supplying food for those who want to think; he caters for the spending classes and for the seeker after amusement. Besides, theatre rents are so heavy an item in a manager's liabilities, that he is obliged to sublet his bars and programmes, or to make "deals" with theatre ticket agents, or to enter into other business transactions in order to realise money independently of what will come out of the pockets of the playgoer, with the consequence that he is hampered by restrictions that often compel him to think more of his obligations to his various clients than of those to his public. The only remedy for this evil is for the public itself to manage the theatre in its own interests, and for this reason it is to be hoped that the public will give a loyal support to the National Theatre scheme.—Yours &c.,

William Poel.

May 4th, 1909.

## A QUESTION OF IDEALS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Having read your interesting, if rather melancholy, article on "The Laborer's Listlessness," may I remark that the infusion of new life and happiness into our country districts is one of the chief objects of the much abused Tariff Reformer. Surely this ideal is a worthier one than that which contemplates the possibility of an urban nation fed entirely with cheap food from outside.—Yours, &c.,

Immo S. Allen.

P.S.—I have frequently asked Free Traders what their *ideal* really is, but I have never succeeded in eliciting a direct answer.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.
May 3rd, 1909.

## THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Mr. Gill's letter in your last week's issue raises once more the failure of the Small Holdings Act to prevent the rural exodus and restore the people to the land.

As a matter of fact, about 98 per cent. of the applicants have failed to obtain holdings; the total number provided being about 500, or 10 per county. This is the result of fifteen months' work, during which period it is not unlikely that 100,000 of our villagers have left the rural districts for the towns and Colonies. Figures express little, but one must realise that a large number of these cases involve a personal tragedy, and the whole result is a national one.

What has happened to the other applicants? A few are being dealt with, but in the considerable number of cases that I have had under my notice in the Home Counties no attempt is being made effectively to administer the law in the interests of the people, and the whole movement is liable to be crushed out.

There seems to be only one way of dealing with this failure of local and central authorities. A local group in every village, supported by a powerful central organisation, is indispensable. Such a society would be able, not only to bring to light the evils under which country people suffer, but to secure their rectification. It is such an organisation that we are slowly building up, and for it the support of all who care for the welfare of our people is needed.—Yours, &c.,

Montague Fordham,
Secretary Land Club League.

May 5th, 1909.

## "THE DEFECTS OF THE LIBERAL PROPAGANDA."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I be allowed to express strong agreement with the remarks of "W. M. T." this week. Whatever good work the ordinary election agent is doing, it is obvious to any careful observer that very little is being done to counteract the pernicious effect of the paid orators of the Tariff Reform League—who trim their arguments to suit their audiences.

The idea of workmen coached up in arguments to suit the circumstances of their localities and the capacity of their fellow workmen, is sound and practical, and is the best way to meet the attack of unscrupulous opponents.

As a man of business, I am convinced that money and time could not be spent to more advantage in spreading the truth. Working-men will listen to their fellow workmen, and if such Committees as described by "W. M. T." were formed in every constituency, I for one would feel more hope for our next General Election than I do at present—and more inclined to subscribe to the necessary funds.—Yours, &c., W. R. SNOW.

33, Old Change, London, E.C.
May 5th, 1909.

## DEER AND THE CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ACTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It used to be a very generally received opinion among lawyers that only those animals which are classed as creatures *feræ naturæ* are outside the protection of the Acts for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 1849 and 1854. In other words, it was thought that, so far as those Acts are concerned, there were only two classes of animals to be considered, viz., animals *feræ naturæ*, and animals *domitæ naturæ*, or domestic animals.

Recently, however, counsel of the very highest standing and authority have advised that there is a third class—a miserable *tertium quid*—of animals which, although they are not to be reckoned as *feræ naturæ*, are, nevertheless, not domestic animals, and are therefore not entitled to the protection of the Acts. The question arose in this way. Many years ago it was held by judges, whose decision stands as unquestioned to-day as it did when it was pronounced, that deer, when fed and cared for by man, may, although by no means closely confined, lose their wild character and cease to be animals *feræ naturæ*. Thus, in the case of "Morgan *v.* Earl of Abergavenny" (8. C.B. Rep. 768), which was decided on argument before four of the most distinguished judges that ever sat upon the Bench, viz., Wilds, L.C.J., and Maule, Coltman, and Creswell, J.J., it was held that deer, both red and fallow, to the number of some thousands, kept in an ancient park of 900 acres and of wild natural features, had, owing to the manner in which they had been fed and taken care of, ceased to be animals *feræ naturæ*. This case was followed by the similar case of "Ford *v.* Tynte" (31. L.T. Ch. 177), where Wood, V.C., in giving judgment, said, "I find that the deer in this park of 114 acres are *tame*, and there are no wild deer there." The judges, in fact, held that deer, in the conditions mentioned, "must be considered as other cattle."

Now, it seemed at first sight to follow from these decisions that deer which had "ceased to be animals *feræ naturæ*," and were "tame deer," and "to be considered as other cattle," would be, since the passing of the Acts of 1849 and 1854, under the protection of the law which makes cruelty to animals a criminal offence. It now appears that such an opinion was erroneous, and that any evil disposed person who may mutilate, or otherwise ill-treat, such deer may do so with impunity so far as these Acts are concerned. For such deer, as we have been advised, are not "domestic animals" within Section 3 of the Act of 1854. They are neither animals *feræ naturæ* nor are they "domestic animals." They belong to an anomalous, anonymous, intermediate class, which has hitherto, I think, had very little consideration bestowed upon it, if, indeed, it has been recognised at all.

And herein lies the immediate importance of this opinion. The animals used for the hunting of "carted deer" are bred from the tame park stock, viz., from deer which have "ceased to be animals *feræ naturæ*"; they are fed and cared for by man in a still higher degree than were the park deer in the cases cited; they are taken from the park and kept in paddocks or loose boxes; some of them are castrated when young, and are then known as "haviers." But, nevertheless, according to the opinion of eminent counsel, they are not "domestic" animals, and therefore they may be harried and injured at will so far as these Acts are concerned. Nay, if they should be deliberately starved (a most unlikely thing to happen, of course, for these deer are very carefully fed), no prosecution could be instituted against the offender, as might be done in the case of "other cattle."

I submit, sir, that here is a case for the reform of the law, in order that these poor creatures may be protected from cruelty; and this might be very easily effected by an Act of one or two clauses extending the definition of "domestic animal" in 17 and 18 Vict., c. 60, S. 3, so as to make it include deer when kept in captivity.

I may add that there is, I believe, no decided case in which an animal not an animal *feræ naturæ* has been held to be outside the protection of the Acts for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but seeing that such eminent counsel as Sir Robert Finlay and Mr. Arthur Cohen have, independently, advised that park or paddock deer, kept under such conditions as in the cases cited, are in this unhappy and anomalous condition, we are bound to assume that such is the law of the land.—Yours &c., G. G. GREENWOOD.

May 4th, 1909.

## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND NONCONFORMISTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is high time that one or two fallacies which seem dear to your correspondents, and are *so* old and *so* false, should be decently interred.

1. The Church was *not* founded by Henry VIII.: it was the same old Catholic Church of the land continued unbrokenly—though reformed in certain particulars. The Popes up to the time of Elizabeth were willing to recognise it as such under certain conditions. If it was a new Church, then there must have been a complete change of doctrine—service, books, bishops, and priests. Was there?

2. No one wishes to speak against good and Christian work by whomsoever it is done—the finger of God is no doubt in it. But to contend that anyone is at liberty to found a Church, invent their own rules, system of ordination, &c., and then say that this "Church" is on a footing with one founded directly by Our Lord, is an argument unworthy of reply. If it were true, then the Mormons are a Christian Church: nay, perhaps *the* Christian Church.

3. When St. Paul wrote "Submit yourselves . . . unto the King as supreme" (and, be it remembered, a heathen king), presumably, according to Mr. Mudie-Smith, he made the Church a dissenting sect! But he did not say, nor has the Church ever said, that the King was supreme in spiritual matters. Henry VIII. was not, even in his most inquisitorial moments, an intruder on the purely spiritual functions of the bishops—witness his reply to Tunstall in 1531. And such authority is carefully repudiated in Article 37.

When, sir, your correspondents cease to drag in these antique and oft-refuted fallacies we shall have the ground clear for sane discussion.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES J. MAGRATH.

King Edward School, Sheffield,
May 2nd, 1909.

## ADULT SUFFRAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondent Catherine Ryle speaks of the removal of the sex disability as being the thin edge of a wedge, and then proceeds to confuse the wedge itself with the people who are trying to drive it in. This is surely a mistake. A large number of Suffragists believe in ultimately driving in the whole wedge. They take it as a matter of course that once the thin edge is in, they will go on hammering until they succeed in doing so. Another section believe that the fabric of the building would be

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greatly injured by insertion of the thick end. But both these sections of workers are unanimously of opinion that the thin edge should be driven in as speedily as possible, and they are working loyally together for that end. They understand one another, and they know that later on they will be in different camps, but they do not waste valuable time in quarrelling. Each section does its share in the work that all believe to be necessary. What are we to think of people who gravely advise them to concentrate upon the thick end of the wedge first, even before incision has been made? Such advice would appear to spring either from a total ignorance of the nature and limitation of wedges, or else from a desire to set the workers by the ears on a future issue, and so to hinder the attainment of their object, viz., the placing of women on a political equality with men before the law.—Yours, &c., B. Blagg.

May 6th, 1909.

## Poetry.

### THE TOWN WITHOUT A MARKET.

There lies afar behind a western hill
A town without a market, white and still,
For six feet long and not a third as high
Are those dense habitations. There stood I
Waiting to hear the citizens beneath
Murmur and sigh and speak through tongueless teeth.
When all the world lay windless to the sun
I suddenly heard them talking. Whispered one,
"Bright lights I loved and color, I who find
My eyes gone blind, gone miserably blind."
"I loved the violin and dulcimer,"
Another said, "but here we make no stir."
And one, "On Earth I used not ears and eyes,
But with my fingers touched for harmonies
And knew things round and soft and brass from gold,
And dipped my head in water, to feel cold.
I thought my eyes would open; I was glad
To die—and lose the only joy I had."
Soon all the voices of a thousand dead
Shouted in wrath together, and one said,
"I care not, but the girl was sweet to kiss
At evening in the meadows." "Hard it is,"
Another cried, "to hear no hunting horn:
Ah me, the horse, the hounds, and the great grey morn
When I rode out a-hunting." And another,
"I longed to live when I became a mother."
A boy said, "I was strong and swift to run,
Now they have tied my feet: what have I done?"
A man said, "It was good to arm and fight,
And storm the hostile cities in the night."
An old man said, "I read my books all day:
They have killed me and hidden my books away."
And one, "The lying teachers did not well
To cheat poor dead men with false hopes of hell.
Better the fiery whips that hiss and rend
Than darkness with no meaning and no end."
I smiled to hear them restless, I who sought
Peace. For I had not loved, I had not fought
And books are endless vanities, and strength
A gathered flower. There would be peace at length.
No voices now: I turned to leave the town
Before the chill came and the sun went down.
Yet one more whisper—and I seemed to know
A timorous man buried long years ago.
"I long to shape once more the thing that seems:
Master of all men, give me back my dreams.
Give me my world that never failed before,
The island hills, the dancing on the shore,
The carven palace where I made my home,
My city that could break the pride of Rome,
The three queens hidden in the sacred tree,
The white folk in the clouds who sang to me.
O Death, why hast thou covered me so deep,
Who loved thy cloudy silver sister, Sleep?"
Then said my heart, "Death takes and cannot give.
If I must lose my fancy, let me live!"

James Elroy Flecker.

## Reviews.

### THE SOCIALISED MILLIONAIRE.*

"We have come to the parting of the ways. We are about to choose between the socialised millionaire and socialism." So Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, an American writer hardly known in England, but one who ought to be known. For, almost alone among the writers of the New World, he has something which the Old World is always expecting from them, and never finding. He has a faith, and a faith which seems to be original, not a mere rehash of things that have been better felt and said in Europe. Mr. Lee's idea is American through and through. He takes exactly that phenomenon of American civilisation which, to a cultivated European, seems most monstrous and barbarous; he admits its monstrosity and its barbarism; and he says "exactly this thing is the most promising thing in America." He takes, that is, the Millionaire, and hails him "as an Archangel in embryo." It is worth while to follow out this romantic idea.

"What is wrong with civilisation?" Mr. Lee asks. Philosophers and poets and artists answer, "The machine." "Not at all," Mr. Lee replies; "the machine is wonderful, beautiful, inspiring." He has written a whole book to prove it, "The Voice of the Machines." What is wrong is not the machine, it is men with machine-souls. "When factory work is so arranged that the only habit of mind a man can have in a factory is the habit of not having any mind, the question a machine-civilisation is obliged to face is: 'What can be done for a man that is in the habit of not having any mind?'" This is Mr. Lee's problem: "Can men who live in a machine-civilisation—a civilisation in which men are obliged to earn their money with machines, in which they cannot even spend it without machines—have souls?" His answer is, "Yes, they can—if millionaires get souls." For the millionaire, as he is, Mr. Lee has scant respect. He regards him as an elementary, unintelligent, blundering creature, who is under the illusion that he is there merely to make money. Here is a description of him, and the reader, even though he be English, will probably have little difficulty in filling in the blanks. "What could be more pathetic than Mr. —— as an educator—a man who is educating and mowing down two hundred thousand (?) men a day, ten hours a day, for forty years of their lives; that is, who is separating the souls of his employees from their work, bullying them into being linked with a work and a method they despise, and who is trying to atone for it all—this vast terrible schooling, ten hours a day, forty years, two hundred thousand men's lives—by piecing together professors and dollars, putting up a little playhouse of learning, before the world, to give a few fresh young boys and girls four years with paper books? A man, the very thought of whom has ruined more men, and devastated more faiths, and created more cowards and brutes and fools in all walks of life, than any other influence in the nineteenth century, and who is trying to eke out at last a spoonful of atonement for it all—all this vast baptism of the business world in despair and force and cursing and pessimism—by perching up before it —— University, like a dove-cote on a volcano."

So much for the kind of millionaire we have got. From him Mr. Lee turns to the kind which he affirms we are getting, which he vows we shall get. This will be the millionaire-artist. He will not be an altruist; no, he will be selfish, like all artists, only he will "identify his selfishness with other people's." He will not be disinterested; no, he will insist on making money; only he will see that his employees and the public make it too. He will not be moved by his conscience; no, he will be moved by the joy of his work. "The great millionaire when he comes will do good, not by poking dismally around the world, and being on committees, and trying to be self-sacrificing, and trying vaguely to make people happy, but by being happy with some deep happiness himself, and overflowing the world with it." This, it will be observed, is a new version of Carlyle's "Captains of Industry"; but a version peculiarly modern and peculiarly American. It could hardly have

* "Inspired Millionaires." By Gerald Stanley Lee. Mount Tom Press, Northampton, Mass.

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proceeded from Europe, with its experience and ideal of public service; it could hardly have proceeded from Australia, with its mistrust of the individual. It could only proceed from a people who are, indeed, in a sense, democratic, but whose democracy is so set upon liberty that it is indifferent to equality. It is thus that Mr. Lee passes over lightly, almost without examination, the problem of the control of the millionaire. He says, in effect, that he won't want controlling; to say that he will is to despair of human nature. The millionaire will just overflow, by the sheer joy of living, into works of universal beneficence; all the time he will be creating men and creating things, like a god, for the delight of creation. Control him, hamper him, tie him up, and you sterilise him at once. You must give him all the wealth and all the power he wants. Yes, you must give him monopoly; and all you give will return a thousandfold in blessings to the whole society. No change in institutions is wanted. All that is wanted is a change in the hearts of millionaires; the millionaires will then change the hearts of the world.

Now this is a most interesting conception. It is the counter to Socialism, and the only counter. Individualism, as we have it, cannot stand up for a moment against the Socialistic ideal; that is why the writings of men like Mr. Mallock and M. Leroy-Beaulieu, with all their intelligence, are so ineffective; they are still-born, because they have no ideal. But Mr. Lee is an idealist of the extremest type. I grant you, he says, all the meanness, cruelty, and injustice of our individualistic system, and I propose to cure it—by more individualism. Socialists may be tempted to retort by scoffing at Mr. Lee's idealism, by confronting his notion of the millionaire-artist with their notion of the millionaire-brute. But such a retort does not lie in the mouths of Socialists, for they are nothing themselves if not idealists. They, too, conceive human nature working otherwise than it now works. And they must face the question: Is the Society they conceive more desirable and more possible than the Society Mr. Lee conceives?

Mr. Lee regards Socialism as a system under which men of genius would be "managed like automatons by society, or by a machine from the outside." If Socialism means that, and can mean nothing but that, it would not be much of a thing to achieve, though it might be better than what we have got. But why should it mean that? Just here seems to come in the limitation of the American outlook. The Americans have never had good government. Partly they have not had it because they do not believe in it, and partly they do not believe in it because they have not had it. But Europeans, and especially Englishmen, are accustomed to a high and noble type of public official. They have had their Wellingtons, their Gordons, their Lawrences, their Stephens, their Trevelyans. They know that public service and public honor are sufficient motives to great action; and they do not see why these motives should not be substituted, in the business world, for those other meaner ones that are making such havoc of society. Nor do they see why a man, because he is serving his country, and is paid a salary for doing it, should feel himself to be "managed like an automaton." They believe in the initiative and freedom of public servants. The whole case for Socialism lies here. If that assumption is false, the whole system is impracticable. But if it is true, the system is possible; and if it is possible, it seems to be more desirable than Mr. Lee's system. For Mr. Lee's system, after all, is that of monarchy or aristocracy. It leaves the mass of men dependent for their lives and fortunes on the few, and to these few it gives unlimited power. But if this arrangement is desirable in industry, why is it not also desirable in government? Does Mr. Lee, who repudiates social democracy, believe in political democracy? and if so, why? Is he so American in his individualism that he has ceased to be American in his democracy? And if so, of how many Americans is he typical? It would be interesting to know.

But there is another point. It is in the name, not of equality, but of opportunity, that Mr. Lee preaches his gospel. And on the point of opportunity he omits to discuss two questions which are fundamental between him and Socialism. First, is the millionaire to be allowed absolute ownership of land? Mr. Lee, no doubt, would answer in the affirmative, for he insists that his millionaire must be a monopolist. Indeed, unless he be a monopolist, he will hardly be a millionaire. But then, from the point of view of equal opportunity, by what right does the millionaire monopolise land? By that of superior ability? But the ownership of land presumes no superior ability. Anyone can own it who inherits it, or has the money to buy it; and he can then do nothing with it except take toll of society. Again, is the monopolist to be allowed to bequeath his wealth where he will? Then by what right, from Mr. Lee's point of view, does the son and successor, who may be a fool or a knave, become a millionaire? These two points —the ownership of land and the inheritance of wealth—are cardinal points in the discussion. The justification of Mr. Lee's millionaire is that he is a millionaire by genius. But as long as the private ownership of land and the private inheritance of wealth are possible, so long there will always be millionaires, not by genius, but by luck. Mr. Lee's ideal, in a word, is unsatisfactory, not because it is an ideal, but because it is an ideal inconsistent with itself. It purports to put the control of the world into the hands of men of genius, but it perpetuates an institution which may throw the control into the hands of fools and knaves. Is Mr. Lee prepared to modify or abrogate these institutions? If so, he has gone a long way towards the Socialism he repudiates. Meantime, all Socialists ought to read his book. For they, too, will need, in their community, the artist in industry; and they must consider whether they can get him without permitting him to be a millionaire.

G. Lowes Dickinson.

## ART AND SPORT.*

The psychology of games is almost as baffling as the psychology of racial development. The play instinct, according to Herbert Spencer, lies at the bottom of all art. But play is very close to simulated contest, and from this *gaudium certaminis* spring, it would seem, those eternal antagonisms, art and sport. Yet, after all, as Mr. Haultain maintains, they are near akin: "the one being the intellectual and emotional, the other the muscular and nervous, representation of the primal and highly utilitarian instincts of hunger and love exerting themselves, in the form of hunting and mating and fighting, in a world of animal and vegetable life."

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* "The Mystery of Golf." By Arnold Haultain. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

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timately close to them. Art expressed religion, and, in its turn, sport interpreted art with a yet more concrete significance. The genius of Pindar revealed the genius of the gods, and this or that athlete brought Pindar nearer to that capricious and careless people who would so unerringly hiss a false quantity.

But it was only then, perhaps, in the known history of the human race that these three manifestations of human aspiration were spontaneously exhibited in absolute harmony throughout the routine of daily life. Religion then blended graciously with the whole conception of national life, and religion which made its interpreter, the poet, sacred, smiled equally upon the athlete, who was in himself an image of the gods. The Olympian victor was no mere study of Pindar or model of Praxiteles; he was in himself the embodiment, in his physical completeness, of what the gods willed. The soothsayer might divulge in ecstasy the will of heaven, but Achilles threw his own genius into the rage and turmoil of youth.

Arbitrary classifications, however, have fastened upon us, and the last thing in the world that one demands from an athlete is genius, or from a game the thrill of art. But we do associate athlete and game with our own conception of conduct, and we are quite aware of the moral aspect of sport. Here, again, golf is a most excellent test, for in golf each stroke "must be played by the mind—gravely, quietly, deliberately. And this is why there is a psychology of golf, but there is no psychology of cricket or rackets or tennis or polo. If, for this theory, it is necessary to show that strong stimulation of the perceptive faculties tends to strong stimulation of the conceptive, one might point to the effect of music upon the mind and body. How easy it is to dance when the rhythmic valse strikes upon the ear, what waves of thought and emotion are set a-going at sound of martial airs!" And Mr. Haultain goes on to insist that golf is more than a test of a man's muscle or nerve or brain, that "it is a test of his inmost veriest self, of his soul and spirit, of his whole character and disposition, of his temperament, of his habit of mind, of the entire content of his mental and moral nature as handed down to him by unnumbered multitudes of ancestors."

Is it stretching the caprice of thought too far to suggest that to the golfer may be vouchsafed something like the thrill of art? Are sport and art in these later days too hopelessly incompatible? Before we utter the ironical affirmative let us at least consider actual facts. For example, let us glance round a crowded audience hanging breathlessly on a decision concerning a free kick. The game proceeds eagerly, furiously in this sincere simulation of the eternal life combat which many thousands are watching and even sharing through the imagination. It has become the habit to sneer at these spectators as idlers who should be shouldering rifles, and, indeed, so far as sport and conduct are concerned, they stand condemned. But, in their own way, they are living more amply, at a higher pressure, so that with each triumphant kick or charge the thin life-blood stirs more nobly in their veins. Now turn to another audience at a popular Anglo-Saxon rendering of the life play which is acknowledged to be art. Here the paltry subterfuges of the stage-carpenter are deliberately preferred to the ruthless and silent pressure of life. The clap-trap of talkative heroism takes the place of man fashioned by the wordless necessity. But these things are quickly and wisely forgotten. For, in this tense atmosphere it is possible to share a nobler and swifter phase of being. Small minds open out to ample declamation. Starved hearts feed hungrily on the love-flutters of romance. It is no wonder that the multitude acknowledges thankfully its debt to melodrama, for in this, the least and last of the arts, it finds its life-food of the imagination. That is what we are looking for, all of us, and one may maintain, with no exaggeration whatever, that these two audiences, the one in the football field and the other in the crowded theatre, are looking for and receiving precisely the same thing—the thrill of art.

Petronius may muse silently on the lure of a deeper beauty in some lost Greek statue. That is his life-food of the imagination, his thrill of art. But humanity as a whole seeks blindly exactly the same thing, the escape from itself. That is the tie between every one of us, the link between Prospero and Caliban, who sought, the one consciously, the other unconsciously, the same secret door of deliverance. However one strive for it, it is no exotic dream of the connoisseur, but the common goal of enduring humanity. And this goal, Mr. Haultain assures us in his delightfully written and fascinating book, is to be reached through the art and sport of golf.

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It is, indeed, rather an interesting speculation to weigh the chances of "The Infamous John Friend's" general success. To begin with—though not ultimately—its artistic sincerity will tilt the balance adversely; on the other hand, the story is full of action, and even of adventure: there are smugglers, spies, stolen dispatches, hand to hand encounters, pistols presented, and nooses around men's necks, continual risks of life and death, and finally a trial on a capital charge. These are, of course, things dear to the heart of that superficial person, the general reader, whose imagination responds only to concrete ideas. But then the end is tragic; and the general reader is well known to desire at all costs what he—or she—calls "a happy ending," and to be quite careless whether such an ending stultifies (as in this case it would) the entire book. To a certain group of readers who like to think that they are receiving "instruction," and who regard "amusing" as an epithet of depreciation, the historical setting may prove attractive. Some proportion of this group, however, will probably be shocked by that frank recognition of the sexual element in human life, which is a part of Mrs. Garnett's sincerity.

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Mrs. Garnett has shown delicacy without prudishness; but has perhaps allowed what is, after all, but one element, to occupy rather too large a proportion of space in her picture. This observation by no means applies to that critical chapter in which she skilfully throws her story into the form of retrospective confidences between the elder and the younger woman, thus avoiding the details of direct narrative, and concentrating attention upon the contrasted feelings and characters of the two. It is not this chapter but another which the judicious may be disposed to wish away: that, namely, in which Napoleon converses with a subordinate upon his ambitions in regard to England. Not only is the chapter in itself hardly successful; it is also outside the main current of the story, and its place might be better filled by a sentence or two.

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>
> "He was a man of forty-seven, standing about five feet nine, built like a bullock for breadth and strength, so as to give the impression of being less than his height. For all his massiveness of frame he yet had an appearance of great activity; and a martial suggestion in his carriage, an indefinable hint in his countenance, inspired the thought 'a most formidable antagonist.' It could hardly be his expression that conveyed this veiled threat, for it was one mainly of humorous intelligence, yet showing resolution and command. Some people have an odd resemblance to certain animals; and though there was nothing vulpine about Friend's bullet head, square jaw, and massive brow, yet a look of sly, cheerful cunning, and something latent that might prove to be ferocity, reminded one on seeing him in no small degree of a fox."

There is nothing slipshod here; the work is solid, careful, in a sense adequate; but the final grace is not attained. Perhaps, even, there has been too much care, so that the mysterious quality known in studios as "atmosphere" has been improved away. In the conversations, too, although the thoughts and qualities of the speakers are always perfectly differentiated, their language varies but little. It is in this direction that Mrs. Garnett's talent is a trifle hard and stiff; though it should be added that as she warms to the work she masters her material better than at the beginning. Of some novels it is safe to say that they are the 'prentice work of writers who will do better things by and by; of a few the experienced critic can perceive that each is the single ripened fruit into which the essence of a whole personality has been distilled, and that from that trunk no further blossom will come to maturity. Upon other novels again it is impossible to pronounce whether they will prove to be beginnings or to be completions; and to this class belongs "The Infamous John Friend." As it stands it is interesting; and conceivably it may be but the first of a yet more interesting series, but it is also possible that it will stand alone, and that those "Brownies" of whom Stevenson tells and who have certainly this time had Mrs. Garnett under their thraldom, may never again inspire her. If they should, much may be hoped from a writer who follows their call so unswervingly. In any case, readers who care for faithful pyschology will find this volume worth their study; while those other readers who care chiefly for a new thrill should be careful not to overlook a writer bold enough to stage her last scene at the very . . . But, no; this is not fair. Let such readers seek out the new thrill for themselves.

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# The Week in the City.

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There is no longer any reason to feel anxious about the effect of the Budget. In spite of Mr. Balfour's talk about national credit the City has been decidedly reassured. Consols have been firm and seem more likely to rise than to fall. There is much adverse criticism as to the old sinking fund. But the average City man is quite satisfied about income tax and death duties. There is no talk of confiscation. The stock markets have been diversely affected by other events. South American stocks have been weakish in consequence of the strike in Buenos Ayres and the troubles in Nicaragua. There is a report that Mexico and the United States will intervene in Central America. The American market was depressed at first by the Supreme Court's ruling in favor of the Hepburn Commodity clause, but after a day's reflection decided that this would really be beneficial, and prices went up again. Generally speaking, speculative stocks are by way of rising, because there is plenty of cheap money for speculative purposes. The bank return, it is true, shows a heavy falling-off in reserve, but the market seems confident that cheap money will last some time. On the other hand prices are rising, and the wool market in particular is quite excited. A West Riding authority tells me that in the Yorkshire worsted trade manufacturers are working at high pressure.

### German Finance.

Germany's finances are getting into a more and more hopeless position, and the last loan of 40 millions sterling for the empire and Prussia has not been at all well received. The total applications are said to amount to only 75 millions sterling. Yet the 4 per cents. are issued at the same price as Italian 3½ per cents! There seems to have been practically no participation from France or England or Holland; but some help has come from Belgium and Scandinavia. Meanwhile the German Treasury is in despair. Nearly all the taxes have been rejected, though a tax on the increment of land has been virtually agreed upon in place of death duties. On the other hand the Reichstag has passed a Bill for raising the salaries of imperial officials to compensate them for the increased cost of food and living under the new high tariff. This adds £1,250,000 to an annual deficit of some 25 millions sterling, and will involve an addition of a million to the Prussian Budget, which is in an equally parlous plight.

### The Buenos Ayres and Pacific.

"I believe that Argentina will become one of the most wonderful countries in the world for small holdings." That is a bold prophecy to make of a country where at present anything between 200 and 1,000 acres is considered a little farm; but it was made this week by Lord St. Davids, who spoke, fresh from a visit to the Argentine, and has had a long and intimate experience of the land's development. To an unusually large meeting of shareholders he described in very vivid language the wonderful change that is taking place in Argentina and the extraordinary fertility of its soil; the great tracts of alfalfa-growing country in which you can nowhere find a stone as large as a pin's head; the vine and fruit country on the western border watered by the snows from the Andes; the wheat and maize lands in the Bahia Blanca districts, tilled by Jews of the Russian dispersion, starting life afresh among a population of half-bred Spaniards; and, above all, the rich and immediate rewards of agriculture which almost everywhere follow the building of the railways. It was a fascinating picture and a powerful defence of the forward policy for which Lord St. Davids himself is largely responsible. But he was opening up, after all, a more or less distant prospect, and, except when it is under the spell of some great personality, the Stock Exchange does not set much store by distant prospects; it is more concerned with the next dividend. And in the matter of the next dividend the speaker was a good deal less encouraging. The wheat harvest, he said, is likely to be disappointing, at any rate in the districts served by the Pacific line; and the maize which ought to have been a bumper crop has been spoilt by locusts. Consequently there is little prospect of increasing traffics for the rest of the year, and everybody knows that unless traffics increase, the dividend must be reduced. There has therefore been a sharp fall in the price of the ordinary stock; sales have been heavy and the quotation is down to 110½, 3½ points below that of a week ago. Of course, the strike in Buenos Ayres has assisted the fall, but the main reason is the lesson read by the market between the lines of Lord St. Davids' speech.

### Brazilian and Argentine Investments.

"I hesitate to express a very decided opinion about Brazilian investments," writes a stockbroker of great ability and experience who has just returned from Rio and Buenos Ayres. "I went to Rio for a short visit to see the installation of the Tramways, Light, and Power Company. But, with the exception of this, I return with a feeling that there are many more risks in these than in Argentine stocks. Political affairs, as gathered from the reports of foreigners, are not satisfactory. I heard it said that the Argentines are not a nation, but in Argentina the people are prosperous and busy on their own affairs, and have no desire for political change, which in South America means bloodshed and exile." In Brazil there is much disaffection with present conditions. Financial affairs did not seem to be in a satisfactory state. The bankers report that the Government interference in exchange has stopped the import of gold and that the surtax on coffee has stopped its export; railway men say that the prohibitive tariff has excluded many useful imports, and the people seem to be getting steadily poorer. Many look forward with apprehension to 1911, when sinking fund payments on the National Debt have to be resumed, and the 1879 loan repaid, and confess that it is not clear how this can be done except by renewed loans. It seems difficult to hope for a better price for the great staple of coffee with a large crop in prospect, and a great part of the Government holding unliquidated. At present prices, the industry is unprosperous, while two of the greatest provinces depend almost entirely upon coffee. "I spent some time in seeing the Rio Tramways, Light, and Power Undertaking. The power installation at Larges is a great success. There is a sufficiency of water for all present requirements, with a good margin of safety, and for a large development of business." The various undertakings which the company has acquired in and near Rio are still more or less in a process of conversion, into electricity in the case of the tramways, from local to their own management in the cases of some of the more recently acquired companies, and in the case of the gas company to a reorganisation soon to be effected." Such a state of affairs makes the company's position to some extent still a matter of estimates, but there is little doubt locally of the value of the company's undertaking.

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## Reviews.

### THE ANCIENT GREEK HISTORIANS.*

No treatise of Professor Bury's upon this subject could fail to be of the greatest interest and importance. A historian himself of extraordinary range and learning, he is also, or at least so it seems to us, a highly conscious and self-criticising artist. When he writes, he knows exactly why he writes in that way and not another, and he believes strongly that one way of writing is right and another wrong. Hence he has the power of taking us, for moments at least, inside the historian's workshop and showing us things which an outsider is apt not to realise. Besides these qualities, he is a fine Greek scholar. The most sensitive Grecian of the old school will never feel in his case that the historian is misjudging history because of an inexact understanding of shades of meaning in some subtle or restrained piece of ancient writing.

The book before us contains the Lane Lectures, delivered at Harvard University, in the spring of 1908. The subjects treated are: The Rise of Greek History in Ionia, including the Epics and the early writers of history and myth; Herodotus, who has one whole lecture to himself; Thucydides, who has two lectures; the Development of History after Thucydides; Polybius and Poseidonius; the influence of Greek on Roman historiography; and lastly a study of the views of the ancients concerning the use of History.

One is tempted to dilate upon many parts of the book. The criticism of Herodotus, for instance, has a delightfully sure touch. The unity at the heart of the great book, the writer's conception of universal history and the meaning of the conflict of Hellenism with barbarism, his wide and undiscriminating love of knowledge, leading now to what looks like the acceptance of childish fables, now to the scepticism of a philosopher and man of the world, are all emphasised and illustrated. It is a little severe, perhaps, to speak of the impossible numbers of the army of Xerxes as showing "almost incredible incompetence" in Herodotus as a military historian. Large numbers have always paralysed the human intellect—except, of course, when aided by written statistics. The difference between ten thousand, a hundred thousand, and a million, is dreadfully hard to grasp, unless there is some scientific and artificial way of checking the numbers. Did not eyewitnesses of a recent demonstration in the Park vary between ten thousand and a hundred and eighty thousand in their estimates? And medieval military historians, even when they had the words of eyewitnesses to go upon, are apt to be very wild in their figures. One wonders whether Xerxes himself had the least idea how many men he was leading. He swept up all he could get, and those who could run away ran away. Doubtless Herodotus's ultimate estimate, "five hundred and twenty-eight myriads, and three thousands, and two hundreds and two tens," is, as Professor Bury says, "fantastically impossible." But it is hardly the sort of subject in which a blunder shows real incompetence.

The other instance of incompetence that Professor Bury cites raises an interesting problem, which it would take too long to discuss here. Herodotus entirely fails to state that the campaign of Thermopylae and Artemisium was governed, as it obviously was, by the co-operation of army and fleet. It may be that this is very stupid of him. But we wonder. The question is: Was the art of war in the fifth century a conscious art, or did certain ways of behaving in the field grow up from the necessity of events, without any conscious theory in any one's mind? The facts apparently are that, on the one hand, the actual campaigns of the fifth century seem to show great skill and forethought; on the other, the handbook of Aeneas Tacticus, written in the following century, and representing presumably the highest knowledge of the period, shows no conception at all of any advanced strategy. It is difficult to suppose that Pausanias, King of Sparta, had more theoretic knowledge than Aeneas Tacticus. We should like to know Professor Bury's solution of this difficulty.

But the Thucydides chapters are the most characteristic of Professor Bury's treatment and style, and call most both for admiration and for criticism. There is one point, indeed, where we are disposed to wonder whether the writer's usual soberness of judgment has not for an instant deserted him. It is this. Thucydides' style varies a good deal in difficulty and in intensity, both in the narrative and in the speeches. Now Professor Bury suggests that Thucydides uses his "unnatural style" deliberately with a special meaning, viz., to indicate that the sentiments so expressed are his own. Of course, before rejecting such a view we must remember that it is held by one who knows his Thucydides extraordinarily well, and that he has arguments to bring forward. But it does seem to us very improbable. Apart from this point, the exposition of Thucydides is admirable. It often agrees, more often, as is natural, it comes into conflict, with the brilliant theories of Mr. Cornford's "Thucydides Mythistoricus." If we read the two books together, we shall realise how greatly the criticism of classical authors has advanced of late years.

On one important point we are disposed to side with Mr. Cornford, namely, the treatment of the Melian dialogue. In 416 B.C. Athens made an attempt by negotiation to force the small Dorian island of Melos into the Athenian alliance. Melos refused; Athens declared war and annihilated Melos, massacring or enslaving all the inhabitants. The event seems to have been of no political importance. Yet Thucydides devotes to it no less than thirty-three chapters, written in his most intense style. What is the explanation? According to Mr. Cornford and others, it is that the Melian affair, though politically unimportant, was ethically tremendous. True, Thucydides passes no explicit comment on the morals of the two parties to the dialogue. Explicit comment is not his way. But he analyses with unsparing insight the position taken up by the Athenians, and lays naked the rejection of justice and religion, the final trust in nothing but brute force, which actuated the policy of the city, led at the time by men whom he elsewhere directly condemns. And more, he analyses it in language which, while studiously cold and professedly impartial, betrays itself here and there by the use of terms which belong, in Greek usage, to the psychology of crime. It is noteworthy, too, that he proceeds from this dialogue straight to the account of the Sicilian expedition, that final act of Hubris which led to the downfall of Athens. It falls in with this view that Euripides wrote his "Trojan Women," the greatest denunciation of war in ancient literature, immediately after the destruction of Melos. Professor Bury will have none of this. He does not consider the length of the dialogue, nor yet the position that it occupies in Thucydides's narrative, except to say that it probably represents a real dialogue which occurred at that particular time. He emphasises the absence of overt moral criticism, and he argues that a genuine disregard of moral issues is the real meaning of the reticence of Thucydides in other places. Diodotus in pleading for mercy to the Mytilenaeans uses purely political and prudential arguments. (Though it is hard to see what other line Diodotus could take, if he wanted to beat Cleon.) The fact is that Professor Bury has a sound hatred for the intermixture of moral judgments with history. "The historian's task," he quotes from Ranke, "is not to teach lessons or pass judgments, but simply to investigate how things happened." And he takes Thucydides as the first great representative of this practice.

What ought to be done, and what Thucydides did, are, of course, two different questions, though people are apt to return the same answer to both of them, Mr. Cornford on one side, and Professor Bury on the other. For our own part, if a reader cannot go through the Melian dialogue without his blood boiling, it seems hard to avoid believing

*"The Ancient Greek Historians." (Harvard Lectures.) By J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

that Thucydides intended it to boil, even though he never says so. One can hardly read the end of the Sicilian expedition without tears; Thucydides never mentions that he intended that, but no one doubts that he did. But we have opened a question far too large for a review. We gladly grant to Professor Bury that the habit of reading moral judgments into history tends not only to falsify history, but, still more markedly, to cheapen and degrade the moral standard. It leads either to the self-satisfaction of prejudice, or else to that vulgarest of intellectual vices, the tendency to slander those who fail. And one or two of his passing judgments, added together and developed, will nearly satisfy any reasonable opponent. "Thucydides recognised that the ideal of justice was an actual psychological force, and could not be neglected by statesmen." That takes one a good way, and is profoundly true. And the excellent criticism passed on the doctrine of "history for its own sake" as "merely a regulative maxim," may be taken in connection with it. Granted that the real task of history is to find out how things happened, the question perhaps is whether it will be most hindered in that task by constantly taking account of the apparent moral values of actions delusive as they are, or by rigorously excluding from its view one very important element that certainly belongs to them.

Many other points in the book stimulate thought, and consequently invite discussion, the whole treatment of Poseidonius, for instance, and the interesting exposition of Polybius's change of mind about the meaning of "Fortune." But we have said more than enough already to show how valuable these lectures are, and how full both of vital thought and philosophical severity.

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## SPANISH LITERATURE.*

AN American (old style) whom I once met, informed me that he had come to Europe to study "literatoor."

I remember thinking at the time, he had, perhaps, come a long way, for literature bulks but little in European studies nowadays. It is the more refreshing to open a purely literary book, treating of literature, and written in a literary style for literary men, by a writer who has no scheme to save the world to propound, no problem to enunciate, or no sex question to ventilate. No, he has nothing to prove, except, perhaps, that the Arab invasion of Spain was a phantasy of Don Roderick's brain, and that in reality Mohammed was the last of the Troubadours, or at best a mere "mester de clerecia."

Leaving this ingenious theory on one side for the present, though there is much to say in its favor, when one remembers certain chapters of the Koran, I hasten to say that as far as I have gone in my parasitical capacity as an occasional critic and reviewer (for, after all, the critic is as true a parasite as the louse) I have not met with such an illuminating work on Spanish literature.

Ticknor and Dozy pushed out into the unexplored ocean (at least by North Europeans) of Spanish literature; but it has been reserved for the writer of the "Chapters" to erect a permanent lighthouse on their shores to light all our little footling, critical barques, to their timid landfall. It would, however, be as unjust to blame Ticknor and Dozy for not including facts, previously unobtainable, in their works, as it would be to blame the writers of the first three gospels for not having the same air of modernity as the sage of Patmos. Both they and Ticknor and Dozy did as well as they could in the face of the singularly small amount of public applause that they received.

Hitherto Spanish literature has been almost incomprehensible to northerners, by reason of the self-imposed difficulties that northerners have created, and by the fact that it has arrived at the north, through the medium of French.

Now the French, taken as a nation, are, perhaps, the furthest removed from the Spaniards of any people in the world.

It is most difficult, except by generations of culture, for a Frenchman to be what is conventionally called in England a gentleman. In Spain, the poorest of the poor are usually gentlemen without a conscious effort of their own.

Again, in French literature, it is the rarest of things to encounter a man who is not self-conscious, when he takes up his pen. There are, of course, some supreme instances of naturalness, such as Flaubert, Maupassant, and Villon, and the authors of the old "Chansons de Jestes," as witness the beautiful passage the author quotes from the "Chanson de Roland":—

> "Loer, chere amie, d'hune mort me demandes. . . "
> Alde respunt: "C'est moy mei est estranges.
> Ne placet Deu ne ses seinz ne ses angles
> Apres Rollant que je vive remaigne!
> Port la culur, chief as piez Carlemagne
> Tempes est morte. Deus ait mercit de l'anme!"

Corneille, Racine, and especially Victor Hugo (who contrived to live twenty years in Jersey without learning English, and ten in Spain without acquiring Spanish) have been the interpreters of the simple and direct realism of the homely Spaniards, with the result that, in England at least, we have come to consider the Spaniards as a sort of two-carat medieval Italians, instead of the most natural beings of the human race. With this great and abiding naturalness, Spanish literature has lost something in distinction, but it has gained in a corresponding measure in veracity.

Ticknor to some extent still saw through glasses made in France; Dozy falls into another category; but, then, he was a Dutchman and uncursed with the sentimentalism of the Kelto-Saxon race. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly is not sentimental in the least, and, therefore, in his criticisms is better fitted to explain the Spanish point of view. He seems to have put out his greatest strength upon the chapters dealing respectively with the Cid, the Romancero, and with Cervantes and his works.

In the chapter dealing with the Cid, he has given us, perhaps, the fairest presentation of that hero's character that we yet know. With admirable acumen he has disentangled, as far as it is possible to do, the real Cid from the Tulchan (if I may be allowed the Scotticism) presentment of the same hero, by the French. Little by little his character appears, made ten times more romantic and a thousand times more interesting by the searchlight of truth which is turned on it by the writer of the book. Instead of a capering swashbuckler, concerned with "points of honor," and other hogswash of the sort, such as Corneille would have us think the Cid was, unconscious that in Spain there never was a chivalry after the pattern of that of England, Germany, and France, the guerilla chief appears, exactly as is depicted by the Roman writers, such as he was in all the Carlist wars, and as he certainly will be again the first time that the French venture across the Pyrenees to enforce Parisian liberty upon Madrid. We see the Cid, thanks to the careful scholar, a marauding freebooter, selling his sword to Christian and to Moor by turns, hardy, abstemious, and to the last degree tenacious of his individual freedom, after the fashion of his countrymen, since Strabo wrote of them.

Withal appears a certain nobleness of character, chiefly because he made himself no "special conscience," and was aware exactly of the bearing of everything he did.

Ruthless in war, he yet in peace was probably kind and approachable, and, therefore, stood upon a plane to which your modern filibusters, who cheat themselves and try to cheat their God (for they are all good Christians at the heart) can never possibly attain, although they think in provinces compared to which Fraudesia is a mere dirt pie. Well does the author say, if "he (the Cid) had been a saint he would never have become the idol of a nation." That is so, for nations make their idols and their gods in their own image, and when all is said and done, and in spite of the efforts of chroniclers and writers to falsify, the few salient facts we have about the Cid make him on the whole worthy of the admiration he has received from his compatriots; and for his cruelty, he never killed sixteen thousand men in a few hours as we have done, and though he tortured and then burnt the Moorish sheikh Ibn-Jehof, we can match the exploit, even in latter days.

Curiously enough, the whole of the chapter on the Cid upsets a familiar theory of the author of the book, and one to which he very frequently returns. Upon page 1 he says, "it is the singular privilege of genius to substitute

* "Chapters on Spanish Literature." By James Fitzmaurice Kelly. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

its own intense conceptions for the unromantic facts, and to evoke out of nothing beings that seem more vital than men of flesh and blood." He returns to this theory several times in the chapter on the Cid, and again on page 112, "The Moor of fiction is so much more attractive than the Moor of history, that he has imposed himself on the world."

Now it is not, I think, the fact that the "intense conceptions of genius" are more vivid than facts, though, of course, they may be more vivid than microscopic facts; but very seldom. I take it, then, to be absolute, that no writer ever created anything out of nothing, for if what he writes is not the recollection, or the echo of the recollection, of a fact or an experience, we must fall back upon the theory of direct inspiration, which is as unsubstantial a thing to lean upon as an imaginary wall. In regard to the Moors, the actual Moor is as much more attractive than the Moor of Gines Perez de Hita, as the real Cid is to the Frenchified and invertebrate mammal of Corneille. Fact is always stranger than fiction, if only for its rarity.

Perhaps the greatest erudition is set forth in the chapter dealing with the Romancero. No one, in English at any rate, has so thoroughly gone into the subject, and pursued the various ballads up to their fountain heads. Rightly (in the course of showing Mahommed was a Troubadour) he brushes away the theories of Conde and the rest, as to the Arab influence on the versification of Spanish poetry, showing the metres, thought to be Arab, really came from France. In this he does a service, but, I think, misses where the real Arab influence acts upon Spanish verse. The differences between the ballads, even the Seranilla quoted on page 80 (though it contains three Arabic words, in one of which the cedilla is left out), and any Arabic verse, through which I have stumbled with a Taleb and a dictionary, is certainly most marked. However, in the realistic mode of thought and point of view, it seems the Arabs influenced the Spaniards considerably, just as all conquered peoples always influence the conquerors in essentials.

"Hibernicis Hibernicus ipsis" would not have been proverbial, had this not been the case. The conqueror imposes his outward customs, his dress, his laws, even his speech; but as the conquered usually are servants, concubines, farmers, and humble men and women as a general rule, they have great opportunities of moulding the character of youth, just as a mother moulds her children's minds. I believe no English knight, brought up in Ireland, or Spanish knight born in Valencia, ever thought or could have thought on the ordinary affairs of life, as did his grandfather, either in London or Castille.

Now certainly the Spanish view of life is semi-Oriental, and even in the ballads, intensely national as they appear, this now and then peeps out.

If in the Romancero, and in the chapters on the Archpriest of Hita (and I am glad he quotes the passage on the Moorish instruments), and also in those dealing with Lope and Calderon, he shows most erudition, in that upon Cervantes he displays the most humanity and a power of writing a moving and a virile prose, that hitherto he has kept in reserve. All read Don Quixote, in their youth, to laugh, and later on, if not to cry, at least to wonder now and then why it is that their glasses seem to want wiping now and then.

No finer, more appreciative, or nobler view has ever been set down than that the writer gives us, and that without a particle of cant. He takes Cervantes, both as a writer and a man, through his whole life, setting down all, extenuating nothing, and weighing his claims to be the greatest writer of his countrymen, as only one, full up and running over with learning on the subject, possibly could do.

I quarrel only with one word, or rather, though, as a rule, I do not care for many of them in a literary pie, would like to add an adjective. In speaking of Cervantes' last piece of writing, that which he wrote, as he says, "with his foot already in the stirrup" (to mount and ride), he refers to "the celebrated dedication of Persiles y Sigismunda."

Had Dr. Johnson been alive, being, as he was, a sort of Speaker to the Commons House of literature, I should have risen to beg leave to add the words "and pathetic" to the phrase, and after doing so, moved the clause as thus amended, stand part and parcel of the book. All through the chapters dealing with Cervantes and his works, phrases abound apt and felicitous.

Thus on page 162, "And as one reads the less elaborate passages, one acquires the conviction that the very dust of Cervantes's writings is pure gold," is in no wise parcel gilt. No one in English of late years has ever penned a passage nearer to the grand style than this with which I end my brief (though tedious) notice of the book:

"He was even as we are, but far nobler—braver, more resigned to disappointment, more patient with the folly which springs eternal in each of us.

"This inexhaustible sympathy, even more than his splendid genius, is the secret of his conquering charm." "Conquering charm" is good.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

## THE MURDER OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.*

Few episodes in English history are more calculated to strike the imagination than the love story of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the Countess of Essex, who afterwards became his wife, including, as it does, some three or four of the most romantic of our State trials—those relating to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower, and the fall from high place of a King's favorite. One wonders that the story has not been re-told more frequently. It was told often enough in contemporary brochures; it was told in book form so late as in 1846 by Andrew Amos in his "Great Oyer of Poisoning," a book which Professor Gardiner declared to have "no critical value." It was told in the clearest and best form for modern readers in the earlier volumes of Gardiner's well-known "History." It is not possible to claim for Mr. Gibbs that his book has any particular critical importance. He does not marshal his authorities very well; he fails to give us their dates and their relative values; he does not weigh the evidence upon which his conclusions are founded; his is merely a plain, straightforward narrative of events. The general reader is aimed at, and with him the book should not fail to secure a large audience—an audience which might be worse employed than in reading this quite exciting drama. Perhaps Mr. Gibbs is a little too journalistic in his methods. He writes of a Member of Parliament who "voiced the opinion of the majority," and he refers to places "not a thousand miles from the Court." It is a little below the dignity of History to drag in Father Bernard Vaughan and "The Smart Set" as an illustration of Court life in the reign of James the First. Again, while every schoolboy has been taught in the old-fashioned histories that it was the first James who demoralised our country by the sale of hereditary titles, why should we grow unreasonably angry with James over this, when every student of political history knows that modern Prime Ministers do much the same thing?

Mr. Gibbs very rightly accepts the view of Gardiner that there was very little evidence to connect Carr with direct responsibility for the murder of Overbury. But it would have enhanced the value of his book if he had taken the opportunity of discussing Bacon's position with regard to that trial. Mr. Spedding, in his anxiety to defend Bacon, endeavors to prove that Carr was guilty. Professor Gardiner, in his wish to be fair, leans to the other view; but to ask from our author, who does not even allude to the Bacon aspect of the controversy, a careful balancing of evidence is to demand a higher kind of work than he is able to give. One must be content to say that here is an agreeably and easily told narrative of a dramatic situation. We see Robert Carr, a poor youth from Scotland, arriving at the Court, in the train of a great noble. We follow the King's sudden devotion, and the climb of the youth into favor with the successive titles of Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. We recall that Frances Howard, a girl of sixteen, is married to the Earl of Essex, a mere boy, who, after the ceremony, is sent on the Continent. In the interval, before

* "King's Favorite: The Love Story of Robert Carr and Lady Essex." By Phillip Gibbs. With forty-three illustrations. Hutchinson. 16s. net.

his return, Lady Essex has fallen in love with the King's favorite. Essex returns to find his wife indifferent to him. It was this Essex who, a generation later, was to become a distinguished Parliamentary leader is the Civil War: now he is a bitter and disappointed youth. His wife does not love him. She, poor soul, has gone to the quack doctors and witches who abound in her day--a Mrs. Turner and one Simon Forman, in particular—and from these she receives charms that are intended to make Robert Carr more devoted than ever, and when administered to Essex, to make him less anxious for his wife's society. Carr, meanwhile, is also in the hands of a favorite—one Overbury —who wishes him to break the coil that Lady Essex is weaving around him. On some trivial excuse Overbury is sent to the Tower. Then again Lady Essex turns to the witch doctors, not this time for love philters, but for poisons. She will clear Overbury from her path, for he may put difficulties in the way of her desired divorce from Essex, and of her projected marriage with Somerset. A jailor is bribed —one Weston. The Governor of the Tower—Sir Gervase Helwys—sees the warder carrying poisoned food to his prisoner, and seems only to have remonstrated and to have stopped him from administering it. But Helwys, realising the great names that are behind this poor tool, has not the courage to punish, so that Weston continues his efforts as poisoner. In any case, Overbury dies. Not until some time after this is the suspicion of poisoning aroused. In the interval Lady Essex obtains a divorce and is married to the Earl of Somerset. When suspicion is alive, the Earl and his wife, Helwys, the Governor of the Tower—whom Mr. Gibbs, following the State Trials, calls "Elwes"—and Weston, the jailor, are all arrested, as is also Mrs. Turner and a Doctor Franklin, who is supposed to have prepared the poison.

Weston is brought to trial first, and hanged. Then followed Helwys, who seems to have been more sinned against than sinning, and whose only crime, indeed, appears to have been weakness of character. Then Mrs. Turner is hanged; then Franklin, who declares the Earl guilty also. The instigator of the whole tragedy—Lady Essex—is put on her trial, pleads guilty, is condemned. Somerset refuses to plead guilty, but also is condemned. Both Earl and Countess, however, are pardoned by James, after a long imprisonment in the Tower.

Their after-life, if we may gather from the meagre fragments that are forthcoming, was not a happy one, but their one child—the Lady Anne—lived to become Countess of Bedford, and the mother of the Russell who ranks among the martyrs for English liberty.

With such material as this, filled out from the State Trials, and other sources, no wonder that Mr. Gibbs has given us an interesting book—a book which perhaps owes its chief value to its disclosure of the methods of justice in the seventeenth century. By our modern criminal procedure not one of the condemned would, we think, have been brought in as guilty. The guilty would have escaped with the innocent. The more rough and ready methods of that age permitted innocent and guilty alike to suffer.

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## QUIDQUID AGUNT HOMINES.*

In the encyclopaedic work which is now completely before the public in two bulky volumes, Professor Westermarck has surveyed every nook and corner of human society. To illustrate the growth of social customs and moral ideas he has laid under contribution travellers and historians, teachers and preachers, divines and philosophers, ancients and moderns. He surveys mankind not merely from China to Peru, but from the dawn of history to the present day. Within a few pages we shall find him referring to the Veddas of Ceylon, to Equatorial Africa, to ancient Egypt, to the Christian Fathers, and to a modern Rationalist. One point will be verified by a text from a Babylonian Incantation tablet, another from a Greek tragedian, and a third from Rousseau or Bentham. For his subject is the moral consciousness of mankind in its ethnological variations and its historical development, in its fundamental unity, and in all the diversities of form and application that it exhibits in response to a myriad of changes in social and economical conditions, in intellectual insight, in magical, religious, and scientific beliefs. There is no point in human history at which morality begins, nor is there any definite break in moral development. The germ of morality is involved in all social life, and if there ever was a time when man lived, or could live apart from society, it is a time of which we have no record. But men cannot live together in society without a certain amount of common understanding, nor without a measure of mutual forbearance and mutual aid. The conditions of their life favor the growth of the necessary feelings about conduct. In particular, in Dr. Westermarck's view, they foster "retributive emotions" of gratitude for well doing and resentment of injury, and those of a sympathetic approval or resentment of action affecting other people. On this emotional basis, in Dr. Westermarck's view, the moral conceptions rest. What is good is that which stirs the emotion, sympathetic or self-centred, of approval. What is bad is that which incurs resentment. The conceptions of right, duty, and obligation are not simple and unanalysable, but complex conceptions, built on this emotional basis. Whether the whole history of moral development as here unravelled may be regarded, as Dr. Westermarck maintains, as a justification of this hypothesis, is a question on which not all thinkers will agree with him. The problem of the essential nature of right and wrong is more one for philosophical analysis than for the comparative method, and it is possible that the very same phenomena could be equally well explained on a different hypothesis. There is a rational element involved, as Professor Westermarck, of course, recognises, in the working of emotion itself, and the question of the relative parts played by reason and emotion, and, in fact, of what is meant by reason and emotion, is not one to be settled by comparing results, but rather by analysing out fundamental principles.

The real value of Dr. Westermarck's work, however—and it is work of the first importance—lies in the scholarly care and the immense width of range with which he has amassed data for enquiry into the actual course of moral development. A considerable part of the field was covered in his first volume, but in the second, which is now before us, we have his full treatment of the Rights of Property, of the Regard for Truth and Good Faith, of the respect for other men's honor, of Patriotism, of the growth of Altruistic sentiment, of Suicide, of Industry, of Restrictions in diet, of asceticism, of Marriage and Celibacy, and of the whole relation of religion to morality. From the method of arrangement it may be seen that we have rather the data for a theory of development than the theory itself. Social life is a whole of many interacting parts, and to understand its life and growth we have to take the parts in their mutual relations. Taken in isolation they are not always easy to interpret aright. Thus, to give a single instance, stress is laid here on the universality of the insistence on the rights of property, and this is perfectly just. Everywhere we find property recognised in one form or another. But in many primitive codes of custom the only protection of any right whatever is the possibility of vengeance, and what a "right" of property means is that a man who is robbed will take vengeance if he can, and will get his relations to help him in taking vengeance, on the thief. In sympathy with this point of view we find early codes, as in the Book of Exodus for instance, making distinctions in the treatment of the thief which have no meaning for the moralist who regards theft as the infringement of a right, but which are perfectly intelligible from the point of view of the elder of a barbaric clan who wishes to regulate and mitigate vengeance, who understands what allowance must be made for hot-blood, but can insist that in a cooler moment restitution, simple or twofold or fivefold, must be accepted. It is difficult, in fact, to discuss any special "right" fully without considering it point by point in connection with the conception and administration of justice generally in any given society. Nevertheless, between cover and cover, there is in Professor Westermarck's volume an inexhaustible store of facts for the student who wishes to verify any sociological hypothesis, and we may safely say that such a mass of carefully tested, well-digested

* "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." By Edward Westermarck, Ph.D., Martin White Professor of Sociology in the University of London Vol. II. Macmillan 14s. net.

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The reader will turn with especial interest to the chapters dealing with the relation between religion and morality. Professor Westermarck finds "no solid ground" for the view that morality has its origin in religion. In common with other independent enquirers he is inclined to lay more stress on magical conceptions than on religion as the predominant influence upon conduct in the lower stages of social development, and he suggests the interesting view that the intervention of the gods in moral matters comes about in the first instance through magical agencies, in particular through the appeal to supernatural powers in the curse and the oath. The god so appealed to would, he thinks, come to be regarded as in himself the disinterested guardian of morality. The influence of supernatural religion advances with civilisation, as anthropomorphism develops and the gods are conceived as looking upon conduct with the eyes of men, and in fine with a superhuman range of vision and plenitude of power. Yet "most religions contain an element which constitutes a real peril to the morality of their votaries. They have introduced a new kind of duties—duties towards gods—and as we have noticed above, even where religion has entered into close union with worldly morality, much greater importance has been attached to ceremonies, or worship, or the niceties of belief, than to good behavior towards fellow men." He holds, accordingly, that "religious influence has reached its greatest extension at certain stages of culture which, though comparatively advanced, do not include the highest stage." In this connection, no doubt, we are to understand religion as equivalent to belief in supernatural beings, not in that more inward and spiritual sense in which Comte truly declared that "L'homme devient de plus en plus religieux." For in this wider sense ethics is only the practical application of the inward and spiritual life for which all that men do has meaning, and from which all that is worth doing derives its vital impulse.

## A "FRIEND" OF ROSSETTI.*

There is only one possible way of approaching this book sympathetically. We must approach it as the work of one great man of established fame, who is writing about another great man—his "friend." Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as seen by Mr. Hall Caine, that is the real subject of the book—the personality of Rossetti, enhanced by the refining presence of the author of "The Christian." We must be prepared to find that the real Rossetti is someone quite different from the artist whom we have commonly associated with the paintings and poems, and quite different from the man described by his relatives and other surviving friends. He will be found to have the same cast of mind as Mr. Hall Caine himself; to have been naïve, ostentatious, full of platitudes. This is the new "portrait" of Rossetti, presented from a "fresh" and "interesting" "point of view."

To those who do not agree that Mr. Caine is a great man and artist—and there are such people—the whole book will seem to be a piece of presumption. For though we know that Rossetti was kindly disposed towards the youthful Mr. Caine, having been pleased by a eulogistic essay he had written on his poetry, we have no record of his strong affection for the author, save such as is supplied by Mr. Caine himself. And Mr. Caine, as biographer, as the aforetime "companion" of the sick and mentally depressed poet, is hardly the most fitting person to claim a privileged friendship, which is not borne out by the considerable family correspondence now accessible to the public.

It was the reading of this eulogistic essay to Rossetti which brought about the correspondence between the two men, the one famous as a master in two arts, the other as yet hardly a *débutant* in one. It must be remembered that already at this time Rossetti was causing much anxiety to his family by his ill-health; already his constitution and his intellect had been undermined by excessive recourse to chloral. At a time when he imagined that there was a conspiracy of critics cherishing a personal animosity to him, it was natural that he should be pleased by the overflowing praise and the personal appeal of the young aspirant to literary honors in Liverpool, whose defects as a writer have always resembled the inevitable defects of youth. The correspondence between the two has been carefully edited by Mr. Caine. The passages which he has thought most worthy of production are those in praise of Mr. Caine himself—the rest is generally indicated by dots. "You know," Rossetti is made to say, "how high I rate your future career (short of the incalculable storms of Fate), but I do think I see your field to lie chiefly in the noble achievements of fervid and impassioned prose." We may recall how, according to the evidence of Mr. William Michael Rossetti himself, Christina, in her tactful and sympathetic way, wrote endorsing Dante Gabriel's praise of Mr. Caine, and Dante Gabriel wrote back "damping down" her ardor.

We are still taking the point of view of those who do not hold that Mr. Caine is a great man and a great artist. We are induced to marvel at the prescience of Mr. Gladstone who, seeing Mr. Caine, aged fifteen, at work on his estate, "patted me on the head—it was easy to do so—and said I would do something some day." We marvel less at Mr. Caine's audacity in comparing his own brilliant youth with that of Rossetti. He explains the interest which the poet took in him when he first visited him in London:—"I must have stood beside him like his youth, with its eagerness, its hopes, its dreams, its aspirations." When he comes to speak of the time which he spent with Rossetti during his painful illness, we are made to feel as if we were at a sort of sombre peepshow. Mr. Caine shows off his "friend" in the style of a popular interviewer—"I asked if he had ever heard Ruskin read, and he replied . . . "—and when he is not praising the great heart and intellect of the man (we know something of this from other sources) he describes to us the symptoms of his mental and physical infirmity; or dilates on his services to his patient. But he takes too much credit to himself when he implies that it was only by his own intervention and energy that "Dante's Dream" was sold to Liverpool for fifteen hundred guineas. As a matter of fact the success of this sale was mainly due to Rossetti's old friend, Frederick Leyland, of Liverpool, who himself subscribed most of the money necessary for the purchase.

There is one lamentable chapter in this book. Under the guise of "justifying his character against misinterpretation," he suggests evidence which would lift Rossetti—the weakened poet, dragging out his last days with a future novelist for his companion—"out of the character of the wayward, weak, uncertain, neurotic person, who could put up a blank wall about his existence because his wife had died by the accident of miscalculating a dose of laudanum; who could do a grave act and afterwards repent of it and undo it; who could finally shut himself up as a hermit, and encourage a hundred delusions about the world, because a rival poet had resented his success." In a word, Mr. Caine seeks to rebut the charge of morbidity by showing that Rossetti had good cause to be depressed; and this cause was that he held himself responsible for his wife's death! To quote the exact words—"Above all, it was my impression that Rossetti had never ceased to reproach himself with his wife's death, as an event that had been due in some degree to failure of duty on his part, or perhaps to something still graver." This is the tribute of intimate friendship. We need say no more about this unpleasant book.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 7.] SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

The Budget has been debated all through the week, six days having already been spent on the preliminary and formal resolutions which precede the Bill, though there are eleven to come, and the Government only ask for the first reading of the measure by Whitsuntide. This is quite unprecedented, and points to obstructive tactics on the part of the Protectionists, who think the Budget destroys their chances, and are determined to make a case for rejection by the Lords—an impossible contingency. If the Lords tried to amend the Budget, the Speaker would rule out all their amendments as the gravest breaches of Commons' privilege that the Upper House could commit, and if they rejected it, the Constitution would be violated, and the business of the country would be thrown into confusion. The probability is that if Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bonar Law cannot force or taunt the Government into premature closure by compartments, they will yield after a Session prolonged well into the autumn. To this the Ministerial Party, which is united and enthusiastic for the Budget, must make up its mind and fix its arrangements accordingly.

* * *

On the other hand Mr. Balfour, while paying lip service to the extremists, seems to hold a much less revolutionary course. At the Albert Hall on Friday week he called the Budget vindictive, illogical, and the rest of it. He thought that it injured the productive powers of the country, which it does not, because the landlords and the capitalists will not, as a result of it, withdraw land and capital from use, and said that the new land tax ought to go to the municipalities, which his own House of Lords will not allow. But he stated that the case of the Navy was nearer to his heart than the Budget, and again called for eight "Dreadnoughts" this year. If his party will not pay for four, why should the Government give him eight? In the House Mr. Balfour inveighed against the taking of the income-tax resolutions at a late hour, and, while accepting the principle of the super-tax, thought it involved an unfair inquisition into a rich man's property. Mr. Balfour forgets that thousands of professional men submit to just such a disclosure of their total means. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, whose line of criticism is modelled on his chief, also spoke with moderation. His desire that garden cities should be excepted from the scheme of land taxes will of course be met. The country gentlemen care nothing for this type of censure. They are almost inarticulate with wrath, and find their spokesmen in Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Pretyman.

* * *

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, though he has put on the closure, has been most conciliatory, seeing all parties and listening to the most extreme and contradictory protests. He has promised some concessions, especially to the brewing trade. Beer is to be taxed on the standard barrel, which means lighter duties for the lighter beers; the larger hotels will probably be relieved; the tax on clubs will be somewhat raised in amount, and levied on the liquor purchased rather than on that sold, and there is to be a customs duty on imported beer. The brewers have announced that they will raise the price of beer after July 1st, which means that they will try, probably in vain, to screw a large profit out of the tax on barrelage and the new scale of licence duties. Perhaps the Chancellor would be wise to abandon the former. But the industry is not united, the free and country brewers—who suffer little—not uniting with their town comrades. Mr. Lloyd George will probably grant a new valuation of public-house property in London, where the worst grievances of the brewers are said to lie.

* * *

The only economic criticism of any note on the Budget came from Mr. Harold Cox on Wednesday, and this was slipshod. Mr. Cox brushed aside so trifling a witness for the taxation of unearned increment as John Stuart Mill. He repeated Mr. Balfour's points that there was no difference between property in land and property in stocks and shares, and that both were equally fit subjects for taxation. But such property does not escape under Mr. George's scheme. He compared the unearned increment of land with the increment secured by a doctor residing in a rapidly increasing colonial town, and asked whether cotton was not held up for a rise in price as well as land. But the two operations are quite different, for while the supply of land cannot be increased, that of cotton can, unless the whole crop is held by one manipulator, and therefore the one operation is much more serious for mankind than the other. He compared the search for ungotten land to a search for ungotten children—a sneer which was presently rebuked by the Chancellor's exposure of the fact that "ungotten minerals" were estimated as a side

value of the Linlithgow estate at Rosyth. Mr. Cox is losing his intellectual sharpness and refinement, and touts too obviously for Tory cheers.

* * *

The threatened French postal strike broke out on Tuesday night. On the previous Thursday the postal employees had registered themselves as a trade union. The Government replied by announcing that it would never receive the delegates of a postal trade union, and instituted proceedings for its dissolution as illegal. The situation became more strained when on Saturday the Disciplinary Court dismissed eight employees in obedience to the Cabinet's instructions, and against the protest of the men's representatives, who declared that the men were being punished for political opinions and private conduct. The Chamber reassembled on Tuesday, but a debate made it clear that the Government were determined on strong measures. The Federal Committee of the postal workers proclaimed a strike. Apparently they were not prepared for it, and the Government preferred the struggle to come sooner rather than later. So far only a small number of men have left work in Paris or the provinces, and over 200 of the strikers have already been dismissed. Apart from repression, the Government does not appear to have any general and permanent solution for the problem of the relations between Ministers and their subordinates. As M. Buisson says, the principles on which the French Civil Service is still constituted are Napoleonic; democracy has not fully entered it, favoritism is rampant, and the humbler officials are without defence against caprice.

* * *

Meanwhile, M. Clemenceau, who, like Lord Palmerston, usually speaks to win, however unwisely he may have acted, has again secured his position by a vote of the Chamber. At a private meeting of the Radical-Socialist group a vote of censure was only carried by a small majority, and a vote of confidence, declaring that the Chamber refused the right to strike to civil servants, while ready to give them a "legal charter," was carried by 365 to 159. The debate showed a sharp cleavage between the Socialists and the Radicals, and the recurring Clemenceau-Jaurès duel was resumed in a sharp speech by the Premier, who reproached M. Jaurès with the common fault of democratic leaders, that they never dared to tell the workmen when they were wrong. A significant incident was the singing of the "Internationale," the Socialist chant, by the Socialist wing within the walls of the Chamber. To this the non-Socialist Republicans replied by striking up the "Marseillaise," the great battle hymn of the French Republic.

* * *

The Russian Cabinet crisis has ended with M. Stolypin's defeat, but he remains in office. The crisis began with M. Stolypin asking the Duma to vote £5,000 for the establishment of a Naval General Staff. The Duma voted the credit, but when the demand came before the Imperial Council M. Witte and the more extreme reactionaries denounced the measure as a violation of the Fundamental Law giving the Tsar exclusive control over naval and military affairs. The Bill passed the Council by a small majority, and pressure was brought to bear to persuade the Tsar to veto it. The hope of M. Stolypin's opponents was that he would be driven from office, and they would resume the loaves and fishes. M. Stolypin and the whole Cabinet informed the Tsar that they would resign if the Bill were vetoed. The Tsar, however, has rejected both the Bill and the resignations, and the Cabinet remains in office, with instructions to avoid such blunders in future. It cannot be doubted that M. Stolypin's influence has suffered heavily, and one might have called his defeat a blow to Liberalism and Constitutionalism, had there been more traces either of Liberalism or of Constitutionalism about his administration. The real significance of the episode is in its revelation of the infinitesimal influence and weight of the third Duma, and of the growing power of the Conservative reaction.

* * *

The American people are beginning to wake up to the meaning of the new Tariff Bills, which, in fulfilment of a pledge to revise downwards, raise the average duty under the Dingley tariff in the case of the House Bill by 1½ per cent., and in the case of the Senate Bill by rather more. There have been some rather warm debates in the Senate. Mr. Dolliver pointed out that the Dingley wool schedule was drawn up by the manufacturers and led to 75 per cent. of the people being clothed from head to foot in cotton, and to the remaining 25 per cent. being handsomely swindled. Other schedules have been equally vigorously assailed by an Opposition drawn from the Democrats and a few Western Republicans. The "stand-patters," however, are in the majority, and will make no concession. The curious feature of the situation is the attitude of our own Tariff "Reform" papers. The "Morning Post's" correspondent telegraphs that the tariff is a manufacturers', not, as promised, a consumers', tariff. The "Times" correspondent is almost dithyrambic in denunciation, and the "Times" prints an article which sneers at this practical illustration of "the mystification of the art of scientific tariff making." But neither paper draws the moral that the same fraud which is being perpetrated upon the deluded American people by American Protectionists would be perpetrated on the English people by English Protectionists if they were ever in a position to draft a tariff.

* * *

M. Lopukhin, the Russian detective official, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude and the loss of civil rights, after a public but almost a mock trial. The Court allowed all evidence and statements which tended to show that the *agent provocateur*, Azeff, was a great anti-Terrorist force, and muzzled M. Lopukhin and his counsel when they tried to prove that Azeff was himself a Terrorist, and aimed at the life both of Plehve and of the Tsar. In other words, the case for the prosecution was fully heard, that for the defence was burked. The result is said by the "Times" to have caused much indignation in St. Petersburg.

* * *

The exact balance of power which the General Election in Newfoundland created last November between Sir Edward Morris and Sir Robert Bond has been destroyed by a fresh election in which Sir Edward has won eight seats from Sir Robert, and established his Government on a firm basis. It appears that the Governor of Newfoundland refused a Dissolution to Sir Robert Bond in February on the curious ground, among other reasons, of his evident unpopularity in the country. But surely that is a reason for granting, not refusing, an appeal to the electorate.

* * *

The sale by the Duke of Norfolk of Holbein's famous picture, "The Duchess of Milan," has raised a vehement discussion on the rights and proprieties of the transaction. The facts are briefly that the Duke, appalled by the gravity of his responsibilities under the Budget, and seeing poverty in prospect, accepted an

offer of £61,000 made him for the picture by Messrs. Colnaghi, stipulating that he should be free to offer it at the same price to the National Gallery for a little over a week. The authorities of the National Gallery had no time to act in this interval, and Messrs. Colnaghi became the owners of the picture. They then offered it to the nation, but this time at a price of £72,000—a clear profit, as a correspondent of the "Times" points out, of £10,000 for a month's employment of their money, or something like 192 per cent. per annum. The trustees of the National Gallery have now issued an appeal for funds to save the picture from going to America, and Mr. Lloyd George has promised £10,000 on behalf of the Government. So far there has been no response on the part of the public. The picture has been so long on the walls of the National Gallery that many people thought it to be public property. There is no doubt that its public exhibition at Trafalgar Square has helped to enhance its value. It is, in fact, a clear case of "unearned increment."

* * *

The Nationalists have been putting pressure on the Shah. A force from Reshd has taken Kazwin and advanced a good way along the road to Teheran, and the Bakhtiari at Ispahan have threatened to move. Partly as a result of this pressure and partly in the dread of further Russian aggression, the Shah on Sunday announced the restoration of the old Constitution, formed a Liberal Cabinet, dismissed the troops from before Tabriz, issued an amnesty, and invited Nationalist co-operation in the drafting of a new electoral law. The civil war therefore seems to be at an end, and the situation in Persia, so far as the Shah and the Nationalists are concerned, much brighter than it has been for a long time. But the Russian Legation has taken upon itself to order the Nationalists from Reshd to return and the Russian Government has announced that it will occupy the road from the Caspian to Teheran if communication along it is interrupted. The road is a Russian concession, but that fact of course would give no shadow of justification in international law to such action as Russia threatens. There are already Russian troops at Tabriz in the west and Meshed in the east; should a force be sent to occupy the Teheran-Caspian road the greater part of the Russian sphere of influence, including the capital, would be in Russian military occupation, and the partition of Persia almost an accomplished fact.

* * *

Mr. Montagu Sharpe appears to be anxious to outdo his amiable predecessor in the chairmanship of the Middlesex Bench. On Saturday last he condemned a man of sixty-five, convicted of being an habitual beggar, to the monstrous sentence of twelve strokes with the birch and twelve months' imprisonment. This brutal punishment is unfortunately possible under a Statute passed in the reign of George IV., which, though most of its provisions are now obsolete, is occasionally revived by magistrates of Mr. Sharpe's type. On a previous occasion when Mr. Sharpe condemned a man to be flogged, the sentence was carried out within four days of its passing, before Mr. Gladstone could give the case his consideration. If this has also happened in the present instance, we expect at least that a shortening of the term of imprisonment will be allowed.

* * *

The cricket season has opened interestingly and even brilliantly. Surrey has shown its old power of crushing weak elevens and beating down moderate bowling, and its four crack players—Hayward, Hobbs, Hayes, and Crawford—seem in form, and Hobbs and Hayes have both made double centuries, scoring at an almost unparalleled rate. Yorkshire also is at its full strength, with its many dangerous bowlers all available, and Hirst as wonderful an all-round cricketer as ever. The prime interest of the season will, of course, consist in the Australian matches. The team seems far too strong for our average county eleven, and Mr. Bardsley looks to be almost as great a bat as Victor Trumper. The bowling has not yet been fully tested; but some of it is said to have strengthened. England will do well to win the majority of the test matches.

* * *

There died on Saturday last a statesman who combined a genius for power with a rare contempt for its vanities. Friederich von Holstein spent the greater part of his seventy-two years of life in executing the ideas of his master, Bismarck, first as his lieutenant, and then, as it were, as the jealous trustee of his policy, watching behind the screen of a permanent official's desk over the fortunes of this heritage, while smaller, but more conspicuous, personalities held the stage. His diplomatic career began at St. Petersburg, where he was Bismarck's pupil. After probation in England, Brazil, and the United States, he helped to make the Danish war, served as Bismarck's lieutenant in the triumph at Versailles, watched over German policy in Paris as Bismarck's spy on the ambassador von Arnim, and thereafter was the dominant personality in the Foreign Office at Berlin down to the day of his resignation in 1906. He was an indefatigable worker, a too-subtle weaver of intrigues and calculations, a daring manipulator of the Press, and a somewhat truculent draftsman of despatches. His guiding thought was to maintain German hegemony by dividing the forces of other Powers. He thought we ought to have been so grateful for German aid in acquiring Egypt as to have eschewed for ever any *rapprochement* with France. The Moroccan crisis was especially his work, and he retired only when he realised that he had failed to break the Anglo-French understanding.

* * *

The main interest of his career lay in its secrecy and retirement. He had a male passion for power, with a complete indifference for applause. The public hardly knew his name. He never went into society. The "Times," in a capital notice, tells how the Kaiser, prompted at last by curiosity to meet him, was fain to allow him to dine beside him without a dress coat. Von Holstein remarked afterwards that the Kaiser had made "no bad impression on him." Such personalities have been common among Jesuits and financiers. In the modern world they are to be sought in the Departmental services. Such men derive a secret pleasure, a rare sense of superiority, in seeing others appropriate the work of their brains. Their delight lies in moulding the world to their ends. They are the artists, others the performers. It is a type which the plain man instinctively dreads, and often with reason. To be indifferent to applause is often to have discarded the moral standards by which the average citizen dispenses applause.

* * *

We propose in next week's number to publish an important letter in vindication of Leigh Hunt's character, written for this purpose by one who was intimate with Leigh Hunt and his family fifty years ago. We shall also cite other documents bearing on the same question.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE VOICE OF THE JUNKER.

> "The gigantic sacrifices—and I use the phrase advisedly—the gigantic sacrifices which you all in this room and the whole country are going to be called upon to make in the next ten years, and perhaps long after that, ought to begin NOW."—(*Mr. Balfour, at the Albert Hall.*)

It is necessary for the friends of the Budget to distinguish and set out two salient lines of opposition among its enemies. There is, first, the relentless hatred of the classes whose pockets are directly touched by it. We are bound to say that these gentlemen have stripped themselves with great alacrity of every rag of national feeling or disinterested views. The brewer looks after his beer, the landlord after his land. Parliamentary privilege, social position, economic power are being audaciously used to denounce taxes or to shift taxes which affect each politician's private rents or dividends. The workman is forgotten save as an object for the doctrine of "vicarious sacrifice" which Mr. Balfour's party substitute for Mr. Balfour's plea for a great personal rally to the cause of the Navy. Well may the people ask whether they did well to send even 150 Tory members to the Parliament of 1906 for this unabashed pursuit of individual or trade concerns. Not less unworthy is the more remote end of this passionate propaganda, steeped, as it is, in the very spirit of selfishness. In the main the Budget is remarkable for its deliberate choice of the higher rents and capitals of our very wealthy classes as proper objects of moderate taxation. Ignoring the special needs of the times, their own free assent to the public provision made for them, and their marked identification with the naval expenditure, the bulk of these men are seeking to transfer the cost to the food, the wages, the whole subsistence and efficiency fund of the workers. To this aim the Budget offers a double obstacle. It opens up new sources of taxation, and it exhibits steadily growing means of revenue. If it goes through, not only will certain wealthy interests be called on to make a contribution now, but the apparent fiscal necessity for a Protectionist tariff will have been destroyed. Thus, if the Budget passes it will be fatal to Protection, and it is this fact which accounts for the difference between Mr. Balfour's carefully chosen and measured criticism, and the irreconcilable opposition and plainly wrecking policy of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. This, therefore, is the point of tactics on which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will fix his eyes. The Protectionists might like to create a situation in which they could screw the Lords up to the point of rejecting the Budget. In this they will fail. The House of Lords cannot amend the Budget, and they dare not reject it, and it would be the end of them if they tried. But the Protectionist Opposition might by sheer obstruction force the Government into an early adoption of the guillotine, and thus provide a precedent, if not for rejection by the Lords, at least for forcing through a Protectionist tariff by closure. Here, therefore, the Government will probably think it wise to summon and organise the great Parliamentary force they wield for a long and patiently conducted argument, giving ample scope for criticism and even a long rope for obstruction, and continued right through the months when the passion for the partridge begins to outweigh even the hunger for unearned increment. The more the country sees of the naked egotism of politicians who, while they shriek for eight "Dreadnoughts," object to paying for a cockboat—the more the meaning of the Budget is explained to the mass of men who do not earn over £3,000 a year, do not live on ground rents, and do not die worth a million—the better for Mr. Lloyd George's plan.

It is, we think, equally incumbent on the Government to be fair to the opposing case and to stand firm both on the justice and the practicability of their proposals. Is the Budget just, and will it work? If an affirmative answer can be given to both these questions, it will stand all the censure that the interests can apply to it. For our part we have seen nothing in the argument on either of these heads to shake our conviction on both. The landlords are searching heaven and earth for "hard cases" and difficult cases. Well, hard cases will always arise under taxation. They arose under the corn laws, which drove the agricultural laborers of England to an occasional diet of nettles and turnips. They arose when the increase of the sugar duties half-crippled the mineral water trade in London. But it is remarkable that this doubt as to the practicability of sorting out and securing certain values for the public does not arise when it is a question of getting them for the landlord. The point could not be better illustrated than by the discomfiture which befell Mr. Pretyman, the most confident of these prophets of ill, over the classic case of the purchase of the Linlithgow estate for a naval base at Rosyth. Mr. Pretyman had made very sure that the valuers could do none or very few of the things that under the scheme of land valuation and taxation Mr. Lloyd George will set them to do. A little later he was reminded of what he and his Government had secured from them in the interests of a brother Junker. Rosyth was bought for patriotic purposes, chiefly from one patriotic Scottish landlord, for £122,500. It had a rental of £1,620, so that the price was over 75 years' purchase. This modest value resolved itself, under scrutiny, into various interesting items. The rents were capitalised at 30 years' purchase, five years more than the State allows for in assessing estate duties. Fifty per cent. was added for compulsory purchase, Mr. Pretyman stating that when land was compulsorily taken in Scotland, "the price invariably obtained was thirty years' purchase, and fifty per cent. for compulsion." The landlord was found to be liable to the loss of all sorts of interests, which were capable of extremely exact and solid definition. Mr. Pretyman said he would lose all his "unearned increment." Thus it was fair to give him compensation for feus or rents on building land, though no visible town appeared to exist in the immediate neighborhood. Then there was the loss of "amenities," arising from the fact that Lord Linlithgow's noble eyes might be affronted by the sight of buildings rising from

across the water within two miles of his noble mansion, and these were calculated, we believe, at £15,000. If the land there had been in other hands, Lord Linlithgow could not have claimed a halfpenny for "amenity," had it been made into a town. What he got—above the value of the land—was some £15,000 for relinquishing the right of preventing a town developing two miles across the water. Could there be a clearer case for the tax on undeveloped land near a town? Finally, there were "ungotten minerals"—"ungotten," we are sorry to say, by the State from that day to this, but duly paid for to the extent of £17,250. The "minerals" were ultimately found to conflict with the "amenities," for as the minerals could not have been worked by the private owner without qualifying his own amenities, a deduction was made to the public purchaser. But here were many of the precise tasks of valuation arising under the Budget's plan of land taxes—the assessment of land fit for building, the assignment of "amenity" value, and the fixing of the value of "ungotten minerals," all swelling into the most definite and highly satisfying realities when the landlord wanted to dispose of them, and all shrinking to the disappearing point, like Alice when she ate the magic cake, when it was a question of the State taking them from the landlord. Let us, therefore, wait before we conclude that Mr. Pretyman's "posers" have other than a rhetorical value. It is, no doubt, important to discuss such a point as the "unit of taxation" in a hereditament consisting both of agricultural and of building land. But the answer is surely clear. The landlord will value as he chooses. If he depreciates the building portion of his estate, he will only suffer the more when his land comes into the market, and he has to pay the increment tax. Most of Mr. Harold Cox's puzzles are equally soluble. Mr. Cox, like the "Spectator," is very anxious about Holland House and Park. If these beautiful objects are fairly accessible to the public, which they are not, they will secure exemption. If their owner jealously guards them from all public enjoyment, as with one or two slight modifications, he does to-day, he will probably pay for his privilege of holding up valuable and historic land in the heart of London. What could be more reasonable?

The defenders of the Budget have no more reason to shrink from the argument as to the justice of the Budget than from the plea that it offers good working principles of taxation. What is the chief subject of the specially new taxes which enrage the Tory landlords? It is the taxation of the surplus wealth of one of the richest nations the world has ever known. The nature of this "surplus" has often been expounded in THE NATION, and it is the subject of a brilliant analysis in Mr. J. A. Hobson's new book, "The Industrial System."* It is the product that remains over from our industrial scheme when we have provided for such items as wages, profit, interest, and the "wear and tear" of capital. It arises and grows in rich industrial States, and it visibly represents, on the one hand, luxury and waste, and, on the other, a withdrawal of the means of efficient life from the body of the workers. It is not individually earned, it accrues. It takes certain clear and definite forms, such as the absorption by the Duke of Bedford of the fruit of the activities of the people of Bloomsbury, or the toll which the Duke of Norfolk takes of the workers, traders, rate-payers, and mere passers-by in the workshops and streets of Sheffield. Both these gentlemen might go to sleep while their values were being made up for them, and wake up only on "reversion day." To compare a form of wealth so obvious and so clearly "social" as this to the "unearned" gains of a skilled physician, as Mr. Cox compares it, is absurd. There may be a more or less obscure unearned element in a great doctor's £5,000 or £6,000 a year. If so, the super-tax will partly intercept it, and it is also checked by the competition of other doctors. But such a comparison only sets in a more striking light the broad distinction between the way in which the Duke of Westminster gets rich and the rewards which a Paget or an Abernethy takes for his specially skilled services to mankind.

We hope, therefore, that the Government will stick firmly to its taxes on all forms of "monopoly" value. They cannot be shifted, and if, as we believe, the licensing duties are essentially of this character, the "trade" will labor in vain to fix them on the consumer. They satisfy the conscience and the imagination of the people; and they will constitute a rich endowment for its future needs. They are moderate and bearable, and even if they break up a few estates, England can exist with fewer great landlords, more small holders, and better-fed workmen and children.

* The Industrial System, an Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Incomes. By J. A. Hobson. Longmans & Co.

## THE EQUITY OF THE NEW LICENCE DUTIES.

THE position of the Government has been materially strengthened during the week by the ineffectual character of the opposition offered to what is admittedly one of the most difficult and dangerous parts of the Budget. In the proposed liquor and licence duties Mr. Lloyd George boldly challenged one of the most powerful and least scrupulous of the vested interests, and the debate of the past week has amply vindicated his courage. The battle is not yet won, and a prolonged Parliamentary struggle on these particular proposals is, of course, to be expected, but so far as issue has yet been joined, the proposals have emerged triumphant and unscathed. The feature of the debate was the absence of any attempt to challenge the principles on which the new licence duties are based. Attack was concentrated on comparatively unimportant details, such as the suggestion of an additional customs duty on imported beer—a matter of perfectly trivial financial and fiscal importance—and the excessive burden of the proposed taxation on a few large hotels. No defence of the existing anomalies and inequalities in licence taxation was so much as attempted.

The reason for all this is plain. No Budget proposal in recent years has had a greater equitable justification than Mr. Lloyd George's proposal to revise and increase the liquor licence duties. The inadequacy of the present scale is unquestioned and unquestionable. It is the outstanding illustration of the policy of im-

providence by which Parliament for many years has allowed State-created values—amounting in the aggregate to an enormous sum—to pass into the pockets of privileged individuals. In the entire history of the fiscal arrangements of this country there is probably no instance of State prodigality comparable to that by which Parliament has continuously enriched the liquor industry in the simple effort to restrict a dangerous trade. Preoccupied with police considerations, we have gradually transformed an originally open trade into a close monopoly without exacting an adequate payment in return. Despite a large increase in population and a considerable growth in the aggregate expenditure on alcohol, licences have been reduced until the average value of those that remain has received an undreamed-of enhancement. In 1880 the average cost of a publican's beer licence in England and Wales was only two and a half guineas, or only a few shillings more than in 1800, and this despite the fact that in the intervening years the population had increased by 155 per cent. and the total expenditure upon alcohol by over 100 per cent. In the same year (1880) the average cost of the publican's spirit licence was only £2 17s. more than in 1800, although the quantity of spirits charged with duty for home consumption had increased in the interval by 25,000,000 gallons. In 1880 Mr. Gladstone made the first deliberate attempt to place the licence duties upon something approximating to a fiscal basis, but the total effect of his changes was to add five pounds to the average cost of a publican's licence authorising the sale of all kinds of alcoholic liquors. Since 1880, despite a further intensification of the publican's monopoly, no change of any kind has been made in the scale of taxation; indeed, notwithstanding an increased annual drink expenditure of something like twenty millions sterling, the proceeds from publicans' licence duties are, relatively to population, less than they were in 1880. Thanks to the restrictive action of the State and of local licensing authorities, licence values have risen enormously in London and elsewhere, but the enhanced values have gone direct into the pockets of the trade. Mr. Lloyd George's proposals are intended to put an end to this fiscal scandal. The new scheme of licence duties merely gives legislative force to the claim that the State, in enhancing monopoly values, shall reap some part of the financial reward of its own action. In short, the Budget proposes to follow the precedent laid down by Mr. Balfour in 1904, and to apply to existing licences the same principle of equity that the Act of 1904 applied to new licences.

The new scale of duties has been denounced as "predatory" and "confiscatory." As a matter of fact, the utmost effect of the new scale, if carried in its present form, will be to raise the average cost of a publican's licence in the United Kingdom to a level of two-thirds of the *minimum* sum charged in some of the thinly-peopled provinces of Canada. No doubt the scale is capable of modification in some particulars. It may be questioned, for example, whether it is possible justly to apply a uniform percentage of rateable value to all public-houses, irrespective of their size. Such uniformity will tend to be prohibitive in the case of very large houses, and it is of doubtful practicability. It is strictly logical, for the assumption underlying the basis of annual value is that rental value is a fair criterion of the trade done. In practice, however, it is not always so, and while the new valuation promised by Mr. Lloyd George will aim at adjusting the assessment to the value of the business done in a particular house, such adjustment is hardly likely to be so perfect as to justify, in a fiscal, as distinct from a logical, sense a uniform rate of 50 per cent. of the rateable value of the licensed premises. Such a criticism does not, however, weaken the merits of the scheme as a whole, for the number of very large public-houses is relatively small, those exceeding £700 annual value amounting to only one per cent. of the total number. Some modification in this direction, as well as in the treatment of hotels, may, we presume, be looked for, and it is possible that the proposed duties on "off"-licences will also undergo change. As at present framed they certainly give undue advantage to the large stores, and may allow certain wine and spirit agents who keep small stocks and do a large business in low-rented offices, to escape too lightly. Presuming it to be possible, we would like to see all such dealers, together with hotels, taxed on the amount of their sales. The rate of the tax would, however, need to be sufficiently high to act as an effective check upon the number of licences applied for.

Mr. Balfour's sudden concern for the "free" publican, whose existence, he suggests, is imperilled by the new duties, is really groundless. He overlooks the fact that a "free" publican, by buying at substantially lower prices, does a much more lucrative business than a "tied" publican and has a considerably larger margin of profit. Moreover, the competition of the brewers has practically stamped out the "free" publican as a class and left as sole survivors men of comparatively substantial means. In any case the difficulty could be met, if necessary, by a provision enabling the "free" publican to pay his annual licence duty in two or more instalments. One suggestion we would make to Mr. Lloyd George, and that is that the Government should consider the propriety of suspending for, say, three or five years the operation of the reduction clauses of the Act of 1904. That would provide an opportunity of testing the economic effect of the new licence duties, and would meantime relieve the trade of compensation levies amounting to some £1,200,000 per annum. It could not, of course, be done in the Budget, but it could be effected by a single-clause Bill.

The whole scheme will, of course, be fought, and fought relentlessly, and the cupidity of the brewers in raising prices to a wholly disproportionate extent will be used as an electoral weapon against the Government. Its force may, however, be effectively discounted by a plain exposure of the extortionate character of the demands made by the trade upon the consumer—demands which we do not believe that it can sustain—and especially by an appeal to the equities of the case. High licence is not intended as a measure of temperance reform; it is certainly not put forward as a substitute for the Licensing Bill of last Session. It is a purely fiscal

arrangement, having its justification in considerations of equity which have too long been ignored.

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## THE STATE AND ITS WORKERS.

For a second time in two months the French Republic is confronted with a general strike of its postal service. As to the inconvenience of this method of settling a labor dispute between a Government and its employees there can be only one opinion. It is doubtful whether the men will again succeed in bringing about a disorganisation of communications so complete as that which marked the first strike. But it is the aim of the men to paralyse the whole corporate life of the community. It is the men who have declared war, and because they are formally the aggressors, it is they who will have to bear the burden of the responsibility before public opinion. Ever since M. Clemenceau came into power, Labor, whether in uniform or in mufti, has been engaged in a relentless and passionate war upon the Ministry. If we could adopt the simple and highly colored view which either side takes of its enemy, there could be no room for any balanced verdict. To Labor the Ministry is simply a band of conscious traitors, who to achieve power have sold their reputations as advanced politicians to the more selfish section of the middle class, and are engaged in a brutal attempt to impose authority without justice. To the Government the men are merely the dupes of anarchist agitators, who are exploiting certain professional grievances in the interests of a movement hostile alike to Parliamentary government, to fruitful and ordered industry, and even to patriotism itself. These are the angry exaggerations of the platform, neither wholly false nor wholly true. It is true that M. Clemenceau has both talked and acted as though the mere assertion of authority were the first essential of government. No Premier in any constitutional country has behind him so harsh a record for the suppression of strikes by the ruthless employment of the rifle. Teachers, postmen, labor leaders, and journalists have suffered imprisonment by the score under his rule for extravagances of language and opinion which in this country would certainly have been tolerated. He seems to have toyed with the machinery of justice in a fashion which reminded his critics of Napoleon the Little. Gay, witty, and masterful, he revels in the violent and dramatic exercise of power, and his record, when at last it closes, will be as sterile of reforms as it has been destructive to principles. On the other hand, it is true that outside the Socialist movement proper a reckless propaganda in favor of "direct action" to secure reforms by revolutionary means, has been making progress among the disorganised workmen, government servants, and even to some small extent in the army. It is a revolt alike against orthodox Socialism and against representative government.

Apart, however, from these larger grounds of quarrel which may have exacerbated but did not cause this strike, there is a clear issue of principle between the Government and the postmen. They have formed a Trade Union; the Government has suppressed it, dismissed its leaders from the service, and imprisoned for "subversive" speeches several of the pioneers who advocated its formation. The men, on the one hand, claim the same right to protect themselves by combination which workers in private employment enjoy; the Government maintains the extreme thesis that any combination which goes beyond the formation of a mere benefit society is an act of mutiny against the State. On this simple issue of principle Liberal opinion in England is necessarily against M. Clemenceau and his colleagues. We have faced the same difficulty in our own country. No Tory Minister ever attempted to take the aggressive against a postal Trade Union by suppressing it, still less by imprisoning its pioneers. There is, indeed, no legal machinery in this country by which this could be done. Arrived in power, our Liberal Government has frankly recognised Trade Unionism in the Post Office, and Mr. Buxton has maintained with it the frankest and most kindly relations. The railway dispute was another parallel. Had the companies refused the machinery of arbitration which Mr. Lloyd George created, we should all have deplored a strike, but few of us would have called in question the moral right of the men to strike. For us the question of principle is settled, and the passionate declamations of these French "Radicals" about mutiny and rebellion offend our ears like an echo from the autocratic past. A Union may be a means towards a strike; a strike in the Post Office means national disaster; therefore to avoid all possibility of a strike, Unions must be forbidden. So runs the official logic and it halts at every stride. For the first strike was not brought about by a Union. The men were quite unorganised and acted on a spontaneous impulse. No group of workers which has once reached the consciousness of its solidarity can be prevented from resorting to strikes by mere repression. It is useless to attempt to prevent strikes, save by the loyal method of recognising the right of combination, and providing for conflicts which direct negotiation cannot solve, by creating the machinery of arbitration. It is not the fact that postmen happen to be employed by the State which renders a strike among them peculiarly inexpedient. They are simple wage-earners who do their daily work for a fixed salary, and their relation to the State is morally that of any employee to any employer. The objection to their striking applies with almost equal force to railwaymen, to coal-miners, and to electricians—to any body of men who have it in their power to paralyse the industry of a nation. Such workers are bound to act with a sense of proportion and to remember that the public has rights against them as well as they against their employers. But the more the State insists that these men have duties, the more incumbent is it to respect their rights.

The view which treats this revolt as a mere outbreak of anti-patriotism, or anti-Parliamentarism, is not a tenable reading of the facts. The postmen, like the teachers, have real grievances. The worst and most pervasive of them is the system of political favoritism, by which the governing parties in France bribe their supporters and "make elections" by giving

away places and dispensing promotion in the services on party lines. That postmen and teachers should revolt (as the officers less boldly did) against a spoils system complicated by delation, is rather a proof of their professional conscience than a sign of anarchy. It was incarnated at the Post Office in the person of M. Simyan, whom the men accuse of brutality towards themselves, indecorum towards the women workers, technical ignorance, and even corruption. M. Simyan had no defenders or admirers even in the Radical Press. There is no doubt that M. Clemenceau intended that the men should believe that his removal had, in effect, been promised. He was not removed. Two months went past in inaction, and as its natural consequence we are witnessing to-day a mere brutal trial of strength. M. Clemenceau will do nothing to solve the real problem of rights and duties of public servants; he will only complicate it by bitter memories. In the larger field of politics he has exhibited the bankruptcy of French Radicalism. For an assault on the Catholic Church it could combine. But its inspirations are all of them negative. Its failure to carry any social programme, to realise old age pensions, or to impose the income tax, is the main cause of the anger of the working classes. They despair of Parliamentarism for the simple reason that Parliament is impotent.

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## THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION.

The political problem of white South Africa has found a definite and a very satisfactory solution in the terms of the Act of Union, which will shortly be submitted to the approval of the Imperial Government. The hopes and expectations of the able statesmen who in the Convention of last winter carefully moulded the framework of the Constitution have been amply fulfilled by its reception throughout South Africa. That complete unanimity should prevail was of course impossible, but a long period of full and free discussion has served to win a general acceptance of the machinery for the establishment of national unity. Mature consideration of the geographical, social, and economic conditions of the country, as well as the experience of federal government in foreign countries, and recently in Australia and Canada, induced the representatives of the several South African Colonies to sacrifice provincial sentiment at the shrine of commonwealth and to propose a Constitution in which the Central Government should exercise supremacy in all the most important fields of legislation and administration. The powers of the Provincial Councils will virtually be confined to such affairs as everywhere fall under the sphere of local self-government, and will be subject to the revision and the sanction of the Central Parliament. So thoroughgoing a scheme of unification could only have been reached by the harmonious co-operation of the leaders of the two white races, based on a clear recognition of identity of interests and a common desire for that full independence which nationality under the British flag confers.

In hammering out a suitable instrument of government each State has naturally been called upon to incur certain risks and sacrifices in return for the larger benefits, and the amended draft, accepted this week by the Second Convention at Bloemfontein, bears certain marks of compromise which mar the formal perfection of the representative machinery. Equality of electoral areas as between the several provinces is impaired by concessions to the two smaller of the four Colonies which give them a larger federal representation than they would be entitled to upon the accepted basis of population. This may, perhaps, be regarded as a part of the price exacted by Natal as a condition of her assent to a Constitution which might substitute a predominantly Dutch central government for a Colonial government in her case securely and permanently British. More serious, and, in our judgment, more regrettable, is the acceptance by the Bloemfontein Convention of the Cape amendment dropping proportional representation from the machinery of the Union elections. Although there was some force in the objections to the working of a scheme involving such large geographical areas in sparsely-peopled parts, it is pretty clear that the acceptance of the amendment was due less to this defect than to the electioneering calculations of the Bond in Cape Colony, and, perhaps, the British in Natal, whose majority proportional representation seemed likely to impair. In the give and take of the final adjustment at Bloemfontein, however, it seems likely that the acceptance of this amendment was "traded" against the rejection of another equally important amendment, proposing that the "equal rights" basis of electoral areas should be impaired by a statutory provision giving a preference of 30 per cent. in favor of rural constituencies as compared with urban. But, making due allowance for such necessities of compromise, the Act remains a sound democratic instrument within the limitations set by sex and color exclusiveness. A virtually adult male white suffrage will elect a Union Parliament which will enjoy full powers of legislative and constitutional growth under a virtually formal control of the Imperial Government. No constitution, operative in any important civilised State, either now or in the past, confers so full a power of constitutional amendment as will be conferred upon the Union Parliament of South Africa, if this Act is sanctioned in its present form.

Were South Africa a white man's country, in the sense in which Canada and Australia are, our satisfaction in this great achievement would be undimmed. But when we recollect that the vast majority of British subjects in South Africa are Kaffirs and colored people, we are impelled to inquire what provison the proposed Constitution makes to safeguard their rights and to promote their interests. Now, practically the Act makes no direct provision for any participation of the Kaffirs, civilised or tribal, in the new government of their country, with the exception of a proviso designed for the maintenance of the equal franchise at present enjoyed by educated and propertied Kaffirs and colored men in Cape Colony. Further than this, the express provisions in the Constitution assigning the number of "European male adults" as the electoral quota for Union elections, and requiring that a qualification of a

member of the Assembly be that he "be a British subject of European descent," constitute a formal drawing of the color line which has aroused deep indignation, not only among educated natives themselves, but among many of their white friends, who, like Mr. Schreiner, believe that democracy as an educative principle is good for blacks as well as for whites. It was, of course, unreasonable to expect that the Colonies where natives were less civilised and white sentiments less liberal, should, at the outset of their new political experiment, adopt the more advanced policy of Cape Colony. But they might at least have kept an open mind, instead of sullying the liberality of their Constitution by the express assertion of a color line. Though it is unlikely that the power of the Union Parliament in the future to cancel the native franchise in Cape Colony will ever be put in operation, we can hardly wonder that native and colored voters should feel apprehension at the possibility of such an attack upon their rights. For though the present native franchise can only be abrogated by a two-thirds majority in the Union Parliament, the defection of a small number of Cape representatives could formally bestow that majority, if the representatives of the more backward Colonies were unanimous. But while we regret that there is no provision in this Act for any sort of representation, either of civilised natives through the franchise, or of tribal natives through councils of headmen, we admit that progress in these directions must be left to the educative influence of experience, and we entertain strong hopes that, in time, the more liberal policy of the Cape will make its good fruits manifest to the other sections of South Africa. The new nation must make its own franchise laws for the peoples under its jurisdiction. The Imperial Government is unlikely to endeavor to impose terms either now or in the future.

But as regards the natives of those territories which stand at present under direct Imperial Government, a graver and more immediate issue arises. In a schedule to the Act of Union an elaborate scheme is set forth for the future government of these territories upon the supposition that the Imperial Government is prepared to hand them over to the Union. We are not yet acquainted with the nature of the negotiations with our Colonial Office relating to this project, but we earnestly hope that the Secretary of State will not commit the Government, even provisionally, to the acceptance of this proposal until the House of Commons has had an opportunity of full-informed discussion. The major question of the advisability of disturbing the present successful administration of Basutoland and Bechuanaland, and of placing these territories, together with Swazieland, under the immediate and unfettered control of the Union Government in its untried youth, is one to which no precipitant answer should be given. We owe it to these Imperial wards to take no final steps for their disposal until ample opportunity has been afforded for consulting the interests and sentiments of the native tribes concerned, and the judgment of experienced British officials who have taken part in this recent administration. Should it, however, be decided either at once or in the early future to place these territories under the Union, the scheduled scheme for their government requires considerable amendment. As we understand the proposal, it establishes a virtual dictatorship of the Premier over native territories, for the Advisory Commission which acts with him will consist of his own nominees, and any demurrer they may make against his administrative action will be liable to be over-ridden by him in the last resort through the Governor-General's Council, while the hands of the Union Parliament are tied for all effective interference. Should the proposal go through in its present shape, a Premier with a strong Conservative bias on native questions might work grave mischief in these territories. Two safeguards are urgently required. In the first place, the Commission should be endorsed with a free right of appealing to Parliament against a decision of the Premier, and, secondly, some genuine beginning of representative self-government should be accorded to the inhabitants by improving the elective system of the Pitsos, or native councils, and by giving them some real part in the work not only of administration but of legislation. Upon these delicate issues, involving the safety, integrity, and prosperity of these important native teritories, the Imperial Government ought not to allow themselves to be hurried into a policy of rapid disburdenment.

## Life and Letters.

### A CHILDREN'S PAGEANT.

To those who knew Whitechapel some years ago such a thing as the Children's Pageant, now being acted every evening in the Art Gallery there, would have seemed incredible. Just a quarter of a century has passed since the first beginnings were made with a few dreary recitations, a wretched farce or two, and an occasional concert which people who cared about decency could not attend. Now if you want to see a historic display, with gallant songs and dances, all performed with the irresistible spirit of zeal, you can go to Whitechapel and see it. Some four or five hundred boys and girls from East End schools, working in shifts of alternate nights, will show you how it is done. Full of the joy of acting, they are so determined not to fail that during all the speeches the mouths of the whole company move in unison with the speaker, whispering the words to themselves. They have the zest of the amateur. They are as keen for stage perfection as Territorials are for bloodshed on a field-day. The audience is delighted, especially those who own a real child in the show. One may hope they are profited by some sort of historic interest. But, as in all art, the best delight and the best profit remain with the performers, and they are just the children for whom such a thing as this pageant would have seemed incredible only a quarter of a century ago.

That is a real "Triumph of Time," and we do not see why painters should always represent Time's triumph by a melancholy figure trampling on poets, priests, kings, and other men and women, instead of designing some joyful and exuberant creature leading in a happier breed of men with each generation. The authors of the pageant are of more hopeful mind than allegorical painters, for they have arranged their scenes to display the growth of liberty and the progress of great deeds, even on the eastern edges of London. They have written it all in the conventional heroics that give just the right touch of humorous grandeur for a children's show. The rich and great habitually address rebellious inferiors as

"dogs." "Out of my sight, dogs," they cry; or "Drive off these noisy curs!" And if the people stir, it is whispered, "Foul treason is afoot." And yet, beneath the fine heroics and the splendor of old phrase, no one can miss the sense of growth, of advance from point to point, and of life becoming a finer and nobler sort of thing, from the time when Boadicea takes the poison, all through the centuries, to the scene representing Elizabeth preparing to oppose the Armada, and Shakespeare speaking John of Gaunt's familiar lines on England. In the final words of the pageant, as though to summarise the purpose of it all, Burleigh says to Elizabeth:

"Let the centuries
Set forth the scenes that fill old London's story—
The men, the heroes, great and humble folk,
Whose life is ours, whose lives have given us life.
QUEEN: So be it. We will call the vision up.
O London, mighty mother of great deeds,
O heart of England, glory of the world,
Show me your story! Let the long-dead years
Unroll themselves before me, scene by scene.
BURLEIGH: They come; may we, their most unworthy sons,
Read London's glorious future in her past."

Leading up to some glorious future, the vision of centuries goes by—the fantastic procession of the men and women who handed on life to us, and were not dreamlike things, but actually lived upon this very ground. Mankind sees the world of space contracting now. It is still a little strange to think that at this very moment the cafés are preparing at Monte Carlo, the bulls are being carted to Madrid for to-morrow's fight, the negroes are groping in deep forests, the Indians are descending with prayer into sacred rivers, and the Amazon flows murmuring through the night. But our inventions have made this earth too small, and when, starting from London, you can reach almost any point on its surface within a month, it seems hardly worth while to start. Space will fail us unless we can flit to another star. But time remains mysterious and inaccessible, nor will the aeroplane be invented that can take us where Richard Cœur de Lion's mace cracks the armour of his foes, like a boy stamping on crabs. All those scenes of the pageant have passed down Aldgate, while it was a gate, and long before it was old. Britons and Romans, bloodstained and worn with battles down Epping way; messengers with news of Hastings, and Harold's body borne to Waltham Cross, where the Rood itself bowed in sorrow for his destiny; kings and queens at war in silly rivalry, beggars' daughters, and rebel artisans, pilgrims to the saint's relics, and sailors of the queen embarking to confront the pride of Spain on rations of mouldy bread and sour beer—they have all gone their road, tramping over the same earth, drawing the same breath as ourselves, and finding day and night as sweet. Sometimes we can discover a dim trace of their hands upon an old wall or trench, but themselves we cannot find, though, as Burleigh says, their life is ours. What the Sartor said is true:—

> "Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed-up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar."

But whilst we are in the way with the Sartor, another question rises from the pageant. If it is true that clothes are indeed the visible sign of a spiritual state, why is it that in this excellent and historic pageant, so careful of detail, the only hideous clothes are to be seen at the moment of England's greatest glory? Boadicea, as she takes the poison tabloid, is graceful in flowing and not too scanty raiment; the warriors from the Bayeux tapestry look as serviceable as men could be while they sought to ward off death in clothes of steel chain; the kings and queens and rebels and beggar-maids are all beautiful and attractive figures up to the sixteenth century; even Chaucer in black cowl and gown passed very well for a poet. But the moment we approached the great days of Elizabeth—the moment that Drake and Frobisher were to snatch the world from Spain, and Shakespeare himself walked the boards, the paragon of animals—suddenly men and women appeared in the most ludicrous and inhuman apparel that perversity ever fashioned. In padded protuberances, in slashes, puffs, and ruffs, they lumbered about the stage like distorted Dutch dolls, till one would have supposed them to represent the Saxon temperament at its grossest, at its least inspired solidity, at its nearest kinship to suet pudding. Could these stuffed and upholstered figures really stand for the most glorious age of our literature and our arms? Alas! we cannot doubt the accuracy and skill of the pageant. Drake sweated in a doublet like a pillow, and Sylvia was commended for hips at right angles to her waist. Where, then, was that subtle correspondence between the visible sign of clothes and the spiritual state that, for good or evil, they should signify?

We may take the question a little further still, and ask why it was impossible to carry the pageant beyond the days of Elizabeth. We can imagine the children acting the meeting of Cromwell and the Levellers on Mile End Waste, but the nearer we get to our own times the more difficult it would be to make a pageant at all. There are plenty of scenes in East End history to be represented—the sailing of the first steamer from London Dock, the arrival of the first Jewish refugees from Russia, Matthew Arnold opening Toynbee Hall, a Christ Church graduate casting off the first pack of "harriers" from Aldgate Pump to draw Cambridge Heath Road, the institution of the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Queen's (old 2nd Foot). But somehow we feel that a pageant of such scenes might be a little dull and colorless on the stage, as well as a little ludicrous. If it is admitted that progress is sure and obvious, if people who know Whitechapel tell us that the advance is astonishing, and such a thing as this pageant would have been incredible even a quarter of a century ago, why are our crowds so drab and smudgy that we should be ashamed to represent them in a show?

It is often embarrassing when an Indian or some other traveller from the East gives us his first impressions of our English life. His expectations have been high. He has come to the land of freedom, to a powerful race of men, happy in the fruits of the highest civilisation. He finds a dingy and ignoble-looking people, dressed in second-hand clothes which they never wash; and as to the hats of men and women, to the Eastern mind such hideousness of angle and color is an almost inconceivable offence. But those who have seen the pageant need not go to the East for reflection. In front of the show, as a kind of model audience, stand the average East End boy and girl, making characteristic remarks upon the episodes as they pass. Why is it that in not a single one of those scenes could that boy and girl be admitted among the other children without appearing instantly as an unendurable blot upon the whole? Not even among the ugliness of the Elizabethan costumes could the lower degradation of our working-class children's clothes be tolerated. It is not only the difference in class, for the pageant represents all classes with fidelity, and the contrast is too sharp for money to wipe out. We admit the advance, the astonishing improvement even within a single generation, but why is progress so dull? Why, if the inward and spiritual grace is increasing, is there so little outward and visible sign? A grubby suit, a greasy cap, a torn pinafore, and mother's cast-off boots—what would the Sartor make of those as evidences of civilising grace? What "organic filaments" of future worship do they represent among mankind?

## PSYCHOLOGY AND CRIME.

WHEN a murder or a burglary has been committed, the police investigation includes a careful plan of the premises, a detailed register of all objects on the spot, a chemical analysis of bloodstains, facsimiles of finger impresses, and a similarly scientific register of other objective facts bearing on the case. The utmost care is taken to ascertain the actions and words of persons near the scene of action against whom suspicion might lie, and the formal consistency of the statements made by

witnesses is subjected to the closest tests which legal logic can devise. But no serious or systematic attempt is ever made to check this purely objective evidence by examining the mind of the witness in the box. Beyond some quite crude and general inquiries occasionally made into sanity or "character" or motive, there is no endeavor to examine the instrument of evidence in order to ascertain the inherent likelihood of error in the several sorts of statement that are made. For judge, counsel, and jury the science of experimental psychology has not come into existence. Though every lawyer familiar with court practice knows that most honest witnesses will often disagree on the simplest points of ocular testimony, and that memory is capable of any degree of falsification, it never occurs to him that the reliability of eyesight or of memory in witnesses may be itself material evidence which it ought to be his duty to evoke. If we want to know whether a suspected person has fired the shot which killed a man, we examine closely the calibre and the condition of any firearms he may possess. But when a witness makes a statement which ranks as a "material fact," we never think of examining his mental calibre. Yet when the witness says that he saw the prisoner, wearing a green overcoat, leave the house with a carpet-bag at two minutes before eleven, it may be of quite critical importance to know how far his particular perceptions and memory are normal.

The degree of error in the play of the human senses, the various kinds of sense illusion, the part played by personal interest in interpreting percepts, the tricks of memory or suggestion, have been submitted to most elaborate and ingenious experiments in psychological laboratories, with results extremely disconcerting to those who are familiar with the crude justice of our courts. There is, we are aware, the usual attempt to overbear the claims of a new science by dwelling on its necessary defects, and dubbing it charlatanry. Nor can it be denied that the votaries of psychology have often made excessive and premature assertions of scientific authority in education, medicine, religion, and sociology. But it is impossible for any fair-minded person to read the powerful statement set out by Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, in his new volume, "Psychology and Crime" (Fisher Unwin), without realising the important services which such a study, soberly pursued, can render to the cause of public justice. In America and Germany careful observers in psychological laboratories have been patiently gathering a great volume of ordered facts, relating to the voluntary and involuntary actions of the human mind, which deserve to be taken into account by courts engaged in sifting truth from falsehood in testimony. Professor Münsterberg, himself one of the foremost workers in this field, has good ground for his complaint of the obstructive conservatism of the law. "Rich material has been gathered, and yet practical jurisprudence is, on the whole, still unaware of it; and while the alienist is always a welcome guest in the court-room, the psychologist is still a stranger there. The court would rather listen for whole days to the 'science' of the handwriting experts than allow a witness to be examined with regard to his memory and his power of perception, his attention and his associations, his volition and his suggestibility, with methods which are in accord with the exact work of experimental psychology."

The illustrations of his method are both instructive and entertaining. There is no reason to distrust the genuineness of the class-tests by which Professor Münsterberg shows the extraordinary divergences of his students on simple instances of direct judgment of sensations. "Since I saw that my own students do not know whether a point moves with the slowness of a snail or with the rapidity of an express train; whether a time interval is half a second or a whole minute; whether there are twenty-five points or two hundred; whether a tune comes from a whistle, a gong, or a violin; whether the moon is small as a pea or large as a man—I am not surprised any more when I read the reports of the papers."

Everyone will recognise that the accuracy of a remembered fact must have some definite relation to the recency, the frequency, and the vividness of the original experience. But reflection will show that the relative effectiveness of these criteria with reference to different sorts of fact admits of very delicate discrimination. To measure and record this discrimination is work for the psychologist, corresponding closely to the quantitative analysis which the physiologist brings to bear in ascertaining the nutritive properties of various sorts of food. The former evidence is as relevant as the latter, and as important in many cases of crime.

Not only perception and memory can be made capable of accurate valuation, but the thoughts and intentions of men are reflected in their emotions, and these latter can be subjected to psycho-physical tests. French courts sometimes practise crude methods of surprising truth out of suspected persons or reluctant witnesses by sudden confrontations or strong dramatic suggestions. But psycho-physics will be able to proceed much more surely, if more slowly, in its reading of thoughts through emotions. Starting from the premise that every strong emotion is registered in various involuntary movements, breathing, pulse, and muscular contractions, etc., psychologists are already able to apply an ingenious apparatus for recording these physical concomitants of feeling. There are, as Professor Münsterberg well recognises, subtle difficulties in the application of these tests, for nervous innocence will be apt to produce many of the same emotional reactions as guilt itself, and the experienced sinner may acquire sufficient skill to confuse the most scientific apparatus.

We are the more encouraged to place confidence in the services which this new art may be capable of rendering because of the sane philosophy of crime with which it is associated in Professor Münsterberg's own teaching. Criminals are not born such: there is no definitely criminal disposition; there are many sorts of mental inefficiency, bad functioning of thought and feeling, which, assisted by circumstances and unchecked by education, pass into vicious or criminal habits. The multifarious irrationality and injustice of society, the physical and moral degradation imposed by its system of ill-requited toil for the bottom dog and luxurious leisure for the top dog, its regulations for the disposition and the use of property, drive into drunkenness, insanity, or crime persons who have inherited from abnormal or degenerate parents a feeble resistance of the central nervous system. "If we abstract from the effect of such life training in the social underworld, and from the traces of poor education, of bad example, of disease and neglect, we find among the criminals the same types of mind as in other spheres, only with a great percentage of all kinds of mental inferiority—stupid and narrow minds, vehement and passionate minds, minds with weak power of comprehension, and minds without normal emotions and minds without energy for work." Only when we get to understand the different sorts of these half-physical, half-mental defects which make for crime shall we adjust our thoughts and feelings towards its reasonable treatment.

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## THE MODERN HEN.

In the rick-yard, which now contains but a few slices of hay and one straw rick from last summer's store, the fowls are scattered in search of the self-hunted portion that ekes out the day's allowance of corn. The farmer's wife does not know exactly how many fowls there are. Some thirty or forty she says, and they produce now about twenty eggs a day. Still harder would it be for her to say which are the best layers. Only when a hen goes persistently broody does she begin to think that the farm might be as well off without her, though even a dozen broody hens are sometimes tolerated with quite Christian forbearance. The layers, too, in a general way are permitted to lay what sort of eggs they like. "An egg is an egg," runs the country motto. A small egg is supposed to contain as much

nourishment as a large one, and no difference in taste has been discovered between a brown one and a white one. The higgler can by all means have the large brown ones, if he will, for the poor things in the town who set store by such things.

One evening last week the fox took one of our hens. We know that it was a white one because we saw the feathers in the field, so there must be a white hen the fewer. We cannot say that her absence makes much difference, if any, in the weekly tale of eggs, nor does it occur to us for one instant to make any difference in the amount of corn we scatter for the flock. It is a quaint flock when it is assembled. We cannot say what the breeder of some pure and fantastic strain would say if his eye could roam over it. Long ago, perhaps, the Brahma was king in this poultry-yard. Then a lordly Dorking brought fresh blood and new hopes in the heart of some bygone farmer's wife. There are rumpled top-knots that proclaim the reign for a space of the all-conquering Houdan; beautiful feathers that owe their origin to a gold-spangled Hamburg or wild Ancona; tumbling combs that speak of the day when Black Minorcas were the rage. To-day the White Leghorn is the prevailing type, and the flock no doubt, if the truth could be known, lays better than ever it did. Next, the latest champion winter layer, the Buff Rock, will probably have its day as soon as a sitting of eggs can be procured.

The ups and downs of the poultry-fancier's world go to prove that, just as surely as an egg's an egg, so a hen's a hen. It is likely that within a year we could send up from our mixed flock a pen of pullets that would lay against all the pure breeds that at present fight for the highest honours. Certainly we have known individual nondescript hens that would lay in a given time one-sixth as many eggs as one of those pens of six. On the other hand, the fancier could get from our yard a new scheme of feathering which he could work up into a breed that would perhaps excite the envy of all other fanciers. The more he elaborated its "points" the more, in every probability, he would spoil the fowl for all the purposes that has made it valuable to the farmer. Again, the farmyard can take the most monstrous of fanciers' productions, such as the maypole-like Langshan, or even the Japanese fowl, with sickle feathers nine feet long, and can make something of it, as the public school makes something of the boy who has been ever so quaintly brought up. Even the degenerate, from the utility point of view, may give fresh vitality to the farm-house breed. The fanciers have strained off into separate phials the various elements of fowldom. Each essence becomes by isolation so attenuated as almost to lose the power of reproduction, yet so precious in the eyes of the fancier that he will not give it the stimulus of new blood that it needs. Then that vandal, the utility man, takes two of these valueless treasures, and, mingling them, produces perhaps a fowl worth having.

It is to the Utility Poultry Club that the chief credit is given of having rescued the fowl from a false specialisation at the hands of the breeders. It is the first not very articulate voice of the farm-house protesting against a fancy that had ignored the table for the show-bench. The Orpington and the Wyandotte must now maintain supremacy, not by means of an ever-widening differentiation of shape or feather, but by increased egg-production, precocity of growth or capacity for fattening and bearing flesh. Even now, however, the farmer is not certain to get what he wants. There is a danger that the new crack layers may be over-elaborated for the one contest under conditions that are not reproduced in every-day commercial life. It is the examination system applied to hens, and, just as we are for ever coming across efficient men who were duffers in examination and duffers of prizemen, so there are, no doubt, disappointments in store for the poultry man who buys too blindly the offspring of champion layers. We suppose that the proportion of eggs that will produce healthy chicks must be smaller than in the case of a normal layer, and in many cases the tired organism of the over-layer would take a very reactionary rest in the next generation. Then the hen that lays with the fury of these champions lays only for one season. She must be replaced in the second season, and it may be that the cost of rearing an increased number of chicks must be set off against the advantage of getting even fifty per cent. more eggs per laying hen per annum.

We almost hope that there may be economic reasons against the undue driving of the hen. We no more like to think of the farm-yard population renewed every year than that the "hands" in a factory must be "pole-axed" at the age of thirty to make room for more paying material. We like to see the grandmother and great-grandmother sunning herself in the straw with her latest foster family, or taking a turn at the laying for a few weeks each year. We cannot believe that the hen of a certain hundred and fifty eggs per annum can lay really good eggs. We call upon the public analyst to report on this matter, and we say beforehand that if he finds the sweated egg as rich in food values as the other we shall take leave to doubt him. Certainly by far the best eggs we eat seem to be those that come from the drowsy, happy farm-yard, where a hen seems to be regarded as "a hen for a' that."

We do not kill the goose that lays golden eggs. If we did we must not expect it to furnish a dish as superior to common goose as its eggs were to common eggs. There are egg-laying hens and table hens, and the tendency is to make the one more and more useless for the other purpose. We are not at all sure, however, that the veriest egg-slave may not be as good to eat as the specialised, crammed Sussex fowl that Londoners have to eat. The fowl has a remarkable faculty for converting barley meal into flesh of sorts, as the goose has the faculty under highly artificial conditions of providing five times the ordinary amount of liver. It is a crucible, not a chicken, that is pumped up with food because London is in a hurry for roast or boiled. The stuff is only half converted, and is almost as much like the raw meal as like finished flesh. But even in the fattening trade the healthy life of the farm-yard chick is vindicated. None but the common fowl can stand the cramming—the fowl that as a sign of health clings to the original red livery of its wild ancestor. It is so here and it is so in America. The "Sussex Red" is one of the oldest breeds, and whether it is one that has escaped being bred for color, or whether someone, despairing of his black breeds and his white ones, poured them together, with atavistic results, cannot be known. It is an honest fowl, a good layer in winter and in summer, a breeder of healthy and hardy chicks, a maker of white and wholesome meat, a triumph of wholesome farm breeding. By its own route America has evolved the Rhode Island Red. It might sing, if hens did sing, "Cochin and Malay, Wyandotte and Leghorn are we." It is, in fact, as a reaction from many excursions into fancydom, just a hen. We hope that there will still be a place in the world for our commonplace all-round hen. We hope that the spirit of drive will not descend too fiercely on our quiet straw-yard, where a hen that is neither a mere egg-laying machine nor a mere barley-meal-converting machine is permitted to take life a little leisurely, to enjoy a dust-bath, to carol that lazy "Awk—awk—awk" that makes its haunt the most restful place on the farm.

# Present-Day Problems.

## AN ACADEMIC VIEW OF LORD CURZON'S MANIFESTO.

### I.

Lord Curzon's "Principles and Methods of University Reform" will disappoint many expectations. In not a few cases the disappointment will be a highly agreeable one. That a Chancellor of Oxford should attempt to make his office something more than an honorific incident in the career of a Tory peer, on a level with his Garter, his Lord Lieutenancy, his Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, or the like, is an unprecedented event—unprece-

dented since the days of Archbishop Laud. There were those among us who feared that not merely the fact, but the matter and the manner of Lord Curzon's long-promised "scheme" might be such as to awaken memories of that famous Chancellorship. Such fears will promptly be allayed by a perusal of the present volume. It is no vice-regal ukase, enjoining what the University shall and what it shall not do. The complaint that will most generally be made among those who hoped for reform will be rather that the definite recommendations are so few. On most matters the book does little more than sum up, after the manner of a judge's charge, the various suggestions which have been made to him, and leave the University to decide between them. The tone and temper of the document are unexceptionable. The only people whose disappointment will be a cruel disillusionment are the wire-pullers who engineered Lord Curzon's election as a tower of strength against the inroads of the University reformer, the importunate woman student, and the still more dreaded working-man. These have already begun to complain that the prophet they called in to curse their enemies has ended—if with a touch of Balaam-like reluctance—by blessing them altogether.

There can be only one opinion as to the consummate ability displayed by this closely-packed treatise of 215 pages. Its point of view is naturally that of a first-rate administrator taking stock of the University machine from without. Lord Curzon is most at home when he is dealing with the extraordinarily complicated system of University government, administration, and finance: this is the side of the matter which has evidently interested him most, and it is here that he has gone furthest in the suggestion of positive reform. He definitely favors the restriction of Congregation to resident doctors and masters, so that it may become again what it was anciently—an assembly of teachers, and (somewhat less strongly) the opening of all the eighteen elective places in council to all M.A.'s of five years' standing. But the most novel and startling suggestion which he has made is the institution of a Board of Financial Control, which should not only record and analyse, but in some measure supervise and control the expenditure of all the University spending departments as well as of the colleges. When he comes to educational questions, he has too lively a sense of what he himself owes to his Oxford training to join the ultra reformers who are bent on laying violent hands, in deference to the Teutonic model, upon just the feature of our system which foreign observers recognise as meeting educational needs not satisfied by Professorial teaching—the system of college tuition. At the same time he is too well aware of what is said outside as to the demands which the University does not satisfy to adopt the tone of our self-satisfied Conservatives. He sees that the great barrier to the University throwing open its gates to new classes of students is the requirement of a miserable modicum of Greek for Responsions. He has, he writes, been compelled to refuse a contribution of £30,000 towards "a definite scientific object in Oxford," because he could give no assurance that the restriction would be removed. The throwing-off of that incubus and the establishment of a "Joint School-leaving and University Entrance Examination" is the one educational reform on which he insists with real energy and conviction. A reform of Pass Moderations is almost equally needed; but the abolition of compulsory Greek will necessarily carry with it some modification of this wretched examination. Lord Curzon speaks strongly against undue depreciation of the work that the University now performs. "It is as desirable that Oxford should educate the future country squire, or nobleman, or banker, or member of Parliament, or even the guardsman, as it is that it should sharpen the wits of the schoolmaster or the cultivated artisan." At the same time he appears really anxious that the University should spread its net more widely. He recommends the establishment of a course of commercial studies. He definitely pronounces in favor of degrees for women without votes in Convocation. He is quite in sympathy with the idea of the University providing facilities for the particular kind of education which is demanded by working men, or, rather, by that new and very important class of professional men recruited from the working classes—those who "aspire to qualify for such posts as secretaries of Trades Unions and Councils, or of friendly and co-operative societies, as members of local and municipal bodies, or in the last resort as Labor M.P.'s." To meet their needs he proposes the foundation of a new college, to be provided by a hypothetical private benefactor or by contributions from the existing colleges. On the general question of helping other poor students he is more nebulous. He appears disposed to accept the assurance of "authorities," who have told him that "the number of cases in which the holder of a scholarship could afford to dispense altogether with his emoluments, or would have completed a University course without them, is small." Personally, I am in sympathy with what he says about the stimulus afforded to work at school by the existence of these scholarships, and about the undesirability of establishing a poverty qualification in all cases; but he appears to me to underrate the extent to which scholarships are abused. Scholars who habitually travel first-class, keep hunters, own yachts, give balls (such things are exceptional, but not unknown)—who are enabled to do these things, and are often made idler in consequence, by means of valuable scholarships founded for poor scholars—are surely an abuse which should be at least discouraged. Moreover, of those men who might very reasonably accept some help towards the expenses of their University education, many do not want as large a sum as £80, while the poorer men need much more. The reduction of all scholarships to £40 or £50 a year and the conversion of the residue into a fund out of which exhibitions could be privately granted to those in need of more is a solution which would, I believe, command the support of a majority of tutors, though some are, no doubt, anxious to go further.

In proportion as the Chancellor turns from the wider problems which concern the relation of the University to the outside world to details of a more purely educational nature, his insight becomes less conspicuous. He lays it down, for instance, rather peremptorily, that "too many scholarships are assigned to Classics and History," and suggests the institution of scholarships "for Music, Divinity, the Indian Civil Service, and Research." As the Indian Civil Service is quite accessible to candidates who have taken any one of the Final Schools, it is difficult to see the meaning of the suggestion that scholarships should be appropriated to it. He hardly seems to realise that the question of scholarships is inextricably bound up with the wider question of what it is desirable that boys should learn at school. The Chancellor can hardly suppose that boys ought to be encouraged to specialise at school in "Divinity"—a subject the effective study of which presupposes not merely a good classical education, but a course of philosophy. As to "Research," it would be extravagant to impute to him the absurd suggestion that boys fresh from school are to be examined in "Research" (which appears to be treated as a separate "subject," quite independent of all others), and to be occupied in that subject throughout their undergraduate career. He must mean that a larger share of the emoluments now appropriated to college scholarships should be employed in giving scholarships or exhibitions to advanced post-graduate students. For such a scheme there is, indeed, much to be said. But the truth is that the Chancellor, masterly in his dealings with questions of administration and finance, sensible and judicious on the larger questions of educational policy, shows little appreciation of the problems which concern what may perhaps be called the highest aspects of University life—the functions of a University as a seat of learning, of advanced study, of research. About these things he writes as about something of which he has vaguely heard.

Closely connected with the question of the University's functions in the matter of research is the question of "idle fellowships." The Chancellor has

nothing to say against the system by which many thousands a year—left to promote study and teaching in a University whose urgent need for fresh endowments is acknowledged on every page—are spent in assisting a certain number of its more distinguished graduates, often well-to-do persons, in no need whatever of assistance, to pursue their fortunes at the bar, in the public service, or in other well-paid careers. To this subject I hope to return in another article, but meanwhile I should like to raise the question, "What is expected to come of the Chancellor's recommendations?" The Chancellor has definitely recommended the University (1) to throw open its degrees to women, (2) to abolish compulsory Greek, (3) to restrict Congregation to teachers. All these are measures which the University (*i.e.*, Congregation) has fairly recently—in the last two cases quite recently—refused to adopt by decided, though not large, majorities. Is there any probability that the behest of the Tory Chancellor will induce them to reverse their verdict, or that, if they do, the country parsons assembled in Convocation will confirm their decision? There is no reason to doubt that, if the Tory wire-pullers in Oxford issue the usual whip, it will meet with the usual response. Lord Curzon's suggestion that the clerical restrictions should be removed from the degrees, professorships, and examinerships of the theological faculty will serve as an excuse for the familiar "Church in danger" cry. I doubt whether those who were so eager to make Lord Curzon Chancellor will now be ready to take his advice. The reconstitution of Council and of Congregation does, no doubt, lie within the power of the University. But the proposed financial board, if it is to be really effective, will require little less than a revolution in the constitution of the University and in the status of all the colleges, and this will certainly require an Act of Parliament. Such a change could hardly be effected by an "agreed" or privately promoted Bill. Neither the country nor the University will be satisfied with a Bill based upon no further investigation than that which has been conducted in privacy by Lord Curzon himself, with the assistance of those witnesses or advisers who have been invited, or who have courageously invited themselves to favor him with their suggestions. Even upon the assumption that Lord Curzon's recommendations are sufficient, his book strengthens rather than rebuts the plea for a University Commission with a carefully defined and strictly limited reference. That his proposals are very far from sufficient, I hope to show in another article.

Lord Curzon has in general wisely avoided references to the ancient history of the University, which seldom has much bearing upon present questions; in the few allusions that he has made to it there are just one or two slips. Any senior member of the University could have told him that there was never a time when *all* Fellows were "in holy orders, holding office for life"; nor is it easy to see what he means by the statement that "before the time of Archbishop Laud the period of residence was nominal." But nobody will go to Lord Curzon's book for medieval history; to the future historian of modern Oxford it will be as invaluable as it is to the University politician of the present.

H. Rashdall.

# Contemporaries.

## THE PRIME MINISTER.

No feature of the Prime Minister's career is more conspicuous than its continuously fortunate character. It would be well below the truth to say that it contained no catastrophe. Mr. Elias's recent account of it * includes no early struggle of real acuteness, such as Disraeli experienced; no "tempest-tost" periods, such as Gladstone knew; no acquaintance with extreme unpopularity, and only an exclusion from office long enough to mature his critical powers, and give him his quickly accruing chance of attaining the highest position. From the "captaincy" of the City of London School to a Balliol scholarship; from a Balliol scholarship to a "first in Greats"; from the University and a great Oxford reputation to a rapid success at the bar and a safe seat in Parliament; from a perfect maiden speech to an early place in the Cabinet, gained without the obscure labors of an under-secretaryship; from a brief lieutenancy in political leadership to the chief command. Everybody and everything has made way for Mr. Asquith; friends and foes, rivals and predecessors in age, rank, and authority. Lord Rosebery retired; Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman died. Lord Morley did not contest his Premiership; Sir Edward Grey promoted it. Succeeding, like Lord Rosebery, to a sudden vacancy, he inherited not a precarious and fast vanishing tenure, but a mighty majority and an unexhausted inheritance of force and enthusiasm. Was ever such a combination of opportunity and talent?

Yet it cannot be said that this swift, smooth rise has been achieved through an undue suppleness of character, least of all by a sudden evolution of opinion, or a sinister change of side. Mr. Asquith remains what he was when he came into politics, a Liberal of the Centre, with an inclination now to the Right, now to the Left. Medium opinion attracts him; the exposition of it draws out his best powers of mind, and satisfies at once his belief in progress and his limited interest in large experiments in human nature or in government. Considering the combined effect of training and character, it is remarkable that Mr. Asquith has retained a sincere and thoroughly-rooted feeling for democracy. Mr. Elias, in apportioning Jowett's share in moulding the Prime Minister's nature, says truly of that remarkable man that he showed "a certain hesitation to adopt permanent positions, and a great and wonderful discretion." That is only another way of suggesting the familiar truth about the influence of Balliol under its famous Master—that men were trained for power and use, rather than for moral devotion or the finest kind of intellectual thoroughness. The great college, self-centred and self-dependent, remote even from the life of its University, breathed, indeed, a spirit of eclectic and highly critical Liberalism. But it held no contact with popular forces, and its chief chilled much young and generous blood both by direct contact with a reserved and worldly, though not unkind, personality, and by the indirect tendencies of his mind and purpose. Mr. Elias denies the oft-repeated charge that Jowett was a "snob." But, by choice, he kept a school for satraps rather than for citizens; and it says much for Mr. Asquith's Liberalism that, if anything, it is rather more pronounced at fifty-five than it was at twenty-five. What he has really wanted, and what Oxford and Balliol and his later social life indisposed him to obtain, has been something of the direct, informal, contact with life which his contemporary, M. Clemenceau, secured through a vivid literary and highly combative temperament, through journalism, a medical practice in Montmartre, and the tremendous rough-and-tumble of a long minority in French politics. Mr. Asquith's equable nature would have been the better for a more stirring introduction even to the rather drab life of British statesmanship. A broader, less sheltered, existence would have made the Prime Minister sit easier to the movement of his times, and given color and fulness to his intellect. As it is, even the Parliamentary party hardly knows him. It knew Gladstone as its hero of a hundred fights, its ideal, ever-worshipped symbol of moral energy. It knew Campbell-Bannerman as a friend, or as the Russian soldier knows a favorite general. But Mr. Asquith is withdrawn from popular cognisance, partly by a superficial shyness of address, partly because he is thought to live much the same life as Mr. Balfour.

In spite of this detachment, there is no real complexity in a character which is essentially simple and loyal. It was once said of Mr. W. E. Forster that he

* "The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith: A Biography and Appreciation." By Frank Elias. James Clarke. 3s. 6d. net.

was a "stage Yorkshireman." Mr. Asquith is a quite untheatrical Yorkshireman. He is as middle-class as Cobden and Bright, and if he lacks their genius, and falls behind their firm humanity, he shares their general views of statesmanship, and in capacity for the science of modern government, with its incessant call on brain-force and working power, he comes nearer to Gladstone than any of his later predecessors. Mr. Asquith works, perhaps, a little too easily always to work well. And his product is not quite of the highest type. Just as his intellect wants the almost indescribable quality that gives light to the mind's eye, so his utterance lacks the communicative and sympathetic power which flows from knowledge at full play with its subject, or from feeling in close and thrilling contact with it. His speeches are more arguments than reasoning, more rhetoric than oratory. He is not a thinker in the sense that Mr. Balfour or the late Lord Salisbury could claim that rare title, for he lacks the subtlety of the one and the originality and irrepressible candor of the other. But nature gave him, cased in a frame of steel, perhaps the best working brain in the country. Resource, flexibility, it wants; and also the largest kind of judgment of affairs; and it is bound, therefore, to disappoint from time to time the curiosity of the people about the artistry of their rulers, their passion for the picturesque and the unexpected, clothed in new conceptions or adaptations of politics. But the average output is wonderfully good, wonderfully stable in substance and well-rounded in workmanship. Mr. Asquith has made some slips, and fallen into one error of consequence. But he has not failed.

The real problem which the Prime Minister presents is as to his future plans and attachments. He has a calm temper, secure from Lord Rosebery's over-sensitiveness. He is neither blind nor unsympathetic to popular needs; it was no calculation, but a touch of impulse in his character, which was answerable for the quick decision to adopt old age pensions. Whither will he be drawn? Now all is plain, or should be plain. Mr. Asquith has resented the suggestion made in this journal that his speech in the "Dreadnought" debate was "Palmerstonian." We think this a correct description, so far as political parallels can ever be called exact. Its cause lay rather in want of imagination—in the failure to measure the effect of strong speech and the precise bearings of a delicate conjuncture in politics—than in any purpose to draw Liberalism out of its path. But its effect was to make Radicals anxious, fearful for the maintenance of social reform, not quite certain about European peace and the future of a party continually confronted with the choice as to friends and methods and policy in which German Liberalism came to grief. The ship's head is right, but in the distance loom the rocks—the House of Lords, Ireland, Socialism, the tangle of woman's suffrage, the Labor problem, the Imperialist-Protectionist revival. What course will her steersman take through and past them? Hitherto, Mr. Asquith has only been called on for Parliamentary leadership; later on the invitation will be to interpret the signs of the times, and guide the movement of democracy.

# The Drama.

## AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS.

It is extremely difficult to reduce the English and the American drama to a common denominator, or even to define their differences. But this very difficulty emphasises the fact that America has now a drama of her own, at least as national and characteristic as anything we can show in England. Perhaps, indeed, the essential point of difference might be found in the closer relationship of American plays to the everyday life of the people. Roughly speaking, our drama is a dress-coat drama, theirs a shirt-sleeve drama. Not that the American public objects to dress coats or to gorgeous millinery. The unbridled luxury of American city life certainly does not fail to find its reflex on the stage. But the really popular formula gives, perhaps, one act to dress coats, three acts to shirt sleeves; and what the public most appreciates is the racy reproduction of phases and figures from common life. On the whole, then, the American drama strikes the English observer as a little lacking in that surface polish of which we have a little too much. It is often a form of journalism, rather than of literature. It is a veritable school of slang: playwrights vie with each other in reproducing and exaggerating the catchwords of the day, sometimes picturesque, sometimes idiotic. But for my part I would much rather see drama a form of journalism than a thing remote from life, unrelated to reality, a narcotic, a sweetmeat, or a toy.

One thing is clear: that America is more and more determined to write her own plays, and not to take them, ready-made, from England, or France, or—as was the practice of the late Mr. Daly—from Germany. During a fortnight of assiduous theatre-going in New York, I saw only two plays that were not American, and I had to leave unseen some half-dozen American plays of more or less note. One of the English plays I saw was that classic imbecility, "Our American Cousin," in which Mr. E. H. Sothern reproduces with marvellous accuracy his father's Lord Dundreary, and is indescribably droll and delightful. The other was "An Englishman's Home," which, as any one might have foreseen, was a flat failure. Gallant efforts were made to puff and bluff it into popularity; but the thing was impossible. Any little chance it might have had was ruined by inefficient production. It was manifest that the American audience neither understood it nor cared two straws about it. Moral: panic-pamphlets are strictly for home consumption.

Of the American plays I saw, the most notable, as it was certainly the most popular, was "The Easiest Way," by Mr. Eugene Walter, a playwright whom the past two seasons have brought very much to the front. It might be called "Iris" Americanised, with this difference that, whereas Mr. Pinero's play showed the fall of a pleasure-loving temperament, Mr. Walter's play shows the failure of an attempt to rise. Laura Murdock, while by way of being an actress, lives in luxury at the expense of a Wall Street operator, Willard Brockton. She falls in with an honest lover, a young man from the West, named John Madison, who knows her past, but condones it on the ground that his own has not been above reproach. Unfortunately, he has not a sou, and must go off to make his fortune; she promising meanwhile to leave Brockton and live respectably by her art. Brockton is a party to this arrangement, but prophesies that it will not work, and that Laura will return to him. In the next act we have an admirably vivid and poignant picture of abject poverty in a fourth-rate New York boarding-house. Laura can make no money by her "art"; to secure an engagement, she must have the protection of a man of the Brockton class. The pinch of penury drives her back to her old life; and she omits to act squarely by her Western lover—her Armand Duval—and inform him of her lapse. In the last act John Madison arrives from the West, a rich man, and eager to carry off his affianced bride. There is a passionate love-scene between them, and Laura is preparing for an instant departure, when a latchkey is heard to turn in the door of her flat, and Willard Brockton walks in with a calm air of proprietorship. A stormy scene follows between Laura and John Madison, who turns his back on her for ever. She essays suicide, but has not the pluck for it; and at last, following "the easiest way," she puts on all her finery and goes off to a gay supper-party, where her charms will certainly meet with appreciation. The play is crude, painful, uncompromising, sincere.

Two other plays of a more or less serious order are "The Third Degree," by Mr. Charles Klein, and "The Battle," by Mr. Cleveland Moffett. "The Third Degree" attacks an alleged practice of the New York police, of part-torturing, part-hypnotising prisoners into a confession of crimes of which they may be entirely innocent. In this case a weak and somewhat dissipate

youth is starved and badgered into signing the statement that he killed a friend of his, who, in fact, committed suicide. Then his wife, who is convinced of his innocence, lays siege to a great lawyer, and finally induces him to undertake her husband's defence. The remainder of the play is marred by the rather wanton introduction of the old self-sacrifice motive. It is, on the whole, little more than a melodrama, but a melodrama with a groundwork of psychology and of social purpose. "The Battle" sets forth to deal with the antagonism of capital and labor, and I have heard it praised for the impartiality with which it holds the balance between the two. This praise it scarcely deserves, for it represents Socialism as simply the heresy of the "have-nots," which they straightway recant the moment they join the ranks of the "haves." The philosophy of the play, in short, is shallow enough; but it is something that a popular drama of this sort should aspire to any philosophic purport. Another play of business life, "The Fighting Hope," by Mr. W. J. Hurlbut, presents an ably-conceived situation, but with such complete incompetence of psychology as to reduce it to a rather low melodramatic level.

Three plays of a lighter order may be grouped together in virtue of their intense localism. The best of the three is "A Gentleman from Mississippi," by Messrs. Rhodes and Wise, which shows how a simple-minded old Southerner, coming to Washington to take his seat in the Senate, baffles the intrigues of certain dishonest fellow-Senators who seek to involve him in a shady political job. In some ways the play bears a strong resemblance to Ibsen's "Pillars of Society"; yet it presents a characteristically American situation worked out in a thoroughly American fashion. "The Travelling Salesman," by Mr. James Forbes, deals with the loves of a "drummer" and a girl-telegraphist whom a villainous lawyer is trying to swindle out of some valuable "real estate." It may be said to reek of local color, and its pictures of "commercial" life in a one-horse Western town are highly entertaining. The third play of this group, "The Man from Home," by Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson, is a modern version of "Our American Cousin." The scene is laid at Sorrento, where a hatchet-faced, imperturbable Indiana lawyer defeats the machinations of sundry titled villains, English and French, and convinces an American heiress of the folly of snobbish ambition. The character of the "Hoosier" hero is highly diverting, but the play ministers unblushingly to the national vanity which holds everything American immeasurably superior to everything foreign. That is, no doubt, the reason why it has run a year in Chicago, and promises to run another year in New York.

The all-too-prolific talent of Mr. Clyde Fitch deals by preference with themes which are American in their setting rather than in their essence—which might easily be transposed into the European key. "The Bachelor" is a play which ought to suit Mr. Charles Hawtrey. It shows how a middle-aged stockbroker unwittingly falls in love with his typist, and how the intervention of her cub of a brother first reveals the state of their affections, and then bids fair to cause an irreparable breach between them. If the play is ever done in England, I should advise the toning down of the brother's cubbishness. On the other hand, there is a delightful Swedish servant-girl, who, though a local phenomenon, could not fail to be appreciated on this side. Mr. Fitch's second play of the season, "A Happy Marriage," is a variant of "Still Waters Run Deep," its characters being the somewhat neglectful husband, absorbed in business, the foolish, flighty wife, and the mean and cowardly lover. The play is very cleverly written, with both observation and wit; but unfortunately Mr. Fitch, while making the wife flighty enough in all conscience, has neglected to make her even moderately amiable, so that "A Happy Marriage" is not likely to rank among his successes.

There is always room in New York, it would seem, for a play of pretentious religiosity. Last year it was "The Servant in the House," by Mr. Rann Kennedy, in which Christ—alias Mr. Manson—appears in the character of a butler. This year it is "The Dawn of a To-morrow," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, a drama of English slum life, illustrating in crudely superstitious terms the efficacy of prayer. It also illustrates, incidentally, the efficacy of unselfish thought and work in warding off brain-trouble; but its main lesson is that if you "ask" for help in the dilemmas of life the police will overlook your hiding-places, and the telephone will prove an ever-present help in time of trouble. The play is redeemed by the exquisite acting of Miss Eleanor Robson; but it stands sorely in need of redemption. In "Salvation Nell," written by a Harvard undergraduate, Mr. Edward Sheldon, we pass from unreal slum life in London to real slum life in New York. Unfortunately I saw it in a vast theatre in Boston, where I could not hear one word in three of the dialogue. On its merits as a drama I am therefore a trifle hazy, but I am inclined to agree with that very able critic, Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who says: "The mirror which Mr. Sheldon has held up to nature is an ordinary flat reflector. It lacks the concavity which concentrates and the magic which selects." The staging, on the other hand, was masterly. The saloon scene of the first act, and the east-side tenement slum of the last act, were almost flawless in their realism.

These are the plays I saw; but several noteworthy plays of the season I did not see, either from sheer lack of time, or because they had had their run in New York and had gone "on the road." Among them were "Mater," a comedy by Mr. Percy Mackaye; two sporting dramas, "Blue Grass," by Mr. Paul Armstrong, and "Wildfire," by Mr. George Broadhurst; a domestic comedy, "Mary Jane's Pa," by Miss Edith Ellis; another drama of the slums, "The Regeneration," by Messrs. Kildare and Hackett; and "The Writing on the Wall," by Mr. Hurlbut, dealing with the scandal of the moment—the disgraceful tenement property held by the wealthy corporation of Trinity Church. No doubt these plays were of very various merit, and most of them of small literary pretensions; but the point is that they were one and all plays of local interest by American authors. English authors, on the other hand, had been represented during the season by "Diana of Dobson's," "The Mollusc," "The New Lady Bantock," "Jack Straw," "Lady Frederick," and "What Every Woman Knows." Of these I gather that Mr. Maugham's plays were fairly successful, but Mr. Barrie alone scored an incontestable triumph.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Letters from Abroad.

## THE NEMESIS OF FRENCH BUREAUCRACY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—So far at least as external symptoms are concerned, the state of affairs here would seem to have been considerably exaggerated in the English Press. Nevertheless the situation is in many ways a serious one. I do not think that we are on the brink of a revolution or on the verge of anarchy, but we are at the beginning of a struggle that is likely to last a long time and may bring about profound changes. The conflict between the postal employees and the Government is only one aspect of that struggle. That particular conflict may end in a victory for one side or the other, but the struggle will go on. The immediate issue at stake is the right of Government employees to organise themselves in trade unions, but the whole principle of authority is involved and ultimately the constitution of society. The attack is on the system of authority from above and on the capitalist constitution of society, and the entrance of large bodies of Government officials into the ranks of the attackers is an event of profound significance. It signalises the break-down of the Napoleonic system of centralised administration which has so long dominated France.

It is a strange irony of fate that makes M. Clemen-

ceau the defender of that system. Who could have foretold that, after spending his life as the champion of individual liberty and the opponent of Cæsarism, he would end his political career as the embodiment of authority and the hope of all the Conservative forces in the Republic? I say "Conservative" because the reactionaries, who always fish in troubled waters, are no more favorable to the Government of M. Clemenceau than to those which preceded it. But they are in no sense Conservative; their hope always is to turn unsettled conditions to their own advantage. They will be disappointed on this, as on previous occasions; but they have rendered the service that they usually render to Governments of enabling the "Temps" and other journals to frighten a large part of the *bourgeoisie* into the belief that the Republic is in danger.

It would seem to an onlooker that the Government might, by a more tactful and consistent policy, have prevented matters from reaching the present acute stage. Everyone admits that the present position of Government employees is unsatisfactory. Nominally that position is regulated by certain provisions of the Code more suitable to a Napoleonic than to a Republican *régime*. Nominally, Government employees have no legal right to combine, but in fact their combination has been tolerated by successive Ministries since that of Waldeck-Rousseau. For years they have been promised a *statute de fonctionnaires* which should regularise their position and secure them against favoritism and irregularity of promotion. Such a measure has been more or less before Parliament since the last General Election, but the Government has made no serious effort to carry it through. It is not surprising that the employees have lost patience. In the postal service the situation has been made still more acute by the personal unpopularity of M. Simyan, who has not shown any administrative ability to compensate for the universal dislike which he inspires in his subordinates.

It is not only with the postal employees that the Government has come into collision. Not since the Méline Ministry have there been so many prosecutions for speeches and publications or so many conflicts between the forces of the State and the organised workers. The policy of repression, as is always the case in a democratic country where it cannot be thoroughly applied, has only strengthened the extreme parties. Trade unionists have been driven into the arms of anarchists and anti-patriots. M. Barthou cited last night in the Chamber one or two violent speeches made by postal employees in which parliamentarism and patriotism were denounced. The postal employees, largely recruited from the small *bourgeoisie*, are the most pacific of mortals; they have merely been driven to exasperation by the failure of the Government and the Radical party to satisfy their just claims. M. Clemenceau's attacks on the Parliamentary Socialist party have had the same effect. With all its faults that party is a bulwark against anarchism, but, in a crisis like the present, all the elements of opposition to arbitrary authority are driven to make common cause.

There are two opinions about the action of the Government since the conclusion of the last strike. One is that M. Clemenceau has shown another example of incoherence and inconsistency; the other that he has cleverly outwitted the postal employees. The latter opinion seems the more probable. The last strike took the Government by surprise, and they were obliged to get the men back to work on any terms. But it may well be that, though forced for the moment to adopt a conciliatory attitude, M. Clemenceau had made up his mind to depart from it on the first opportunity. In any case everything that has occurred during the last month points to a determination on the part of the Government to suppress the organisation of the postal employees. If this view is the correct one the declaration of a new strike is, as I have already said, probably a mistake which will play into the hands of the Government. It is too early yet to say how far the strike will spread, but it would seem that during the first twenty-four hours only a small minority of the employees have left work, and the postal service has not appeared to-day to be seriously disorganised. The bulk of the employees believed that it was intended to postpone a decision until after the vote of the Chamber, and last night's announcement took them by surprise as much as the public. There were several thousand present at the meeting held at the Hippodrome, at which the decision to strike was arrived at, but a decision voted without due deliberation in the excitement of a public meeting may be repented of the next morning. Moreover it has yet to be seen to what extent the provinces will follow Paris which no longer leads French opinion as it once did.

It is reported that at a Cabinet Council held this evening it was decided to take stringent measures at once against all who had left work. Possibly the announcement, which may be expected to-morrow, that they have been irrevocably dismissed will restrain the waverers. This, of course, remains to be seen, but at present there is no sign of the solidarity which characterised the last strike. In any case it would now be more difficult for the Chamber to upset the Government to-morrow even if it desired to do so. I am assuming that the Government is united. There have been rumors of dissensions, and the absence from the Chamber yesterday of M. Caillaux, M. Briand, and M. Viviani was much commented upon. Should these rumors prove to have any foundation the situation would, of course, be changed.

One thing is certain: a victory for the Government will not secure permanent peace. The movement has gone much too far to be stopped by repression, and, unless the genuine grievances of Government employees are speedily dealt with, we may expect a long period of trouble. The postal employees believe that they were duped in March, and that belief engenders bitterness. Those who talk of revolution forget that Paris is not France, and forget also that the peasants are the majority of the French people. Socialism is steadily making headway among the peasants in many districts, but revolutionary syndicalism certainly is not. But the aspirations of the French proletariat have become too definite and too conscious to be suppressed. It may be hoped that we shall sooner or later have a Government able to deal with them in a more statesmanlike way than M. Clemenceau and his colleagues.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Paris, May 5th, 1909.

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# Letters to the Editor.

## TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your tribute to the memory of Paine should make impossible any further mud-throwing by Mr. Roosevelt. Only an ex-President of the United States or an English bishop would be stupid enough to-day to call Paine an "atheist"—Paine, who wrote the "Age of Reason" to recall France from its plunge into atheism, and whose declared creed was "I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life."

A greater American than Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged the debt of the United States to Paine in a speech some thirty years ago, and perhaps the words may be remembered: "I dare not say how much of what our Union is owning and enjoying to-day—its independence, its ardent belief in, and substantial practice of, radical human rights, and the severance of its government from all ecclesiastical and superstitious dominion—I dare not say how much of all this is owing to Thomas Paine, but I am inclined to think a good portion of it decidedly is . . . Paine was among the best and truest of men. He served the embryo Union with most precious service—a service that every man, woman, and child in our thirty-eight States is to some extent receiving the benefit of to-day."—(Walt Whitman, "Specimen Days.")

Old Cobbett indeed hit the truth when he said Paine

was the real author of the Declaration of Independence. (Only had Paine's advice been taken, with Independence would have come the abolition of slavery and the saving of America from all the misery and loss of life entailed in the postponement of that abolition.) Carlyle, in spite of the somewhat contemptuous and altogether misleading description of Paine as a "rebellious staymaker," and "needleman," notices him in the "French Revolution" as a man "who feels that he, a single Needleman, did, by his 'Common Sense' pamphlet free America; that he can and will free all this world; perhaps even the other." This very "Common Sense" pamphlet (1776) contains some of Paine's best sayings. "Time makes more converts than reason." "The fate of Charles I. hath only made kings more subtle—not more just." "Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence." (Curiously enough, Mr. George Meredith has paraphrased this verdict on dress in his description of clothes as "the badge of our expulsion from paradise.")

America was substantially helped by Paine. France welcomed Paine to its Convention, and though in the Terror would have guillotined him but for the happy mistake of a turnkey at the Luxembourg, did, at least, have the benefit of his appeal for a Republic and his utterances against capital punishment. England, on Paine's visit after the War of Independence, profited by the scientific inventions of the author of "Common Sense," and the iron bridge at Wearmouth was built on Paine's plans of construction.

But it is only now in 1909 that Paine's practical proposals for social reform embodied in "The Rights of Man" (written, in rural retirement at the Angel, Islington, 1791), are finding some acceptance. These proposals included: (1) Old age pensions for all over 60; (2) compulsory school attendance for all children under fourteen; (3) a graduated income-tax: 3d. in the £ on incomes between £50 and £500; 6d. in the £ from £500 to £1,000, an additional 6d. on incomes of £4,000, an additional 1s. on every £1,000 beyond £4,000—until an income of £23,000 meant an income-tax of 20s. in the £. Paine's "Agrarian Justice" (1796) attacked land monopoly, and proposed to end this evil by a tax on land values, the tax to form a national fund. The argument has a wonderfully familiar ring about it. "It (land monopoly) has dispossessed more than half the inhabitants of every nation of their natural inheritance, without providing for them, as ought to have been done, an indemnification for their loss; and has thereby created a species of poverty and wretchedness that did not exist. . . . Every proprietor, therefore, of cultivated land owes to the community a ground rent, for I know no better term to express the idea by, for the land which he holds; and it is from ground rent that the fund proposed in this plan is to issue."

There is no room here to recite the full tale of Paine's social and political activities. It must suffice to mention his advocacy of full rights of citizenship for women, and of justice for native races; his hatred of war, of monarchy, and of capital punishment. (One of Paine's many comments on war may be quoted: "He who is the author of a war lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death."). Paine received the scantiest recognition and the scurviest treatment from the Governments of the nations he served with such disinterested devotion in his day and generation, and he has been pursued by malignant ignorance in high places. The centenary of Paine's death ought not to pass without our honoring the name of Thomas Paine in our praise of famous men, and our fathers that begat us.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

Hampstead, May 11, 1909.

[P.S.—Of all Paine's remarkable escapes from the ferocity of Governments, perhaps the most notable was his flight from England in 1792. It was William Blake who persuaded Paine not to return to his house in Marylebone, but to go direct to France, and following the poet's warning, Paine fled. The warrant for his arrest (for the publication of the "Rights of Man") was already out, and twenty minutes after the packet had sailed, the warrant reached Dover.]

## SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—All persons gifted with even the smallest amount of imaginative sympathy must welcome Mr. Galsworthy's impassioned protest in your columns against the retention of the present system of solitary confinement in our prisons. I was myself particularly glad to see Mr. Galsworthy writing in THE NATION on this subject, because a month or two ago when, in a letter to "The Times," I took occasion to refer in terms of horror to the sentence of solitary confinement for life inflicted in Italy on the murderer of the Empress of Austria (which resulted in the prisoner's ultimately losing his reason), Mr. Galsworthy wrote to me privately saying that this incident had been a nightmare to him also. My own letter on that occasion was mainly directed to a different question, namely, whether the death penalty, if painlessly inflicted, was not really a more humane and merciful thing than our prolonged terms of penal servitude. In that view I dare say Mr. Galsworthy does not agree with me, and my letter certainly drew a vehement protest from the humane gentleman who is secretary of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. But on the cruelty and the folly of solitary confinement, even for the relatively short periods sanctioned by our present practice, Mr. Galsworthy and I are absolutely at one. In the words of the phrase he quotes more than once this punishment is "absolutely opposed to mental, moral, and physical health." Everyone who knows anything whatever about psychology must know this. Everyone who knows anything about physiology must know it. Everyone who knows anything of medicine must know it. It is not possible to specify in your columns the special evils, moral and physical, to which solitary confinement is likely to lead. These could only be set down in a medical journal. But they must be obvious to anyone who has thought at all about the question. I hope Mr. Galsworthy's "Open Letter" will convince the Home Secretary of the necessity of immediately abolishing this form of punishment and introducing a system less flagrantly opposed to common sense and scientific opinion.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

Campden, Glos.
May 8th, 1909.

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## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND NON-CONFORMISTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—Mr. Magrath is not the first person who, finding an argument difficult to answer, has declared it to be "unworthy of reply." With your permission I will again state the argument on which my previous letter was based, leaving it to you and your readers to judge whether it is, or is not, worthy of reply. Three Churches claim to have been founded "directly by our Lord"—the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican—and each scorns the claims of the other two. What the Greek Church thinks of the Anglican and Roman Churches may be seen from the greeting of M. Mourouvieff, of the Holy Synod, to William Palmer, the Tractarian deputy:—

> "We know you only as heretics. You separated from the Latin Church three hundred years ago, as the Latins had before that separated from the Greeks. We think even the Latin Church heretical, but you are an apostasy from an apostasy. You are a descent from bad to worse."

What the Roman Church thinks of the Anglican is shown by the following statement of John Henry Newman:—

> "I recognise in the Anglican Church a time-honored institution, it may be a great creation, though it be not divine."

Now what Mr. Magrath has to do is to prove, not to my satisfaction, for to me, believing as I do that all three Churches are Churches of Christ, the point is immaterial, but to the satisfaction of the rival claimants, that the Anglican Church is the *only* Church founded "directly by Our Lord." Until he does this, my argument has not been answered; as the rock on which he stands has been shattered to pieces by there being three Churches claiming what can

only belong to one. My belief, on the other hand, he has to disprove. It is that all societies claiming Jesus Christ as their head, witnessing to Him in their character and works, are Churches, and that all those who, under whatever varying forms of ritual and doctrine, worship Him in sincerity and truth, are members of, and together form the "Holy Catholic Church throughout all the world." The question as to whether the Mormons are a Christian Church is capable of decision: it depends upon whether the Mormons acknowledge Jesus Christ as Master and Lord, and whether their lives are in harmony with His teaching and example.

Mr. Magrath says that the Church, by which I take it, he means the Anglican Church, was not founded by Henry VIII. I did not say it was. I said that the Anglican Church, as we knew it to-day, had been made by Henry VIII. Mr. Magrath says, "it was the same old Catholic Church of the land continued unbrokenly, though reformed in certain particulars." If it was "the same old Catholic Church," why did John Henry Newman leave it, and why does the Pope refuse to recognise the validity of its Orders? Mr. Magrath says, "If it was a new Church, then there must have been a complete change of doctrine—service, books, bishops, and priests. Was there?" I will answer this question by asking Mr. Magrath another. If there was no change of doctrine, how is it that the "service, books, bishops, and priests" of the Anglican Church—to say nothing of the sacraments—differ from those of the Roman Church? Moreover, a complete change of doctrine was involved in the substitution of the King as head of the Church in place of the Pope. The claim of the one, resting as it did on spiritual successorship to St. Peter, could at least be understood, if not admitted, but such a claim became ludicrous when advanced by one lacking the remotest pretensions to any such spiritual descent. Mr. Magrath denies that Henry VIII. was supreme in spiritual matters, and alleges that "even in his most inquisitorial moments he was not an intruder on the spiritual functions of the bishops." This is hardly correct. The first Supremacy Act of Henry contains in general terms an enumeration of the rights which are to be regarded as implied therein. These are "honors, dignities, pre-eminences, privileges," &c., but as the essence of the whole the right of exercising every form of *spiritual authority or jurisdiction* for certain purposes stated in the enactment. I admit that Henry VIII., in his letter to Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, acknowledges that the supremacy did not imply *potestas ordinis*, and that the supremacy in the XXXIX. Articles is declared to be the right to govern all classes and orders—spiritual and temporal—and to punish the stubborn and the evil-doers with the temporal sword. But Felix Makower, the greatest authority on the Constitutional History and Constitution of the Church of England, writes, "If we adhere closely to the actual texts of the legislative enactments, which seem to favor an opposite view, we shall find that nowhere in them is it stated that the power of the King to govern the Church is of a purely temporal character." Makower further states that the reason of the ambiguity of the language used in the XXXIX. Articles lay in the fact that there was still a desire to appease uneasy consciences, to make the transference of new ecclesiastical powers to the crown as little marked as possible. "But there was no intention of surrendering such powers. In point of fact, even after the issue of the injunctions, and after the subscription of the Thirty-nine Articles had been required by statute, they were exercised just as before." Those powers were, of course, the powers implied in the claim exercised by Henry VIII. as "supreme governor of this realm in all spiritual and temporal things."

When the three Churches claiming to have been founded directly by Christ have settled which of them is the one He really did found, Mr. Magrath, if he is still alive, and I hope he may be, though I doubt it, will be able to refer to "dissenting sects" without laying himself open to the charge that he lacks a sense of humor. I note that Mr. Magrath does not deny my contention that the primitive Christian Church was a "dissenting sect," scorned and persecuted by the established Church of the day.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD MUDIE-SMITH.

9, Clifton Villas, Maida Vale, W.
May 11th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Is not the controversy between Mr. Charles J. Magrath and Mr. Mudie-Smith quite useless? It is plainly a dispute on secondary questions—between men who differ on fundamentals. Unless—and until—they, and such others as are still interested in old questions in theology and history, can agree as to what is a "church," and as to much else, debate is vain. Perhaps it is vain in any event, and even unimportant. The sects rage furiously as of old:

"But John P
Robinson, he
Says they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

Let the "Noncons." and the "Evans." copy the example of the wider wicked world for once, and treat sacerdotal affectation of superiority with contempt or indifference. Meanwhile I turn to your review, p. 200 (M. Loisy) or p. 222 (Westermarck) and find that in the best sense "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less."—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE WHALE.

18, Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, S.E.
May 9th, 1909.

## THE SMALL HOLDINGS ACT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—As a member of a County Council Small Holdings Committee, I am in entire agreement with Mr. Montague Fordham. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has gone over to the Tories, taking his "blessed word" compulsion with him. But the Tories hate both the word and the thing, and there are not a few Liberals who sympathise with them. The Cambs. County Council has the reputation of being in the fronk rank of the Councils so far as the Small Holdings Act is concerned, but only last week it took back from its committee the power it had delegated to it of applying direct to the Board of Agriculture for compulsory powers of purchase, thus adding a fresh cause of delay. The first requisite to success is a sympathetic Council, and that means sweeping changes in the present representation. There is no chance of this in the rural districts until there is some form of payment of members, and I trust Mr. Montague Fordham's "powerful central organisation" will not neglect this aspect of the question.

This first requisite—a sympathetic Council—having been obtained, there will be other difficulties to face. The Cambs. County Council has times and again been outbidden in the open market when trying to buy small lots of land. It has succeeded best at auctions and by private treaty with farms of from 150 to 500 acres, but amounts like these total up slowly. The Government must itself come in as a buyer, and that on a large scale.

To pursue the matter a stage further. Land in large lots comes into the market comparatively rarely. How is this? Partly because land still brings social prestige with it, partly because it is not as marketable a commodity as it might be. With Mr. Lloyd George's revised scale of death duties, there will be an increased number of people wanting to realise property wherewith to pay them. They will sell their pictures and all their stocks and shares before they sell an acre of land, because the former are more marketable than the latter. The old demand for simplification of title, and, consequently, of transfer, is dead. It might be revived with advantage.

Here I have a further suggestion to make. Why should not estate duties on land be paid in kind by arrangement between the Treasury and the Board of Agriculture, the price being set off against the Sinking Fund? If the land were taken at what it is valued at for probate purposes, the Board of Agriculture would get some nice bargains.

The mention of valuation opens up another possibility of advance. When once the capital value of all the land in the country has been ascertained, it might be taken at that valuation plus ten per cent. for compulsory purposes, and at the valuation minus ten per cent. for probate purposes. That would save much time and trouble.

There is another plan that may be mentioned for bringing land into the market. The pulling down of cottages and the expatriation of the villagers is still going on in the interests of game-preserving. Where is the old cry

for the abolition of the Game Laws? If it is to be heard no more, why not a special tax on land held for non-productive purposes, as game preserves, parks, ornamental gardens, ornamental woods, and the like, either of so much per acre or on the capital value? If Mr. Lloyd George is too hard pressed on some of his Budget proposals, he might find something to help him here. The heavier the tax, the greater the inducement to use the land for productive purposes.

When the disendowment of the Church comes, the glebe lands will be available for national purposes, small holdings among the rest.

All these are large proposals—some will call them revolutionary—but getting the people back to the soil is a big question. Has the Board of Agriculture realised how big it is? Has the Government? I doubt it. Only State action of the widest and most determined kind will achieve success.—Yours, &c., A. I. Tillyard.

May, 11th, 1909.

## IS GOLF A GAME?

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

Sir,—It is possible, without having any feeling either for or against golf, to hold that to call it a game is an abuse of language, and I believe that this view finds strong support from a quotation in the review of Mr. Haultain's book, "The Mystery of Golf," to be found in last week's Nation. "The foe in golf," says Mr. Haultain, "is not your opponent, but great Nature herself, and the game is to see who will over-reach her better—you or your opponent." Now, I contend that the essence of a game is that it must be played against a living opponent who not merely strives to advance himself, but also endeavors to prevent you from advancing. This is the case with typical outdoor games like cricket and football and also with the real indoor games like chess. Golf is not a game; it is a pursuit. It belongs to the same category as kite-flying or postage stamp collecting, or the pseudo-game of patience. Your reviewer compares golf with art and religion. He is right. Like them it has its own priesthood who, by insisting on rules that prohibit the thrill of actual physical conflict, reduce it to a cold-blooded scientific pursuit, tempered by blasphemous invocations.—Yours, &c., Penguin.

London, May 11th, 1909.

## THE BUDGET AND THE BREWERS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—May I be allowed to point out an inaccuracy in your first paragraph of "Dairy of the Week" (May 8th). You make the statement that "brewery shares have risen since the character of the Budget was made known." This is unfortunately not the case, and it is difficult to know on what you base your assertion. I can speak on this matter with some authority, and I beg to say most emphatically that with the exception of Messrs. Guinness & Company's shares, and possibly the Preference shares of Messrs. Peter Walker & Son (Warrington and Burton), where changes have been marked—and there have been several—the prices invariably show *declines*. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how brewery shares could possibly rise considering the contributions which they are henceforth called upon to make; but it must be remembered that in regard to Messrs. Guinness & Company, this wealthy firm hold no *licensed houses*, and if the new barrel tax costs them £25,000 per annum, they are fortunately well able to afford it; also in the case of Messrs. Peter Walker & Son, although their contributions will be very onerous, yet the Ordinary shares were never issued to the public, and as the dividend on these shares is 10 per cent., no loss will fall on the public, who hold only the Preference and Debenture. Hence a firm market is not to be wondered at for these two concerns; but in regard to many of the big London breweries the future holds very slight hopes of dividends for the Ordinary shareholders, and it is a curious mistake that responsible members of the Cabinet make when they speak of the brewer paying the extra taxation. Only in rare cases is the brewer going to pay; in nearly all cases it is the Ordinary or Preference shareholders whose dividends are going to be mulcted; and politicians are running away from facts when they ignore this situation.

You make another very curious assertion, which is true so far as it goes, but it does not cover the whole position. You say, under the article "Politics and Affairs": "Thus the new licence duties amount to a fresh tax of threepence a barrel on beer," and then you begin to criticise in a hostile manner the projected increase in the price of beer of six or seven shillings a barrel as something extortionate and unjustifiable, but you have quite omitted to consider the enormous increase of taxation for licensed houses, running into hundreds and thousands per cent. If the price of beer is raised (as to the advisability of which there may be two opinions), it will be to recover for the shareholders some portion (if possible all) of the very heavy burden they are now compelled to accept. I quite agree with you that it would be preposterous and extortionate if the brewers raised the price of beer six shillings a barrel in order to recover a small increase of threepence on such measure; but, as I have explained, this is not the case, and as I am sure you only desire to state the position justly as to all interests, you may be good enough to allow this other side of the question to appear in your columns.

Although I am bitterly opposed to these new licensing taxes, and consider them not only unfair, but altogether unreasonable; yet I quite recognise that Mr. Lloyd George and the other members of the Cabinet may think they have a just case, although I, in common with what I believe to be the majority of people, fail to recognise it; but slanging is useless and calm argument is the only means of making truth and justice prevail.—Yours, &c.,

H. Peter Bone.

28, Adelaide Crescent, Brighton,
May 11th, 1909.

[Our correspondent, who writes with authority, is correct in saying that there was no general rise of brewery shares, though he admits exceptions to his statement as to the decline. This was so slight that the City Editor of the "Times," in reviewing the Stock Exchange and the effect of the Budget for the week, said in the "Financial Supplement" of May 7th: "It is equally true that brewery shares have not gone down." In fact, the Budget's proposals led to no appreciable selling of brewery stock and shares.—Ed., Nation.]

## A QUESTION OF IDEALS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Immo S. Allen, wants to know the ideal of the Free Traders. I will tell him: it is the economic form of the active living principle, viz., "The greatest good of the greatest number."

In our controversies is it not better to criticise the methods only of our opponents and give them the credit of ideals as high as our own?—Yours, &c., Eliza Delf.

10, Christchurch Road, Hampstead,
May 13th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

Sir,—The quizzical contribution to your last issue by Mr. I. S. Allen as to the idealism of Tariff Reformers strikes quite a fresh note, it being now nearly half a decade since even the faint echoes of the claim to such a merit were heard. We may grant that originally the attempt was made to evolve something of the nature of an ideal, but NOW it is conspicuous by its absence, and the notion of culling flowers of idealism from fields sown with the tares of "lobbying" and the corruption of public life (than which there is nothing more sinister or degrading among the concomitants of Tariff Reform) is almost quaint, and is quite "melancholy."

"The infusion of new life and happiness into our country districts" by the medium of taxes upon the necessaries of life and through the medium of a system which is "all things to all men" in order to gain ulterior and selfish ends, which, for vote-catching purposes, is enunciated in terms of pseudo-Socialism (not to say Anarchism) to an audience on one side of the street, whilst on the other side it is set forth in the guise of a barely concealed demand that the poor shall pluck the chestnuts from the fire for the rich under pains, penalties, and threats of "exported capital," "withdrawn subscriptions," "foreign invasion," and so forth—all this scarcely strikes one as idyllic. Nor

will the souls of the people be nourished upon the growth of essentially "soulless" trusts.

Free Traders may concede without risk that their system is not free from some anomalies, and to that extent is not an ideal one, but they can affirm with the utmost certainty that "The Laborer's Listlessness" will not be dispelled by Tariff Reform—the apotheosis of an empiricism which recks as little of the country laborer as of many another humble toiler.—Yours, &c., ERNEST W. LEIGHTON.

"Karachi," Empress Avenue,
Woodford Green,
May 12th, 1909.

## A MISQUOTATION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Austin Harrison in this month's "Nineteenth Century," says: "The Germans, who study Shakespeare far more than we do, have taken as motto 'Readiness is all.'" But I venture to think that if the words are to be quoted as Shakespeare's, they should be quoted correctly. Hamlet says, "*the* readiness is all"; meaning the need to be prepared for death. Here is the whole passage:—

"HAMLET: Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?"

What this has to do with the building of "Dreadnoughts," I cannot conceive! Perhaps Mr. Harrison gives the German people credit for being more foolish than they really are.—Yours &c., P.

## THE WORLD'S SHORTAGE OF WHEAT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—Your article on the World's Shortage of Wheat is alike admirable in its method of treatment and sound in its main conclusions. But one must take exception to the following passage:—

> "For most of our readers it may be of little personal import that the price of a quartern loaf has risen from 5½d. to 6½d., or even 7d. But there is a considerable section of the people for whom this means an increase of ten, or even fifteen, per cent. in the total cost of living. And the income of these people is chronically fluctuating just above the bare physical subsistence point."

In the first place, the advance in the price of bread has not been greater than 1½d. per quartern. Again, the poorest classes of workmen spend on bread something less than one-fifth of their total food expenditure. Hence, the resultant percentage of increased expenditure is not ten or fifteen, but somewhere about five or six per cent., and that not in "the total cost of living," but only in the amount paid for food, which is a little more than one-half of that total cost.

The concluding sentence if meant as an exact statement of fact, can hardly pass muster, but it is probably only a rhetorical way of saying that wages are not as high as they ought to be.—Yours, &c., R. SHINDLER.

61, Chancery Lane, W.C.

## THE OBJECT OF THE GERMAN NAVY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Is not the true reason for the Kaiser's desire for a strong Navy, as well as a strong Army, the consideration of what may happen at the death of the Emperor of Austria? The addition of the German-speaking provinces of Austria, and possibly some others, to Germany would form a magnificent Empire, reaching, one may say, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The temptation on both sides—*i.e.*, of the Kaiser and of the German-speaking provinces—to form such an Empire would be tremendous. It would dominate Europe. I do not suggest that any force would be necessary, but there must be a break-up of the Austrian Empire at the present Emperor's death, and it may be that the appearance of force, even if it be not used, would have a powerful effect in some quarters. The Kaiser would have nothing to do with Hungary. If the scheme I have suggested is in the Kaiser's mind, no wonder he desires to be strong, without having any evil intention with regard to England.—Yours, &c., J. F. COLLIER.

# Poetry.

## A DANCING SONG TO THE MISTRAL WIND.

(From Nietzsche.)

WILDLY rushing, clouds outleaping,
Care-destroying, Heaven sweeping,
Mistral Wind, thou art my friend!
Surely 'twas one womb did bear us,
Surely 'twas one fate did pair us,
Fellows for a common end.

From the crags I gaily greet you,
Running fast I come to meet you,
Dancing while you pipe and sing.
How you bound across the ocean,
Unimpeded, free in motion,
Swifter than with boat or wing!

Through my dreams your whistle sounded,
Down the rocky stairs I bounded
To the golden ocean wall;
Saw you hasten swift and glorious,
Like a river, strong, victorious,
Tumbling in a waterfall.

Saw you rushing over Heaven,
With your steeds, so wildly driven,
Saw the car in which you flew;
Saw the lash that wheeled and quivered,
While the hand that held it shivered,
Urging on the steeds anew.

Saw you from your carriage swinging,
So that swifter downward springing,
Like an arrow you might go
Straight into the deep abysses,
As a sunbeam falls and kisses
Roses in the morning glow.

Dance, oh! dance on all the edges,
Wave-crests, cliffs and mountain ledges,
Ever finding dances new!
Let our knowledge be our gladness,
Let our art be sport and madness,
All that's joyful shall be true!

Let us snatch from every bower,
As we pass the fairest flower,
With some leaves to make a crown.
Then, like minstrels gaily dancing,
Saint and witch together prancing,
Let us foot it up and down.

Those who come must move as quickly
As the wind—we'll have no sickly
Crippled, withered, in our crew;
Off with hypocrites and preachers,
Proper folk and prosy teachers,
Sweep them from our heaven blue.

Sweep away all sad grimaces,
Whirl the dust into the faces
Of the dismal, sick and cold!
Hunt them from our breezy places,
Not for them the wind that braces
But for men of visage bold.

Off with those who spoil earth's gladness,
Blow away all clouds of sadness
Till our Heaven clear we see;
Let me hold thy hand, best fellow,
Till my joy like tempest bellow!
Freest thou of spirits free!

When thou partest, take a token
Of the joy thou hast awoken,
Take our wreath and fling it far;
Toss it up and catch it never,
Let it fly before thee ever,
Till it reach the furthest star.

M. D. P

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

A TRANSLATION of the complete philosophical works of Descartes has been undertaken by Miss E. S. Haldane and Mr. G. R. T. Ross, and will be published, probably in the autumn, by the Cambridge University Press. Miss Haldane is, of course, the sister of the Minister of War, and a brilliant student of philosophy. Among her other contributions to the subject are a translation of Hegel's "History of Philosophy," and a volume on "The Life and Times of Descartes." Mr. Ross is a member of the staff of Hartley University College, Southampton.

* * *

FOR most people in this country the name of Friedrich List, the economist, is vaguely confused with that of Franz Liszt, the composer. Yet Friedrich List's "National System" has been translated into English, and as originator of "scientific" Tariff Reform and of the Infant Industry argument he had a great influence in both Germany and the United States. He was Professor of Economics at Tübingen, but was too outspoken for the Government, and went to America, where he gained wealth through a coal mine. He afterwards became United States Consul at Leipzig and attempted to establish a German national fleet. Miss Margaret Hirst, a Newnham student, has just written his biography, which is based upon considerable researches in Germany, and, along with a number of translations from List's shorter writings, it will be published next week by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

* * *

No fewer than three books upon the newest of religions —Bahaism—are announced for publication during the present month. "The Splendour of God: Being Extracts from the Sacred Writing of the Bahais," with an introduction by Mr. Eric Hammond, will be the next volume in Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series, while Messrs. Cope & Fenwick have in the press "The Universal Religion —Bahaism," by Dr. Hippolyte Dreyfus, and "The Mysterious Forces of Civilisation," a work written in Persian by a Bahai philosopher, and translated into English by Johanna Dawad of Kermanshah. The Bahai creed has won a large number of Persian adherents, and its rise presents many points of interest to students of religious psychology.

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A WORK called "Revolutionary Ireland and Its Settlement (1688-1714)," by the Rev. Robert Murray, now in the press, promises to be a contribution of some value to Irish history. It is largely founded on material that has not previously been published.

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AMONG Mr. John Murray's announcements is "Louis Napoleon and the Napoleonic Legend," by Mr. F. A. Simpson, a book which deals in detail with the period between the fall of the First Empire and the rise of the Second. It attempts to show that the process which bridged the gulf between the two great imperialist movements in France was largely the work of Louis Napoleon himself. The work is founded upon the diplomatic correspondence between the English Foreign Office and the British Embassy in Paris, despatches from the British Legations in Switzerland, Tuscany, and other States visited by Louis Napoleon in his exile, and other similar material. Some hitherto unpublished letters of Louis Napoleon will also be included.

* * *

NEXT week will be published Mr. W. C. Braithwaite's Swarthmore Lecture on "Spiritual Guidance in the Experience of the Society of Friends." The Swarthmore Lecture was founded in memory of the wife of George Fox, and its object is to make known the spirit and fundamental principles of the Society of Friends. Mr. Braithwaite's topic is well chosen, in view of the interest now evident on all sides in religious mysticism.

* * *

A BOOK on "The Wars of Religion in France," by Mr. James Westfall Thompson, will be issued in the early autumn by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Though it treats of the Reformation period, the book does not deal with the religious conflict, except in so far as it influenced the political and economic activities of the time. A useful feature will be an appendix containing several hitherto unpublished documents from the archives of Paris and London.

* * *

THE same publisher has in preparation a work called "Town Planning in Practice: An Introduction to the Art of Designing Cities and Suburbs," by Mr. Raymond Unwin, architect of the Letchworth and Hampstead Garden Cities. Mr. Unwin traces the ancestry of town planning back to the days of the Greeks and Romans, and gives a survey of the historical tradition of the art. The book will have a large number of plans and sketches which are likely to be of great use to those interested in a movement that is rapidly gathering force and influence.

* * *

THE German publishers of Professor Harnack's "History of Christian Dogma" (J. C. B. Mohr, of Tübingen) have just announced that they are about to issue a new edition of that great work. It is now nearly twenty years since the first edition was completed, and, although it has passed through two editions since then, the time has again arrived for bringing it up to date. The work is to be issued in parts, and the first part will be ready this month.

* * *

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON has just completed a new drama in three acts and has forwarded the manuscript from Paris to his Copenhagen publishers. It is not often that a single firm has been simultaneously publishing for writers of so much distinction as Ibsen, Jonas Lie, Kielland, and Björnson.

* * *

"THE HUNDRED WORST BOOKS," is the title of an article which that charming essayist, Mr. Samuel McChord Crothers, is contributing to the next number of the "Atlantic Monthly." The subject is rich in possibilities, and is well suited to Mr. Crothers' whimsical humor, though we anticipate that there will be as much disagreement about the hundred worst as about the hundred best books. But why stop at a hundred?

* * *

MR. JAMES FORD RHODES whose "History of the United States" in seven volumes is one of the most important contributions made to American history in the present generation, has decided to continue the work from the year 1877, the point at which the seventh volume, published in 1906, was brought to a conclusion.

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## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Industrial System: An Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Increment." By J. A. Hobson. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The History of England from the Accession of Anne to the Death of George II., 1702-1760." By I. S. Leadam. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Life and Times of Master John Hus." By Count Lutzow. (Dent. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Commonwealth of Australia." By the Hon. Bernhard R. Wise. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years." By Marie Bancroft and Squire Bancroft. (Murray. 15s. net.)

"The Philosophy of Long Life." By Jean Finot. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Essays of Poets and Poetry." By T. H. Warren. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A Short History of the Royal Navy." Vol. II. 1217-1815. By David Hannay. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Parenthood and Race Culture: An Outline of Eugenics." By C. W. Saleeby. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Servia and the Servians." Edited by Alfred Stead. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Bretons at Home." By Frances M. Gostling. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"London's Lure: An Anthology in Prose and Verse." By Helen and Lewis Melville. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Peter Homunculus." By Gilbert Cannan. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Much Ado About Something." By C. E. Lawrence. (Murray. 6s.)

"Vers la Verité: Sully Prudhomme, Pascal, Le Nouveau Christianisme." Par Paul Stapfer. (Paris: Editions du "Foyer Solidariste." 3 fr. 50.)

"A Travers L'Angleterre Contemporaine." Par Paul Mantoux. (Paris: Alcan. 3fr. 50.)

"Madame, Mère du Regent." Par Arvède Barine. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"Les Unis." Roman. Par Edouard Rod. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## AN ILLUSTRIOUS MIDDLEMAN.*

NEARLY thirty years ago the writer of this review was staying at a riverside town on one of the great highways of China. Inland letters were then carried by postmen in the employ of private trading firms, at a charge of not more than a penny per hundred miles. The correspondence thus conveyed, rarely, if ever, went astray. Hearing that the arrival of the post was due, he went down to the landing, to find that the small boat, in which the courier had completed the last stage of his journey, had been overturned in a sudden squall of wind. The capsized boat had been brought up to the bank and the body of the poor drowned letter-carrier was stretched out with legs still in the edge of the stream and trunk on the gravel. Superstitious dread of death, or the fear of being incriminated if anyone touched the corpse before an inquiry had been made, led to this neglect. The poor fellow, however, had been relieved of the canvas letter-bag slung across his shoulders and of the belt containing valuable and important parcels. At the shop, about a hundred yards away, to which the correspondence had been consigned, letters and packages were being carefully dried over a charcoal fire in a brazier, before being delivered at the addresses they bore. The Englishman recovered his own home mail, sent under cover of a Chinese address, and went away, thinking how much more care was bestowed upon the contents of the letter-bag than upon the body of the carrier.

This was a bit of old China. Telegraph wires now run through that riverside town, and letters bearing the Imperial Maritime Customs stamp are delivered there according to the methods of the West. The Rowland Hill of this new postal system in the Far East is Sir Robert Hart, the subject of the deeply interesting biography before us. It was not the fault of this unobtrusive and indefatigable worker that a universal postal system for the Chinese Empire, and mints to give the eighteen provinces a common currency, did not form a part of the "Chefoo Convention" settlement. The Chinese were not the obstructives, but certain people who did not care for Robert Hart to do too much. In addition to this, by grants from the revenues of his department, he has lighted the Chinese coast from Newchwang to Hainan, organised an accomplished staff of international helpers, whose reports upon the trade of China, and the soils, climates, and products of some of the remoter parts of the empire are a mine of information. And as if this were not enough, the versatile Irishman has been an uncommissioned ambassador in the diplomatic background of Peking for the last thirty years, and has not infrequently carried through negotiations of supreme importance, when duly accredited ministers had failed. It is no exaggeration to say that when the New China emerges it will bear a deep imprint from the hand of Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of Chinese Maritime Customs. He has had a freer access to official life than the most popular of European ministers, and one might almost describe him as a nineteenth-century Marco Polo, if the name did not suggest the pet of a palace rather than the organising genius of a department.

The man whose romantic career is sketched in the book before us went out to China in 1854, as a student-interpreter under the British Superintendent of Trade. He afterwards served in the Consulates of Ningpo and Canton, resigned, and entered the Chinese Maritime Customs, of which he soon became the head. In those days the position did not mean much, but with the growth of foreign trade and the opening of new treaty ports it became the most influential appointment in the Far East.

To fill such an office for nearly half a century without a single set-back, whilst Chinese statesmen have been rising into honor and falling into disgrace, must have demanded great gifts and prodigious tactfulness. The claims of other nationalities had to be recognised in the remarkable service he organised. For the greater part of his time he was not liked by the Foreign Communities, who looked upon him as a species of adventurer in Chinese pay, not quite a patriot, and perhaps more zealous for the interests of the East than of the West. The members of the different Legations at Peking, although finding it politic to keep on good terms with him, were naturally a little jealous of his prestige; for he twice or thrice settled international disputes when a peaceful solution seemed impossible, in one case behind the backs of those commissioned to act for their country. When the long disputes over the Margery murder and the other issues had reached a stage of irritation and apparent hopelessness, and the British Minister had gone off in dudgeon to Shanghae, to await final instructions from home, the Chinese Government, within twelve hours, had sent their astute servant after him to soothe his sensibilities and make fresh proposals. He was like Ah Sin's trump-card, kept up the departmental sleeve, ready to be played at the psychological moment. Asiatics like to do things by a "peace-talker" just when the last grains of sand are running out. The Chinese rulers felt that they had in Hart a servant of great shrewdness and unwavering fidelity; and yet now and again mercenary officials of the old school hungered for the pickings of his department, and unsuccessfully tried to undermine his influence. The tasks of our viceroys and pro-consuls, of Rajah Brooke in Borneo, of Lord Cromer in Egypt, were child's play in comparison with the problems settled by this man behind the screen. Early one morning when he went out ostensibly to buy Christmas toys for the children of a friend, he negotiated a loan with the representative of a British bank for sixteen millions sterling, and no one had the slightest suspicion of what was going on. He had to think in continents, not in continents on the make, but in swarming, civilised, and vigilantly administered continents.

One is tempted to search into the reasons of his amazing success. He was no courtier. When received in farewell audience by the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, he forgot to say thanks for the costly presents which were promised him, and had to be prompted by the Chinese official at his side, just as a remiss child is told by the nurse to say "thanks" for a toy or a sweetmeat. And yet he had an instinctive sense of courtesy. He refused to set foot in the palace at Peking and in the Temple of Heaven when those wonderful buildings were occupied by the Allies and were the show-places of the hour. He loved peace like a Confucianist, and began his work as a great go-between by bringing together General Gordon and Li Hung Chang, after Gordon had been incensed by the treacherous execution of the Tae Ping princes. In the best sense of the word he was "slim." There was a Dutch strain in his blood, which, perhaps, helped him to habits of reserve and deliberation. Slow in speech, he often failed to make his meaning quite clear, but always performed at last more than he had promised. Whilst the Chinese are, at certain times, great gossips, they nevertheless worship at the shrine of the silent man. His power of self-restraint was almost imperturbable in its smoothness. He abounded in personal kindnesses, and his magnanimity towards his Chinese masters, when they strangely left him to his fate in the Legations after nearly fifty years of faithful and priceless service, is a phenomenon that we cannot quite fathom. He commiserated the Empress Dowager, made himself one of her apologists after the return from flight, and, unlike one or two good and notable men who had no special claim upon the gratitude and protection of the Chinese throne, has uttered no word of complaint or recrimination. No wonder the ruling authorities of the Chinese empire have recognised in him qualities of character that come near to their historic ideals. There was something in his temperament which made him half a Chinaman. His indulgent self-adaptation to Chinese ways through a long life-time all but completed the process, without perhaps destroying the essential virtues inherited from his own race.

In late, as in early life, he came into contact with Sir Harry Parkes and Sir Thomas Wade, who as diplomatists at Eastern courts were not entirely successful. Parkes was a frank, chivalrous, high-souled gentleman, who went by short paths to just goals. He was the idol of the British communities for many years after the second Chinese war. But he was not at all inclined to allow the Chinese to palaver according to their wont, and, honored and beloved by his own countrymen, he was disliked by the Chinese. Sir Thomas Wade had just views, strong humanitarian instincts, insight into Chinese idiosyncrasies, mixed with

* "Life of Sir Robert Hart." By Juliet Bredon. Hutchinson. 6s. net.

much abstract charity, but his temper was pungent and explosive. His fits of temper are gibbetted in at least one memorial to the Chinese Throne. Hart was patient, shrewd, tranquil, and no wonder the Chinese accepted him as "the honest broker," without spot or blemish. After he had settled the dispute with France by direct negotiations at Paris, carried on through his London agent, the British Government offered this ever-victorious negotiator the post of British Minister at Peking, which he declined, upon finding that the Chinese Government was dismayed at the prospect of losing their old servant. There would have been no Boxer outbreak and no siege of the Legations if Sir Robert Hart had accepted the post he was offered.

From one standpoint Hart would have been a better man, although perhaps less acceptable to some of his Chinese chiefs, if he had shown an intenser passion for progress. His early moral and religious enthusiasms passed through a process of unhappy glaciation in the days of his Consular service. When there were few voices to denounce the opium trade he was silent, and he had no public witness to bear to the work of the missionaries till it became evident they were to be factors in the regeneration of the Chinese civilisation. He put undue emphasis upon the finance of his department, and twenty-eight years ago, when the uncle of Yuan Shih Kai brought forward a scheme for the abolition of the opium trade, he advised caution from the revenue standpoint. The present-day native reformers, whilst recognising his disinterestedness, look upon him as belated in his views and methods.

Miss Bredon's sketch of her uncle's life and work fills in with many interesting details the broad outlines of a career already well known to the Anglo-Chinese public. The book is written with grace and pardonable admiration for one who has been a hero within his own family circle, as well as a notable figure in the history of the Far East. She trips now and again in her explanation of Chinese phrases, as also in ascribing the expression about "the desert blossoming" to a Psalmist. An interesting story is told of Hart missing Wade from the Legation Church when the negotiations which finally took shape in the Chefoo Convention were trembling in the balance. Suspecting that things were going wrong, he sought out the British Minister in the afternoon, and suggested a new interpretation of a phrase in a Chinese despatch which had seemed to make agreement hopeless. As far as outsiders can judge Wade was the greater Chinese scholar, although he may have stuck to the least hopeful interpretation of a phrase in a fit of irritation and disgust. When Sir Robert Hart received a decoration from the Chinese Government his ancestors were ennobled, according to official custom. Miss Bredon says the Chinese argue a man's forefathers must have had many good qualities if the descendant rises to honor. This is true in part, but the vital reason for the ennoblement of posthumous ancestors is connected with the filial cult. It would be unfitting for a son to worship ancestors of a rank inferior to his own.

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## SIDELIGHTS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

Here is abundance of lively and authentic documents on the people and times of the first French Revolution. Did Napoleon, penniless in Paris, glad of a dinner, and, perhaps, even a coat from Barras, propose marriage to that amusing and very full-blown actress and adventuress, Mlle. Montansier? Who was the second Mme. Fouquier-Tinville, and how came Tinville himself to authority during the Terror? What was the true behavior of Mlle. de Robespierre to her brother Maximilien? How far may we credit the reiterated declarations of old Mme. Simon that she and her husband smuggled the Little Dauphin out of the Temple? What was the old age of Tallien? In what circumstances did Roland commit suicide? Was Gamain, the locksmith, lying when he said that Louis XVI. had tried to poison him? How fared Santerre (Carlyle's "sonorous brewer") in his declining days? How died Zamor, the famous black dwarf of Mme. Dubarry, whom princes had flattered? What were the real crimes of Le Bon at Arras and Cambrai? These are but a few of the questions presented by M. Lenôtre, that indefatigable delver into archives and explorer of historic mansions. The French title of his new work, "Vieilles maisons, vieux papiers," gives an even better notion of the contents than the one which Mr. Frederic Lees has chosen for his admirable English version.

The reader whom the subject interests will peruse these volumes at his leisure, and we hardly think he will need advice of ours to leave no chapter unread. All we can do here is to offer certain points in some that seem to us the most noteworthy. The fate of the Little Dauphin, Louis XVII., is still to some extent in controversy. Reasons have been shown in these pages for the belief that he was either done slowly to death in the Temple or (M. Turquan's supposition) was murdered there by Simon. The half-fledged Republic had very strong motives for getting rid of the child, and no especial motive for squeamishness in accomplishing this end. But did the Simons achieve the little king's release? M. Lenôtre devotes one of his longest chapters to the question, but admits in a postscript that he has made "no pretence whatever of solving the problem of the death in the Temple or of the survival of the son of Louis XVI." It was under the Empire that the widow Simon began first to make her revelations, but the days were not propitious, and they were received with silence. Tales of the Terror were out of fashion. Different was it, however, when the Bourbons returned. Visitors flocked to see the old woman in her closet in the Hospital for Incurables, and "until a fit of asthmatical coughing interrupted her narrative, she chattered unceasingly." By-and-bye the authorities intervened and the widow Simon was interrogated at the Ministry of Police:—

> "She declared her entire conviction that the prince did not die in the Temple Tower . . . but when pressed to explain the circumstances of his escape she began to be reticent."

In brief, we have to choose between the old woman's gossip in her bedroom in the hospital, and her officially recorded declaration, which gives no details whatever as to how the prince escaped. M. Lenôtre thinks she spoke the truth, but the fact remains that her meagre official statement is valueless for any purpose of argument. So far, therefore, as Mme. Simon is concerned, the story stands where it did.

The Revolution brought fame or notoriety to sundry persons who in a less troubled era would have died unheard of. One is tempted sometimes to the rather idle inquiry what fate would Napoleon's have been had he first entered the arena at the age, say, when he was crowned Emperor. A Danton, it is easy to think, might have won distinction under any order; a Mirabeau was framed by nature for the rôle of tribune of a people in the state of oppugnation. Marat was a man of considerable attainments and desperate convictions. Robespierre (who, by the way, was of Irish descent) had both taste and talent; he would have made a very decent and successful notary in a provincial town. But what a poor starveling rogue seems Fouquier-Tinville, whose place is nevertheless with the mighty under the Terror! In connection with his second wife, M. Lenôtre tells us something of Tinville's pre-revolutionary history. When the storm broke over France, Tinville, an out-at-elbows lawyer, was at his wits' end for a living. He was, says M. Lenôtre, quoting from the "Famous Trials" of Desessarts:

> "a disgraced procurator, and a past master at conducting a case, however unjust it might be, through all the mazes of chicanery. His life was divided between this shameful, but lucrative, charlatanism and the filthy pleasures of licentiousness."

This was Fouquier-Tinville's position and reputation in the autumn of 1792; yet, in March, 1793, when the revolutionary tribunal was created, he was installed in the office of public accuser. His is one of the strangest and most repulsive figures in that pandemonium which was at Paris at the end of the eighteenth century. It is necessary to remember that the whole period of the Revolution is crowded with needy fortune-hunters, some of them Paris-bred, others the protégés of wealthy godfathers who had sent them up as scholars from the provinces, who, when the old world had begun to crack, were on the look-out and ready for anything in the capital. Fouquier-Tinville is conspicuous in this parcel of hungry adventurers; Hébert ("Père Duchesne"), d'Herbois add themselves naturally to the ignominious list, which

* "Romances on the French Revolution." From the French of G. Lenôtre by Frederic Lees. Illustrated. Heinemann. Two vols. 20s. net.

could be extended to a most nauseating length. Fouché, the regicide, who scraped with an infinitely clever cunning through the Revolution, and must have been a little amazed to find himself a Duke under the Empire, is another man of the era whose rise and progress are a tale past all invention. Some few persons in this dreadful roll (Tinville, Hébert, and Barère among them) have come down to posterity as images of an infamy almost as spotless as Iago's. Macaulay's essay on Barère will be remembered; its exaggeration is not so great. Other names, meriting all execration, have been less widely bruited, in part because the exploits of their owners were removed from the theatre of Paris, whereon attention has been fixed. It is but here and there, for instance, that Joseph Le Bon has had his fair measure of chastisement.

The slaughter of the Swiss Guards at the Tuileries, the September massacres in the prisons, have stormed the sensibilities of two or three generations of readers. Certain episodes in the provinces, such as Carrier's *noyades* in the South, have had their share of notice. But not all the provincial work has been scrutinised as closely as this, and the hecatombs of Le Bon at Arras and Cambrai were on the way to oblivion. In some twenty poignant pages M. Lenôtre restores them. They form, as he says, "one of the most terrifying chapters in history."

Le Bon was an ex-Oratorian, and one of the first of the renegade priests who had married. With his wife, "Mimie," a red-haired strapping fury, he went as the Convention's commissioner to Arras. There were mock trials and wholesale executions, which were arranged as a spectacle:—

> "There was a gallery for the spectators, and a refreshment bar at the foot of the guillotine. When the massacre was over, the executioner and the bailiffs sometimes amused themselves by disposing the nude and decapitated bodies, thrown upon the gory pavement, in obscene or ridiculous attitudes."

In the evening Madame Mimie gave parties, the refreshments, china, and silver at which had been "seized at the houses of those executed on the previous day"; and if Madame had been prevented from witnessing the day's guillotings, she would ask: "How many calves' heads have we to-night?"

From Arras the apostles of the Republic journeyed to Cambrai. At the proceedings of the tribunal, Mimie placed herself beside her husband, opposite the jurors, to whom, after each examination, she indicated her opinion by passing her hand across her neck:—

> "From the time the first victim left the prison until the last head had fallen, the great bell of the town—formerly the King's—solemnly tolled. A crowd of children stood around the guillotine, and, as at Arras, there was music, with a theatrical performance, immediately after the executions."

"Brothers," cries Carlyle, in one of his dramatic apostrophes, "your wrath is cruel!" Le Bon's own head fell amid the Thermidor, but for years after the Terror the people of Cambrai were haunted by the memory of the "hyena" his wife.

The story of Gamain, the locksmith, is not like this. Gamain was merely one of the weak-hearts of the day, who denounced the King to preserve his own life. When Louis XVI. was kept almost a prisoner at the Tuileries he was sorely in need of a safe place for his papers. He bethought him of Gamain, a locksmith at Versailles, who had long been in the royal service. Gamain, fetched secretly to the Tuileries, contrived a cupboard in a panel of the King's bedchamber, Louis himself holding a candle while the man worked. Shortly after the sack of the Tuileries the locksmith revealed the hiding-place to Roland, and on the documents that were taken from it Louis was brought to trial. Gamain then declared that, when he had finished making the cupboard, the King gave him "a large glass of wine," which he drained. On his way home he was seized with pains, and at Versailles lay five months in bed, paralysed in all his limbs. This tenebrous romance lived on into the nineteenth century. "Bibliophile Jacob" (Paul Lacroix) wrote a little book on it, in which Gamain is picked up in agony on the road to Versailles by "a rich, mysterious Englishman." Here Marie Antoinette plays the part of the assassin, and to make matters a trifle more certain, a slice of poisoned cake is added to the poisoned chalice.

But Gamain was neither poisoned nor paralysed. Twelve days after his interview with Louis XVI. he was in his place in the general council of the Commune, of which he was a member, and continued to attend the sittings. Gamain, like Falstaff, was "a coward on instinct," and sheer cowardice had inspired his dreadful lie. Despite the Greek poet, some lies live to be old, and in the suburbs of malicious fiction Gamain's may still survive.

In the very curious chapter on Charlotte Robespierre, we could wish that M. Lenôtre had given less heed to the "Memoirs" which bear her name. Are they not flat forgery? The story of Napoleon and Mlle. Montansier is one of the most amusing in the book, but we decline to believe that Bonaparte had any stuff of marriage in his mind on that adventure. He was, to be sure, in search of a wife long before he encountered Josephine; but Mlle. Montansier, of the theatres, was fat, frowsy, and sixty-five years of age. The authority for the legend is Barras, and on the unsupported testimony of Barras we know what reliance may be placed!

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## THE ROMANCE OF YOUTH.*

In "Peter Homunculus" Mr. Cannan interests us by his treatment of an exacting subject—youth with its growing pains and incurable self-consciousness—but we remain doubtful in what degree our interest is a plain testimony to his art. A youthful work may affect us much as a day in spring when the sun is over-glaring, the wind chill, the fields rawly green, while still from all this crudity and glare floats the magical spring atmosphere. Youth is in itself a virtue, however irritating it may be to its representatives to be reminded constantly that it is the turmoil in their heads and the bloom on their cheeks that attract all who must look backwards or outside themselves to find it. And the very basis of the charm that youth has for age, seems, indeed, to lie in youth's right to be egotistic and excessive.

The originality of Mr. Cannan's novel lies in his endeavor to trace his hero's spiritual development through the stages of boyhood, hobbledehoyhood, and early manhood, while ruthlessly exposing youth's fatuities, torturing self-consciousness, and the conceit that serves it as armor against the indifference of the crushing world. The subject is difficult to treat, for when we are in these immature stages we cannot pronounce on them, and when they are outgrown they seem to us confused and hazy. And it is in its artistic proportions and perspective that "Peter Homunculus" is weak. The novel has intellectual breadth and vigor, but much of the detail is casual and scrappy, and the changes in Peter's outlook are hastily indicated and carelessly flung at us.

The first few chapters that introduce Peter, the gawky lad of promise, as shop-boy and assistant in the second-hand book shop of old "gentleman" Cooper in Shaftesbury Avenue, are more ingenious than convincing, but these first pages, as, indeed, all that follow, thrill with that passionate aching hunger of youth when the horizons of life seem illimitable. Youth's impotence and youth's potentialities amidst the struggle and reek of London—this, indeed, is real romance, and Mr. Cannan is, rightly, not afraid of picturesque incidents, as in the pages on old Cooper's forgotten love-story, by which youth's sensitive egotism is happily reflected. Old Cooper dies, leaving Peter heir to his little all, and the lad of nineteen becomes a student at King's College, picking up a circle of friends, chief among whom are Parson Scott, his wife, and daughter, Matty, Murray Wilson, the novelist, and Mary Dugdale, the young "star" actress, "a woman worn by flattery, hungering for love." These characters, Miss Dugdale excepted, are sketched with a lightness yet vagueness of touch that leaves us in doubt as to whether the author has a strong gift for characterisation. Mary Dugdale, however, arrests us, and the sweet, subtle charm of this woman is rendered, along with the finest shades of emotional mood. Mary is separated from her husband, Bertram Bond, not a very convincing figure, and for a network of reasons, not fully explained, she and the man she loves, the enigmatic Murray Wilson, cannot come together. We are a little suspicious of the reality of this strong, silent man who smokes innumerable pipes and conceals deep, incommunicable emotions, but Peter's part as

* "Peter Homunculus." By Gilbert Cannan. Heinemann. 6s.

the infatuated, boyish admirer of Mary Dugdale is to draw her and Murray Wilson together, and the success of the book lies in the analysis of Peter's pure-hearted devotion and *gauche* jealousy in contact with his divinity. The real stuff of Romance is here in the day-dreams and moody egoism and youthful ferment in the blood of arrogant youth, youth which collapses like a pricked bladder at a touch, and then soars aloft, inflated at a favoring breath. To paint this ferment while exposing the illusions and conceit of youth to merciless analysis is the author's central motive, and this double aim is responsible for a certain jerkiness that suggests the influence of Meredith. While Mr. Cannan takes Peter's moods seriously enough, we find ourselves questioning whether his hero's self-consciousness is not over insisted upon. Perhaps not, for the modern young Englishman is a strange fowl with the perpetual contest between his senses and his reason. He cannot kiss a girl, as Peter kisses Matty, without inward speculations as to whether it is "It," and it is true that youth is always fearfully self-critical and bristling with half-fledged ideals. Its adorable softness, introspection, and its difficulty of finding its place in the world, when all the power of joy seems at its hand, make youth often a period of tragic waste. Something is wrong in the civilisation which deprives youth of its spontaneity, and stunts its emotional freedom and growth. In his main thesis Mr. Cannan has succeeded better than in its subsidiary parts, which are occasionally thin in texture and uncertain in drawing. All the love passages are, however, very well done, and the passages on children show an individual quality.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Anyone who has once known the charm of "the Coast" will welcome the book called "We Two in West Africa," by Major and Mrs. Guggisberg (Heinemann, 12s. 6d. net). It is another instance of the advantage the new-comer has in describing the scenes and life of far-off lands. Major Guggisberg himself has been known for some years to all travellers and white residents on the Coast on account of his official work upon the survey and the numerous wanderings it entailed. He knows everything that is to be known about the country, but probably he would never have written a word if he had remained alone. In a year or two the strangest sights appear quite natural, and after two voyages out the Coaster will not look up from his book or cards to see the negroes swarming round the ship in their "dug-outs" off Liberia or Sekundi. But Mrs. Guggisberg was fresh to it all, and, happily for the reader, she does the talking and description in the book, while her husband keeps the knowledge straight and adds such serious information as is wanted. The result is a very accurate and charming account of the ordinary life of British officials on the Gold Coast, together with a gay description of a longish official tour inland by Coomassie, and through the uplands and forest round by Bompata and Abetife to Accra. Gay is the right word, though people do not usually connect gaiety with a country where the damp heat keeps everyone in a perpetual sweat and the staple conversation is of fever and death. Still, even the horror and danger of the country have a rather exhilarating effect on a brave spirit, and Mrs. Guggisberg is never anything but gay. Since Mary Kingsley left the world the sadder for her loss, we think no better book has been written on native and British life upon the Coast. Though speaking from a knowledge of Central rather than of West Africa, the reviewer would question just one small point. The writers mention that an orderly at Abetife had his teeth filed into points, and like most writers, they attribute the filing to cannibal habits or to the marking of slaves. But in Central Africa, south of the Equator, the reviewer has found the various ways of filing or chipping of teeth simply used for tribal marks; and if there is any other origin he is inclined to attribute them to imitations of a totem—a sharp-toothed fish, a crocodile, or even a hippo. Mrs. Guggisberg remarks that when the orderly laughed his mouth looked like that of a crocodile, and that was probably the precise object of himself or his ancestors.

Mr. William Toynbee, in his "Glimpses of the Twenties" (Constable, 12s. 6d. net), goes to the period immediately succeeding that dealt with in his former racy volume, "Vignettes of the Regency." The present book is, like its predecessor, agreeable reading of a light and gossipy kind, though Mr. Toynbee's dislike of the Whigs is more than once needlessly obtruded, and such judgments as that Fox's "violent whiggery was in large measure the consequence of his services having been summarily dispensed with as a Tory office-holder," and that "when his record is dispassionately considered, it is difficult to credit him with any really high qualities either in his private or his political capacity," are nothing less than absurd. Even the bitterest Tory cannot deny him the quality of a great debater. Burke, at the time of their quarrel, said that he was the most wonderful debater the world ever saw. Mr. Toynbee ought not to have allowed political prejudice to blind him to admitted facts. On the other hand, he is inclined to add his share to the white-washing of George IV., which two or three recent writers have attempted. No man is less deserving of the effort. Other figures of whom Mr. Toynbee gives us glimpses are Canning, Lord Liverpool, Eldon, Castlereagh—with whom he deals fairly impartially—Goderich, Lady Jersey, and the Duke of Wellington. The book, as we have said, is written in a pleasant and easy style, but we regret that its author has not held the balance more evenly in his historical judgments.

* * *

"A Holiday in Connemara," by Mr. Stephen Gwynn (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net), is a delightful record of a stay of "something over a fortnight" which Mr. Gwynn spent in West Connaught. The book is a medley of history, geography, descriptions of scenery, fishing incidents, conversations with the people, and reflections upon their state and prospects, all woven together in the style of which Mr. Gwynn's preceding volumes on Ireland have shown him to be a master. "I have written of Connemara *con amore*," he says, and every visitor to that paradise of the angler will agree that to have done otherwise would be churlish. The sport is excellent and he who follows it will find himself surrounded by magnificent scenery and will come into contact with the best type of Irish peasant—genial, industrious, hospitable, and full of interest in the sportsman's doings. There are besides several ecclesiastical ruins on the shores of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, while the social condition of the people, just at the stage when the landlord and all that he stands for is on the point of disappearing, gives a special human interest to the district. The English tourist will find many useful hints as well as entertaining glimpses of the real Ireland in Mr. Gwynn's pages. "A Holiday in Connemara" is one of the best books of its type that we have seen.

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It is a trifle more than five years since the United States Government came to an arrangement with the Province of Panama, whereby the ownership and control of the Panama Canal Zone passed completely into its hands, and the long and troubled history of the Canal entered on its latest phase. The American management of the undertaking is duly appreciated by Professor Vaughan Cornish in his volume on "The Panama Canal and Its Makers" (Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), which embodies a concise and informative survey of the works, based on material gathered during a recent stay on the Isthmus. The Panama question, it is interesting to recall, existed in the sixteenth century, when the possibility of a shorter route to the East engaged the attention of European navigators. With the opening of the Suez Canal, the necessity for a Panama Canal almost vanished so far as Europe was concerned; but, correspondingly, its importance to the States became greater than ever, the Suez Canal not benefiting American commerce, but rather placing it at a disadvantage by the benefits conferred on European nations. Hence the enormous amount of money and labor that is now being spent on the Panama undertaking; it will cost more than the aggregate expenditure on the Suez Canal and the Manchester Ship and Kiel Canals, and will take another six years to complete. Professor Cornish gives a more or less detailed account of the engineering operations, in regard to which he does not omit a tribute to the French engineers employed on De Lesseps' notorious undertaking of 1879.

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* * *

From old books and manuscripts chiefly at the Record Office and the British Museum, the author of the "Life of Sir Kenelm Digby" has compiled a short biography of the daughter of Sir Edward Coke who became the wife of Viscount Purbeck, Buckingham's brother. The title of the volume is "The Curious Case of Lady Purbeck: A Scandal of the XVIIth Century" (Longmans, 6s. net), and it throws some interesting light upon the bitter rivalry, which extended to love as well as to law, between Coke and Bacon. Coke married his daughter against her wishes to Sir John Villiers in the hope of winning over Buckingham, and thus regaining his position at Court. Sir John became insane after being given the title of Viscount Purbeck, and Lady Purbeck gave birth to a child of whom Sir Robert Howard was the father. The case was brought before the High Commission, and Lady Purbeck was sentenced to do penance, barefooted and clad in a white sheet, in the chapel of the Savoy. She managed to escape, and later on was pardoned, and returned to live with her husband who had then regained his reason. The story is a dramatic one, and some writer of fiction would be well advised to adopt the author's suggestion and use the material now brought to light for an historical romance.

* * *

The latest volume in the "Cambridge Historical Series" treats of "Italy from 1494 to 1790" (Cambridge University Press, 5s. 6d. net), and has been written by Mrs. H. M. Vernon, the author of a biography of Cosimo de' Medici in the "Foreign Statesmen" Series. The usefulness of the work for the general reader is somewhat marred by the plan adopted. Mrs. Vernon rightly says that the history of Italy during the period falls naturally into two parts, 1494 to 1559 when Italy for a time became "the focussing point" of European history, and 1559 to 1790 when she sank into obscurity except for a few short intervals. The first of these periods is dismissed in about seventy pages—hardly sufficient for a reader totally unacquainted with its history—and Mrs. Vernon gives up the rest of the book to the later years which have been neglected by most preceding historians. With the reservation we have made the book is a contribution of great value to Italian history. Foreign policy, domestic affairs, and social and intellectual progress are all handled with firmness and breadth. We may notice particularly the author's skilful treatment of the intricate relations between Italy and France in the reign of Louis XIV. The book is furnished with maps and a good index.

* * *

The twenty-one "Stories from the Greek Legends" (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d. net), which C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Gillichan) has collated and illustrated with a few reproductions of classic statuary, make a pleasant little volume for young readers. Older and more critical ones may perhaps complain because it is not explained that the names of the Greek gods had their correlatives in Latin, and because sentences like "Father Zeus, who was afterwards called Jupiter," and "Venus was born from the foam of the sea, and for this reason she was often called Aphrodite" might be misinterpreted; but after all, the stories are the thing, and with the telling of these pretty legends no serious fault can be found. The authoress has already earned reputation as the collaborator of Mr. Calvert in the "Spanish Series," and the present volume reveals her literary talent in a new and graceful light.

We noticed M. Edmond Lepelletier's "Paul Verlaine: His Life—His Work," at some length in June, 1907, when it appeared in French. It has now been translated into English and published by Mr. Werner Laurie. Miss E. M. Lang, who has done the work of translation, has produced an easy and faithful version, though she now and then keeps too close to the original for good English. M. Lepelletier's work is the only biography of Verlaine we have, and it has the further merit of being written by one of the poet's most intimate friends.

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# The Week in the City.

The issue of London County stock is the most interesting event of the week in the City. It is the third made since the present Council was elected, and the terms obtained are naturally more favorable than in either of the two previous years. The Council has been offering 2¼ millions of 3½ per cent. stock at 102, and the applications have been so numerous that the money market is left comparatively short. Imaginative statisticians have been busy calculating exacty how many times the issue was over-subscribed, but as some say a hundred times, some fifty, and some a mere twenty, the safest course is to assume that the 2¼ millions have been amply covered. In the stock itself there does not seem to be anything especially attractive; it is a good security yielding less than 3½ per cent.; but it gives a turn on the existing London County 3½ per cents., and no doubt dealers had for that reason sold short of the old stock and so were anxious to make sure of an allotment of the new. A firm, but not an extravagant, premium has been established. Meanwhile the Stock Exchange has been remarkably busy with its settlement, for the account that ended this week was quite the busiest of the year. The capitalist, "crushed," "harrassed," and "overwhelmed," by the Budget, has evidently made up his mind to die game and increase his commitments up to the end. Anyhow the volume of buying is extremely large, and both in the investment and speculative markets prices are buoyant. The particular favorites of the week are Chartereds, which, both in London and the Provinces, are being dealt in on a great scale. Rumors are going round to account for the buying, but what truth they may contain no one exactly knows. Kaffirs generally are very strong, and there is so far no sign of the rubber boom coming to an end. It is to be hoped that the people who are rushing in to buy now will not burn their fingers. Money rates are rather firmer and discounts a shade up, but the movement seems to be due to temporary causes.

### Progress on the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, after a six weeks' tour of inspection of the new road, has stated publicly that by next autumn the Grand Trunk Pacific will have 1,365 miles of completed road. Every bridge between Winnipeg and Edmonton has been completed, and the track is now being laid on the last miles, which constitutes the one gap between the two cities. This work will be pushed rapidly and Mr. Chamberlin says there is little doubt of the road being completed by June from the Red River to Saskatchewan. Fifty stations are now under construction between Winnipeg and Wainwright. Before the summer is over some 200 miles of branch lines in Alberta and Saskatchewan will also be completed and ready to carry freight and passengers in the autumn. All this means more wheat from Canada.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 8.] SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

George Meredith died at his modest home in the Surrey hills early on Tuesday morning, after a very short illness, at the age of eighty-two. His body is to be cremated, and there is to be a Memorial Service to-day in Westminster Abbey. Owing, apparently, to an unexplained decision by the Dean and Chapter, a very general desire that the Abbey should be his place of burial will not be fulfilled. This resolve, abruptly announced to the press, has caused both pain and anger, for it is thought, we hope wrongly, to cover the Dean's decision that Stanley's broad view of the uses of our Valhalla is to be abandoned. Meredith's many-sided and most fascinating genius, full of life and humanity, has been amply celebrated. It is enough to speak here of his high, generous, and manly spirit; of his warm affectionateness, especially for the young; and of the dignity and independence of his personal life. In this journal we may be pardoned for speaking of him also as one of the greatest of Liberals, as a steadfast Nationalist, and as the poet and eulogist of the national spirit. Meredith was a glorious physical image of the poet he was, and his radiant love of the natural world and of the dumb things in it was reflected no less in his daily habit than in his works. His closing years were attended by physical weakness, and also by the strength and sunshine of mind which inform and illumine his books. He was a most noble Englishman in speech, in thought, and in life.

* * *

On Wednesday Mr. Churchill took advantage of a motion on unemployment to expound at length both his measure for establishing Labor Exchanges and the first form of the Government's related scheme for setting up a system of industrial insurance. The plan of Exchanges is voluntary, that of insurance for unemployment compulsory. The Exchanges are to be national, not, as in Germany, municipal, and they will be organised as a system of clearing-houses, one at headquarters in London, ten in divisions of the country, and a series of dependent Exchanges for greater and smaller industrial places. Capital and Labor together will man the Advisory Committees which will meet in the principal centres. Mr. Churchill hoped that the Exchange would become the industrial market of each town, the meeting place for Trade Boards and Trade Unions, as well as a well-equipped resort for unemployed workers, both men and women.

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Still bolder and more brilliant is the policy of Unemployment Insurance which Mr. Churchill foreshadowed for next year. It is not, of course, to begin as a universal plan. The Government have rejected the scheme which places the responsibility for organisation on the Trade Unions, and propose a method involving all the workers in the selected trades, unionists and non-unionists, skilled and unskilled. These trades are house-building, engineering in all its groups, and shipbuilding. They include 2½ million adult males and cover a third of the industrial population and nearly one half of the whole field of unemployment. The benefit funds are to be made up of contributions from three sources—the workers, the employers, and the State, and must amount to about sixpence per man per week. The German system of working by stamps and insurance cards is to be followed. The finding of employment and the payment of benefits will be conducted through the Labor Exchange. There are to be conferences next autumn of all the parties to these great schemes, and a rearrangement of the Labor Department of the Board of Trade to suit the new organisation of State intelligence and effort. This adumbration of a most beneficent plan of social reform was well received in the House, the Labor members accepting it warmly, and a Conservative member, Mr. F. E. Smith, bespeaking a non-partisan welcome for it. On Thursday Mr. Churchill formally introduced his Labor Exchanges Bill.

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The chief feature of the national and Parliamentary debate on the Budget, which we analyse elsewhere, has been the letter to the Prime Minister of a number of London bankers, merchants, and business men in the City. The memorial bears some well-known names, but all of them seem to us to belong to Conservatives or Unionists. The memorial declines to discuss taxes, such as those on land, beer, spirits, and tobacco, which do not specially affect capital, but it objects to the diversion of the old Sinking Fund from the reduction of debt to internal development, and while stating vaguely that "we are prepared to bear our full share of necessary new taxes," objects to the increase and graduation of the death duties and to the raising of the income tax, coupled with a surtax. "These imposts," says the memorial, will prove "seriously injurious" to commerce and industry, and may mean that the supply of industrial capital will be reduced so much as to dis-

courage enterprise and thrift, and so depress wages and produce unemployment. We deal with these statements, which we believe to be unfounded, elsewhere.

* * *

On Monday, Mr. Asquith, nominally answering Sir Frederick Banbury, subjected them to a suggestive analysis. Taking as a test an income of £4,000 a year, the Prime Minister showed that in France, under the new Income Tax Bill, proposed by M. Caillaux, it would pay a tax of 1s. 5d. in the £, against our 1s. 2d., while an income of £20,000 a year would pay in France 1s. 7d., an equivalent of our own charge. In Prussia an income of £5,000 would be taxed on the average to the extent of about 2s. in the £. Moreover, in England the average rate under the new scheme would only be 10¾d. in the £, or, including the super-tax, 11½d. in the £. Was such taxation going to drive capital away from the City? No plan could be more equitable and less injurious to trade and commerce.

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On Thursday the Chancellor was able to secure all his Budget resolutions, a triumph of good management and good temper. He concluded the debate on the new scale of death duties with a pointed reply to Mr. Balfour, showing that the whole armory of "scare" figures and ideas which has been furbished up against his plan was originally forged against Sir William Harcourt's. On the question of the actual burden he imposes he made an interesting calculation:—

> "An hon. member speaking with knowledge of the subject said that since Sir William Harcourt's Budget £250,000,000 of capital had been squandered or wiped out. But since then, on the authority of Sir Robert Giffen, we had been adding 250 millions annually to our capital, and not extinguishing it. Since that date we had added £3,500,000,000; and taking Sir Robert Giffen's estimate of 250 millions added year by year to the capital of the country, what was his poor increase of the death duties? It meant an increase of sixpence in the pound taken out of the annual increase of 250 millions. He proposed to take £6,000,000 of the sum which swelled the amount of capital every year. To speak of that as the wasting away of capital laid by was absurd. What was the capital of this country? It was £15,000,000,000; and the £6,000,000 which he proposed to put on represented one-third of a farthing in the pound on the capital. At that rate it would take 3,000 years to expend it, even assuming that we were not adding to it."

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On Friday week the House of Commons passed by 133 votes to 123 the second reading of a Bill, proposed by Mr. William Redmond, for removing the chief remaining civil disabilities of Roman Catholics in this country, and for amending the Accession Declaration. Mr. Asquith put the point as to the Declaration admirably when he said that when the King ascended the throne he was obliged by law to wound the feelings and insult the faith of about twelve millions of perfectly loyal subjects. The Prime Minister said boldly that the time had now come to put an end to the Royal Declaration on the Mass, which has, of course, only an obsolete dynastic purpose. On the other hand, if the nation wished to retain it in any form, a special Committee, drawn from all sides, might be appointed to revise, if not to delete, the offending formula. The two other main objects of the Bill are to throw open the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland and the Lord Chancellorship to Catholics, and to remove the exclusion of religious orders from this country, and the restrictions on their action. All three disabilities belong to past passages in British history, the Protestant succession and supremacy being amply guaranteed. But a Nonconformist whip was issued against the Bill, and a Nonconformist so representative and so cultured as Mr. Massie opposed it on the familiar ground that Roman Catholicism, while asking liberty for itself, denied it to other faiths. The Low Churchmen in the House joined in this protest.

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Our Paris correspondent writes:—"The trade union leaders have committed almost every conceivable blunder in their struggle with the Government. Had not a postal strike been declared on the 11th, the Government might have been defeated on the 13th; but the Chamber, as I anticipated, refused, in the circumstances, to dismiss the Cabinet. The precipitation of a strike, when the matter was actually being discussed by the Chamber, had all the appearance of a threat and a defiance to Parliament. The strike, though it dislocated the postal service to a limited extent for a few days, was a failure from the first. The Socialist deputies further strengthened the position of the Government by their childish performance in the Chamber, which M. Jaurès viewed from the tribune with scarcely concealed disapproval. The Confédération Générale du Travail, not to be outdone, has decreed a general strike, which shows little sign of beginning, in support of the postal employees, who have all gone back to work except those who have been dismissed."

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"The net result of all this folly is a sharp setback to revolutionary trade unionism, which will further discredit those who are exploiting the trade union movement in the interest of anarchism. Even Socialism has temporarily suffered. The capture by the Radicals of a former Socialist seat at Montpellier on Sunday was probably connected with recent events, and it seems quite likely that the Radicals will also win the seat in the twelfth arrondissement of Paris next Sunday. The motion in favor of a general strike was carried on Tuesday by 86 votes against 11, and five abstentions, but the three delegates of the miners, the textile workers, and the railway-men, who voted in the minority, alone represent one-third of the whole forces of organised labor. Meanwhile the Cabinet is hurrying on the preparation of the Statut des Fonctionnaires, which will very shortly be brought before the Chamber. There will be a severe struggle over some of its provisions, such as that which prohibits unions of Government employees from affiliating themselves with other trade unions, and it is probable that the measure will be amended in a progressive direction."

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The news that Austria intended to build four "Dreadnoughts" immediately provoked very serious comment in Italy. The step was taken as a threat to Italy's naval position in the Mediterranean, and the Italian papers and the Italian Naval Minister declared that Italy must retaliate. Italy is losing no time in replying. The Italian Navy Estimates for 1909-10 provide for an expenditure of £13,000,000. Four "Dreadnoughts" of the largest size are to be laid down, and though at present it is not designed to complete the whole of the programme before 1915, the estimates for 1909-10 are generally understood to be only a prelude to more vigorous action. The spectacle of intense naval rivalry between two allied Powers is very curious, but once Austria had begun it was inevitable. Any movement by Austria in the direction of disturbing the

balance of naval Power in the Mediterranean must be resented by Italy, and it may well prove that the new Austrian programme struck pretty hard at the fabric of the Triple Alliance, which the Kaiser's interviews with the Emperor Francis Joseph and the King of Italy are thought to have strengthened. From the English point of view, of course, the Italian and Austrian programmes must be treated, not as cumulative, but as cancelling one another.

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It would be interesting to know precisely what is happening in Somaliland. On Monday the "Standard's" Aden correspondent telegraphed that "organised action by the British forces against the Mullah will commence next month. The operations will take the form of flying columns composed of mounted infantry and irregulars, which will endeavor to round up the elusive enemy. Practically everything is now ready; ample native troops are on the spot, and are being supplied with white officers." This was explicit enough, but on Monday an equally explicit official denial was issued that any expedition against the Mullah was contemplated. The next day, however, Reuter's correspondent telegraphed that "a British force has attacked the Mullah, recovering 600 camels. Six British Somalis were killed." Is there or is there not an expedition? On March 16 Colonel Seely told the House of Commons that the Government's policy in Somaliland was to remain on the defensive; but he admitted that the garrison had been heavily reinforced, and that thousands of rifles had been distributed among the "friendlies," doubtless the "natives" of the "Standard" telegram who are being given white officers.

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The crisis in Portugal continues. Senhor Lima, it is true, has managed to form a Cabinet, but it is a Cabinet which has no party following, and every member except the Premier is a stranger to office. The Telles Ministry which has been displaced held office only three weeks, and the Henriques Ministry, which preceded it, just four months. The duration of Ministries has become ridiculously short, because they represent no principle, and the whole of Parliamentary politics in Portugal is a mere struggle for the loaves and fishes. Before the dictatorship of Senhor Franco and the murder of King Carlos, the system in vogue was "Rotativism"; each of the two great parties, Conservatives and Liberals, succeeded one another in power in regular rotation as the appetite of the one was sated and the appetite of the other became ravenous. After the murder of King Carlos, an attempt was made with the Amaral Cabinet to unite all parties in the indispensable work of reform.

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It broke up in less than a year, having done practically nothing, because both the parties itched to return to "rotativism." The Henriques and Telles Cabinets were practically Conservative, so the Liberals, led by Senhor Vilhena, made life impossible for them by systematic obstruction. The new Lima Cabinet has been chosen outside parties, like the Amaral Cabinet, in the hope of existing by virtue of its very weakness. The Vilhena Liberals are likely to support it, and perhaps the other Liberal groups, but the Conservatives are openly at war with it because it does not satisfy their leader, Luciano de Castro, the arch-politician of Portugal. If the Lima Cabinet is destroyed, the probable alternative is a dissolution. Meanwhile, the disgust and discontent of the nation grow and the Portuguese papers are full of rumors of revolutionary plots.

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Mr. Wells has much to answer for. He has produced a state of mind in rural England which, with the help of the sensational journals, sees airships, or, as they have been well christened, "scare ships," hurtling through the midnight air. This psychological effect has broken out in two places, first in Lowestoft, and then in the neighborhood of Cardiff. The half-expressed idea behind these phenomena is the arrival of the advance guard of the German invasion. The rest is probably made up of the imaginative spirit which "goes strong," as most of us know, at night. The discrepancies in the narrative dispose of the idea of any reality more serious than a possible passing balloon. Thus, we have two stories of the Lowestoft airship, one discoverer signalling it early on Sunday morning, another looking at it at Yarmouth, about ten miles distant, about the same hour on Saturday morning. In no case have regular night-watchers, like policemen or coastguardsmen, seen anything of it.

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This last development of the morbid disease, anti-Germanism, has provoked Lord Northcliffe to appear as a rebuker of sin. "Dating" from Berlin, he issues a manifesto to the "Daily Mail" imploring the British Press and nation to be calm, lest Germany should have ground for her growing opinion that England is exclusively inhabited by a race of "mere nervous degenerates." As this idea might conceivably be fostered by a prolonged perusal of Lord Northcliffe's papers, their proprietor will have the power as well as the will to re-establish our lost reputation. Meanwhile, he quotes to advantage some very serious extracts from responsible German papers, showing that the malicious light-mindedness which he and others daily cultivate in our people is at length producing real alarm in the German nation.

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The High Court, by a majority of two to one, has affirmed the decision of the Court of Arches, calling upon Canon Thompson, the rector of Eaton, not to refuse Communion to Mr. and Mrs. Bannister. The question now is how long will this cleric, backed by the Bishop of Norwich and financed by the English Church Union, be able to brand two of his parishioners as "open and notorious evil livers" on account of a lawful act, which he, the servant of a State Church, repudiates. He can, if he please, take them to the Court of Appeal and the House of Lords. The historical point as to the original prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister in this country was well put by Mr. Justice Darling. The Act of Convocation of 1532 and the Act of Submission of 1534, the real authorities for the Rubric, are, as he said, "from a moral point of view," "suspect."

> "For in the days of the Tudors the moral attitude on this question fluctuated, and statutes touching this matter were by turns passed, repealed, and revived, just as it suited the Parliaments of King Henry, and of his Protestant or Catholic children, to approve as holy, or to denounce as incestuous, his marriage with his brother's widow, Katharine of Aragon. The result so far is that a marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife was bad since 32 Henry VIII., as being 'against the law of God.' Yet bad in law, not because it always was against the law of God, but merely because the statutes of the realm declared it to be unlawful; giving the King's, and his Parliament's, interested interpretation of the law of God for a reason."

# Politics and Affairs.

## MEREDITH AND ENGLISH LIFE.

Many men and women in the second generation of their lives will feel that, with the death of George Meredith, the intellectual scene has changed for them, and that they now look back on a great expanse of country through which they have travelled with much happiness, and which they will never see again. They know that they have set behind them the land of romance, and that they have moved, barely reckoning their progress, into a sterner, more barren, region. The distance between the two may be measured by comparing the work of Meredith and Hardy—the tragedy of Richard Feverel with the tragedy of Jude the Obscure. The two books were written by men who were poets as well as novelists, and who alike disowned kinship with mere photographic writers of the type of Zola. But how far apart is their outlook! How variously they measure the forces in English life, how differently, allowing for their contrasted temperaments, they paint its atmosphere! Both were reformers and revolters, anticlerical, inheriting in some degree the revolutionary strain in English letters which descended to them through Byron and Shelley. Yet we know that Meredith's criticism of life, expressed with a feeling of beauty to which Hardy had no claim, belongs to another order of ideas from that accepted by his friend and contemporary. Do we express the change too crudely when we claim Meredith as the last of the English Romanticists, and Hardy as the first of the latter-day English Realists? Meredith mixed his poetic and idealised vision of the world with a subtle and most eloquent intellectual comment upon it. But it was an ideal; and though it touched warm earth, its vivid and abundant coloring was taken, not from reality, but from romance.

Meredith, though one of the most fascinating members of his school, was hardly its greatest. He produced no book so broad and so tender in its humanity as "Les Misérables." Even his devoted and self-abandoning heroes of action and politics, his Alvans and Beauchamps and Carlo Ammianis, tend to lose their highest selves in a maze of half-serious entanglements. England, while he loved her, limited him. The comic spirit, waiting on his tragic muse, forbids us to remember Meredith as Hugo is remembered, by types and scenes terrible or deeply refreshing to the soul. Yet his comedy was not always world-comedy. His two most perfect works, "Evan Harrington" and the "Egoist," are satires of insular snobbishness, the entrancing "Shagpat," his most brilliant poetic phantasy, is akin to them, and his best short story, "The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper," is a treatise on that inexhaustible theme. He felt and chafed against his bonds; in England, he said, the rebel's blow fell not on rotten wood, but on a "cushion on springs." The mood to which his nature, his literary style, and his observation of English society most constantly led him as a writer of fiction and as a moralist, was irony; and of that great force he was a master. Comparatively ignorant of the workmen's lives, and divided between admiration of the aristocratic and conservative forces in the country and a sense of their intellectual barrenness, he drew most of his pictures from the aristocracy or from the manufacturing classes that fifty or sixty years ago seemed to be joined in grim battle with them for the supremacy of our State. Artist as he was, the political Liberalism of that time might well have claimed him as a splendid ally, a great vindicator. The human side of the social struggle somewhat escaped him, as it did not escape the more democratic Dickens; its later developments he hardly foresaw. It was characteristic of him that in his noble sketch, "The Old Chartist," he sets forth not the sufferings of the silenced and banished agitator, but his reconciling passion for the home and soil of his birth. When he touched congenial foreign ground he expanded, not indeed as a poet, for his beloved Surrey woods and uplands had all his heart, but as a friend of national liberty fighting gloriously for its own. It was something more than an author's feeling for a favorite child of fancy that made him declare to the writer that the passage in his books which he liked best was the description in "Vittoria" of the duel between Angelo and Captain Weisspriess.

Romantic in his literary attachments, as well as in his method, Meredith shared the anti-supernaturalism of the school to which most of his greater friends belonged. He was no more of a materialist than Wordsworth. But his overflowing sense of Nature's desirableness, his man's and poet's delight in the wonder and beauty of the physical universe, made him impatient of man-made explanations of them. Nature spun no "runes" for man to unriddle in metaphysical formulae; she was a spirit, to be spiritually discerned, a truth which reappears in Nietzsche, with other of the robust conclusions of Meredith's creed. Of her ultimate beneficence he had no doubt, and he expressed this lifelong faith in the lines—some of the loveliest in the language—which revealed his noble cheerfulness about death:—

> "Death shall I shrink from, loving Thee?
> Into the breast that gives the rose
> Shall I with shuddering fall?"

But Meredith went no further than to read on the face of the visible world the smile which no poet ever denied her. This apparition of joy was enough; on it he built a gospel of fortitude, of resignation, of self-forgetfulness, and of spiritual delight.

It was this natural optimism which distinguished his work from the pessimistic religious poetry of his contemporaries, from Clough and Arnold, and from the reasoned and less pantheistic meliorism of Tennyson. No such note of spiritual Nature-worship had been struck in English verse since "Queen Mab." Meredith's passion for natural life linked itself with a special love of English scenery and its characteristics, and here, as in the immortal love-story which made him famous, he touched Shakespeare. His lineage might have been more widely and more easily traced had his wonderful powers of expression stopped short at something like the same measure of luxuriance. But he had a zest for refinement and explanation, and he would furnish his

main themes with a half-poetic, half-critical embroidery, like the harmonised and re-harmonised "motives," proceeding from the great organ-note of Earth, in Wagner's "Ring" music. Here Meredith made his wilful departure from the line, from the centre. No language, even the wildly tangled beauties of our tongue, rich as those of a country lane in midsummer, could quite accomplish what he asked of English speech. His medium mastered him; he became almost a wild, as he had been a glorious, colorist and rhetorician; and his ideas about human society not being always the greatest and most general ideas, he was led out of the way where Tolstoy walks, in old age, as firmly as ever. His men and women, always a little puppet-like, began to talk strangely in the later books. But grace never left them; their creator could not help dispensing them, from the abundant richness of his nature, something of the great gift that kept him a poet even when he most obscured its expression. Meredith was "full of the joy of living." Mawkishness, unmanliness touched him no more than the sadness, the want of good spirits, of our later time, and of much Victorian poetry. In this respect he was a renewing force, fresh from the all-sustaining bosom that he loved, and belonging to no special time in our story, but only to the undying glories of the English land.

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## IS THE BUDGET A BLOW TO INDUSTRY?

It is the chief merit of the Budget that it proposes to take the larger part of the increased revenue required for purposes of State from the incomes and property of those who have the most ability to pay. Of course, it is only natural that most of those called on to bear this increased taxation should object, and that they should represent their loss as a national calamity. In this spirit must be read the protest which a number of rich bankers have thought fit to address to the Government. The claim that their craft entitles them to proffer disinterested, authoritative advice upon national industry and finance is not likely to be seriously entertained by anyone acquainted with the sharp divergencies of opinion which divide them upon most fundamental issues relating to gold credit and currency which fall within their special province. They are entitled to respectful attention as successful money dealers in financial touch with many sorts of business. But they cannot seriously be regarded as authorities upon the incidence of taxation. However, since their protest puts succinctly what may be termed the general capitalist attack, it deserves examination. The gravamen of the charge is that an excessive burden is put upon the rich, which, by curtailing both their expenditure and their investment of capital, will "tend to discourage private enterprise and thrift, thus in the long run diminishing employment and reducing wages." A most deplorable result indeed, if it be true! But is it?

Let us probe the charge, converting the generality of its menace into particularity. Will actual capital shrink or take wings before the demand for a larger contribution from its more remunerative employments, and will land remove itself or sulk in idleness? No such thing. The land provisions of the Budget will bring more land, not less, into effective employment, and Mr. Asquith has disposed of the foolish suggestion that such capital as is moveable will gain increased immunity from taxation by betaking itself to France or Germany or any other modern industrial country. Everywhere the growing needs and functions of the State involve large increases of public revenue, and everywhere the same forces are urging that the lion's share shall be borne by those who have the power to pay. We readily admit that there are limits to the economic efficacy of this policy. Any encroachment upon such remuneration of capital or ability as is necessary to evoke an adequate output of these productive forces would entail those evil consequences which the bankers threaten. But the Budget policy does not approach these limits, nor are its taxes applied in any such indiscriminate manner. And the rising taxation of the last decade, the income of the well-to-do classes, has been rising at a faster rate. The great spread of luxurious expenditure indicates the positive and rapid growth of large quantities of unearned or surplus income, capable of contributing to the needs of the public purse without injury to those who spend it.

But turning more closely to the question, "How will the Budget affect the available supply of capital, the demand for labor and employment?" we cannot see by what process of argument the bankers can sustain their allegation. Either the money taken in fresh taxation from "a numerically small class of the community" would have been spent, or it would have been saved for investment. When it is taken by the State and spent or invested for the public good, will it be less productive or afford less employment and remuneration to labor? The issue here is not that of a general comparison between the efficiency of private and public enterprise. It is whether the transfer of the topmost layer of the incomes and property of the rich to the uses of the State will or will not be a more socially profitable application. Assuming that the effect of this increased taxation were to reduce the present expenditure of the rich in luxuries, the trades engaged in producing these luxuries, goods, and services would suffer, and some unemployment would be caused. But the expenditure of this same money by the State, not in luxuries but upon sound public services, would be a substitution of productive for unproductive expenditure, and would entail no reduction in the aggregate employment of labor. Taking what is, in our judgment, the weakest case for the Exchequer, we ask the patriotic bankers why they should assume that to take five millions from wealthy citizens which would have been spent on motor cars, and to apply the same to building "Dreadnoughts," which in their hypothesis help to maintain national security and credit, causes any diminution to the employment of capital and labor, or any reduction in national efficiency?

Or take, again, the increased taxation upon liquor and tobacco, transmitted by this same fiscal process into old age pensions. Either the brewers and the tobacco firms or the consumers are going to bear these taxes.

Suppose the former, failing in the long run to recoup themselves by higher prices, are obliged to pay in a reduction of their net incomes. Will the pensioners whose needs they unwillingly supply exert by their expenditure a smaller or a less desirable demand for the employment of capital and labor than would have proceeded from the shareholders in breweries or tobacco firms? Or, supposing that the bulk of these taxes are borne by the workers, is any waste involved in thus converting some expenditure on working-class luxury into the pensioners' expenditure on the prime necessaries and comforts of old age?

If, on the other hand, it be alleged that the increased taxation will not come out of the expenditure, but out of the savings of the rich, thus starving the supply of capital and diminishing demand for labor, we reply that two false assumptions underlie this allegation. In the first place, it is probable that as large a proportion of the money will be applied by the State to what should properly be regarded as capital expenditure, if the great policy of National Development and Social Reform, to which these financial proposals are indissolubly wedded, is fearlessly and fully carried out. Not to dwell upon the directly material improvements in land, means of transport, afforestation, and other capital expenditure upon our economic fabric, expenditure in the shape of insurance against invalidity and unemployment, together with those related reforms of our poor and our education policy which make for the permanent improvement of the condition of the people, must be regarded as capital expenditure, invested in improved national power which will produce a rich return even in terms of industrial productivity. There will be no real reduction of capital expenditure or of true national thrift. The other false assumption consists in an ignorant resurrection of the exploded economic doctrine that the volume of employment and wages is directly dependent upon capital. Wages are not advanced out of capital. The recent condition of a money market congested with capital while every trade is thronged with unemployed workers, is a sufficient practical refutation of the notion that any interference with the growth of capital must correspondingly impair employment. We may, indeed, admit that the proposals by which the Government will raise the required increase of revenue must involve some injury to certain trades, either by a direct repression of their rate of growth, as in the motor trade, or indirectly through a reduced consumption of their goods. But this is an injury incident to any change or increase of taxation. It is far less serious in the case of taxes mainly imposed upon rents, monopoly profits, and unearned incomes, than in any other alternative taxation, and infinitely less than would ensue upon an attempt to raise, by protective duties, a corresponding quantity of income.

Apart from this unavoidable dislocation, we repudiate the attack of the protesting bankers as destitute of economic force. The effect of the Budget will not be to reduce the effective capital, employment, or wages, of the nation. On the contrary, if the constructive social policy of the Government, for which this money is required, is faithfully pursued, the net effect will be to take certain elements of surplus wealth, representing unearned or excessive income, which would have been put to unproductive expenditure on luxury or to wastefully speculative investments, and to apply them to improve the condition of labor and the land, the true parents of national wealth.

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## THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW.

The two Reports of the Poor Law Commission have now been before the public for three months. If they have not as yet set going any clear and unmistakable movement of opinion it is partly owing to the deep fissure of principles between them, and partly to the preoccupation of the public with more exciting matters—the close of the football and beginning of the cricket season, the bye-elections, and the "Dreadnought" scare. Under an enlightened democracy, instructed by a centralised Press, the mere happiness of millions and the general health of the social organism must be postponed for topics such as these. Nevertheless, certain matters in which the two Reports are agreed have already found their way into the Ministerial programme. The important statement by Mr. Winston Churchill on Wednesday outlined the policy of the Government with respect to two important items. A national system of Labor Exchanges is to be set up, on a scale and with accessories designed, we think wisely, to attract the trade unions and the efficient workman generally. Success in this point is, of course, vital to the whole scheme. Further, there is next year to be a scheme of insurance, limited to those trades which together contribute one-half of the volume of unemployment, but within those trades compulsory, and resting on contributions from employers, employed, and the State. The acceptance of the principle of insurance marks a great step in advance, but the details of Mr. Churchill's scheme will be awaited with keen interest. The Minority Report preferred the Ghent system, and it is well that from the first, the public, and especially the Labor world, should recognise clearly what is involved in either proposal. We shall deal with the subject more fully next week. Meanwhile it is also clear that, in spite of the quaint and characteristic speech of Mr. Burns on Saturday, the whole question of Poor Law Reform must be taken in hand by Parliament next year. It is therefore time for the public to understand and choose between the principles underlying the two Reports. Mrs. Webb, who is largely responsible for the Minority Report, has accordingly issued an appeal for the co-operation of all those who wish to see the proposals which she and her colleagues have set forth made the basis of practical reform.

There is, of course, a considerable measure of agreement between the two Reports. That of the Majority was, considering its composition, surprisingly liberal. Both reports are agreed in recommending a fundamental change in existing Poor Law administration by the abolition of Boards of Guardians and of the general workhouse. Nevertheless there is a clear and sig-

nificant divergence of principle, to grasp which is essential to the understanding of every practical proposal of reform. The principle of the Majority has been best and most succinctly stated by Prof. Bosanquet in the current number of the "Sociological Review." The proposals of the Majority, he writes, "are founded on the conviction that there is a problem common and peculiar to the entire range of destitution and necessitousness, demanding a common and peculiar method of dealing with it." According to them, that is to say, there is a fundamental unity in the needs of a school-child who is discovered to have ringworm, a deserted wife with half a dozen children, a congenitally blind man who has not been taught a trade by which he can maintain himself, a feeble-minded girl who is above the level of idiocy, and a displaced cabman who is too old to turn chauffeur. In all such cases public assistance is to be invoked when and only when, because and only because, there is destitution. It is to be invoked not merely because there is suffering or degradation to be averted, but because there is destitution, and not until there is destitution. The prime object must be to restrict the area of help as far as possible, by keeping people from becoming necessitous, and when help is given, since it is one and the same character of necessitousness which is at the root of the trouble, it must be one and the same authority that administers the assistance. Thus in the case of ringworm it will not do for the school authorities to deal with the children, though they may be able to organise collective inspection and treatment efficiently, swiftly, and directly. If the child is to be cured by a public authority it must only be because it is necessitous, and it must go through the mill for treating the necessitous. It must go to the Charitable Aid Committee or the Public Assistance Authority.

The principle of the Minority is quite fairly described by Professor Bosanquet as consisting essentially in the rejection of this supposed unifying principle of destitution. For a positive summary of it we may turn to Mr. Sidney Webb's brilliant statement of the Minority case in the article which forms a pendant to Professor Bosanquet's in the same number of the "Sociological Review":—

> "We have come to believe that the universal maintenance of any standard of civilised life cannot safely be left to individual self-interest. The universal maintenance of a definite minimum standard of civilisation, and the progressive elevation of that minimum is regarded as the joint responsibility of an indissoluble partnership. The community, far from washing its hands of the individual, finds itself forced, in the interests of the community as a whole, to assume definite duties with regard to him."

These duties are not defined or limited by his destitution. They are at bottom a part of the mutual aid which is a necessary and a growing factor in the civilised life of the State. The nature of this aid and the means of giving it have certainly to be determined by the whole character and circumstances of the individual. But destitution is not the one essential fact among these circumstances which is to govern all the rest. On the contrary, it is far better that aid should be given before the stage of destitution is reached. Nor is there one generic type of character that becomes "necessitous." On the contrary, there are many and most various circumstances which render it desirable that men and women should be able to rely on certain forms of public assistance without any impairment of moral self-respect or legal independence. What is to be required of the individual is not that painful though heroic rejection of all assistance which the present system has induced among the best of the poor, but an adequate response to aid that is freely given. The conditions must be such that the individual does his part in return for anything that is done for him, not that he deems it his part to keep away till the last possible moment from all public aid, and then to collapse into a pauper. The Minority would, in fact, generalise the principle adopted now by the nation in regard to the aged. The destitute poor have been kept from starving since the 43rd of Elizabeth. But destitution remained the condition of relief, and those who were just not destitute fared so little better than the pauper that they had but a very small motive to maintain the struggle. The pension system frankly throws over the destitution test, and makes it the business of the community not merely to shield the absolute pauper from starvation, but rather to combat poverty by securing to all men and women of good moral and industrial record a minimum independence in old age. The Minority Report would do the same for the child, the sick, the widow, the feeble-minded, the deserted wife, and the legion of the unemployed. It recognises that the needs of all these classes are not one but many, and that the treatment required is not general but specific. All these causes at present help to swell the one class of paupers. So far the effect is the same. But, though the effect is one, the cause is not one. The pauper by nature is a person of shiftless character, who needs discipline, and for whom the Minority provide the appropriate institutions. But the destitute person may also be a sufferer from various external causes with which his own character has little to do. He needs very different treatment, and he needs it before the destitution point is reached.

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## THE WAIL OF WEALTH.

Since the introduction of the Budget the correspondence columns of the "Times" have afforded remarkably good reading. Eloquence, invective, sarcasm, pathos, every versatile faculty of the pen is there deployed before the reader, and the workings of what we may call the Mind of Property are exposed to the day. There is the stern denunciation of the Anti-Socialist Union, liberally besprinkled with highly seasoned epithets, wherein the State, embodied in Mr. Lloyd George, figures as a "common highwayman," waiting on the investor in land to "plunder him," where the Government "fleeces" the liquor trade, "robs" recipients, and "loots" dead men's possessions. These are pretty lively doings for a Budget which Lord Dunraven describes as "the dying throes of a moribund superstition." There is Lord Redesdale, who knows of a builder who has lost contracts for the erection of three country mansions

since the Budget was brought in. There is "the owner of a similar estate" who "can endorse all Mr. Pretyman says" about estates with a rental of £4,000 producing less than £1,000. This gentleman's case is arithmetically peculiar, for it appears (*a*) that the balance of his income from land is devoured by his aunt and sisters, (*b*) that "like most landowners," he has been "living on capital" for the last thirty years, and that nevertheless (*c*) he has been "able to employ annually during the slack months of the year labor in planting, roadmaking, draining, fencing, &c.," all on land which apparently brought him no return. What a Monte Cristo it must have been at the outset!

On another flank there is Lord Russell, whose grievance is petrol, and whose controversial style, if not precisely a thing of beauty, is yet a joy for ever to his opponents. He wonders whether the "supposed justification of the new taxes" is anything better than "the dislike by the envious poor of the conveniences of the better off." When the poor cannot send their children to school in reasonable security, nor take a walk along a country road without being smothered in dust by "the conveniences of the better off," they may take some objection to those conveniences without being charged with the meanness of envy. To be able to inflict the same annoyance on other people is not precisely the compensation that they desire. Then, again, there is "A Victim," who wishes to know why Mr. Lloyd George does not offer compensation for the "unearned decrement," as though it were the business of Budgets to make good the losses of unfortunate speculators.

Then there is Lord Heneage who rather spoils the effect of the lamentations of property by urging that "the working-man will have to pay very considerably more," and calling upon him, and especially on his wife, to beware of Radical Socialist finance. Then, finally, come the gems of the collection. If you have tears, prepare to shed them over "Coram Latrone," and "A considerable Taxpayer, and the Father of a large family." "Coram Latrone" prefaces that he is in receipt of an income, derived from house property and other investments, of "well over £5,000 a year." This does not sound a pathetic opening, but wait. He has saved money every year for forty-five years past, and very justly thinks himself "entitled to benefit by the prudence and self-denial" whereby he joined thousand to thousand. This is, indeed, a form of self-denial which it is given to few of us to imitate. It may, therefore, justly be termed a rare virtue. But in all these years of penury and privation, it seems, he has allowed himself one luxury, the luxury of charity, of "helping poor, meritorious persons." He has "contributed liberally" —we have his own word for it—to hospitals and soup kitchens, and by expending £600 a year on agricultural improvements has given employment to hundreds of poor people. Now this "luxury" is "to be taken from" him and "conferred on a body of Government officials." His "agricultural improvements will come to an end." "I shall discontinue my subscriptions to all charities which were intended to benefit the very poor, and I shall confine my donations exclusively to a class which has not come within the purview of Mr. Lloyd George's humanitarian schemes, such as underpaid curates, distressed gentlefolk, and poor professional men." If the underpaid curates get no relief under the rebatement for children under sixteen, they are a much maligned class. But that is a side issue. "A considerable Taxpayer and the Father of a large Family," whose signature we give ourselves the indulgence of transcribing in full a second time, is more precise and arithmetical than "Coram Latrone." He spends seven per cent. of his income on charity, "a proportion which I deem sufficient." His method of dealing with Mr. Lloyd George is simplicity itself. He proposes simply "to debit my charity account" with the amount—threepence in the pound he calculates—of which Parliament divests him to pay for old age pensions. He is sure that he speaks for a large number. "I believe I know the charitable world," and "numbers" he is convinced will reduce their voluntary gifts "to the extent that the State renders their benevolence obligatory."

One or two little assumptions appear in these particular letters that are worth examining. In both there is the suggestion that something very material is lost when a legal obligation is substituted for private charity. If, indeed, charity were charity, if St. Paul could recognise in its modern dress the virtue that he named, if the voluntary distribution of aid to sufferers were conducted in the spirit of that famous address to the Corinthians, if the virtue vaunted in these letters were indeed that which suffereth long and is kind, which is not puffed up, doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own—then, indeed, there would be immeasurable loss in its disappearance. But if the choice is between the arbitrary dispensation of gifts to those who not merely reckon the pence, but through the pence largely control the lives that they patronise, we may be excused if we think that the substitution of the official is net gain. The charity in question here is twice cursed. It demoralises those who give and those who receive.

There is a further point. "Coram Latrone" is frank enough to recognise in his "benevolence" a definitely political weapon. He would "teach the poorest class of voters that there are other considerations to be taken into account beyond the weekly dole that will find its way into some of their pockets." There are the coals and blankets, the presents, the Christmas box, the casual employment on "agricultural improvements" in slack times. The present dependence of so many on semi-benevolent aid of this description is to be made the means of frightening them away from a policy tending to raise them as a class to real independence. In this sign will the wealthy win. In the sign of charity they will stop the poor from efforts tending to make them independent of charity. No better illustration could be given of the function of what is styled philanthropy in our social system. It is the anodyne which keeps suffering from breaking out into unrest, and the control of which makes the favor of the rich a necessity and secures them in political power. It is a thousand pities that words of glorious coinage should be so debased in the usage of day to day. There are among us, in the etymological sense of the term, wealthy philanthropists beyond all

praise, men whose time and brains are given freely, along with their worldly goods, for the mitigation of suffering and the advancement of good causes. These men are not vocal, nor do they figure so largely in those popular subscription lists which give the passport to favor and to titles. Among the wealthy they form a comparatively small proportion. Whoever is long engaged in public movements in any centre will soon find that, whatever pressing human need arises, it is the same set of men and women who come forward time after time, do the work, and bear the burden of the expense. Like a stage army they pass over the scene of action again and again, and give rise to the illusion that they are a large class. They make it possible to think that the wealth of the country as a whole is brimming over with readiness to give of its abundance. The "Times" correspondence shows another side of the shield. We trust the letters we have quoted do not represent the whole truth. But they do indicate a temper which has to be reckoned with, and which should only strengthen our determination to further those tendencies that make for economic independence, as against those which encourage the poor to look to their "betters" for patronage.

## A RUSSIAN DREYFUS CASE.

It is not often for their worst sins that Governments are condemned by public opinion. The injustice which has become normal and habitual is almost overlooked because it is expected. For years past the Tsar's Ministers have been making systematic war upon all their opponents, from Terrorists to Liberals. To the condemnation of deputies by fifty and a hundred at a time, to the exile of thousands of lesser adversaries untried, and even to the abominations of torture and flogging in the gaols, Russians have long since grown accustomed. A certain fatalism is the armor of every oppressed race, as the wounds of an over-driven horse become "calloused" under the harness that galls it. But even to Russian public opinion the trial and punishment of M. Lopukhin has administered a certain shock. He is evidently a man of rather exceptional moral courage, and the circumstances of his offence were startling and dramatic. But the fact which has arrested public attention is that the man who has just been condemned like any young student or Socialist deputy to five years' hard labor and to lifelong exile thereafter in Siberia, is himself a conspicuous member of the inner bureaucracy. He had been the school-mate of the Prime Minister; his wife belongs to a noble family which claims to be older than the Romanoffs; above all, he had actually been the head of the political police, and was, under Count Witte and General Trepoff, the most highly placed, if not the most influential, official in the Ministry of the Interior. He was always known, it is true, for his Liberal opinions, but his loyalty was so far beyond question that he had been allowed to direct the service on which in Russia the whole safety of the State ultimately depends. His case has already recalled the Dreyfus affair, and it is interesting to note that his first breach with the bureaucracy had its origin in his efforts to protect the Jews from massacre. He it was who supplied his kinsman, Prince Urussoff, himself an ex-Assistant Minister, with the startling revelations divulged in the first Duma regarding the official organisation of *pogroms*. He discovered the printing press in the Ministry of the Interior, by which police agents multiplied their incitements to massacre. He traced the share of the police and the troops in several of the massacres which occurred after the nominal grant of constitutional liberties. But his unpardonable offence was that he denounced the police official Ratchkowsky, a protégé of the late General Trepoff, and the confidential guardian of the Tsar's person, as the real organiser of the Jewish massacres. For that first display of independence he lost his position as an official. His second offence also involved a challenge of the same group of "political vivisectors" (to use Prince Urussoff's phrase), and in particular of the arch-plotter Ratchkowsky. For the spy-terrorist, Azeff, whom he unmasked was more especially the agent of that almost Hamidian personage.

If there is an analogy between this Russian scandal and the Dreyfus affair, it is to General Picquart that we must compare M. Lopukhin. Official though he was, he set his citizen's conscience about the etiquette of bureaux, and dared an incorrectitude to check a peculiarly murderous villainy. There are still some obscure corners in the Azeff affair, and we do not feel certain that any of the theories that profess to explain the double *rôle* of this inconceivable rascal are as yet entirely complete and convincing. But, however we explain it, it is now beyond a doubt that Azeff was at once a valuable spy in the pay and under the control of the Russian police, and a daring terrorist who won the confidence of the men whom he duped, by plotting some of the most daring and successful of their political assassinations. M. Lopukhin knew that Azeff was no mere spy; he knew that he was an *agent provocateur* who inveigled young men and women imbued with the Russian passion for self-immolation, into crimes which must involve their death, and might incidentally include the slaughter of some high official whom the secret police was prepared to sacrifice. He knew, in short, that Azeff, who was by now the actual head of the militant terrorist organisation, was the man of all others most responsible for the demoralisation of Russian youth, and for the perpetuation of the guerilla war which doomed all Russia to a bloody struggle between sporadic terrorism and organised coercion. M. Lopukhin saw the destinies of his country in the hands of an unconscionable organisation, which, under cover of the legal immunity it enjoyed, organised the wholesale massacre of Jews, and, again, the detailed slaughter of officials, driving into crime now the Anti-Semitic rabble (who were rarely punished) and, again, the Socialist extremists (who were always exterminated). The Socialists had meanwhile begun to suspect Azeff, and when M. Bourtseff, a studious historian associated with them, appealed to M. Lopukhin to confirm or deny these suspicions, he felt it his duty to denounce the *agent provocateur*. No honest man could have done less. Unluckily for M. Lopukhin, the world was presently informed of the part

he had played. The Russian Government braved the scandal, rushed to the defence of Azeff as a valuable agent, and put M. Lopukhin on his trial for treason. The trial, though public, was the usual perversion of justice. The defence was hardly heard, the essential documents were suppressed, and the necessary witnesses were allowed to absent themselves. The verdict is one proof the more that the "political vivisectors," secure in the protection of the Tsar, are still supreme in Russia.

Scandal follows scandal in Russia, and it is difficult to see how its present state, despite the fact that a sort of Duma exists, and that M. Stolypin does not belong to the extremer party of reaction, is in any real sense an improvement on the old conditions. The worst is known more fully than before, but the result is only to accentuate the cynicism of the ruling class. The dualism between the Palace and the Ministry is still the fundamental fact of the political situation, though M. Stolypin's defeat by the Court in the recent constitutional crisis, over the Navy Staff Bill, has lessened still further the few prerogatives of the Duma and the Cabinet. Debate after debate brings to light the ghastly horrors of the prison system, the crowding of gaols built to hold scores of criminals with hundreds of "politicals," the ravages of typhoid among them, and, worst of all, the recurring instances of torture and flogging. A few months ago some railway men, who for three years had worked quietly at their posts since the great strike, were sentenced to death by court-martial for their share in it. These are the more striking cases. The obscurer victims are legion. Under Stolypin's heavy hand Russia abandons herself to a passionate surrender of hope. The newspapers now contain a daily paragraph which enumerates the number of "politicals" who have taken their own lives in prison. Suicide out of prison has grown so common that the Holy Synod has organised a campaign of sermons against the sin of despair. "Who can be happy in Russia?" is the title of that poem of Nekrasoff's, which has attained, under the reign of three Tsars, such a popularity as hardly fell in England to the "May Queen" and the "Charge of the Light Brigade." It still sells in farthing copies at village fairs. It will continue to sell while Nicholas II. enjoys the favor of the Bourse and the City, and counts on a welcome at Brest and Cowes.

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## THE QUESTION OF CRETE.

We hope that the reformed Turkish Government, which has no sincerer friends than the British Liberal Party, will not be misled by a suggestion in the "Times" of Tuesday which seems to us to be equally unwise and malevolent. The Young Turks may not understand that the "Times" no longer maintains the influence over British opinion which it once possessed, but they need be under no misapprehension as to the character of its friendship for their movement. At the time of the Turkish reaction the "Times" was one of the first of European journals to desert the reformers. In our view, it does them an equally bad service when it misrepresents to them the attitude of this country towards the Cretan question. The "Times" suggests that if the annexation of Crete is finally brought about by Greek action, Greece can no longer count even on the very limited European intervention which restricted Turkish success in the late war. "Regenerated Turkey," it says, "would be entitled to make the same use of the successes of her arms, should she be constrained to use them, as would any other civilised State." We do not believe that such language represents the view of the Foreign Office. We imagine that the leaders of the Reform movement in Turkey would be the last to say that she had been completely regenerated by a few months of revolution, and, even if she were, no European statesman would encourage her in a fresh career of conquest at the expense of a Christian Power, least of all of a nation to which this country is bound by many ties of feeling and tradition. There is no reason to suppose that either Germany or Russia desires to keep the Cretan question indefinitely open, and it is certain that Italy desires to close it. Why should England, if she cannot assist a solution, block the way to it?

It is, indeed, full time to consider the Cretan question with fairness both to Turkey and to Greece. On July 27th the last detachment of international troops will have been withdrawn. The island is now under Greek government, which will soon be supported by Greek soldiery, and it is practically ruled as if it were a province of the Greek kingdom. Beyond the fact that the Turkish flag flies, with the flags of other Powers, over a rocky island in Suda Bay, every symbol of the old association with Turkey has disappeared. There is no administrative machinery to be got rid of. There is no tribute to pay. The island has been governed well. The lives and properties of the Mohammedan minority, Greek as it is in race, have been generally respected. The Powers, which are now withdrawing their forces, have encouraged the island to hope for union, and, since October last, the Cretans themselves have proclaimed it. The Greek flag now flies over the island, and the Governmental notepaper bears the inscription, "Kingdom of Greece." The severance from the Turkish Empire was, indeed, practically accomplished long before the Young Turks came into power, and the fact that it is nominally incomplete is merely due to the moderation of the Greek Government last October. We certainly do not suggest that they should depart from that attitude, or that any precipitate action should be taken. The new *régime* in Turkey is not yet firmly on its feet, and both its sentimental and its material position should be considered. But it is well to remember that the Turks have always to set in the balance against the shadow of sovereignty that remains to them in Crete, the very substantial prize of the gratitude of five or six millions of Greeks in the Empire. If Young Turkey requires further guarantees, we might, for example, make her nominal withdrawal from Crete the price of our help in modifying the Capitulations. But to egg her on to the invasion of Greece should the all-but accomplished union with Crete come about, as it may well do without friction and without undue haste, is as unwise as it is disgraceful.

# Life and Letters.

## MEREDITH AND ADVENTURE.

It is impossible to imagine Meredith's spirit in any sphere but this present world, in which his interest was so alert and wide, but it was characteristic of his powerful vitality to make light of death. In his later years he often spoke of death to the present writer, and it was always with a certain indifference, almost a kind of gaiety. "I am awaiting the grand event," he used to say, and on one occasion he repeated several times, "No one should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room into another." Perhaps his courage or indifference was partly deliberate—a conscious resolve after manliness, for when dwelling on the importance of conquering the fear of death, he continued:—

> "I was a very timid and sensitive boy. I was frightened of everything; I could not endure to be left alone. But when I came to be eighteen, I looked round the world and determined not to be afraid again. Since then I have had no fear of death. Every night when I go to bed I know I may not rise from it. That is nothing to me. I hope I shall die with a good laugh, like the old French woman; the curé came wailing to her about her salvation, and she told him her best story, and died. The God of Nature and human nature does not dislike humor, you may be sure, and would rather hear it in extremity than the formless official drone."

In war, the unconscious, unreflecting courage—"brute courage," as it is called by people whose courage has never been tested—has hitherto been the most valuable, because imaginative men have never been common, and seldom trustworthy. But when the kind of courage that Meredith was thinking of is reached, it may be the finest of all; for it is an inspired vitality. Respect for this kind of courage attracted Meredith to the Japanese, with their principle of "Bushido," or conscious dedication of life to their country's preservation, and in the same way he advocated a national service in this country, for fear our growing sanitation, comfort, and culture should increase the human terror of death. Both in his own nature and in his works he insisted on the necessity of conquering fear as the first essential for the possession of life. It cost him an effort, as it costs most imaginative people, but that made the conquest the more valuable.

This insistence on courage gave a certain proud and romantic tone to his conversation, and to his finest characters. For a man who saw life with such breadth of vision, and so keenly appreciated all its phases, his own existence was singularly empty of outward experience or adventure. Nor did he dwell much on such things in his books. Except, perhaps, in "Vittoria," there is hardly a scene that could be called "adventurous" in the ordinary sense, and there are few where the courage which he so much admired is outwardly displayed. But by his sense for the rather old-fashioned qualities which used to be thought specially aristocratic, he contrived to throw upon the ordinary life of his day a glamor as of ancient chivalry, and in his own personality a certain splendor of speech and bearing was at once visible, as of one accustomed to armor and knightly ways.

English life in the classes which Meredith took as his natural theme is so secure and stolidly settled that to invest it with the flash of steel and the mysterious charm of romance required the highest imaginative power. Yet even in this Meredith succeeded. In the greatest of his books the adventures of the soul beside the fat reaches of the Thames or in the desirable residences of southern counties are seen to be as perilous and heroic as quests in haunted forests or the clash of hosts beneath the moon. Indeed, one sometimes thinks that he even accomplished the highest miracle of creation and brought into actual life the very men and women—especially the women—who were born as shadows of the brain. When Meredith's great predecessors filled the English world, could such men as Beauchamp and Richard Feverel have existed, or such women as Diana, Clara Middleton, and Emilia? At all events they have existed since, and (Meredith be praised!) they are growing more frequent.

Only to "you who dare" is the invitation to enter the enchanted woods of Westermain addressed. Only to those who dare will the earth reveal the secrets and variety of her enchantments. Courage is the one basis of experience, whether in chivalrous combat on the field or in a peaceful life where peril lurks round every thought. Throughout all Meredith's work courage is the first necessity for completeness of life, whether it takes the form of facing ordinary death or the prolonged and malignant assaults of gossip, the social code, and accepted snobbery; or, again, whether it takes the form of confronting the more terrible forces of hesitation, self-distrust, and self-reproaches in a man's own spirit. Completeness of life—a life without reservation or apology—is the thing on earth most to be desired, and, next to want of courage, Meredith would probably have put sentimentalism and egoism as the chief hindrances to this aim.

It is difficult to define what he meant by sentimentalism, frequently as he used the word. In our ordinary language the meaning is still uncertain, and, in politics at all events, most people call every emotion that does not pay a sentimental motive, while many still confuse sentimentalism with passion. In Meredith the two things are not only distinct, but opposite. The essence of passion is that it burns the soul and purifies like flame; but sentimentalism is always half-hearted, playing with the fires of emotion for their own pretty radiance, and containing, like all half-hearted things, an element of falsity that may at any moment betray the man himself or those who have mistaken half his heart for the whole. Perhaps Wilfrid Pole in "Sandra Belloni" is as fine an example of sentimentalism as can be found—finer than his sisters, because the nature that is ruined has better stuff; but there is a good type in "Rhoda Fleming" as well, and up and down the whole series of the works that evil thing from time to time thrusts out its flickering tongue. For the other cardinal sin of egoism we go to that great "Book of Egoism," where, as is well known, every living man may perceive a glimpse of his own portrait. But there is perhaps a still subtler picture of our common crime in that scene of climax between Percy Dacier and Diana, and in the overwhelming collapse of his soul when he turns from her to Constance Asper on the very same morning. As a revelation of the impenetrable ice which egoism packs round the heart in the Inferno of self there is no such passage in literature as that.

Completeness of life!—there have been few, indeed, of our writers to whom that phrase could be applied as to Meredith. His mind lived from hour to hour with extraordinary opulence. He seemed alive to every vestige of human fortune or natural beauty, and he beheld the world with a reduplicated power, able to detect strange influences unseen. Like all the finest creative minds, he was master of tragedy and the comic spirit alike, finding room in his affections for almost every mood, except, perhaps, melancholy, to which a savor of unmanliness or humbug usually attaches. But having in himself this sense for completeness—for inspired vitality, as we called it in the case of courage—he perceived how that high reward of existence is continually marred and thwarted, not merely by hunger and monotonous toil (for he did not occupy himself with that immense side of human failure), but by those deadly sins of cowardice, half-heartedness, and egoism, which couch side by side with the comic spirit in our classes untouched by the dirt and sweat of labor. If we must look for any single thought or purpose pervading works that extended over forty years, and were marked by something of life's own variety, we should perhaps trace it in the emancipation of men and women from those three paralysing influences. In one work after another he shows the ruin of the human soul by their subtleties, and it is often what outwardly appear to be the finer kinds of soul that are thus overwhelmed. Only by the countervailing powers of courage, passion, and

devotion are these sinister forms of corruption to be averted.

It is significant that the men whom Meredith intends to be most lovable—the men, at all events, to whom the most worshipful of his women, such as Diana or Clara Middleton, ultimately give themselves—are not particularly clever people, nor indeed conspicuous for any special grace. But they possess, almost unseen, those qualities of courage, whole-hearted passion, and a devotion to something that absorbs the thought of self, and those qualities suffice to keep their natures sweet. When, as perhaps in Richard Feverel and Nevil Beauchamp among the men, and in a few other women besides those two mentioned, these salutary powers are united to a magic charm of body and soul, life seems justified of her long travail, and even the most disastrous errors never soil the beauty of life's flower as it is revealed in them. It is for having thus purified and emancipated and raised our common conception of life's possibilities and glory, even in the ordinary times of a rather tame and conventional country, that Meredith won his highest reward of honor, though his other rewards are many.

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## ON THE DECAY OF ENGLAND.

"I BELIEVE that we stand at the parting of the ways, and that the student of England and the English is looking on to-day at the first indications of the decay of, in many respects, the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. The sun that never sets is setting." Such is the mournful verdict of no prejudiced or hostile observer. Mr. Price Collier, in his "England and the English" (Duckworth & Co.), deals many shrewd blows at certain elements in the English character. He sees, as so many foreigners see, our imperturbable complacency, our conviction of our own unchallengeable excellence, our ingrained contempt for the negligible regions outside; and he is filled, at the spectacle, with a little resentment, and some amusement. He notes our devotion to sport, our luxurious living, our capacity for slurring over, or turning a blind eye to, unpleasant things, our habit of compromising concerning fundamental problems. But his tone, on the whole, is one of admiration. He pays full tribute to the qualities which have established at home a secure civilisation, which abroad have "shackled the careering centuries to one small island's fame." He loves and praises the English landscape, little towns and villages set in one large garden, the hospitality of the "Conquerors" in English society, their standard of manners, their reticence, their self-restraint, their ready acceptance of voluntary public service. Only at the end of his review he is driven to the reluctant conclusion that it is all passing, proving inadequate to the demands of the newer time, perishing, not knowing of its departure, thinking that it will endure for ever. The thought is entertained with reluctance. "We all know that America does not like England," he confesses, "and that Americans do not like the English." But "no intelligent American," he asserts, "no American, indeed, whose opinion is worth a fig, would rejoice to see this nation, which has taught the nations of the world the greatest lessons since Christianity—and that is the lesson of law, and order, and liberty—lose her grip." "At bottom, I, and most of my countrymen, would not like to see the old man downed."

This decline he attributes partly to certain changes in the national character, bred of great prosperity, security too readily assumed, and the indolence which is the result of wealth easily won. But partly he is criticising from outside certain political changes and social transformations which are the children of political change. And here his remarks are extraordinarily interesting, as offering a comment upon English party programmes from the entirely detached outside observer. In England the great political parties have retained their names and their coherent organisations, while cutting themselves completely loose from the political philosophies which they once accepted. So that (for example) the Liberal and the Unionist Party each represent an illogical fusion of progressive and reactionary opinions, individualism and Socialism, cosmopolitanism and nationalism, democratic and bureacratic ideals. The Irish people, for example, are the most conservative nation in the world, and upon all reasonable classifications should be found, as Agrarians and Clericals, allied with an Agrarian and Clerical Conservative Party. But the social and racial fissure between landlord and tenant, with all the consequent ferocity of an agrarian revolution, has thrown these two parties into fierce hostility for the greater part of a century. Mr. Price Collier makes of Ireland that which every observing foreigner makes of Ireland—a deplorable and most glaring example of the failure of England and the Imperial rule ever to exercise overlordship over a race which does not fear them. The English husband, he declares, used, until quite recent times, to be allowed to beat his wife. That was his way of demonstrating what a good fellow he was. If she failed to see it before the beating, he was pathetically convinced that the beating would open her eyes. It is the Milner policy in South Africa. If the Dutch don't love you, beat them until they do; if you only beat them long enough, and continuously enough, they are certain to love you at the end. It has been the British policy in Ireland. "He has robbed, starved, slaughtered, bribed, used his whole artillery of colonising charms, and he is just where he was when he started seven hundred and fifty years ago." The secret of the possibility of its continuance is that he is unable to believe that it exists. Ireland, thinks this writer, would "get on the nerves" of most other nations, as the Philippines got on the nerves of America, or Macedonia of Turkey. But the Englishman is imperturbable. He possesses no nerves. He looks upon the noise and clamor from beyond the Channel as a matter of course, he lets it continue, and goes about his business, like a nursemaid who ties the screaming child in the perambulator while she talks with the policeman. If he is occasionally distracted by any undue violence of vocal protest, he turns upon Ireland a heavy, reproachful eye: "Is this your gratitude"—you can see it in his glance—"for the blessings of British rule?" "The most amazing thing about the English and Irish embroglio," says Mr. Price Collier, "is that the Englishmen look upon it as a matter of course. They are constitutionally sure that they are right!" Compel him—and it requires compulsion—to study the long tragedy of Irish history, Lecky's "tissue of brutality and hypocrisy scarcely surpassed in history," and he will inform you at the end, with an air of owlish wisdom, that these things are regrettable, but of the past; that it is never healthy to brood over the past; that he himself never broods over the past; that the miseries of the past had better be forgotten in the benefits of the present. Above all—and this, perhaps, is the real centre of exasperation—he is utterly and unshakably convinced that he is really in Ireland, less for the good of the British than for the good of the Irish people—that the Almighty has laid this heavy task upon him, and, however distasteful, he must continue it to the end. So that it is with an aspect of tired resignation, rather than any air of anger, that he suddenly and impassionately silences—with heavy hand—those who are squealing, and pursues the onerous duty laid upon him, to elevate Ireland up to the civilisation of England.

But in his attitude towards Ireland Mr. Price Collier is at one with an international verdict, that "foreign opinion" which Mr. Chamberlain—speaking the mind of the people—once so contemptuously condemned. In his study of English internal politics he is curiously balanced between the programmes of the various parties. He is entirely in favor of the House of Lords, which, he thinks, more frequently represents the mind of the people than the House of Commons. Far from being an exclusive and hereditary aristocracy, he sees it as representing merchant princes, pro-consuls, successful men of all classes who have fought their way to the top. He is, of course, a convinced Tariff Reformer, thinking our Free Trade system short-sighted imbecility. And he deplores the "Socialistic" tendency of recent legislation, especially the free feeding of children

and the granting of Old Age Pensions. On the other hand, he is whole-heartedly on the side of the Licensing Bill, opposition to which—from the detached view of the impartial observer—appears merely as the desperate fight of a powerful vested interest to maintain the right of corrupting and injuring the public welfare. He utterly condemns the English land system, which has concentrated possession of the land into the hands of a few big landlords. The enjoyment of the wonderful beauty of the English springtime, that countryside of England "that makes one feel his duty to be his religion, the England that every American comes to as to a shrine," is partially ruined by the absence of inhabitants. The Midlands of England he declares to be "as fertile and easily cultivated as any similar number of acres in the world, and to the eye of the traveller they seem so." Yet the traveller, journeying through this pleasant garden, finds everywhere the challenge of one question, "Where are all the people? Did we leave them all in London and Oxford and Worcester and Birmingham? All through the afternoon and into the early evening we travel, and I could have counted more houses, certainly more sheep, than men and women from the carriage window." It is evident, therefore, that Mr. Price Collier, in the British House of Commons would stand alone. Upon a policy of Home Rule for Ireland, active campaign against the Land and Drink monopolies, Tariff Reform, and anti-Socialism, he probably could not secure a single elected adherent; though probably in an Imperial legislature this would be a policy approved by a conspicuous majority of the delegates.

Mr. Price Collier, however—like so many of the visitors who come and go and then estimate what they have seen—only discusses the quality of a tiny percentage of Englishmen. To him England represents about one million male adult persons of the forty-three million inhabitants of the island, that selected and triumphant Governing Class which has attained the overlordship of one-fifth of the world. Below, he but gives indication—partly from statistics of poverty, partly from the occasional vision of shabby, ineffective, broken crowds appearing as from nowhere in the civilised regions—that a slave population labors and endures in order that these may have leisure to conquer and to enjoy. The wind blowing from the East in London bears the smoky scents of a remote industrial hive; or a glance from some high roof reveals the labyrinthine ways of a negligible proletariat; or experience in the little country town at Northbridge discovers a rural sediment "without ambition," "of extraordinary mental lethargy," with a speech of "the guttural, indistinct kind, that one usually associates with people partially dumb." "There is absolutely nothing like him in America, and he must be seen, and heard, and watched in his native lair to be understood and appreciated." This is the "Sovereign people," the "other nation" of Disraeli's picture, to be flattered, cajoled, persuaded that he is a proud Imperial citizen when one section of the Conquerors contests with another set of the Conquerors for the right of temporary rule; otherwise to be left alone, toiling patiently and with occasional mitigations of his lot to support the race that stands for England in its enormous cosmic enterprise. "The English rustic," says Mr. Price Collier—he has not made himself familiar with his brother of the town—"is uneducated, inarticulate, inaudible, and grotesquely awkward, both mentally and physically. But he has his small political value, for he is always and unalterably for no change. He grumbles, but his grumbling means little and effects nothing, and plays no more part in the affairs of the world than does an accidental tap on the big drum in the music of an orchestra."

And of those who have attained, who live in the sunlight, he has few words but those of praise. He approves of their sport, their kindlinesses, their frequent activities. If energy without intelligence could dominate the world in the future, as it has dominated it in the past, he thinks their Empire might endure for ever. He finds a perhaps too determined pursuit of pleasure; forty-five millions—he estimates—permanently invested in the apparatus of sport, and an income of over forty millions spent annually upon it. He approves rather than condemns a man's, rather than a woman's standard of manners and morals. He is quite content that neither clergyman nor critic should make it his business to reveal private breaches of the Ten Commandments. The great Churchmen, he somewhat caustically affirms, "are apparently believers in the doctrine of compromise. They preach that cautious Christianity which holds up an ideal for all, but applies it, as a rule, only for some, and these the least conspicuous and the most amenable." "The most hopeful of all the nations" is one definition of this astonishing social and political tangle—full of compromise, full of confusion. Filled with a "ponderous sense that the Englishman is responsible for the contemporary auditing of the Day of Judgment," these people see all the evil that is done under the sun, except that in their own backyard. "A profound instinct arms them against intelligence, which they recognise as the greatest foe to action." Because money gives here so much of comfort and standing, "the struggle to get it is unparalleled anywhere else in the world." Only the rich can own land, and "when one hears, and one does hear it on every hand, how poor are Englishmen, one has in this land question some explanation of the secret." Everywhere, from highest to lowest, is wastefulness, bad cooking, and the spoiling of good material. Above, "those who are in the saddle in England ride a very fine horse, there is no doubt of that." Below, "in this damp, chill climate" is the testimony, "in these gloomy streets, the poor and the vicious seem more sodden and brutal, and vice more unappetising than elsewhere." "One gets here, more than elsewhere, an early and indelible impression of the fearful struggle to survive." Yet the final result—when all imperfections and complacencies are discounted—is one of praise. Here is the Government of the strong—governing slowly, methodically, with even temper, even justice; relentlessly, but confidently and fairly; always "with the aim of increasing, not decreasing, the personal freedom of the Governed." It is no ignoble verdict in the judgment of the centuries.

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## THE SOUL OF BRITTANY.

The next best thing to going on a careless holiday oneself is, perhaps, to read a sympathetically written account of the holiday journeys of others. As one reads, past holidays are revived and lighted up, and one exclaims, "Et ego in Arcadia." Or one resolves to make the experience one reads of one's own at the earliest possible opportunity. One has often read such books, and forgotten the dull surroundings, the dreary lodgings, the inky weather, the Arctic darkness with regard to food in which provincial England is enwrapped, and for the moment has been, say, walking about France far down in the South in early spring, and arguing with atheists by the roadside, and living on baby lambs, and trout caught from the brook while you wait, and "petits fraises des bois," and green peas from Algiers, at two francs fifty a day.

The reader is taken however, not to the Midi, but to Brittany, the true "Bretagne brettonante," by Mrs. Gostling, in her charmingly illustrated book, "The Bretons at Home" (Methuen). M. Anatole le Braz, the student of Breton folk-lore, whose name is a household word in Brittany, the author of "Au Pays des Pardons," writes an introduction, in which he says that in these pages the very soul of Brittany is to be found. He speaks of the author's knowledge of the most intimate secret of the Breton soul, "à savoir, l'instinct religieux, la hantise de l'au delà, la passion et presque la folie du divin." The Bretons are, no doubt, the most Christian people in the world. "They glory in the name," says Dean Church; "they never weary of it; they delight to call themselves Christians." But it is certainly a Christianity into which the older religions have been absorbed—a "baptised Paganism," if you will, but

a Paganism which has been really baptised. They have all the feelings of awe and wonder with which primitive man beheld the spectacle of the world, while they have drunk deep of the secrets of Christian faith. They sum up and exhibit in themselves the continuous religious experience of the race. This, no doubt, is what makes their delightful country so habitable, so hospitable, so homelike—such a roomy, furnished, human dwelling-place, a house that has been lived in for uncounted generations, full of pictures, full of stories, where the ghosts have not been too sternly exorcised, but have become intimate and friendly by long familiar intercourse with living men. In this happy country there has been no bleakness of reformation, no frenzied whitewashing, sweeping, and garnishing, neither at the present day is there any fury of progress, any haste to be rich.

Mrs. Gostling dwells much on this "paganism," though always sympathetically. She is at great pains to prove that the Saints are the old Gods, and to show the pagan origin of Christian rites. The interpenetration of Christianity and Paganism was, of course, mutual. Was not this the best possible thing for mankind that could have happened? The Church, for instance, which began with slaves in the Catacombs became aristocratic, but aristocracy was thereby Christianised. No doubt there have been often found Arrabiati more essentially Christian than many of the Piagnoni, Malignants more humble-minded than many Puritans, licensed victuallers more tender-hearted than many teetotalers. Who would have either side untouched and unalloyed by the virtues of the other, or care to live in a world dominated by either side alone? The writer would recommend anyone planning a work "In Defence of Superstition" to go and live for a time in Breton-speaking Brittany. One of the first pictures in Mrs. Gostling's book is called "A Painter of Saints." This is a great industry in Brittany, as it is in Russia. A bearded peasant in blouse and sabots, watched by two wondering little girls, is touching up the stole of a solemn mitred figure standing on a bracket fixed to the college wall. These images are everywhere—the churches are full of them. Nowhere in the world is the cultus of the Saints carried to such lengths as in Brittany. The unseen world becomes a home-like place to the Breton peasant, because it is peopled with all these familiar figures he knows so well on earth. They are as real as the next-door neighbors. There is St. Yves, the lawyer, who obtains justice for the poor and oppressed; St. Eloi, the blacksmith, patron of horses; St. Cornély, the Pope, protector of oxen; St. Fiacre, with his spade; St. Corentin with his fish, and how many more! St. John Baptist carrying the lamb is a great personage in Brittany. But the most loved of all is St. Anne, the mother of Mary,

"Par qui la Rose a fleuri où ne poussait que l'épine."

The legends make her a Breton lady, as in Andalusian ballads St. Catherine is a maiden of Cadiz. There are saints for a toothache or an earthquake. One may think what one will of this belief theologically, but surely there is nothing servile or degrading to the dignity of man in a doctrine, which, say, at Messina, attributes to pathetic human figures a power of intervention amid the play of immense and fatal forces—the oceanic and volcanic forces imaged in the Homeric mythology—and amid the whirlwind and the earthquake sets little girls, like Rose and Agatha, with supplicating childish voices and weak, uplifted hands.

The Breton soul may best be studied at Mass. It is impossible to look at the Mass-books which many of the white-capped women carry, some of them handed down as heirlooms, so used and worn, and yet preserved so carefully, without being touched. Of the Breton women it may be said that they present a singular combination of the virtues of Mary and Martha. Of the excellence and cheapness of the food in Brittany one is almost afraid to speak. In turning over this book, and noting the descriptions of meals and inns, and quiet little towns, the writer is constantly reminded of his own experiences. Mrs. Gostling, for instance, writes pleasantly of Le Faou, "How strange Le Faou seemed," she says; "how quiet, how deserted!" It is, indeed, as grass-grown as Stokesley, as deserted as Holbeach. But how different! There are parts of England where it is almost impossible to obtain food of any kind. The fact that people eat is carefully dissembled—it is a secret, an open secret, no doubt, but a secret still. This is not the case at Le Faóu. The writer remembers the eight-mile drive to get to it through the autumn twilight, the talk of the friendly driver, a girl running out of a lonely farmhouse on the way as we passed with a letter addressed, "A Monsieur Jean Blaise." "C'est pour Jean?" "Mais oui, c'est pour Jean." We arrived in the sad evening grey at what seemed a cut-throat little inn, with rough peasants drinking round the hearth.

In answer to a request for dinner Madame proposed a meal which she modestly called "souper"—a meal so excellent, so varied, so satisfying, with its perfect omelette, its mackerel fresh from the sea, its cutlets, its salad, its coffee and liqueur, that grey Le Faou was at once bathed in roseate light. The writer slept in a clean and decent room, had coffee in the morning, and, after a pilgrimage to Rumengol, the scene of one of the great Breton pardons, came back to another succulent meal, partaken of in lonely state. The charge for this whole entertainment, including the voiture, was smilingly announced as "sept francs, monsieur." One hastens to add that at Le Faou there are to be found neither golf links nor an English church. In the early morning at Le Faou, a ballad singer, singing Breton ballads, passed down the empty street, and the people came running out to buy her broad sheets. Another little thing that pleased the writer was the mimic music played by a merry group of children who had formed themselves into an imaginary orchestra around a great stack of faggots. One with two sticks was beating an imaginary drum, another drawing a stick as a bow across the strings of an imaginary fiddle, a third fingering on a stick as an imaginary flute—all with the greatest verve and gaiety, the most perfect mimicry and keenest enjoyment. Why do the children of the English poor never play like this? Here and there in the grey street was a mulberry, "wisest of trees," or a walnut tree with a rustic seat beneath it. One thought half enviously of the people who would still be there, so contentedly and cheerfully, when the walnuts were ripe, on All Souls' Day, at Christmas.

Everything in Brittany seems as old as the world. All is primitive, Virgilian, Biblical. For instance, Mrs. Gostling says: "A Breton wedding is like one of those great feasts of which we read in the Bible. All are welcome, and not least the halt, the maimed, and the blind. At news of the marriage they assemble from far and near, and the sight of all these destitute creatures taking part in the good cheer with the more wealthy guests is the crowning charm of the entertainment." Brittany is the last bit remaining in Western Europe of an older and simpler world, with its hospitality, its courtesy, its unwordliness, its leisure, its charm. It is probable that all these things are doomed. For instance, Mrs. Gostling failed to see the "Blessing of the Beasts" at Carnac. "For the first time for hundreds, nay, as I believe, for thousands of years the beasts went away unblessed by the priests. . . The Church has at length refused her sanction to the traditional cult of the district." We sincerely hope not. "Ça se perd," said a pessimistic priest to the writer, speaking of the Breton faith, "ça diminue." But all readers of Mrs. Gostling's book will hope the Bretons may yet long keep their happiness.

## TO VINDICATE LEIGH HUNT.

It is nearly always best to leave the dead alone and to enact no "rehearsal of the Judgment Day" over their bones. We know how inadequate or perverse the opinions of our friends and contemporaries about our own actions and characters usually are. What, then, can we expect from a critic who sets himself to judge the complexities of a man's soul years after the man is dead, and nothing remains to judge him by except vague

traditions, scraps of writing, and a few letters that only reveal the moods of passing hours? As to the external facts and relationships connected with a great name, and often sought after with so much diligence, they are, in most cases, quite unimportant, and have had little influence on the spirit for whose sake they are exhumed.

But I hope you will, none the less, allow me to carry out the wishes of my friend, the late Dr. George Bird, by publishing a statement of his in regard to Leigh Hunt's memory. Dr. Bird was himself a remarkable and singularly attractive man, intimate with nearly all the leading figures in art and literature throughout the middle of last century. Professionally, he counted among his patients Dickens, Swinburne, Richard Burton, Grant Allen, Richard Horne, and many more, including a few of those who survived from an earlier age of literary greatness, such as Claire Clairmont, a kind of half-sister to Mary Godwin, and the mother of Byron's Allegra, and Jane Hogg, widow of the Edward Williams who was drowned with Shelley.

But out of all his distinguished patients and friends, Dr. Bird seemed to regard Leigh Hunt with the greatest affection and respect. He spoke of him frequently to me, and always with peculiar enthusiasm. He knew him most intimately between 1850 and Leigh Hunt's death in 1859. Both his personal admiration and his anxiety to clear the memory of a friend are shown in the following letter, written in his eighty-second year, to Leigh Hunt's eldest grandson, and now entrusted to me, for publication, by him and Miss Alice Bird, the doctor's sister:—

June 27th, 1899.

To Mr. Walter Leigh Hunt.

My dear Walter,—

I sympathise with you, as you know, in your keen desire to remove the adverse impression created by the reiterated attacks on your grandfather. I sympathise because I have always felt the deepest respect and admiration for the man as well as the writer. I never think of him or hear his name without an emotion of, I may say, veneration for his nobility of character. I have often longed to put in print my own personal recollections touching the persistent calumnies and misconceptions that pursue his reputation. I have withheld any public expression because of giving pain to his descendants, but I have felt pain and grief whenever I have heard him calumniated. I have done my utmost by word of mouth, especially with literary men of the day, to put things in their proper light.

To speak plainly, the source of most of this misrepresentation was no other than his wife, Mrs. Leigh Hunt. In my opinion, she was mendacious, self-indulgent, and incapable of controlling her household. When I first knew her, about 1851, she was an intemperate woman and sodden from drink. How much Leigh Hunt knew of this infirmity I do not know. One day he said to me, "Isn't a bottle of brandy a day, which I hear you have ordered my wife, too much?" As her doctor I had ordered abstention from spirituous drinks. Going one day into her room, Leigh Hunt kicked over a bottle of foaming beer, partly hidden under the bed. "It's milk, my dear," said Mrs. Leigh Hunt, and he accepted the explanation, with what reservations of his own I cannot tell.

Naturally this state of things led to acute domestic disorganisation and embarrassment with tradesmen, and to giving ceaseless notes of hand. On one occasion I intervened to pacify a pressing tradesman. The embarrassments led to Mrs. Hunt's borrowing and begging from friends. There is a painful reference to the daily troubles in the "Correspondence," Vol. II., p. 164 ff. The veiled influence is there alluded to by the editor, his eldest son, Thornton. A letter is given (by Macaulay, I believe) remonstrating with Mrs. Leigh Hunt on her applications for money and for keeping her husband in the dark.

I believe I am the only contemporary of Leigh Hunt who could testify to these facts concerning his wife, and for the sake of Leigh Hunt I put them on record before I pass away. I attended professionally Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Leigh Hunt, his beloved son, Vincent, and others of the family. Vincent died in 1852.

As to the lamentable Dickens caricature which arose out of the borrowings, I don't see how that is to be remedied. No doubt Dickens did put Leigh Hunt in the pillory. He afterwards repented and made a sort of retractation, but the injury he inflicted remains, alas! to this date. I am glad to write these few words to you, Leigh Hunt's eldest grandson, as I know you take adverse criticism to heart.

I am, dear Walter Hunt, faithfully yours,
George Bird, M.D.,
(now in my 82nd year.)

There is still a danger that the man of whom Dr. Bird thus writes will be remembered chiefly just by that "lamentable caricature." A letter is extant showing that Dickens believed Harold Skimpole to be a wonderfully accurate representation of Leigh Hunt's character. "Bleak House" was published in 1852, and, writing from Boulogne, on September 25th of the following year, to Mrs. Richard Watson, of Rockingham Castle, Dickens said:—

"Skimpole—I must not forget Skimpole—of whom I will proceed to speak as if I had only read him and not written him. I suppose he is the most exact portrait that was ever painted in words! I have very seldom, if ever, done such a thing. But the likeness is astonishing. I don't think it could possibly be more like himself. It is so awfully true that I make a bargain with myself 'never to do so any more.' There is not an atom of exaggeration or suppression. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man. Of course, I have been careful to keep the outward figure away from the fact; but in all else it is the life itself."—(Published in "Harper's Magazine," April, 1906.)

Nearly two years later (June 28th, 1855), no doubt in answer to Leigh Hunt's protest against such an abuse of the decencies of acquaintanceship, Dickens wrote from Tavistock House:—

My dear Hunt,—

Do not, I beg you, suppose that I have been unmindful of your letter. I have been more busily engaged than I could easily tell you, and have not, until this day, seen my way to an evening when I can pass an hour at Hammersmith. Next Monday evening, please God, I will pause in my walk at 7, Cornwall Road.

But I hope you will not think it necessary to renew that painful subject with me. There is nothing to remove from my mind—I hope nothing to remove from yours. I thought of the little notice which has given you (I rejoice most heartily to find) so much pleasure—as the best means that could possibly present themselves of enabling me to express myself publicly about you as you would desire. In that letter and unmistakable association with you by name, let all end.—

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

In his greed for good "copy" and a subject for popular caricature, Dickens had run himself into a position from which nothing could extricate him with grace, though, being of so generous a nature, he evidently wished to make what amends he could. But no amends could suffice. The injury has hitherto been irreparable. Even the protest of so unfailing, though so rhetorical, a critic as Swinburne has not checked it. Writing in the "Quarterly Review" for July, 1902, Swinburne said it was incredible that Leigh Hunt, an "honest man and a man of unquestionable genius," should to this day suffer from such a calumny:—

"The simple and final reply," he continued, "should have been that indolence was the essential quality of the character and philosophy of Skimpole, and that Leigh Hunt was one of the hardest and steadiest workers on record, throughout a long and chequered life, at the toilsome trade of letters: and therefore to represent him as a heartless and shameless idler would have been as rational an enterprise, as lifelike a design after the life, as it would be to represent Shelley as a gluttonous, canting hypocrite, or Byron as a loyal and unselfish friend."

In agreement with this estimate is a sentence from the introduction to Leigh Hunt's autobiography, edited by his eldest son, the "favorite child" of Charles Lamb's poem to T. L. H.: "The mastering trait in Leigh Hunt's character was a conscientiousness which was carried even to extremes."

When to such judgments Dr. Bird's personal and professional evidence is added, one may perhaps hope that at last the calumny may be allowed to die. From my conversations with Dr. Bird and with his sister, Miss Alice Bird, who still retains a very clear memory of the Hunt family in the 'fifties, I should believe that Leigh Hunt had hardly a point in common with Skimpole, except a childlike inability to understand the household expenses. On looking into the accounts, he would, for instance, complain that too much was spent on salt; and once he wrote to Mrs. Hunt that they ought to live in a hotel and save rent, taxes, and servants. But it was a scandalous abuse of literature to construct a model "waster" out of an innocent trait like that, and call it an exact portrait.

May I just support Dr. Bird's protest by one inference of my own? The son Vincent, who is mentioned in the letter, died when he was only twenty, but was

himself a poet born, and there is a sonnet by him, entitled "On Watching my Father Asleep." It runs:—

"The firelight flickers on the wall of books,
While my dear father slumbers in its shade;
And as his habit is, his head is laid
'Gainst his 'beloved Spenser,' and he looks
As though his mind through those delicious nooks
Of fairyland with perfect Una stray'd,
Listening to all the lovely things she said,
In voice far sweeter than Spenserian brooks.

"Alas! that that so lov'd fine face should be
Scarr'd by Life's suff'rings more than by its years
So that in calmest sleep it is not free
From sorrow marks that dim mine eyes with tears:
And yet (thank God!) that patient, kind face wears
A youthful vigour still, divine to see."

It is very rare for a son to write a poem on his father at all. It is incredible that a son should write such lines as these on a father who had more than the very faintest resemblance to Harold Skimpole. It is as incredible as that a "waster" could have written the two lines in which Leigh Hunt uttered the depth of sorrow for that favorite son's death:—

"Death is not borne by only those that die;
Daily they die, long, long, who loved the dead."

If anyone thinks that the man who wrote those lines deserved to be handed down as the living original of Skimpole, he had better leave, not only literature, but ordinary human life alone for ever.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

# Present-Day Problems.

## AN ACADEMIC VIEW OF LORD CURZON'S MANIFESTO.

### II.

IN a previous article I endeavored to show that, even on the assumption that Lord Curzon's suggestions for University reform were sufficient, it is very doubtful whether they could be carried out without legislation of a kind for which a Commission of Inquiry is the natural and normal preliminary. In the present paper I wish to explain why, in the opinion of many very moderate and conservative reformers like myself, the suggested changes are inadequate. I pass over many minor matters which might reasonably be inquired into, as I want to concentrate attention on the two or three points which seem to me to be vital. These are (1) A reform in the government of the University, which would enable the University to effect most of the other necessary reforms for itself; (2) The abolition of non-resident Fellowships; (3) The question of "Research."

(1) The system by which a great University is governed by an enormous non-resident body composed of such of its former students as have taken its lowest degree, paid some £15 for a further degree, and contributed a small annual subscription to its funds ever since, is so outrageous that it will be waste of time to declaim against it. I, for one, should have little disposition to abolish an anomaly, merely because it is an anomaly, if it worked out in a way which was practically harmless. Unfortunately this is far from the case: in practice it means that any proposed reform can, with absolute certainty, be stopped if it is sufficiently obnoxious to the most conservative or reactionary section of resident Oxford opinion to make its representatives care to summon up their forces from the country. The mere knowledge that this is the case prevents far-reaching changes being even talked of. The question what should be the ultimate governing authority of a University is one of the most difficult of all academical problems. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world, in the past or in the present, has a completely satisfactory solution been found. Government by teachers only has, undoubtedly, in the past led to abuses: wherever the teachers do not govern, they complain of external interference as uninformed and unsympathetic, even when not inspired by sinister motives. The very large popularly elected "Courts" of some modern British Universities are, to say the least of it, difficult to work. In the United States professors complain of the virtual despotism of the president, whenever he possesses the confidence of the external governing body. In Germany government supervision, enlightened in the main, is injurious to liberty of thought: it is an acknowledged principle in Prussia, and probably in most German States, that a Socialist can as little be a professor as he can be an officer in the army. Some Governments will not appoint a liberal theologian. Under these circumstances many of us would be satisfied—at least in the present unformed state of English opinion upon the subject—with any amendment of the present system which would make it tolerable. I have already dealt with the proposed changes in the constitution of Council and Congregation. The latter, at least, is quite in the right direction; the proposed change in the composition of the Council is more questionable, and, in any case, is not very important. We are now officially informed, in the "University Gazette," that the Hebdomadal Council has accepted the principle of a Reform of Convocation, and has instructed a Committee "to submit a scheme or schemes on the lines suggested in the Chancellor's Memorandum, or on such other lines as may be found practicable."

Members of Council, who have enjoyed the advantage of oral communication with the Chancellor, have apparently been more successful than the general public in discovering upon what lines its author has proposed to reform Convocation. In the document before us no less than four schemes are discussed, but none of them seems to have been fortunate enough to secure Lord Curzon's personal approval. The tone of the discussion is such as to suggest that he regards all of them as open to insuperable objections. The only one at all likely to satisfy reformers is the one which, apparently, he favors least—the plan of depriving Convocation of control on "educational matters." "It appears to me that any attempt to sweep away Convocation as the final Court in University matters would be doomed to probable failure." If the scheme be held to imply the actual restriction of its powers to the election of burgesses and a few honorary prerogatives, I should quite agree as to the impracticability of the suggestion. Convocation is as little likely to commit voluntary suicide as the House of Lords: and Parliament would not perhaps be very ready to make over the absolute control of the University and its revenues to a Congregation consisting entirely of resident teachers. But it does not seem quite beyond the limits of human ingenuity to frame some enactment by which the control of the University examinations—the conditions under which degrees shall be given, the nature and subjects of the examination and the like—shall be left to the reformed Congregation. If this were done, and a considerable control over University finance were entrusted to the proposed Financial Board, the situation might be rendered tolerable—especially if the composition of Convocation were gradually improved by the elimination of the mere passman.

(2) I pass to the question of "idle Fellowships." Lord Curzon systematically endeavors to minimise the importance of this matter. "In practice," he tells us, "the anomaly, if it be such, is one of small dimensions, and resolves itself into a criticism of the single institution of All Souls." This is perhaps the only passage in Lord Curzon's book which I should be tempted to stigmatise as ill-informed or disingenuous. It is difficult to give exact figures, as the University Calendar does not distinguish "Research" Fellows from "Prize" Fellows. There has been, no doubt, a general tendency on the part of most Colleges to elect "Research" Fellows instead of "Prize" Fellows; but it is a matter of common knowledge that at Merton and at Magdalen a succession of "Prize" Fellows have been elected in the course of the last few years (as well as an occasional one elsewhere), though it may have happened that some of these have remained in the University and taken

work at other Colleges. Many other Colleges are still bound by their Statutes to elect a certain number of such Fellows, and will have to do so sooner or later. Moreover (if no steps are taken to prevent it) their number must grow as the life-fellows on the old foundations—many of whom survive in some Colleges—drop off, and as the revenues of the more fortunate Colleges increase. But I would not deny to All Souls its bad pre-eminence as the home *par excellence*—from Saturday to Monday—of the non-resident Fellow. It was only to be expected that an ex-Fellow of All Souls should draw a glowing picture of a system to which he is naturally attached. "Whether it is desirable," he tells us, "that there should remain a single institution which offers a highly-valued prize to the ablest young men (because, although the Examination is in 'subjects connected with the studies of Law and History,' it is conducted in such a manner as to be a test of all-round ability) drawing them from all Colleges without distinction, assisting their entrance into public or professional life, keeping alive their interest in and association with the University for a number of years, infusing the influence of Oxford through their agency into many and diverse spheres of action, and presenting, if not a succession of historians and jurists to the University, at least a number of distinguished public servants to Church and State, is a question upon which I am not qualified to pronounce."

That many Fellows of All Souls have been men eminently qualified to diffuse the subtle "influence of Oxford" through the wastes of English society I should be far from denying: what is questionable is whether they have effected this diffusion any the better on account of their £200 a year for seven years—followed in many cases (an abuse peculiar to All Souls) by £50 a year for many years afterwards. Could they not have diffused this delicate aroma upon their own often quite sufficient private incomes? And then we are treated to many impressive vaguenesses about the influence which, through All Souls, the outside world exercises upon Oxford. All Souls, we are told, is a "bridge between Oxford and the nation." I should be the last to minimise the advantage which some of us, dining with a resident Fellow of All Souls, may have derived from the whiff of a larger air which some non-resident barrister or M.P. may have brought with him into our provincial existence; but ought such an evanescent contact with higher spheres of being to cost the University several thousands a year? Admitting to the full the inestimable advantages of the "bridge," the objection is that the structure is too expensive a one for the weight that it is being made to bear. And then there remains the question whether it is the right persons who have always been selected to form the coping-stone of this sumptuous piece of architecture. "The Examinations," we are told, "are so conducted as to serve as a test of all-round ability." No one will doubt that Fellows of All Souls are elected for ability—sometimes ability of the highest order; nor would I for a moment question the large and elastic interpretation which has been given to the "ability" demanded for elections. The Fellows of All Souls are men of the world, and the candidates of their choice are seldom narrow specialists: still less is there room for the complaint that those passed over have been disqualified on pedantically academical grounds. Many kinds of "ability" besides those recognised in the schools have received their full share of recognition. But the fact remains that, so far as election depends upon the Examination at all, that Examination is in Law or History. When the present arrangement was made by the first Oxford Commission, it was never contemplated that the lion's share of the Oxford Prize Fellowship fund would be swallowed up by these two subjects. A philosopher, for instance, can only obtain one of these prizes if he happens to possess also a taste and capacity for History or Law, and if he can afford the time and money required to enable him to devote a considerable time after his degree to their study. If All Souls is to continue a College with four undergraduates, the subjects which it "rewards" should be widened. But, after all, the art of getting on in the world needs no artificial endowment. It might possibly be desirable that a very small number of prizes—frankly treated as such—should be given for the express purpose of enabling a few brilliant alumni of Oxford to go to the bar, if the Eldon and Vinerian Scholarships are not already sufficient for the purpose; but they need not be worth £1,400 and more, and they should be confined to men who need them. That many thousands a year, given for the purpose of study in the University, and only diverted from that purpose in quite modern times by a systematic and perjured violation of statutes (now legalised, of course, by the Commissions), should still go to advance private fortunes, when money is so badly wanted for the true purposes of a University, is a state of things which I feel sure that a democratic age will not much longer endure. If this system came to an end, the rooms of All Souls would become available for some useful purpose. Lord Curzon admits that the working men ought to have a College: he has not suggested that they should be presented with All Souls.

H. Rashdall.

[Note.—I much regret that in my last article I misunderstood a sentence of Lord Curzon's. Lord Curzon does not propose that scholarships should be offered for "Music, Divinity, the Indian Civil Service, and Research," but complains that they are not offered for other subjects, such as (apparently) English Literature or Modern Languages.]

*(To be concluded next week.)*

# The Drama.

## REPERTORY THEATRES AND THE NATIONAL THEATRE.

The two repertory theatres, so suddenly and unexpectedly announced as in process of gestation, have, like Charles Surface, given several worthy people cause for much easiness. In more than one quarter I have heard the view expressed that the enterprises of Mr. Herbert Trench and Mr. Charles Frohman—odd conjunction of names!—were "bound to queer the pitch of the National Theatre." "Queer the pitch," I may explain, for the benefit of judges of the High Court and other innocent persons, is a piece of acrobats' slang, equivalent to "cut in ahead of," or "take the wind out of the sails of," so-and-so. Some people have even hinted that such was the dark design of the sinister Trench and the crafty Frohman. Now, I have not a shadow of doubt that these fears and these suspicions are alike groundless. Mr. Trench and Mr. Frohman are perfectly sincere in their expressions of good-will towards the National Theatre; and their efforts to train the public in the habits of mind which are essential to the success of the repertory system can only redound to the advantage of any theatre from which the continuous run is to be excluded. There is, however, an element of danger in the very fact that people are so apt to confound these two gallant and laudable enterprises with the totally different National Theatre scheme, and to imagine some necessary interdependence between them. To meet this danger, certain distinctions must be clearly drawn—distinctions as fundamental as that between an affair of outposts and a pitched battle.

The National Theatre can all the better afford to welcome the efforts of Mr. Trench and Mr. Frohman, as its relation to them is one of peculiar advantage. It

might be called a heads-I-win-tails-you-lose relation. In other words, the National Theatre has a great deal to gain by the success of the two repertory theatres, and nothing to lose by their failure, or by the failure of either of them. Let us first consider the more cheerful alternative, and suppose that both enterprises achieve a conspicuous success.

"In that case," say the doubters, "where will be the use of your National Theatre? We shall have two repertory theatres: is there any need, or any room, for three?" Certainly there will be need for a National Theatre, simply because neither of the other enterprises can for a moment pretend to fill its place. No doubt the need will be a little less urgent, inasmuch as the deadening pressure of the long run will be in some degree relieved. But if there were a dozen repertory enterprises run for private profit in theatres so rent-burdened as our West End houses, they could not fill the place of a great theatre belonging to the nation—to the empire—and devoted by munificent public spirit to the single-hearted cultivation of dramatic art in all its higher forms. Be their fortunes what they may, neither the Haymarket nor the Duke of York's will ever be a monument to Shakespeare, or a public testimony to the nation's pride in its dramatic past and determination that the future shall not be unworthy of it. That is what we want in a National Theatre—not merely a perfected machine, but a conspicuous sign and symbol of a new and improved frame of mind towards the drama. If Mr. Trench and Mr. Frohman achieve success in their limited efforts, with their very imperfect machines, all the more credit to them. They will help the National Theatre, not only by breaking down the prestige of the long run system, but by giving actors and producers the varied training which the repertory system at once supplies and demands. But no success they can possibly attain would enable them to supply the place of the National Theatre; nor do their promoters, I am sure, cherish any such ambition.

But take now the possibility that they, or either of them, were to fail: would their failure tend to discount the National Theatre movement? Only in the minds of people who will not take the trouble to understand the most obvious features of the situation. The whole National Theatre scheme is based on the assumption that no theatre which is not specially designed and equipped for repertory service, and which is, on the other hand, required to pay rent and interest on invested capital, can successfully react against the commercial forces which make for the star system and the long run. Acting on that assumption, the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre Committee has estimated for a theatre with a moderate-sized auditorium, indeed, but with a spacious stage, equipped with all modern appliances, not only for the rapid changing of scenes, but for the easy mounting and unmounting of the whole scenic apparatus of alternating plays. It has conceived this theatre as being dedicated, rent and rate-free, to the community, represented by a body of Governors. And, to make assurance doubly sure, it has estimated for a yearly subvention of £10,000—the interest on a capital sum of a quarter of a million, to be raised by public subscription. Contrast with these conditions the conditions at the Haymarket and the Duke of York's: theatres, steeped, if I may say so, in long-run traditions; with small stages adapted to long runs of small society plays; without a single one of the facilities, either before or behind the curtain, required for the convenient and economical working of a repertory system; burdened by heavy rent and taxes; and required, at the very least, to make both ends meet and overlap, if not to pay a considerable interest on capital. How could the failure of enterprises thus crushingly handicapped afford the slightest premonition or presumption of failure for an enterprise so utterly different in all its circumstances as the National Theatre? Rightly regarded, the break-down of the Trench and Frohman experiments would only afford an additional proof of the necessity for a National Theatre, by showing that, even with large resources and under able management, ill-equipped and unendowed repertory theatres cannot struggle against the crushing financial burdens imposed on them in the West End of London.

We are assured that both the Haymarket and the Duke of York's will be conducted on the true repertory system, as distinct from the short-run system pursued—and, indeed, invented—by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker at the Court Theatre. This is, on the face of it, a wise resolve; for the short-run system was financially unsound, inasmuch as it forced the management to be constantly killing the goose that laid the golden eggs—taking off plays at the height of their success. But I cannot help fearing that the sheer pressure of circumstances will drive Mr. Trench and Mr. Frohman to fall back, if not upon the long-run, at any rate upon the short-run system. This, at any rate, one may predict with confidence: that if the managers are faithful to the true repertory system, they will either have to confine themselves to plays requiring very little scenery, or to incur an inordinate expense in the constant mounting and unmounting of heavy productions. Whatever course they pursue, their failure, should it occur, would in no way portend the failure of an institution which would be exempt from any such dilemmas and disadvantages.

Finally, with regard to the Duke of York's undertaking in particular, there is another point which must not be overlooked. Mr. Trench, in his managerial capacity, is a "dark horse"; we do not know what to expect of him, though we are confident that the historian of the future will be able to say

> "He nothing common did, or mean,
> Upon that memorable scene."

But the playwrights chiefly concerned in the Duke of York's venture are not dark horses at all. We know all about them; and we know that, with the exception of Mr. Barrie, they belong to, or rather constitute, the Court Theatre group. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Barker are all outpost fighters—the forlorn hope of the drama, one might almost call them. It is natural to suppose, then, that the Duke of York's will in the main continue the Court traditions, and be, as the Court was, an outpost theatre. But this is just what the National Theatre will not be in the main. If it be managed in the right spirit, it will do a certain amount of outpost work; but that will not and cannot be its primary function. It must before everything be a popular theatre; and though the fanatics of modernism will, no doubt, hold up this phrase to scorn, I do not think any intelligent and candid reader will misconstrue it. Of course the theatre must not truckle unworthily to vulgar tastes; it had better fail outright than do that; but it must make every worthy endeavor to attract a wide and intelligent, as distinct from a narrow and "intellectual," public. Its statutes, as drafted by the Committee, compel it, as its very name compels it, to give Shakespeare and the classical drama a prominent place in its repertory; and in its dealings

with modern drama it would sin against its fundamental idea if it fell mainly under the influence of any one school of playwrights. Catholicity must be its watchword; and while it will no doubt give all reasonable encouragement to the short-run drama, it must by no means exclude the long-run drama, but only the unbroken run. Here, then, we have another point in which the Duke of York's enterprise will, in all probability, differ radically from the National Theatre: it will make its appeal in the main to a very much narrower public. I have little doubt that, within the limits fixed by the material conditions above stated, the appeal will be successful; but if it should not be, no inference whatever can be drawn as to the probable fortunes of the National Theatre.

In short, we can afford to look with the liveliest sympathy upon these experimental precursors of the great institution which is to be. Their success must rejoice, while their failure need in no way disquiet us.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Communications.

## THE DEATH OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The death of George Meredith is like an incredible event. His genius created to an extraordinary extent the feeling of youth. The eager vitality of his mind rose constantly superior to the hopeless regrets of life and seemed to see clearly an immense dawn beginning to rise above the dark shadows of illusions. Fully aware of the tragic element in existence he fell back on a kind of natural and cosmic optimism, to account to himself for his own inherent belief in the fitness and value of this world. He was instinctively a moralist. Everything, within some huge and incomprehensible cycle, had for him a meaning, however dim or impersonal. He had the most vivid and original imagination of his time. The singular impressiveness of his conceptions and his wide knowledge of the nuances of sentiment and class are apt to blind one to the fact that, beneath all his philosophic aloofness, he is really a preacher with a very definite, even if a very undogmatic, theology. He had a profound insight into the essentials of personality, though his actual creations are too often more typical than real. Over nearly all his work there lies that touch of the bizarre, the result of a brain amazingly alert, self-conscious, and critical of the mediocre.

He had, in fact, a truly aristocratic mind, intolerant of all stupidity. He possessed what has been called "the rare combination" of wit and humor, though his brilliant capacity for aphorism masks what is sometimes the obvious in a cloud of phrases. It is, indeed, impossible to ignore the question of his style. An essentially lyrical writer, he used an inverted process of this when he had to write of events of everyday occurrence. His mastery over obscure mental imagery frequently caused him to describe phases of the mind and character as though he were holding with himself a peculiar, internal soliloquy. But when the theme demanded artistic power, he was equal to the greatness of the occasion. He could be the most moving of writers, throwing upon the mournful or heroic episodes of this life his eloquent and sundering words, full of restraint, simplicity and the magic of romance. His fervent belief in the capability of language is proved by the emotion which thrills through many of his pages like an indefinable, fresh breeze of the morning.

For beyond all else he was a poet. Already his philosophy is being relegated into the grave of past things, and that devout belief in the future of the races is giving way to the cold reasoning of facts and the sad voice of the unhappy world saying with its melancholy inconclusiveness that time holds nothing but the death of unborn generations, the decay of hopes, the foolish delusions of a youth which is already dying, the certain comprehension that life is in itself empty, miasmic, purposeless, and that there is nothing to hope for, beyond the pains of this fantastic tragedy.

But as regards his poetical grasp of beauty, the case is far different. Both in poetry and prose he could write the most entrancing descriptions, idealistic, tender, made up of all the colors of twilight and day, breathing the deep repose of an imaginative communion with the spirit of earth. His love scenes are the most lyrical in our language. They glow before us in the delicious mystery of the longings of youth, the bewilderment of old and inexplicable desires, the passionate dawn of first love. He interpenetrates the human and the natural with the essence of each other, till the world and those it contains seem transfigured beneath a rosy light. A vague romance sheds its rays over his works—they are all idealised subtly, all tinged with a fancy out of the fonts of imagery. His keen insight gave him that grip on the dramatic without which all is lifeless, and with which so much is made convincing. He was eminently sane and unfanatical, trusting to the general rightness of humanity to keep the world safely along the paths of advance and order.

In private life the most entertaining and sparkling of conversationalists, he was also the kindest of friends. He took an enormous amount of trouble in answering stray correspondents, in giving encouragement to the writers of a new era, in reading current literature and keeping *au fait* with the interests of an age from which he was divorced in numerous ways. But he was in many respects astonishingly modern. He accepted the rapid changes of recent years, the whirlpool of varied dramas, with equanimity, believing all the time in the rejuvenating processes of life and the ultimate emergence of society. When he was far past seventy, I remember having a conversation with him about the South American Republics (where I had recently been), which showed a remarkable grasp of remote and complicated facts. I must say it again—It is almost impossible to credit that this great man is dead. He was like the personification of life. He seemed to me one of those invincibly immortal people who are too strong for death, over whom death holds no sway. I think of him in the same way as I think of Turgenieff and Walt Whitman—as of one too vital and eloquent to be classed among the dead. But, as he wrote of Swinburne only a few weeks ago, "the end has come." It is a solemn and strange thought. As I read again the noble, multitudinous pages, I can hardly believe that this wonderful brain is at last extinct, and that the enigmatical night has closed for ever over the splendid soul of George Meredith.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD H. P. CURLL.

May 19th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## "THE OBJECT OF THE GERMAN NAVY."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In Mr. J. F. Collier's letter to you under the above heading (NATION, May 15th), he suggests that the German desire for a strong navy, as well as a strong army, is due to an intention—"at the death of the Emperor of Austria"—of annexing the German-speaking Austrian provinces, and thus forming an Empire reaching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The intention is probable enough, but there is no ground for supposing that it would, or could, be furthered by the possession of a strong navy. The recent facts of German history tell against any such supposition. The formation of the North German *Bund* was effected when there was no German navy, and not even a Prussian navy of any importance as regards strength. At the date of the establishment of the modern German Empire, and for nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, the German navy was relatively unimportant. It was during this period, also, that the colonial possessions of Germany were acquired. It is certain that in effecting the great expansion above mentioned the need of a strong navy as well as a strong army was not felt. It is impossible to

see how a strong navy can be required for the annexation and retention of contiguous provinces on the South any more than one was required for the annexation and retention of contiguous Alsace and Lorraine on the West. A great German navy is desired for a very different purpose.—Yours, &c., B.

May 19th, 1909.

## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND NONCONFORMISTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Mudie-Smith's letter, though reasonable, no doubt, from his standpoint, is "at large" to any Catholic. If there were three, or even two, "Churches" in the sense that Catholics, whether Roman or Anglican, use the word, there would be much in his argument. There is and can be but *one* Church holding the Apostolic succession of the ministry essential to validity of the Sacraments, because sole tangible witness of the continuity of the Body from its Divine Head till the present time.

The circumstance that our Roman brethren unhappily, and, as we think, with some lack of historic sense, deny Anglican Orders affects the issue not at all. A son does not cease to be begotten of the common parent because his brother calls him a bastard. He has merely to prove his parentage. We do so through our unbroken line of bishops, and we wait with calm confidence the recognition of our brother, however long delayed.

We do not question his parentage at all. Having the Apostolic Ministry and valid sacraments he, in common with ourselves and the Greek Communion, form the family. It will not probably be long before the Eastern part of the Church resumes inter-communion with ourselves; at any rate, the Anglican and the Greek understand each other now on somewhat different lines to those quoted from Mr. Mourouvieff by your correspondent, as many acts as well as words have gone to prove of late. And we at least are absolutely sure that they, as much as ourselves, form part of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Magrath is well able to answer a question, but in passing it may be remarked that the Bishops, priests, and sacraments have never changed, and service books, of course, are not essential, and therefore no one claims Divine origin for them. The primitive Church was a "dissenting sect" in the sense that her Founder and Master was a dissenter, no more, no less.

In relation to the Jewish Church, also of Divine origin, the coming of Christ merged its corporate life in that perfect revelation, witnessed to as in a glass darkly by the Hebrew Scriptures. To merge the lesser in the greater, to round off the imperfect in the perfect, to displace the herald by the sovereign he announces, is not dissent in the ordinary acceptance of the term.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. CHITTY.

Earls' Court, May 18th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Those of your readers who are following the correspondence on this subject may be interested in turning to an article entitled "What, then, did happen at the Reformation?" and written by Mr. Augustine Birrell. It appeared in the "Nineteenth Century," for April, 1896, vol. 39, p. 655.

The whole controversy as to whether the Church in England was or was not the "same" Church both before and after certain Acts of Parliament passed in the reigns of Henry VIII. and some of his successors—the whole controversy, I repeat, is futile, since it consists in playing with different shades of meaning of the word "same." Each party adopts the one that suits his case. Is a pocket knife which has had one of its blades replaced by a gimlet the "same" knife as it was before? Or at what point (if any) of gradual replacement of worn-out parts does it cease to be the "same"? If some important point of theology turned upon the answers to these questions, we should, by this time, have accumulated whole libraries of subtle learning and thought. Mr. Mudie-Smith is hardly correct in saying that of the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican Churches each of them scorns the claims of each of the others to be a Church founded "directly by our Lord." The English Church recognises the validity of Roman orders (I am not sure of its official attitude to the Greek Church), and, whatever may be true of it as a whole, the consistent Anglican Catholic (*i.e.*, "High Churchman") regards the other two communities (erroneous, in some points, or, even corrupt as he may believe them to be) as still branches of the Holy Catholic Church as founded by Christ, a position which he is bound to deny to Nonconformist bodies. "At present the Eastern, the Roman, and the Anglican portions of the Church, make up the Catholic body—the Universal Church." From "The Catholic Religion, A Manual of Instruction for Members of the Anglican Church" (1908, fifteenth edition, completing one hundred and sixty-sixth thousand), by the Rev. Vernon Staley, p. 63.

"If we go through the list of Protestant sects, and call them one by one into Court for examination, the same results will be obtained in each case. The claims of each and all break down utterly, for not one of them can trace itself back to the Apostles, and the Day of Pentecost. Moreover, the sects do not possess bishops, the successors of the Apostles, without whom there can be no continuance of a valid ministry." From "Plain Words on the Holy Catholic Church" (Eighth Impression, pp. 44-5), by the Rev. Vernon Staley. See also the "Church Times"—*passim*.—Yours, &c., A. NEAVE BRAYSHAW

Rockport Villa, Auboro Street, Scarborough,
May 18th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Mudie-Smith's letter requires some reply, though I must be pardoned for thinking that he is tilting against windmills. His chief contention—that there are "three Churches each claiming to be founded by our Lord—the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican"—is inaccurate to start with. These are not three Churches, but three branches of the One Catholic Church, founded by Christ. Nor are we "rival claimants." The Church of England does acknowledge both the other branches as members of the Catholic Church, and prays for re-union; indeed, at the present moment re-union with the Eastern Church is so much within the bounds of practical policy that I may return Mr. Mudie-Smith's compliment by hoping and believing that he will live to see it. The Anglican Church has never claimed to be "the *only* Church"—but to be *a part* of the only Church founded by Christ.

Mr. Mudie-Smith says, "The Pope refuses to recognise Anglican Orders," and bases on this an argument that the Anglican Church was "made" by Henry VIII. But, Sir, in 1555 Pope Paul IV. declared himself willing "to receive and recognise in their orders and benefices those who are restored to unity." There was no mention of re-ordination. And the Roman Catholics have more than once shifted the grounds on which this refusal of recognition is based. This, therefore, supports my contention that our Church is the old Catholic Church, continued unbrokenly—though reformed in certain particulars. In regard to the so-called Royal supremacy, I must point out to Mr. Mudie-Smith that (1) the Church definitely recognised the supremacy only "so far as the law of Christ allows," and also (2) quote the words of Henry VIII. himself that "as to sacraments and spiritual things they have no head but Christ."

Those two facts speak for themselves. As historians I will refer Mr. Mudie-Smith to Wakeman's history of the period, and also to Hulton's "History of the Church in Great Britain," where he will find my contentions supported. To refer to the practice of a heathen religion as "the Established Church of the day" is such an extraordinary reversal of accepted terms that I need say no more of it, only remarking that I have never before heard it argued that a refusal to recognise heathen practices is a reason for calling a Church a "dissenting sect," as Mr. Smith does in his last paragraph. Finally, I cannot make it too plain that there is no struggle as to which branch of the Catholic Church was founded by Christ. Our Lord founded the Church of which the branches mentioned by Mr. Mudie-Smith are parts.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES J. MAGRATH.

May 20th, 1909.

## A SUGGESTION FOR THE L.C.C.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Some of the happiest moments of my life were spent at the L.C.C., and when, as a visitor, I heard the debate of last Tuesday afternoon, I did indeed wish that for a few hours, at all events, I could again be a member. The subject under discussion was one of peculiar interest to me, in view of what I have myself suffered, and am still suffering, at the hands of the ground landlords, and it is right and proper that the new members of the L.C.C. should have put before them the treatment meted out to their predecessors on that body by one of these lords of unearned increment. I will therefore forward to Mr. Hayes Fisher and his colleagues a copy of a letter of mine, setting forth the facts, which appeared in the "Daily Chronicle" at the time.

The L.C.C. ought now to rise to the occasion, hold fast to their freeholds, and become an example to the ground landlords by granting perpetually renewable leases, at such re-adjustable ground rents as to enable them to forego the right to confiscate or interfere with the property of the building owner.

Mr. Hayes Fisher said on Tuesday: "It appeared to be a shame for the municipality to dispose of land, and an equal shame for a private person to own land, according to the Progressives." If I could, I would have given a hearty "Hear, hear!" to that.

The L.C.C., having acquired, at great cost, land for public improvements, cannot be justified in selling it, to become the sport of speculators. The delay in letting the sites is largely accounted for by the arbitrary building conditions originally issued by the L.C.C., and when I was serving on the Improvements Committee, a large contractor drew my attention to this, whereupon I moved and carried amendments erasing several of these conditions, and extending the term of 80 years to 99 years; as a consequence we very soon had improved rents from persons who had already taken up leases for the shorter term, a very clear indication of what the effect would be of a perpetually renewable lease of the land at a ground rent, without reference to the building or the business carried on. Mr. Sydney Webb, in an admirable speech, showed clearly that the Treasury will never wrench from the L.C.C. at the end of their fifty years the power to grant a perpetually renewable lease at a re-adjusted ground rent, leaving to the building owner his equitable, absolute rights over his own property, free from the petty tyranny of vexatious covenants, devised only as a means of extortion.

The L.C.C. have it in their power to become the pioneer in a much-needed reform of the relations of landlord and tenant. Will they prove equal to the occasion?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LEWIS.

278 to 288, Oxford Street, London, W.
May 19th, 1909.

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## THE SALVATION ARMY'S SOCIAL WORK.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I must ask your permission to reply to "Social Reformer." With regard to my last letter he says: "The actual author or inspirer of it must be one of the adepts at evasiveness connected in some way with the Salvation Army." Permit me to say that this is not so. Of that letter I was the sole writer, author, and "inspirer"—to use "Social Reformer's" own phrase. It may even be that he thinks that I am a member of the Salvation Army, but I can assure him that I have no connection with it whatever.

Before I pass on to what "Social Reformer" rightly terms "the most serious point"—the Parliamentary Committee and the alleged sweating—I must draw attention to the fact that he ignores my contradiction of his statements about the Army's "silent lips" and balance-sheets. Perhaps he acknowledges his mistake, but whether he does so or not, such serious statements should be either justified or withdrawn.

In my last letter I correctly stated that the trade unionists "have at last expressed their appreciation of the Army's object in conducting the factory," but "Social Reformer" argues that the "object" has never been in dispute. My aim was to illustrate the change of tone on the part of the members of the Parliamentary Committee, and I think that I am quite accurate in saying that there is a great difference between their former bitter and reckless denunciations and their present tone, which is, by comparison, friendly. I also said that they have abandoned their former attitude, but "Social Reformer" says that the Committee "stands to-day exactly where it did when the subject was first brought under its notice." Strange as it may seem, we are both probably correct. I am well aware that the members of the Committee still recommend that the factory should be closed, and on this point they stand where they did before. But the truth of my statement that they have abandoned their former attitude is obvious when it is remembered that their former attitude was, as I have just pointed out, one of furious hostility, whereas they now practically admit, in their Quarterly Report, the truth of what the Army has told them.

I need hardly refer to "Social Reformer's" cheap sarcasm about my belief in the "infallibility" of the "War Cry," beyond saying that my letter implied no such belief.

"Social Reformer" says that "skilled men do skilled work at this elevator" and that they "are paid for their skilled labor in doles of food and 'grants' that vary from 6d. to 5s. per week." Cannot "Social Reformer" see the necessity for this method in dealing, for instance, with habitual drunkards who have not the moral strength to resist the temptation to spend their money on drink? How many cures would be effected if the men were enabled to buy intoxicating liquor? In my last letter I quoted from a statement by Commissioner Sturgess in regard to the condition of many of the men admitted to the factory. But as "Social Reformer" seems to object to my quoting from any Salvation Army officer, I will reproduce a few lines from the Quarterly Report of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. The members of the Sub-Committee visited the factory, and their report contains the following interesting passages:—"Some of the men, through age and other causes, were undoubtedly unfit for the labor market, as no ordinary employer of labor would give them a job, and their movements were decidedly slow and feeble; whilst in a few other cases neither their age nor appearance made them distinguishable from other artisans outside, and our inquiries elicited the information that one had been brought up by the Army from a boy, and taught the trade of a carpenter, and, therefore, was working as one of the regular hands. *Another was the victim of drink, and could not resist the temptation when working outside, and therefore came there as his last resort.*" "We were informed that it was a common occurrence to engage carpenters from outside *at the ordinary Trade Union rate of wages,* when having work to execute that the Colonists were unable to undertake." I am, of course, responsible for the italics.

Some little time ago the Metropolitan Radical Federation branded the Army as "sweaters." A quotation from the speech of one of the members of this Federation cannot fail to be of interest. A delegate named Hood made the following disconcerting statement: "Years ago I was picked up by the Salvation Army when my fellow trade unionists ignored me because I was six weeks in arrears with my contributions. Eighteen years ago the Army got me a situation, which I still hold. If trade unionists would open a shelter and so take up the submerged workmen instead of giving big salaries to officials, they would render more service."

In answer to "Social Reformer's" question as to why the agitation for an inquiry continues if the charges were disproved, I can only say that the working of the trade unionist mind is far too strange a process to be explained. "Social Reformer" also asks why General Booth "objects to men of the stamp of Mr. Steadman . . . going into the affairs." I must once more repeat that the trade unionists *have* gone into the affairs. Last January a conference was held between representatives of the Parliamentary Committee and officers of the Salvation Army. At this conference the trade unionists failed to prove anything against the Army, though the sitting lasted for some hours. The Sub-Committee visited the Hanbury Street factory.

It is, of course, probable that General Booth refuses to waste his time and that of his officers in holding a second

conference and inquiry when one has already been held this year. Surely everyone in his senses will agree that, as General Booth has held a conference at which the trade unionists had every opportunity of proving their point, he is not under any obligation to hold another. The General has, I believe, no objection whatever to anyone investigating for himself—the doors of the factory are open to all visitors. It is, however, a very different matter when he is asked to give up the valuable time of his officers to holding another conference.

In conclusion, I should like to say that the present seems to be a very opportune time for "Social Reformer" to abandon his *nom de plume* and acknowledge his identity. —Yours, &c., RONALD H. KIDD.

21, Downside Crescent, Hampstead,
May 4th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Kidd's defence of the labor system of the Salvation Army's Hanbury Street "elevator" will not do. When he wrote it he should have had before his eyes the first reply he sent to THE NATION. In that reply he said absolutely nothing about his "aim to illustrate the change of tone on the part of the members of the Parliamentary Committee" of the Trade Union Congress. He conveyed the very opposite impression—viz., that they had changed their attitude. That my reading of Mr. Kidd's letter is correct, here is the pith of his letter. It is as clear as his evasive style of defence can make anything clear:—

> "I have also a pamphlet issued from Headquarters *disproving the accusations with such success* that the members of the Parliamentary Committee who first made *the charges*, have at last"—now note the curious inconsistency and illogical deduction—"expressed their appreciation of the Army's *object* in conducting the factory."

The italics are mine, of course. To the above I reply: (1) As a matter of fact, Mr. Kidd is as far out in his facts as he is in his conclusions—the Parliamentary Committee were not *the first* to bring charges of sweating against General Booth's factory. The Committee were empowered to do so by the complaints of former inmates of the factory and delegates to the Trade Union Congress. (2) The tone of the Parliamentary Committee has always been deferential, correct, and inquiring. Can Mr. Kidd recall an unparliamentary expression of the Committee as such? (3) The Committee never made any charge against the object of Hanbury Street. To do so would be to deny General Booth and his workers the instincts of humanity. That has never been the bone of contention. (4) If Mr. Kidd was "well aware"—and if not in touch with the Salvation Army, how did he know it at the time of his first communication to your columns?—"that the members of the Committee still recommend that the factory should be closed," then why didn't he intimate that fact?

Mr. Kidd has fallen into a mistake common to the secretarial staff of the Queen Victoria Street hierarchy. He fails to distinguish between the language of the Congress and the more ornate and respectful phraseology of the Parliamentary Committee. Both stand where they did in their general attitude towards the Salvation Army factory, and both exhibit the same "tone." The delegates are still "furiously" hostile to the system of sweating adhered to in Hanbury Street, and the Committee still insist that General Booth will get rid of a mischievous arrangement and an economic disgrace by closing the place. Yet Mr. Kidd writes as if the Committee were in sackcloth or shouting the praises of Hanbury Street!

One party, let me inform Mr. Kidd, has changed, and he is the chief obstacle to the settlement of this controversy. His name is Mr. Bramwell Booth, but he has only removed the barriers to conference. He has not yet agreed to an inquiry, and unless General Booth overrules the son or transfers Commander Sturgess to another department, the coming Congress at Ipswich will speak in no uncertain voice as to the details of the Hanbury Street affair.

As to the class of man in the factory, I admit to being too dense to appreciate the "necessity for the Army's method of dealing, for instance, with habitual drunkards who have not the moral strength," &c. And for these reasons:—

(1) The majority of the men are good, honest carpenters and joiners, who, through misfortune, are compelled to submit to what General Booth admitted to Mr. Stead is only a subsistence wage.

(2) It is not the place for habitual drunkards. The Army, if it aims at restoring them, should place them in inebriates' homes, seeing that they have none of their own —except, perhaps, for women.

(3) Whether drunkards or atheists, they ought to be remunerated according to the value of their labor, and not according to the system which obtains at Hanbury Street—a system which out-manœuvres the Truck Act, and bolsters up its so-called losses by donations from the charitable public.

But I am encroaching, I fear, on your space. The quotations from the Parliamentary Sub-Committee's report show that they based their remarks on "elicited information." Theirs was not an inquiry, it was a cursory visit to the factory, but enough was seen and heard to justify them in reporting once more in favor of closing. How could they verify the statements given them? That can only be done by an impartial and expert inquiry, with power to examine witnesses and insist upon what, up to the present, has been denied the public—a balance sheet of the factory in question.

The reference to Hood ought to be ruled out of court, after his allegation that big salaries are paid to trade union secretaries!

I will close by putting two questions that were addressed to General Booth the other day, but to which he has not yet deigned to reply:—

Will General Booth undertake to publish a full statement of accounts and balance sheet for the Hanbury Street joinery works, showing how the alleged heavy loss in the working is caused, and giving such necessary details, as cost of materials, remuneration of men, keep of men, rent, interest, and expenses of management?

Can General Booth instance any case of a competitive employer of cheap labor in the ordinary labor market who, like the Salvation Army, succeeds in getting the philanthropic public to pay him the cost of feeding and lodging his workmen, which cost he deducts from their wages?

I apologise for imagining Mr. Kidd to be a Salvationist. If he were, he would earn rapid promotion. His ability to talk round a plain issue must be the envy of other adepts at Queen Victoria Street.

My card is my identity. My humble credentials are the *facts* which I have submitted.—Yours, &c.,

SOCIAL REFORMER.

May 19th, 1909.

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## IS GOLF A GAME?

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Broadly speaking, there is something to be said for your correspondent's view that golf should hardly be called a game in the modern use of the word.

But is not the possibility of giving your opponent a stymie sufficient to make it technically a game? In billiards the only part which comes under your correspondent's definition is playing for safety, as giving your opponent a baulk, and surely billiards ranks as a game. Skittles does not admit of anything even corresponding to a stymie, and should certainly not rank as a game under your correspondent's definition.

Playing against bogey is always called a competition, not a game, and is certainly in a different category from other games.

In the classical use of the word, as in the Olympic games, anything in which there is competitive skill is included.—Yours, &c., ARNOLD F. JONES.

Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club,
Reynolds House, 47, Leicester Square,
May 17th, 1909.

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## THOMAS PAINE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In rehearsing the praises of Thomas Paine, let us not forget that he was a Biblical critic. "In addition to his criticisms on the Fall and the Atonement, Paine (in the

'Age of Reason') dwells much on the late origin of the Pentateuch; the atrocities committed by the Israelites, acting, as is alleged, under God's orders; the irrelevance of the Messianic prophecies; the late date and anonymity of the exilian chapters in Isaiah; the disorderly arrangement of Jeremiah; and the improbabilities of Jonah. Strangely enough, he accepts the Book of Daniel as genuine. Altogether, as far as it goes, and as against the superstitious notions then current, his attack must be pronounced successful. Many of the clergy would now go much farther; and, whether as a consequence of this or of other works, a complete change of front has been adopted in the defensive tactics of all." (A. W. Benn, "The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century." I., p. 217.) Mr. Benn, in discussing Coleridge's theological position (*ib.* p. 277), points out that, whenever he touches on the points attacked by Paine, he practically throws up the case for his client. Compare also the verdict of the late Sir Leslie Stephen: "Paine, indeed, deserved some reprobation for his coarseness; and his book has in it an unpleasant flavor. Yet there was a fact which the respectable public tried hard to ignore. Paine's appeal was not simply to licentious hatred of religion, but to genuine moral instincts. His 'blasphemy' was not against the Supreme God, but against Jehovah. He was vindicating the ruler of the universe from the imputations which believers in literal inspiration and in dogmatic theology had heaped upon Him under the disguise of homage. He was denying that the God before whom reasonable creatures should bow in awful reverence could be the supernatural tyrant of priestly imagination, who was responsible for Jewish massacres, who favored a petty clan at the expense of his other creatures, who punished the innocent for the guilty, who lighted the fires of everlasting torment for the mass of mankind, and who gave a monopoly of his favors to priests or a few favored enthusiasts. Paine, in short, with all his brutalities, had the conscience of his hearers on his side; and we must prefer his rough exposure of popular errors to the unconscious blasphemy of their supporters." ("English Thought in the Eighteenth Century." Ed. 2, I., p. 463.)—Yours, &c.,

W. Wyse.

Halford, Shipston-on-Stour,
May 18th, 1909.

## "GLIMPSES OF THE TWENTIES."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In the notice of this book which appears in your issue of to-day, your reviewer conveys an altogether inaccurate impression of my comment on Fox, which I must ask permission to correct.

By quoting only a portion of my sentence, he represents me as refusing to allow that Fox was "a great debater"; but the words which he suppresses—"His many gifts and fascinations have rendered historians very lenient to his failings"—are a distinct acknowledgment of his abilities, whether as a debater or otherwise. When I remarked in the portion of the sentence which your reviewer detaches from the context, that "it is difficult to credit him with any really high qualities either in his private or political capacity," I was distinguishing between his talents and his principles. That he was "a great debater" is, of course, incontestable, but can he be credited with the "high quality" of patriotism? His own words, addressed to Grey, shall supply the answer. They may possibly tend to moderate the indiscriminate admiration accorded to Fox by those who are only superficially acquainted with his career. "The triumph," he writes, "of the French Government over the English does, in fact, afford me a degree of *pleasure* which it is difficult to disguise."—Yours, &c.,

William Toynbee.

4, Portman Mansion, W.
May 15th, 1909.

[The notice of Mr. Toynbee's book said nothing whatever about Fox's patriotism. It did quote Mr. Toynbee's comment that "it is difficult to credit him (Fox) with any really high qualities." Mr. Toynbee now admits that Fox was a great debater. Whether the notice misrepresents Mr. Toynbee's general attitude towards Fox readers must judge for themselves.—Ed., Nation.]

## THE SNOWDROP AND THE BEE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Despite the testimony from personal observation offered by the Rev. D. K. Auchterlonie and Miss Emily R. Wicksteed as to the absorption by the bee of the nectar of snowdrops, I rather question whether Tennyson ever meant that the lines:—

> "Waves on her thin stem the snowdrop cold,
> That trembles not to kisses of the bee,"

should convey more than the barest statement of a truism—that is to say, that under ordinary conditions, the bee and the snowdrop are perfect strangers to one another. Naturally it is normal and not exceptional conditions that chiefly govern the poet's fancy in his choice of tropes and epithets; and Tennyson elsewhere thus apostrophises this particular flower:—

> "Many, many welcomes
> February fair-maid,
> Ever as of old time,
> Solitary firstling,
> Coming in the cold time," &c.,

which surely puts the idea of honey-making out of court.

It is perhaps only a fair conjecture that what was running in the poet's mind at the time he wrote "The Progress of Spring" was that unsurpassed scene in "The Winter's Tale," where Perdita discourses so divinely of the flowers that grow in her garden:—

> "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares and take
> The winds of March with beauty,"

where the sentiment, though differently and more exuberantly expressed, is essentially the same in substance.—Yours, &c.,

N. W. Hill.

New York, May 10th, 1909.

## THE DEFECTS OF LIBERAL PROPAGANDA.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your correspondent "W. M. T." has contributed his quota to "the defects of Liberal propaganda," and given his view of the remedy. He appears to have travelled far and wide as a political enthusiast, but he is evidently not a Radical, otherwise he would naturally have gone to the root of the matter and ascertained in his wanderings the details which cause the defect or ascertained what means are adopted where the Party succeed.

His thirty years of Liberal working have only produced a phase of mind which betokens despondency and despair, to an extent that "he is very much afraid that Mid-Devon, Peckham, Newcastle, and Croydon are only the preliminary of the day of disaster."

The object of The Nation and other Liberal papers is—*inter alia*—to constantly keep before Liberals that aspect of the Party spirit which is the opposite to what your correspondent is laboring under. I would, therefore, ask your indulgence to place before him a few points which may be worth his while, and that of others also, to consider and act upon.

The method adopted by the Sowerby Division Liberal Association may serve some useful purpose, not only by way of showing what can be, and is, done in the work of propaganda, and we will begin with the distribution of literature, as he tells us that the distribution of it is, in his opinion, of little use. I beg to differ with him on that point entirely. We have in this Division a complete survey of every house for registration purposes: the records are made by means of the loose leaf book system and the sheets are designed by myself. The names of all male occupiers appear in purple-color type and the women in red. All sheets are typewritten. We therefore have a complete record as near the 15th of July in each year of the name of every occupier as possible. When the winter series of meetings are held, we send to every name on the survey book a notice of the meeting by post in an envelope measuring 8in. by 5in., enclosing such leaflets as bear upon the questions of the day and suitable to the vast majority who are to receive them. In that way we reach every occupied house, every individual voter, every prospective voter, and every woman householder.

An invitation by post is thought much of, and the voter

and prospective voter feels that you have some interest in him, and, as a rule, in the cold winter nights he reads intently what has been sent him, usually ten or more leaflets —as much as the ½d. post will allow.

We have very little, if any, tyranny from the parson and squire here, but in rural England it is otherwise. The sending of the literature by post to the laborer, the parson and squire cannot stop, nor can they stop the people reading it in their homes. The voter receiving the typewritten letter thinks a lot of it, and even the children are interested in seeing a letter come with dad's name "printed," as they call it.

The leaflets, if selected with care and discretion, are invaluable: they are the work of those who have made a study of the subject. No question for the past thirty years has been better dealt with than in the leaflets of the Free Trade Union which combat the specious leaflets of the Tariff Reformers. The Liberal Publication Department has done yeoman service to the Party in this respect, and is always ready and willing to accept any suggestions as to leaflets and the production of them to meet the needs of individual cases.

With a view to enlisting the help of those who are anxious and willing to speak and encourage our young men to take up the study of the political questions of the day, a "Speaker's League" has been established, which is fully described on page 507 of the September last number of the "Liberal Magazine."

This has been an immense success. Our member has been witness to the fact by some of them taking the chair at his meetings and delivering their first public political addresses last winter. Something like 200 addresses have been delivered by its members to the Mutual Improvement Societies in every part of the division.

The young man not even yet able to prepare his own essay has been put on his feet by supplying him with a typewritten essay suitable to one of these meetings. In this way these societies have had better syllabuses, and a greater choice of speakers, and new societies have been formed with its help. It has a library of 150 books on political questions: there is no charge for membership or the use of the books. Any person who is getting up a special subject can borrow the books. There has been a good run on the library.

During the summer months we hold a series of outdoor meetings—another opportunity for our speakers to begin public speaking by taking the chair and thus give closer attention to the politics of the day, and "standing up for the Party," as they call it.

Your correspondent unwittingly shows a lamentable lack of knowledge of an agent's work. He suggests they should form local committees and the agent meet them week by week and find out any local speakers. Just consider this proposal with thirty-four polling districts, and the agent going week by week to find out his local speakers. In some divisions there are seventy polling districts. I put it to him if it would not be more practical for the agent to write to him as hon. secretary of his Polling District Committee and ask what names he could suggest. With his local knowledge and evident enthusiasm, he would be able to give them, and the same process applied in each polling district would give the required details, and the agent would act accordingly.

With regard to obtaining the subscriptions to the Party funds, I am at one with him there. It is the keystone of the situation. You cannot get what he terms—and rightly so—"more capable agents" unless you are in a position to pay them, nor can you undertake successfully the propaganda work of an association without the necessary means. When I became the agent in this division there were 100 subscribers; they have gradually increased year by year in number to 700, and the income doubled.

The average Liberal, however poor, will give his mite to help his Party when he is assured that something is being done. Some of our young men connected with the Speakers' League have said that they could not subscribe, but they could "get their father to give a little," and in this way the network of organised Liberalism is being knit together in a way that will stop the onslaught of Tariff Reform or Toryism. Once they subscribe it is our experience that they do not discontinue without some strong cause.

The only true way to conduct successful propaganda work is not just on the eve of an election—it must be constant and regular. The object of it is to educate the elector and place the latest and best facts and statistics before him from time to time, so that when an election or a bye-election comes and the Tariff Reformers state the case, the educated elector laughs and derides their statements and is no prey to their allurements. He stands as firm as a rock.

The success of the Party depends largely upon the success of its Parliamentary units. I would suggest to "W. M. T." and others that they should look at home, and see that their own house is in order. He is apparently anxious. Let him then, and others responsible for the Party machinery, review their own, ascertain what methods are adopted in other constituences, adopt what is applicable to their division, as no cast-iron plan will do. Having made up their minds as to the best methods, put them into operation with persistency, tempered by patience, because workers have to be tested, tried, and trained, and it is a work of years to bring an organisation to a successful issue.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERICK TOMBS,
Liberal Agent.

Sowerby Bridge, Yorks,
May 16th, 1909.

## THE BUDGET.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—If Liberal principles are to prevail, this shilly-shallying with the business of the country must cease, so that our trade may be relieved of much of the uncertainty existing at the present time. Never at any former time has a Budget received such thought and labor before its introduction, and it is sheer waste of time hearing opinions and talking of modifications. It can never be expected that a Budget will please everybody, and, as money must be raised, the present method seems to afford as simple a means of finding it as any other. If serious affairs are to be toyed with and indefinitely prolonged, as has been, unfortunately, too often the case with the present Government, then it shows too clearly that the determination and backbone which were the conspicuous attributes of Liberals in the past have departed.—Yours, &c.,

J. HOUSTON FULWOOD.

Exchange Square, Glasgow,
May 19th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## CLOUDS.

My Fancy loves to play with clouds
That hour by hour can change Heaven's face;
For I am sure of my delight,
In green or stony place.

Sometimes they on tall mountains pile
Mountains of silver, twice as high;
And then they break and lie like rocks
All over the wide sky.

And then I see flocks very fair;
And sometimes, near their bodies white,
Are small, black lambs that soon will grow
And hide their mothers quite.

Sometimes, like little fishes, they
Are all one size, and one great shoal;
Sometimes they like big sailing-ships
Across the blue sky roll.

Sometimes I see small cloudlets tow
Big, heavy clouds across those skies—
Like little ants that carry off
Great moths ten times their size.

Sometimes I see at morn bright clouds
That stand so still! they make me stare;
It seems as they had trained all night
To make no motion there.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

IT would be in accord with the general expectation that the task of writing the biography of Meredith, should it be decided to waive his own prejudice against such an undertaking, should be entrusted to Mr. Edward Clodd, his close and dear associate and friend during the greater part of Meredith's literary life, and his constant visitor at Box Hill. Mr. Clodd has long kept memorials of Meredith's conversations and sayings, and these memorials should in themselves constitute a literary treasure of the highest value. No one, we should say, knows more of the outer facts of Meredith's life, and no one could be more in sympathy with its teaching and its inner spirit. The "Athenæum" announces that the official life of Mr. Swinburne is to be written by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

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MR. C. F. G. MASTERMAN'S book on "The Condition of England," which we announced some months ago, is now in the press, and will be issued towards the end of the month by Messrs. Methuen. A portion of the material appeared originally in THE NATION. Mr. Masterman deals in connected form with the present state of the different classes of English society, their motives and aspirations, and the forces, whether in the way of mechanical inventions, or religious, political, or literary ideals, that are now influencing them. Mr. Masterman always writes with force and distinction.

* * *

A GOOD deal of fresh material about Byron is promised in a book to be published by Mr. Murray under the title "Recollections of a Long Life," by John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton). Hobhouse was one of Byron's closest friends, and his companion on the Mediterranean journey during which "Childe Harold" was written. The book will also contain many interesting recollections of European society during the first couple of decades of the century. Hobhouse was in Paris during the Hundred Days, and was in the city when the news of Waterloo arrived. Lady Dorchester, Lord Broughton's daughter, has prepared the work for publication.

* * *

MESSRS. METHUEN have just issued the sixth and concluding volume of their translation of "The Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas." The English reader has had to wait a long time, for the "Memoirs" first appeared in 1852-55, but now in Mrs. Waller's version, which has much of the verve and raciness of the original, he has one of the most delightful of books. Of course, there are people who treat Dumas as outside the pale of literature, describe him as a "manufacturer," rather than an artist, and pooh-pooh his style. But Stevenson knew something about style, and those of us who refuse to give up our Dumas can always quote his verdict: "Light as whipped trifle, strong as silk; wordy like a village tale; pat like a general's despatch; with every fault, yet never tedious; with no merit, yet inimitably right." However, Dumas felt that style was his weakness, and said that he would give ten years of his life to be able to write like Victor Hugo. As for his other gifts, they would furnish forth a cartload of novelists and leave an abundance over. Who ever excelled him in wealth of imagination? Who in the management of dialogue? His characterisation when he takes pains is of the greatest; one word describes it; it is Shakespearian. And for pathos, how many passages in literature excel the death of Porthos?

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, the "Memoirs" do not deal with the last thirty-eight years of his life, for they end with 1833. As far as they go they have all the sparkle and ease of one of his novels with himself as the hero, and, it must be confessed, a similar easiness as to accuracy. However, those who have gained most of their knowledge of French history from Dumas's pages need not be perturbed. He may advance or retard an event by ten or a dozen years, he may describe incidents that never happened, but the Louis XIV, the Richelieu, the Mazarin, and the Anne of Austria with whom Dumas has made us as familiar as if we had met them, are at least as near to the real characters as the conceptions of them to be found in memoirists like the Cardinal de Retz or Tallemant des Réaux. Dumas had his own notion of how history should be written, and once when taxed with giving too much rein to his imagination, replied: "It is the unreadable histories that make a stir; they are like dinners you can't digest. Digestible dinners give you no cause to think about them next day." A pleasant feature of the "Memoirs" is the open-handed praise which Dumas gives his contemporaries. There was nothing mean about this Titan. "Hugo," he says, "is a thinker, Lamartine a dreamer, and I am a populariser." He was far more than that. Michelet's hyperbole that he was "a force of nature" comes nearer to a just description of his genius.

* * *

AN edition of Spenser's works in three handsome volumes, printed in Fell type, is announced by the Oxford University Press. "The Fairy Queen," which has been edited by Mr. J. C. Smith from the 1596 edition, is nearly ready, and will fill two volumes. The third volume, containing Spenser's other work, is to be edited by Professor Selincourt, of Birmingham University.

* * *

LECTURING on the "Prose of Burke" at the Royal Institution on Saturday, Professor Raleigh had some amusing things to say about what he called "the advertising style"—style that has no personal quality or color of the soul. "Macaulay has a good advertising style; he has one thesis to prove. The modern journalist is the pupil, the creature, of Macaulay. He has his emphasis, his clearness, and his complete satisfaction with some point of view dictated by party or by the necessities of the moment, and he has his perfectly admirable balance and conciseness." We should have said that both Dickens and Carlyle have had almost as much influence on journalistic style as Macaulay, though neither had "the advertising style," if by this we mean that they did not put much of themselves into their writings. There is, by the way, an amusing reference to Burke in one of Horace Walpole's letters. "I dined with your secretary yesterday," he tells George Montagu. "There were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one."

* * *

AMONG the American books of criticism shortly to be published is "The Marvellous Year," by an anonymous author whose work is due to the fact that 1909 is distinguished by being the centenary of the birth or death of "fourteen of the world's great leaders in the fields of art, literature, and statesmanship." The volume will contain biographical essays "interpreting the meaning of each life for the people of our day," together with portraits of each "leader" drawn by Miss Gertrude Heubsch.

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The New Nation: A Survey of the Condition and Prospects of South Africa." By H. E. S. Freemantle. (Ouseley. 5s. net.)

"Early History of the Christian Church from its Foundation to the End of the Third Century." By Monsignor Louis Duchesne. (Murray. 9s. net.)

"The Life of Friedrich List, and Selections from His Writings." By Margaret E. Hirst. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Essex." Painted by L. B. Bruhl. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (Black. 20s. net.)

"The Jew and Human Sacrifice: An Historical and Sociological Inquiry." By Hermann L. Strack. (Cope & Fenwick. 10s. net.)

"The Life of the Universe." By Svante Arrhenius. (Harpers. 2 vols. 5s. net.)

"Notes from a Painter's Life." By C. E. Hallé. (Murray. 6s. net.)

"Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Cassell. 6s.)

"Le Lien Social." Par Sully Prudhomme. (Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 75.)

"Pages d'Histoire Contemporaine." Par Pierre de Coubertin. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7 fr. 50.)

"Georges Sand: Sa Vie et son Œuvre." Par René Doumic. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)

"Maurice Maeterlinck." Par Gérard Harry. (Bruxelles: Carrington. 2 fr. 50.)

"La Voie du Mal." Roman. Par Grazia Deledda. (Paris: Calmann-Lèvy. 3 fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.*

An unkind fate seems to have dogged the History of German Literature in Mr. Gosse's "Literatures of the World." It was announced, if we remember rightly, amongst the very earliest volumes of the series, then for a time it disappeared entirely from the list, and now, after the lapse of many years, it appears from the pen of Professor Calvin Thomas, of Columbia University, in New York. "Was lange währt, wird gut," says a familiar German proverb, but we are not sure if the present volume altogether exemplifies the saying. Professor Thomas has given a plain, straightforward piece of work, in which, so far as the limited space at his command allowed, he has compiled the facts of German literary history with reliable accuracy, but with strangely little distinction either of method or criticism. It is the kind of work one might expect from a German rather than from an American professor of literature. In Germany literary history, like so much else, is composed in accordance with a highly "scientific" method, whereby the results of each investigator are passed on to his successor, carefully tested, sifted, and docketed. The consequence is that German historians—Scherer was in this respect an admirable exception—are apt to move in fixed grooves. There are certain things which have to be said about every author, and are said each time by everybody. If any too daring critic attempts to write without first digesting all that his predecessors have written on any particular branch of the subject, he is at once pounced upon by the German academic world—which has unlimited respect for what it calls the "literature of the subject"—and ostracised as if he were something not much better than a plagiarist. We are inclined to think that Professor Thomas has stood too much in awe of his German colleagues; he has been too conscientious in saying just the proper things about his authors, instead of throwing the often short-sighted German "Zunftkritik" to the winds, and being himself. One is tempted to ask, Is German poetry so poor that the same well-worn passages must always be quoted in illustration of a poet? Must weight always be laid on just the same salient features of his work? The impression that this book leaves is that its author is a conscientious student of the history of German literature, but that he has not looked at the literature itself either long enough or carefully enough to see it from a fresh side. This last qualification is surely indispensable.

Where Professor Thomas does allow himself to express personal views, there seems—although it may partly lie in his style—a lack of sympathy with his subject. His attitude to the Middle Ages, for instance, is the characteristic attitude of the modern American to an effete civilisation and a childish age. The knight of chivalry is described as a person with his "head full of sublime nonsense"; Wolfram's "Parzival" has "long and dreary stretches of sheer rubbish." Even were such a conclusion justified, a critic who had once felt the magic spell of Wolfram's poetry would surely find other words in which to express himself. Ulrich von Lichtenstein's "Frauendienst" is a "crescendo of lunacy"; Meister Eckhart and Heinrich von Seuse are "for the most part unpalatable on account of their obscurity and clumsy diction." The critic who regards medieval life, thought, and poetry in this disillusioned, matter-of-fact spirit is not likely to have much that is helpful to say about the "golden Middle Age." The same lack of penetrating sympathy is seen in the discussion of the German Romantic School at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Not once does Professor Thomas hint at the real significance of that movement of individualism in its relation to classicism; there is no attempt to explain to us what the fundamental ideas of German Romanticism were, and why they exerted so revolutionary an influence on the mind of Europe. The deepest, most gifted thinker of the entire group, Friedrich Schlegel, is dismissed in a few lines that say nothing; and it would be difficult for a general reader to obtain from Professor Thomas any clear idea of the individual charm which distinguishes such lyric poets of the early nineteenth century as Eichendorff, Wilhelm Müller, and Mörike; Heine, too, is disposed of with a critical brevity which to many readers must seem impertinent. Remembering that Professor Thomas is the author of the best English biography of Schiller, we turned with more hopefulness to his treatment of German classical literature. Here we are certainly on more solid ground, for obviously it is with the Weimar classics that Professor Thomas's sympathies lie. His best chapters deal with Goethe, although the criticism is again rather concerned with re-stating and confirming the results of previous scholarship than in putting Goethe in a new light.

As a whole, Professor Thomas's book is an example of the great difficulty which besets the writer of a small book on a large subject. What he has done is not to give us a small book, but, in curtailed form, a large one. There is rarely a word here on the wider aspects of German literature or on the movement of ideas in Germany—general matters which one would expect to find treated in a work of this compass. Professor Thomas does not face the question which every intelligent reader seeking initiation is sure to ask himself: What are the qualities which made German literature in its prime so great? What is it that German poetry has to give us that we cannot get from any other literature? If we try further to deduce the author's own literary faith, we are still less convinced that he is the right interpreter of the poetry of the German people. We have already touched on his lack of sympathy for the Middle Ages, and for the rainbow-hued fabric of Romanticism—things that are, it is true, far removed from our modern Anglo-Saxon ideals; but equally disappointing is the schoolmasterly tone in which he deals with those excesses and enthusiasms—"Sturm und Drang," for instance—which are, after all, the really interesting manifestations of the German literary spirit; and it is only in keeping with this tone that, on the last page of all, Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke," with its broad, conventional sentimentality, should be singled out as a representative work of the latest phase of German poetic expression. How, moreover, is it possible to describe with real insight the German literature of the nineteenth century, if one can only speak of pessimism—the pessimism from which sprang the fairest flowers of the German imagination—as something that "chilled and corroded the very heart of German life"? One might rather ask: Is there anything at all of the first rank in the German literature of the last hundred years that has not been inspired by pessimism?

* "A History of German Literature." By Calvin Thomas, LL.D. (Short Histories of the Literatures of the World) Heinemann. 6s. net.

## PARIS.*

Nearly all writers who discuss the changes of modern Paris begin with praise of Haussmann. Baron Haussmann did much, but the transformation of Paris does not start with him. A Prefect of the capital under Louis-Philippe, the Comte de Rambuteau, who, in his younger days, had been the best of the Chamberlains of Napoleon I., took in hand for Paris and the Parisians what no one before him had succeeded in accomplishing.

Since the days of the long-haired Merovingian Kings ("wending on their bullock-carts through the streets," says the English historian of the Revolution), Paris had needed, more sorely than anything else, hygiene and sewerage. Let any reader with a taste for the subject dip into the pages of M. Franklin ("La Vie Privée d'Autrefois") for a realistic description of the state of Paris during the whole period of the Monarchy, and up to, and after, the period of the First Empire. Hygiene and sewerage were among the earliest tasks of Rambuteau; who, moreover, may almost be said to have originated asylums, institutions for children, workshops, deposit books for savings-banks, and other profitable things which ministers before him had accounted vain. Modern Paris, in a word, begins about 1830.

Towards the close of the First Empire, when Paris, if we rightly remember, had a population nearing 700,000,

* "Walks in Paris." By Georges Cain, Curator of the "Musée Carnavalet." Translated by Alfred Allinson, M.A. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

Napoleon dreamed of making his capital, as Professor Pariset says, "the metropolis of Europe." Indeed, the city seemed even then a wonder among nations. The Louvre was completed, the Tuileries cleared. Works of art, the most renowned in Christendom (alas! also, they were but spoils of war) crowded the galleries. The arts flourished, or, at least, were ostentatiously patronised. Public works were growing and lavishly encouraged, for the Emperor of this era was aspiring to be the man of peace. He spent upon Paris over a hundred million francs.

True; yet Paris was still but a sort of country town. It was a sort of country town long after this. At the most garish period of the Second Empire, when crowned heads bobbed into one another at street corners, and Victor Emmanuel I. declared that he could imagine nothing more delightful than a tour of the boulevards by night in a four-wheeled cab, Paris was probably accounted the gayest place on earth. Such, from some peculiar points of view, it doubtless was; but the true and most characteristic beauties of the Paris of these days were but just beginning to peep. What Haussmann did, he did well, and had the Second Empire endured, he would have done a great deal more. He, too, like Rambuteau, had notions of hygiene, as well as of embellishment; but the Baron's imperial scheme was arrested by the war with Germany, and had a narrow escape of total destruction under the Commune. Victorien Sardou, in one of those prefaces which are always such happy reading, has told us how rustic a scene was the Paris of his boyhood—though the gardens, which have well-nigh vanished, must have made its rusticity delightful to the eye. But to be honest on this subject is to admit that the Paris which stands for the pleasure-city of our own century is chiefly the creation of the once-derided Third Republic. Let us not grudge to a Town Council the thanks we should have proffered in a casket to the first or second Emperor.

But capital cities recede as they advance. The architect-improver is, by destiny, the grave-digger of history. Where he builds for the ratepayer he buries for the archæologist. It follows that if the study of archæology is to keep pace with progress in building, we must have ever new books on old and vanishing Paris. M. Georges Cain has written an instructive and companionable one (ably translated by Mr. Allinson), in which, while not oblivious of the Paris that is, his main concern is with the Paris that was.

M. Cain is curator of the Musée Carnavalet, a superior Guildhall Museum, stored in great part with memorials of the Revolution. Perhaps if, when writing it, M. Cain had foreseen or contemplated an English version of his book, he would have told us more about this celebrated building. For our readers' benefit, let us say that it stands at the corner of the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois and the Rue de Sévigné, and is, therefore, in the historic quarter of the Marais, which was once almost a province by itself. To the Marais every foreign visitor must direct his steps who would seek some real knowledge of the past. A rare guide to follow through this neighborhood was Sardou, and there are no more learned ones at present than M. G. Lenôtre and M. Cain, two of his disciples.

The Musée Carnavalet, a seventeenth century structure, was formerly the Hôtel Carnavalet, renowned as the residence of Mme. de Sévigné. The elegant and greatly-gifted Marquise, who has been described as uniting in herself "almost everything that the whole century," the seventeenth, "had produced which was distinguished, pleasant, and elevated," occupied the Carnavalet for nineteen years, from 1677 to 1696. To this long tenancy the renaissance of the French language owed not a little, and the mistress of the Hôtel, let us remember, had her place among the strongest group of writers in the classic age of French literature. All writers of good letters have been in some degree her imitators, and her own letters—valuable at this hour as historical memoirs—are comparable with the essays of Montaigne. Not a few of them were written, we fancy, from the Hôtel Carnavalet. There it was that Mme. de Sévigné, seventy years of age, died in 1696. "She was the soul of the place," says Edouard Fournier ("Paris Guide"), "and remains its glory."

For this generation, however, the Carnavalet Museum serves a distinctly utilitarian end. The library of books on the history of Paris is, perhaps, the richest collection in its class; the views and plans of Old Paris are of the highest value to the student and historian; and the "Grande Salle de la Révolution," where hangs Prieur's touching portrait of Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie (taken on the spot) is a chamber to evoke some very poignant memories. The garden itself is filled with historic relics.

Streets and squares and buildings associated with the Revolution claim, as is proper, much of M. Cain's attention in this volume, but of equal interest are his notes on earlier and later periods.

Time remains only for a turn in his company around the Place des Vosges (Place Royale), in the very heart of the Marais. All the history of France is written here. On the site of this picturesque abandoned Place there stood originally a palace called the Hôtel des Tournelles, a vast country house in a wood. It was built, says M. Cain, by Charles V. (he who was surnamed the Wise) in the fourteenth century. It is venturesome to criticise M. Cain on a fact of Paris history, but our impression had been that it was a Chancellor of France, Pierre d'Orgemont, who raised the turret-loaded château, and that it came later into the possession of Charles V. or Charles VI. Certainly, however, it was a very ancient royal residence. One noted Englishman dwelt there for a time, the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, after the death of Henry V., "and kept flocks of peacocks and multitudes of rarer birds in its gardens."

It was to Henry IV., inspired by Sully, that the Place Royale owed its origin, and in the reign of his successor, Louis XIII., it became the centre of fashion.

> "How many of our Parisiennes lift their charming eyes in ecstasy before the rights of foreign lands, who are guilty of the unpardonable sin of knowing nothing whatever about the *Place Royale*, which Corneille celebrated in 1635, where the fair votaries of the *Pays du Tendre* flaunted and flirted under the reign of the *Précieuses*, where Ninon de l'Enclos and Marion de Lorme gave their lovers assignation—the *Place Royale* where so many fine fops, breakers of heads and slitters of weazands, and breakers of the laws against duelling, exchanged such slashing blows beneath the pensive eyes of the 'fair fashionables,' who, the better to see them cut one another's throats, would lift a corner of the jalousies with the tip of their rosy fingers—the *Place Royale* where dwelt the Cardinal de Richelieu, Chabannes, Rohan-Chabot, Mlle. du Châtelet, and many others famous in history, where Mme. de Sévigné was born, where the great tragic actress Rachel lived, where from one window to another Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier discussed art and poetry!"

Within a few hundred yards of the blatant Place de la Bastille, the Place Royale, or Place des Vosges, time-worn, faded, and somnolent, retains a certain antique dignity. Its old, high-roofed, red houses are beautiful in the evening sun, and the arcades are still there in which Corneille laid the scene of a comedy. This is one of the true bits of the Paris of the Chronicles, the Paris of story and romance; and M. Cain says that an imaginative member of the Municipal Council, M. Galli, has the pleasing phantasy to restore it to its pristine beauty. But every link is severed that bound Paris to the past of the Place Royale, and over that past no Republic of to-day has power.

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## THE PAPER-MARKS OF PROVENCE.*

It is a most entrancing story that Mr. Harold Bayley unfolds in this copiously illustrated volume. Far back in the Middle Ages there dwelt in the Provençal district of France a race of people, Albigenses and Waldenses, who were as skilful in certain handicrafts as they were upright in their way of living. The crafts in which they excelled were paper-making and, in later days, printing, both of which are still believed to owe their beginnings to them. Unhappily, besides being skilled of hand and immaculate in morals, they were also intellectual; and intellectuality in those times was regarded as synonymous with heresy. Hence, about the twelfth century, the hand of Mother Church fell heavily upon them, and continued to fall at intervals until long after the Middle Ages had passed away.

* "A New Light on the Renaissance. Displayed in Contemporary Emblems." By Harold Bayley. Dent. 12s. 6d. net.

Their homes and their persons were burnt, their industries and arts demolished, and those who escaped with their lives were scattered to the ends of Europe. But with them went their paper-making, and on the paper were paper-marks, each consisting of a design that represented something more than a workman's idle fancy.

Out of these paper-marks, some four hundred of which are reproduced, Mr. Bayley has constructed an elaborate study in medieval symbolism. His purpose is to show the symbolic meaning of these designs, to connect them closely with the pre-Reformation movement that took place outside Italy, and to suggest, if not to prove, by means of them, that the Provençals were largely responsible for the corresponding movement inside Italy and for the Renaissance in art and letters that attended it. To demonstrate that the Italian Renaissance really owed its origin to France is a big undertaking. It should be noted, however, that Mr. Bayley does not rely for his theory entirely on the Provençal paper-makers and their symbols. The latter, as he urges, probably found means of communication and identification among the exiles and their sympathisers. Their proper interpretation throws, moreover, a most useful light on the tenets of the Provençal church or secret society—tenets which may be traced in much contemporary Italian literature. These craftsmen, however, of Provence were not the only exiles who, by the devious methods that alone were safe, spread the anti-papacy gospel. They had powerful allies in the Troubadours, those songsters and poets and satirists who, through the agency of their gifts, profoundly influenced every country wherein they wandered. From the Troubadours derives most of that romantic mysticism found in such medieval classics as the Romaunt of the Rose and the Legend of the Grail; and the connection between such romances and the teachings of the Albigensian Church is one of the main theses of this book.

The creed of this church, which suffered so much persecution in its quest of the millennium, did not exclude lightness and laughter. Poesy and the jester were its implements, based though it was on education—the cult of the Virgin Sophia. To its priesthood were related the much-maligned alchemists and, Christian as it was, it had the sympathy and co-operation of the Jewish Kabbalah. It reached England among other countries, and infected English literature; at least, so says Mr. Bayley, who finds in much that we accept rather vaguely as a product of the Renaissance the symbolism of Provence. Spenser's Elizabeth, for example, the object of the poet's dedicatory sonnet, was not the Tudor queen who sat on the throne of England, as materialistic critics have imagined; or, at any rate, "it is probable that much of the poetic adulation of Queen Elizabeth was lavished with a mental reservation in favor of a less material mistress," namely, the Queen Sophia who ruled over the hearts of the poets. So with much that has been interpreted literally in Petrarch and Chaucer. The cult of Sophia is the key "that unlocks nearly all the mysterious love poetry of the Middle Ages."

One is tempted to lose sight of the paper-makers and printers in this book of fascinating speculations, and to forget the Provençal paper-marks that constituted the cipher of the new learning and the new creed mixed in one. Yet it would be unjust not to remember them fully, if only because Provence had the lion's share of the misery and persecution that came in the wake of the struggle for Reformation. The bitter irony of it all was that when the Reformation came, it was not the Reformation that these men wanted. To the apostles of the new Christianity that aimed at working through the pure joy of life and learning, the scorpions of Luther were as noxious as the whips of Rome. One tyranny was substituted for another; the yoke of the second, indeed, was heavier by reason of the disappointment it brought. Between the two contending forces the true Reformation, the Reformation that had given birth to and nursed its own beautiful child, the Renaissance, bade fair to die a natural death. Languish it certainly did; and if it has ever revived, it is shorn of great part of its natural beauty. Still in the mystic romances of the poets who were bound to mystery, and very likely in the symbolic paper-marks of old Provence, it has left some monuments for which the present generation, which has gained liberty of speech and lost romance, should feel duly grateful.

## THREE NOVELS.*

Mr. Marriott has advanced in his art since he wrote "The Column." From the youthful stage of artificiality and over-cleverness he has developed in strength, till he is now able to be sincere and natural. There is but little make-believe in this careful study of the family life of the sensitive girl, Audrey Tregarthan, and her unconventional wooing by her "friend," Dr. Fielding. Though the novel is not specially remarkable for fineness of artistic touch, it is a thoughtful psychological study, sincerely handled, and, as such, is worth scores of facile stories of the rank of "Barbary Sheep."

Audrey Tregarthan, the heroine, a girl of twenty-six, is the daughter of a provincial bank cashier at Lew Alston, a stagnant little watering-place on the North Devon coast. The quiet charm of her nature, which is thrown away on the dull perception of her provincial world, has been deepened by family responsibilities. Her mother is a victim to the drink habit, and it is Audrey's ceaseless care to conceal the cause of her mother's outbreaks from the impressionable younger children, and to ease the burden of her father, a sensitive and nervous man. Mr. Tregarthan is in debt to the land agent, the jovial and coarse Mr. Quick, and the family outlook is sufficiently depressing to keep Audrey a prey to anxiety, while her emotional nature craves for the love that no man has yet awakened in her. Chance, however, throws her into unconventional touch with Dr. Fielding, a stranger who settles down at Lew Alston to pursue his literary work, and it is the ambiguous nature of their intimacy which, though "innocent" in the vulgar phrase, runs all the peril, socially, of a clandestine understanding. Dr. Fielding's experiences of women have not been happy, and he has determined that he will not enter a second time into marriage. He falls in love with Audrey, but his mind is torn between his growing passion and his misunderstanding of her unconventional attitude—a not infrequent result when masculine natures encounter courageous women. Dr. Fielding fails to grasp that it is feeling that sanctifies a bond between man and woman, and not social convenience. In his inner confusion he allows Audrey to see that she stands on a lower plane in his eyes than she does in her own—a fault for which he is punished by her breaking off friendly relations. Apart, however, from the interesting analysis of this unusual situation, Mr. Marriott's picture of the home life of the Tregarthan family is extremely lifelike. The novel is not a work of inspiration, but it is one that teaches the reader to suspend his judgment, to banish prejudice, and examine every new problem of conduct on the grounds of the particular circumstances involved. We may add that, while Audrey is temperamentally an exceptional type, Fielding's character is less well defined than his attitude to life.

The modest worth of Mr. Marriott's achievement assuredly becomes indisputable when we compare it point by point with Mr. Hichens's new story. No doubt the reviewers will compare "Barbary Sheep" unfavorably with "The Garden of Allah," but we confess, for our part, that we see no difference in quality between the two romances, both being of the Cook tourist *genre*. The characters are about as true to life in the one as the other, and though "The Garden of Allah" contained ambitious descriptions of desert scenery, "Barbary Sheep," in compensation, is free from that overpowering atmosphere of luxuriant falsity which brought conviction to the British breast. The advertisement on the wrapper of "Barbary Sheep" states that the novel is "a study of the influence and charm that an Eastern man may exercise over a Western woman, a woman typically modern, capricious, and accustomed to the gratification of every whim. The scene of the story is laid in Algeria, at the gate of the Sahara Desert, where cultivation merges into the vast desolation which fascinates, which even enchants the European, but where few Europeans can ever be really at home." Exactly. Sir Claude Wyverne Wyverne may pass muster as the typical, unimaginative upper-class Englishman who neglects his fashionable, bored young wife,

* "When a Woman Woos." By Charles Marriott. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.
"Barbary Sheep." By Robert Hichens. Methuen. 3s. 6d.
"The Yellow Rose." By Maurice Jókai. Translated by Beatrice Danford. Jarrold. 2s. 6d. net.

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and goes off into the desert, several nights in succession, to shoot mountain sheep. A child of the desert, a Spahi officer, a pure-blooded Arab, with a "brilliant but cruel and startlingly intelligent face," serenades Lady Wyverne in his absence, and takes her for moonlight walks to the Gate of the Desert. Nothing could be more convenient or natural. But it so happens that Sir Charles has a conversation at the auberge of El-Alia, with his elderly French hostess, anent the perfidy of Arabs in general, and of Benchaâlal, the Spahi officer, in particular, and he soon suspects that his guide, Achmed, has been bribed by the Spahi to keep him away from home, so that he and Lady Wyverne may take their romantic moonlit walks together. And it is precisely at this stage of his story that Mr. Hichens goes wrong, and misses a grand opportunity. The psychological situation is interesting. What would a stupid but good-hearted British baronet say to his fashionable wife, and what would she say to him when he discovers her at 4 a.m. engaged in a romantic *tête-à-tête* with a fascinating Arab? The exploration of the soul of the British husband and wife, conducted by a true realist, would yield delightful results. Trollope would have done justice to it, and in a finer, thinner vein Mr. W. D. Howell's researches would have taken a classic form. But Mr. Hichens and his characters go the way of hoary melodrama. When Sir Charles, returning post-haste on his mule, hoves in sight of the couple, the Arab, with great *sang-froid*, orders Lady Wyverne to crouch down behind the rock, while he lets his burnous drop over her. Sir Charles, vastly suspicious, passes by, glaring, to the hotel, which his imprudent lady regains too late. Now here the genuine crisis is missed. Sir Charles should have thrust the burnous aside, and the situation would at once become of poignant interest to tens of thousands of upper-class, travelled Britons. As it is, we are fobbed off with a stale romantic convention. Sir Charles takes his double-barrelled gun, and a mad Marabout takes his knife, and Lady Wyverne decks herself, the following night, with her diamonds, and through this concatenation of significant circumstances it is that the fascinating but reckless child of the desert, Benchaâlal, comes to his death. It is a pity, indeed, that Mr. Hichens, when half-way through with his story, did not recognise that the subject was not rightfully his, but one that should be dramatised and expounded in three acts and as many prefaces by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

It is a pleasure to turn from the pseudo-romanticism of Mr. Hichens to the quiet and easy naturalism of the Hungarian novelist, Maurice Jókai. It is true that Jókai is a master of the historical romance of the school of Sir Walter Scott, but, like Scott, his strength lies in his knowledge of human nature and his feeling for picturesque, dramatic situations. In twelve short chapters Jókai sketches for us the essential features of peasant life on a great Hungarian plain—the flat Zam puszta, which lies on the far side of the Hortobágy River. Cattle buyers from Vienna have come to the puszta to purchase some of its famous cattle for breeding, and in a series of crisp and natural little scenes the characteristic atmosphere of the district, the local flavor of these endless grassy steppes, inhabited by herdsmen, shepherds, cowboys, horseherds, and swineherds is conveyed to us. The dramatic situation, the struggle between Sáudor, the horseherd, and Ferco Lacza, the cowboy, for the love of the maiden at the Hortobágy inn, "The Yellow Rose," as she is called in the district, is presented with the freshness and force of nature, and a young novelist could not do better than examine the unobtrusive and delicate strokes by which the girl's faithlessness is brought home to us. The test of good art is whether it lives and grows in the memory of the audience, and the test for bad art is whether it falls to pieces, through its inherent weakness, after the first illusion has passed away. From this point of view a comparison between Mr. Hichens's and Jókai's stories is decidedly instructive.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Sir John Ardagh was a man who had the good fortune to be present at almost every point of interest throughout his lifetime. His activity as a soldier and public servant extended for over forty years, and the story of his life, as told by his widow, the Countess of Malmesbury (John Murray, 15s. net), almost covers the foreign history of the British Empire from the early 'sixties up to the end of the Boer war. Though a sapper, he was frequently employed on special missions where diplomacy was almost as much wanted as surveying. We find him in Paris towards the end of the Franco-German war, in Turkey at the end of the Turco-Russian war, at the Berlin Congress, with the Bulgarian and Greek Boundary Commissions, and at the first Hague Conference. There were, besides his ordinary service years in the Army, three years of special service in Egypt during the Nile expeditions of the 'eighties, and six years of service in India, chiefly on the Viceroy's staff. On all these points the biography possesses unusual and first-hand interest; for though Sir John Ardagh was not a writer, he has left a great deal of new information in letters and notes, to say nothing of his numerous drawings of historic scenes. But, perhaps, for his friends, at all events, the most important part of the volume will be the complete and careful vindication of his memory from the common charge of neglecting to discover the truth about the Boer forces when he was Director of the Intelligence Department before the war broke out. The charge has been already disproved by the Royal Commission on the war, and by the publication of numerous documents that cannot be disputed. But the defence was well worth repeating, for public opinion does not trouble much about Blue Books and Reports. At the very time when the outcry against the Intelligence Department was beginning to arise, the present reviewer had an unusual opportunity of discovering how baseless it all was. When he was in Natal within the first week or two of the war, he was able to study the secret report of the Intelligence officers upon the numbers and organisation of the Boer forces and armaments in both Republics. On every point the estimate was extraordinarily accurate, as the course of the war proved, and where an estimate was wrong, as in computing the number of "Long Toms," it was overstated, rather than understated. It was not the Intelligence Department which was at fault before the war, but Mr. Chamberlain and the Government, who either did not trouble to read the Report, or absolutely neglected its warnings. To those who followed the inner story of the war this has long been known, and the secret report has long been published, but we are glad to see the truth of the story repeated in justice to the memory of a modest and honorable soldier who never went out of his way to defend himself.

* * *

A few years ago two French enthusiasts brought out a volume containing short biographical accounts of the two thousand characters who figure in Balzac's novels. Mr. Alexander J. Philip, the Public Librarian of Gravesend, has attempted a less gigantic, though formidable, undertaking. The sub-title of his book, "A Dickens Dictionary" (Routledge, 8s. 6d. net), runs thus: "The Characters and Scenes of the Novels and Miscellaneous Works Alphabetically Arranged." It begins with brief summaries of all Dickens's works and then follows the Dictionary proper with its serried mass of entries. The main difficulty in such a work as this is to know where to draw the line in the way of omission, for, as Mr. Philip points out, some people may expect a Dickens Dictionary to contain matter which would more appropriately be found in a Dickens Encyclopædia. He promises that some day he may give us such a work, and in the meantime the book before us is a useful help for those who wish to turn up the passage relating to any particular character or saying in Dickens's works. Though in the Dickens cult, we can claim only a moderate degree of adeptness, and it is possible that a Dickensian *enragé* may take exception to faults of omission or commission in Mr. Philip's volume. We have noticed one or two minor ones, but, upon the whole, consider that he has acquitted himself well.

* * *

"Servia and the Servians," compiled and edited by Mr. Alfred Stead (Heinemann, 12s. 6d. net), contains twenty-four chapters, each written by a Servian authority, and therefore giving what we may take as the official view of the matter in hand. Thus M. Gavrilovitch, the Director of the State Archives, contributes an "Historical Survey"; M. Milanovitch, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, writes on "The Constitution and Constitutionalism"; the Chief of

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the General Staff on "The Army"; the Minister of Public Instruction on "Education," and so forth. The result is a huge mass of information presented in an easily accessible form. At the present moment the chief question which Servia has to face is her relations, political and commercial, with Austro-Hungary. As Servia has no seaboard, and Austria-Hungary is the market for 87 per cent. of Servian exports, and sends in more than half the total imports, the question is a vital one. Professor Baikitch suggests three solutions—a Central European Customs Union, which would include Servia, a Zollverein with Hungary, or a Zollverein with the Balkan States. From Professor Popovitch's account of Servian literature, we gather that at present its main strength lies in poetry and literary criticism, while there are no novels, and the drama is poorly represented. French influence is predominant, and the Servian popular songs, which were praised by Nodier and Merimée—the latter brought out a volume of original compositions which professed to be translations of them—are still preserved and held in esteem.

* * *

Mr. L. Worthington Evans and Mr. F. Shewell Cooper have published a handy volume of "Notes on the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, with Forms" (Chas. Knight & Sweet & Maxwell). The new Act, which came into operation on April 1st last, is intended primarily to codify the law contained in the repealed statutes, but considerable changes of language have been introduced, which clear up ambiguities and make it more easily understood. The authors have produced a work which will be extremely useful, not merely to legal practitioners, but to directors and officers of public and private joint stock companies. The notes are brief, but lucid and illuminating, and the forms are carefully and concisely drafted.

# The Week in the City.

| | Price Friday morning. May 14. | | Price Friday morning, May 21. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Consols 2½ per cent. ... ... ... | 85 5/16 | ... | 85 5/16 |
| German 3 per cent. ... ... ... | 85 | ... | 85½ |
| Japanese 4 per cent. ... ... ... | 90½ | ... | 91⅛ |
| Steel Common ... ... ... ... | 58¾ | ... | 61 1/16 |
| Rand Mines ... ... ... ... | 9 | ... | 9¼ |

Speculation is still rife, and in many directions Stock Exchange prices seem to have soared to a dangerous height, especially in the American and Kaffir markets. Steel Common at or above 60 strikes one as preposterous, but with Wall Street all things are possible, and sometimes high prices positively encourage the speculative buyer. The Money market, however, has been giving a distinct warning to operators. Rates have been decidedly firmer, partly in consequence of the lock up of Government money and the issue of Treasury bills, partly owing to the appearance of American Finance (or security) Bills, partly, again, owing to the general belief that a revival of trade is on foot. The American Security Bills based on the deposit of bonds in New York are three months' bills, and it is possible that when they mature more gold exports will be made from New York. Trade in the United States still languishes, and things may be very bad there if the harvests should prove deficient. During the past week the cold frosts have done tens, and, I fear, hundreds, of thousands of pounds' worth of damage to farmers, market gardeners, and fruit growers in many parts of the country. A fruit grower in Norfolk suffered to the extent of £1,200 in a single night. Cold and drought combined are certainly adverse factors, and we must not too hastily assume that trade improvement will be sufficient to bring with it dearer money in the autumn.

### The City and the Budget.

Although trade writers in the Tory press moan and groan in the most heartrending fashion, it is a fact that the average City man (who is not a Rothschild) is quite unmoved by the letter of protest sent by bankers and merchants to Mr. Asquith. The signatures, indeed, are highly respectable and weighty, though many big people refused to sign. But then a good many of those who did sign joined in the Guildhall meeting with the object of forcing the Government to spend more and actually promised financial support. It is, therefore, considered that the objection to income-tax and death duties comes with rather a bad grace. Apparently the inward meaning of the letter is that the income-tax ought to have been increased without any further graduation. But an addition to the ninepenny rate on earned incomes would have been very unpopular with the clerks and managers of the very same bankers and merchants who memorialised Mr. Asquith. Unless, therefore, one goes to the magnates, one does not find much complaint, but rather a sense of relief. There is, however, a very general objection to the seizure of the old Sinking Fund, and those who have looked into the figures complain rather bitterly that too much taxation has been imposed, the estimates of the yield being far too low.

### Brunner Mond.

The profits of this tremendous business fell £40,000 in 1908-9, as compared with 1907-8—from £740,000 to £700,000—and the dividend is consequently reduced from 30 to 27½ per cent., the lowest since 1897-8, when only 25 per cent. was paid. The carry-forward is £37,000, against £35,000 last year, and, on the whole, it must be said that the great business has come very well through a year of depression.

### Japanese Debt.

The talk of converting the external debt of Japan into 3½ per cent. is mere bombast; but I hear on good authority that the Japanese Government is conferring with international houses as to the possibility of a general conversion into 4 per cents. This may be feasible, and the pressure of taxation in Japan is so heavy that a reduction in the debt charge must be earnestly desired. The Government is to be congratulated upon its efforts during the past year, which stand out in sharp contrast to the loan-mongering finance of Germany and Russia. On the other hand, one is sorry to learn from Tokio that a corrupt movement among powerful Japanese financiers for a higher protective tariff on trust products is in active progress.

### The Boom in Rhodesians.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians have not been quite as excited this week as they were last, but they still remain the most active market in the House, and it is not clear that the boom has yet spent itself. Why at this particular moment the public should have turned its attention to Chartereds, it is difficult to say, but for some time people have been growing more cheerful about the position in Rhodesia, and when feeling about Rhodesia grows cheerful we are always within measurable distance of a boom. The curse of the country throughout has been its close connection with the gambling public in London, and the enormous losses suffered by Englishmen in the past over Chartered shares must create a prejudice and hinder legitimate development in the future. The avowed reason for the present rise is that things are looking up; the railways are doing better; the mines are turning out more gold; the revenue in Southern Rhodesia is improving. But the real reason is that a certain number of speculators have decided that they have a chance of making money over a deal. The price of Chartereds was run up in about ten days from 17s. 6d. to 25s., and the second debentures, which carry an option on ordinary shares at par, rose simultaneously. These are the debentures that resulted from the company's difficulty in raising money last year. With its shares standing at under 15s., clearly it could not issue more shares in the ordinary way, so the directors offered shares at par with an option. This scheme broke down, and it could scarcely have done otherwise, for the whole value of the option depended on the market quotation going up to par, and any one who thought the rise probable could do better by buying at 14s. or 15s. The plan, therefore, was withdrawn and the option-carrying debentures substituted; they raised a certain amount of money and have risen this week to a premium of 23 per cent. To show the rise that has taken place in Rhodesians generally this year, I append a table giving a few prices:—

| | Dec. 31st. | | This week. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chartered ... ... ... ... ... ... | 16/3 | ... | 24/0 |
| Globe and Phœnix ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | ... | 3 1-8 |
| Lomagunda Development ... ... ... ... | 7/6 | ... | 10/6 |
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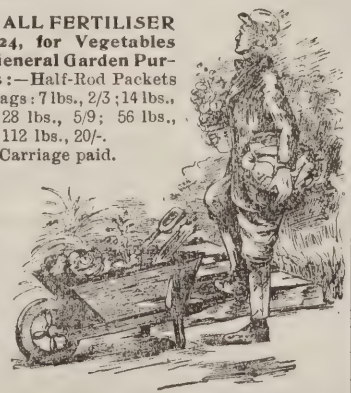

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 9.] SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909. [Price 6d.
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## Diary of the Week.

An important debate on the Two-Power standard took place in the House of Commons on Wednesday on a motion of Captain Craig, which aimed at pinning the Government down to maintaining a naval preponderance of ten per cent. over the combined strengths in capital ships of the two next strongest Powers, wherever they might be. The motion was rejected and a resolution of confidence carried by 272 to 106 votes. The Prime Minister's statement was very satisfactory to his party. It was, in fact, a rejection of the purely arithmetical statement of the Two-Power formula and a reversion to his own and Sir Edward Grey's earlier declarations that it was enough for us to build against "a reasonably possible combination of hostile Powers." The Two-Power standard, he insisted, was not a precept of the Decalogue, but a "rule-of-thumb," to be used with discretion.

* * *

Thus, regard must be had to geographical conditions, *e.g.*, to the distance from ourselves of the naval bases of a Power like the United States. In other words, fleets must be counted, not by the noses of their ships, but by their "effective strength" at the scene of action. The Opposition grumbled greatly at these limitations, Mr. Lee complaining of the "exception" of America, with which, however, he "thanked God" we were never going to fight. Mr. Balfour complained that the Prime Minister had "qualified" and "obscured" his earlier readings of the old formula without adopting a new one, such as that this country should have a Navy twice as powerful as that of the next strongest single Power—*i.e.*, Germany. But the whole debate was unreal, for Mr. McKenna showed that Mr. Balfour's Government had introduced more qualifications into their reading of the Two-Power standard than the Prime Minister. No Tory Government can afford either to lay down two keels to Germany's one, or to build ships of the line against Germany and the United States combined, *plus* ten per cent.

* * *

The debate on the Report of the Budget resolutions was set in a somewhat minor key. The Irish Nationalists have bitterly upbraided the Chancellor on account of the Irish share in the new spirit and tobacco taxes, and have asked for a rebate on the latter, which Mr. Lloyd George has firmly refused. He and Mr. Cox both pointed out that the growing Irish tobacco industry is already State-fed. The criticism on the whisky taxes did not show an embittered opposition from the trade. The chief point was that the Chancellor had greatly under-budgetted for the receipts, which might run to nine or ten millions instead of £1,600,000. Mr. Lloyd George's most interesting point was the calculation that the distillers would make four millions out of the tax of £1,600,000, on which Mr. Balfour's criticism was that this was an endowment of the trade, and at the same time a selective tax on some of the poorest people in Scotland and Ireland. The Chancellor was putting on a duty which would not be paid this year, and would not be wanted next. Most of this criticism was lightly and good-humoredly phrased. The Opposition have decided, contrary to the precedent of 1907 and 1908, to meet the second reading of the Bill with a simple motion of rejection in place of a reasoned amendment calling for Protection. Apparently the Opposition do not wish to argue the alternative between Mr. Lloyd George's proposals and a "bread and cheese" Budget.

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The Prime Minister made a broad popular defence of the Budget at Sheffield on Friday week. He insisted that it carried out the two governing principles on which he financed Old Age Pensions—first, that the cost should be shared by all classes of the community, and, secondly, that it should not fall on "prime necessaries." The distribution had been quite fair as between property and the consumer. The first had been taxed to the tune of about £6,850,000, the second to the extent of about £6,100,000. Financial scaremongering looked foolish in view of the fact that the wealth of the country was continually increasing. Ten years had seen an addition to its income of 300 millions, and the last three years of 100 millions. Tariff Reform, the only substitute for the Budget, meant the taxation of "bread and cheese," and the fostering of industries at the taxpayers' expense. The Government were taking "unearned increment" for the community which created it; the Protectionists would take it from its parent, the community, and put it into private pockets.

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The adjournment of the House of Commons for the Whitsun holiday was prefaced by the usual perfunctory and wandering talk on foreign affairs. It was less criticism than a hunt for information. Sir Charles Dilke, who opened it, properly pressed for a full reference of the South African Union Act to Parliament, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton italicised this point by calling on the Imperial Government not to forget its responsibilities to Basutoland. Sir Charles also thought that Sir Edward

Grey's March speech had set up an attack of nervousness in Europe, and hoped that we should not be backward in withdrawing, with the rest of the occupying Powers, from Crete. Mr. Lynch thought that Russian doings in Persia were contrary to the Constitution, and that the granting of the loan to the Shah without the consent of Parliament directly violated it. Mr. McNeill suggested that Parliament was, if anything, losing its control over foreign policy and the treaty-making power—*e.g.*, both the Anglo-Japanese Treaty (1905) and the Anglo-Russian Agreement on Persia and Afghanistan (1907) were deliberately withheld from it. Mr. Bennett thought that our limit of endurance of Congo atrocities had been reached, and that we ought to force reform by blockading the mouth of the Congo and occupying the custom-house at Boma.

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Sir Edward Grey's reply covered all these points but that of Persia, which was raised in a later speech. His tone was neutral and guarded. He denied that Europe was unduly nervous, and if it was, its tremors sprang not from too little but too much debate of international affairs. His reports as to forced labor on the Congo were bad; but a British blockade of an international highway was impossible, for it would mean stopping German and French as well as Belgian ships. He was preparing representations to the Belgian Government. As to Crete, all the Powers were agreed on withdrawal, and we were no more backward than others, but he hinted that the question of union was quite unsettled. He could not alter the Constitution and transfer the treaty-making power from the Crown to Parliament. But the delay in presenting the Russian agreement was unavoidable and unintentional.—Speaking on Africa, Colonel Seely promised Sir Charles Dilke a full reference to Parliament of the South African Act of Union, and Mr. McKinnon Wood, dealing with Persia, said that the Russian loan was only a little one, and therefore pardonable, and that the Russian troops in Tabriz would be withdrawn as soon as a Governor had been appointed.

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The Anglo-German exchanges of courtesies go on in spite of the ill-nature and stupidity of a section of the Press in both countries, and the failure to arrive at a political appeasement. Our latest visitors are thirty members of the Berlin municipality, who entertained the King, headed by the Ober-Bürgermeister and the Bürgermeister. They have been pleasantly received by the King at Buckingham Palace, banqueted at the Guildhall, and shown the sights. Herr Cassell said that Germany had no envy of our naval power, and that a German invasion of Great Britain would be "insensate and criminal." On the other hand, the tone of the German Press, in discussing the "scare-ship" folly, has been seriously critical, and the incident has, of course, been used by the Jingoes as a fresh argument for German naval enlargement.

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Parliament has been repeatedly disturbed during the week by the incursion of the private scandals which distract naval administration. The opponents of Sir John Fisher have contrived to elicit the fact that three years ago he printed and to some extent circulated imprudent letters written by Captain Bacon on fleet organisation, which contained contemptuous references to Mr. Bellairs. This fact has now been attested by the publication, through Sir George Armstrong, of a letter to Sir John Fisher from Admiral Mann, on the retired list. This letter showed that Sir John had sent at least one of the Bacon letters to this Admiral, who returned it, saying: "I agree with every word, and am glad to think Beresford and Lambton have not poisoned his mind." The impropriety and, indeed, the malice, of printing such a letter are obvious. Mr. McKenna is, of course, not to blame, for the incident is three years old. But we cannot but think that these communications, and the way in which Sir John Fisher treated them, are evidence that a spirit of bitter personal rivalry has long reigned at the Admiralty, even if they do not show that Sir John Fisher used inferior officers to report on their superiors. Mr. McKenna has apologised for Sir John's indiscretion, and has covered him with a most handsome tribute to his services. But it seems to us a grave question whether this excuses his handling of the two subjects of discipline and "Dreadnoughts."

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The news from Persia is grave. Russia has arranged to give the Shah a loan of £100,000, and Mr. McKinnon Wood suggests that, despite Sir Edward Grey's pledge "not to consent to any advance unless approved by an elected Assembly," the Russian loan has our approval. But it violates Article 25 of the Fundamental Law of 1906, the earlier and less Liberal form of the Persian Constitution. The money is nominally to be spent in disbanding soldiers and paying arrears of diplomatic wages; but the expenditure is to be supervised only by a Russian official, and there is more than a suspicion that it is really to be directed against the constitutionalists. Meanwhile, though the British bluejackets have been withdrawn from Bushire, the Russians remain at Tabriz, and are so much at home there that General Sharski has arrested Satar Khan. The Russian reactionaries, who now have the Government completely under their thumb, are clamoring for the occupation of the whole of Northern Persia.

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Empire Day fell on Monday, and was celebrated by about 18,000 schools in the kingdom. Mr. Chamberlain marked it by writing a letter for the Empire Supplement of the "Times." His theme was that this was "the day of Empires," and that these new "great aggregations of humanity," and especially those of British folk, must be built both on common defence and on commercial union, with political union to follow. The British Empire now counted a population of fifty million souls, increasingly inclined not merely to talk but to act as one body. He thought this new factor would involve an entire change in our public life and its objects.

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On Saturday the Hague tribunal published its decision in the Casablanca dispute of last year, which, with the assistance of busybodies, looked like setting France and Germany at one another's throats. The Court found that the French military occupation gave the French authorities a jurisdiction over German subjects in the French army, overriding the jurisdiction of the German consul. The German Consulate was not entitled to grant protection to German deserters from the Foreign Legion, and the Secretary to the German Consulate committed a grave and manifest error in trying to embark non-German deserters. On the other hand the French officials were wrong in menacing the Secretary with a revolver and in beating his servant. In other words, there was error on both sides. On the German side illegality and on the French unjustifiable violence. That is the decision which most plain men would have come to, and it is therefore satisfactory to note that it is welcomed by both the German and

the French press. The "North German Gazette" finds it entirely satisfactory, and says that the immediate consequence of the award will be an interchange of expressions of regret between the two Governments, in which Germany will most readily perform her part. The episode should strengthen the prestige of the Hague Tribunal.

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The Commonwealth Labor Ministry, led by Mr. Fisher, is doomed. Mr. Deakin has managed to scrape together an alliance with the two opposing groups, led by Mr. Cook and Sir John Forrest. Mr. Cook succeeded Mr. Read as chief of the anti-Socialist Liberals, who are Free Traders, and stand for State Rights and property, and are against compulsory military training. Mr. Deakin is an ardent Protectionist, he is a Federalist, and he is for military training; in fact, the only point he seems to have in common with his allies is a desire to turn the Labor Party out of office, while the Labor Cabinet has been putting forward Mr. Deakin's own programme, and even, in its advocacy of a Federal land tax to encourage closer settlement, hardly quarrels with Mr. Deakin. The compact between Mr. Deakin and Mr. Cook consists in Mr. Cook "accepting" Mr. Deakin's programme, on condition that Mr. Deakin postpones its execution indefinitely, an arrangement which is so unnatural that it cannot endure, and has already led to the secession from Mr. Deakin's party of four members, including Sir William Lyne. An early dissolution is inevitable, but apparently the allies will be satisfied if they are allowed to run the elections, and to prevent the Labor Ministry nominating the High Commissioner and the delegates to the Naval Conference.

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The Reichstag has been given a long vacation in order to enable the Finance Reform Committee to find a way out of the mess. The Committee, so far, has not effected much, and its activity has been devoted to indirect taxation on tobacco and coffee. The crux of the situation is political rather than financial. The Centre and the Conservatives have the game in their hands, and they are tacking about until the Government makes up its mind to let the *bloc* go and take what the Centre and the Conservatives are willing to offer. The Centre apparently is not inclined to be hard on Prince Bülow, and probably the Liberals and Radicals, who have an unlimited talent for selling their principles, will in the long run submit to the return of the Centre to authority. It is pretty generally understood that in any case the new taxation will not be on the elaborate scale the Government hoped for, and the health of the Imperial finances require. The Government will have to whistle for part of the £25,000,000 of new revenue it asked for.

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The General Elections in Denmark took place on Tuesday, and the chief issue was the project for an elaborate scheme of land defence for Copenhagen, submitted by M. Neergard, the Premier. The Premier had behind him at the dissolution the Conservatives and a section of the Liberals—in all, thirty-eight members out of a House of 114. Against him were the advanced Radicals and the Socialists, who think that no scheme of defences can protect Denmark against Germany, or do anything except waste money, and the major portion of the Liberals, led by M. Christensen, the ex-Premier, who think the Neergard scheme much too elaborate and costly. The country seems, on the whole, to have pronounced against M. Neergard. M. Christensen's party lost rather heavily, but the Socialists, who were expected to suffer, held their own, and the advanced Radicals gained six seats. The Conservatives won nine seats, but M. Neergard's following, on the whole, seems to have made no advance, although it is thought that the Premier may possibly stay in office as the result of a compromise with M. Christensen.

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The refusal of the Lord Chamberlain's office, acting through the Examiner of Plays, to license Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet," on grounds which we explain elsewhere, has produced an interesting declaration from the Prime Minister. Mr. Robert Harcourt is promoting a Bill for the abolition of the Censorship. On Wednesday he offered to let it pass for the Session if the Government would appoint a Select Committee to examine it. Mr. Asquith made a very sympathetic reply. The matter, he said, was a very important one, and was receiving careful consideration. He would not promise any definite procedure with regard to Mr. Harcourt's Bill, but agreed with him that the time had come for inquiry. We shall hope to see this pledge fulfilled, and we are sure that it must decree the abolition of the Censorship. We have reason to believe that the matter has been debated by the Cabinet, and that a decision will shortly be announced.

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Our Paris correspondent writes: "The division of opinion between the revolutionary and 'reformist' parties in the Confédération Générale du Travail has reached a crisis, and a schism would seem to be almost inevitable. It will be remembered that two days before the decision in favor of a general strike, which proved to be abortive, M. Niel, the general secretary of the Confederation, made a speech to the Miners' Congress at Lens in which he declared that the proletariat was not sufficiently organised to make a general strike possible, and condemned the policy of 'bluff.' Subsequent events have justified M. Niel, but the revolutionary party on the Executive of the Confederation demanded a meeting to consider his speech, which was held on Tuesday, and adjourned until Wednesday. Two resolutions censuring M. Niel were proposed and, after a brilliant defence of his action, which won tributes even from his opponents, M. Niel demanded the previous question, which was defeated by 60 votes against 36, and seven abstentions. The minority represented a large majority of the federated trade unionists. This vote was immediately followed by the resignation of M. Niel and of the assistant-secretary, M. Thil, and the meeting broke up in confusion. It is possible that the result will be the formation by the 'reformists' of a new confederation which would include all the great trade unions, and would, no doubt, be organised on the principle of proportional representation."

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The King's colt, Minoru, won the Derby on Wednesday, by a short head, after an exciting race with Louviers. As Prince of Wales the King won the Derby twice, following in this respect George IV., who, as Prince Regent, won it once. But there is no precedent for a victory at the great Epsom race of a reigning Sovereign, and the English passion for sporting "records" seems to have combined with the King's personal popularity to bring about a scene of wild enthusiasm. The King descended from the Royal Stand and, plunging into a madly cheering crowd on the course, led his horse to the weighing-room.

# Politics and Affairs.

## COMMON SENSE ON THE NAVY.

The Liberal Party is now able to set a proper value on the attempt of the Opposition both to dictate the naval policy of the country and to prescribe and define the formula which expresses it. On neither point, we think, have they given the nation any reason to respect either their motives or their judgment. The cry of "Eight 'Dreadnoughts,' won't wait," was, at its best, an incitement to the Government to act without knowledge, and to build without necessity. At its worst, it was a piece of party claptrap, a cry for a wind to fill the idle sails of the Tory barque. When the people tried to find the actual degree of public spirit behind it, they soon discovered that the politicians who "would not wait" "would not pay" either. Having, by these high-minded and disinterested proceedings, discredited both their siege of the Admiralty and their assault on the Budget, they can hardly expect the Government or the Ministerial Party to pay much heed to their demand that the two-Power standard shall be construed so as to lay an intolerable burden not only on this Government but on every Administration that succeeds it. The manœuvre was fairly turned by the Prime Minister on Wednesday night, and the Government at last stand in a clear and sound relationship to the naval problem. But if they have secured themselves from a dangerous and irrational interpretation of the "two-Power" formula, it would be a great mistake to suppose that they have done more than shake themselves free from a trap, least of all that they have made any new or specially minimising declaration on our standard of naval strength. Mr. McKenna's brilliant speech showed in the clearest possible way that the mechanical interpretation of the two-Power standard, which Mr. Lee tried to force on the Prime Minister, was opposed to the most authoritative Unionist definitions of it. Mr. Lee did last autumn induce Mr. Asquith to say, in one of those moments of incaution to which the most alert Parliamentarian is liable, that we were bound to build not merely against a reasonable and probable combination of naval force, but against the next two strongest Powers, "whatever they may be and wherever they may be situated"—in other words, against the full united strength of the German and American Fleets. It would perhaps be enough to remark that a Tory Government, no more than a Liberal Government, would venture to set the British taxpayer any such ruinous task. But the point is that the "arithmetical" formula which Mr. Lee put upon Mr. Asquith was rejected by Mr. Lee's own Government, and by its Unionist predecessor. Lord Goschen, for example, insisted in 1898 that in reckoning the strength of hostile fleets in alliance, we must put to our credit the two great advantages of "homogeneity of construction" and "unity of command." This is one deduction. Six years later Lord Selborne made another and a still more important one. He insisted that we must take account of the disposition as well as of the armament of foreign Powers, and that we should aim at a strength which offered a "reasonable probability of victory," and not at a "mere arithmetical computation." In other words, the Unionists when in power were compelled to make just the same moral and political and rational deductions from their naval formula as their Liberal successors have now made. To add to the confusion of the opposing measurement of force, we had Mr. Lee denouncing in one breath Mr. Asquith's "exception" of the United States, and in the next "refusing to believe" that "in any circumstances" we should ever go to war with her. Could there be a clearer confession that the two-Power standard is a mere stalking horse for the advance of the anti-German campaign? There is no naval combination against us. There never has been since the French *entente* or the Russo-Japanese War. There is the Anglo-German antagonism, and when we deal with that we must approach it in the spirit, not of the multiplication table, but of statesmanship.

The whole debate on Captain Craig's motion was full of evidence of the return of common sense to our estimates of naval responsibilities. The Prime Minister's speech, indeed, showed that, save so far as a very loose symbol of thought, the two-Power standard had no real existence. If, for example, we are to reckon America at all, we have to reckon her not as a unit of naval Power so much as a fraction of a unit, with so much deducted for the division of her fleet between two widely separated oceans, for the distance of her naval bases from us, for the absence of intervening coaling stations. In a word, nominal arithmetical strength is not the same thing as "effective" strength. Yes; but if we make these deductions, is it not as clear as daylight that we must make others; for example, that we must take account of the Monroe doctrine, which rules the United States out of one form of world-policy, and shuts her in to another? And on our side is it not equally futile to reckon merely ships of the line and not to include concentration of sea-power, seamanship, geographical position, discipline—somewhat to seek in these days of Sir John Fisher and Lord Charles Beresford—national character, and, above all, policy? For it is policy which in the last resort determines and moulds the force and structure of our fleets, as well as the rivalries and enmities against which they guard. An English Napoleon would not reckon his tale of ships on the same basis as a Gladstone. And, to come to the direct point of practice, does anyone suppose that if we had had a firm understanding with Germany during all these miserable years of abuse and bitterness, the naval programmes of the two countries would be rising by leaps and bounds, and we should have to pay—as we shall pay—in hard cash for our latest epileptic apparition of "scare-ships" in the air?

It is on this point that we make our one criticism of Mr. Asquith's satisfactory speech. The Prime Minister seemed inclined to drop the terribly mauled two-Power Standard for a kind of "All-risks Standard," the end of which, he said, was to "ensure this country under any conceivable conditions and against all possible hazards, an unassailable naval superiority which will give us complete command of the sea, and make—I will not say the invasion of these islands, but any attempt to interfere

with any part of our Empire or with our ocean-borne commerce, an impossibility." This is a demand for absolute predominance and a quest of absolute security. But neither is possible. Security never existed in England, neither under Blake nor under Nelson. It existed least of all on the eve of the Armada, and it is clearly out of the question in times when science is a common heritage of the nations and when a perpetual race goes on for primacy in ocean trade. Risk belongs to life, till we die, and then, indeed, risk is over. The attempt to eliminate it from British naval policy will only lead our statesmen from alarm to alarm, from one wild form of expenditure to another. The safety of these islands does not lie in the process of adding up the totals of other peoples' ships and worrying ourselves periodically about the sum, or merely in the ships that we build ourselves; it lies in the character of our own people, and in the way they develop it on the lines of intellectual sanity and moral strength.

## INSURANCE AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

The proposals announced or foreshadowed by Mr. Winston Churchill in his speeches in the House of Commons and at Manchester are the natural corollaries of the Budget. Mr. Lloyd George's object has been twofold. In the first place he had to raise money to meet obligations already incurred. In the second place he had to provide the sinews of war for a further campaign of social reform. The present Budget should leave him the happy disposer of a handsome surplus next year, and it is highly desirable that the methods of applying it to works of real social utility should be thought out in good time, or every penny of it will be pounced upon for forms of expenditure which are worse than wasteful. We are glad, therefore, to know that the Government are prepared with the general outline of a policy which we believe will command the hearty assent of the nation. They propose a direct attack on the economic grievance which sits closest to the minds of the working men—the anxiety, stress, and misery due to unemployment. The root cause of this evil is a matter on which economists are not agreed, and it may be that it is, under existing conditions, irremovable. But something may be done to mitigate its effects, and in this direction Mr. Churchill proposes to make a beginning. The national network of Labor Exchanges which he proposes to set up is advocated in both Reports of the Poor Law Commission. Of itself it will not, probably, carry us very far. But it will have the effect of abridging the period of search for work, and saving industrious workmen from the heart-breaking tramp from place to place in search of a job. It cannot create employment that does not exist, but let us remember that every day of idleness saved in bad times is a net addition to the well-being of the community. It means a day less of pinching for husband, wife, and children; it means that a piece of work gets put in hand a day sooner, and that money begins to flow into the local tradesmen's till and the stream of demand to pass therefrom back to the general dealer and producer a day earlier. It is a mitigation of friction and an avoidance of waste, and as such it is not to be despised.

Mr. Churchill, however, quite rightly sees that the Exchange, though valuable in itself, is much more valuable for the uses to which it may be put. For the main work of combating unemployment more direct measures are necessary. Of the measures recommended with this object in the Minority Report, three are of especial importance. The first of these is Insurance, the second is the proposal to plan public work on a ten years' scheme so as to balance increments of public expenditure against adverse fluctuations of ordinary trade, and in this connection to extend public enterprise in the direction of afforestation, road improvement, and other ways. The third is to set on foot systematic establishments for the educative employment of those who, after every effort has been made to find a place for them in the ordinary ranks of industry, still remain on the books of the public exchanges. The last of these can hardly be undertaken till the others are well afoot. The second is in part covered by Mr. George's development scheme and will, we hope, take more definite shape before the next session of Parliament is reached. The first is put before the public in outline now as part of the accepted policy of the Cabinet, and it remains only to thresh out the details and embody the scheme in an Act of Parliament.

Insurance against unemployment may, like the Labor Exchange, be regarded mainly as a palliative, but we incline to think that its claims may fairly be put somewhat higher. Economically we imagine that its collective adoption by the nation will have something of the same equalising effect as it secures to the individual. The individual whose work is well paid but irregular puts by, if he is wise, for an idle day and thereby maintains the general condition of his life stable and independent of heavy fluctuations. His expenditure and his means of living are equalised from year to year. It would seem that in proportion as the same habit is introduced into our national economy, analogous results should follow. Expenditure will be on a lower scale in the booms, and there will be more to spend in the bad times, and, if that is so, working class demand should be proportionately steadied, and the fall of trade should be broken. Instead of the failure of demand propagating itself from point to point, each man who is thrown out of work ceasing to consume as he ceased to produce, the insurance funds would come into operation and the stream of demand would continue to flow, while the return of work would find the worker less enfeebled and more ready to resume his normal place in industry. We look then to insurance, not, indeed, as a radical cure, but as a medicine operating on some of the more distressing symptoms of the disease and thereby rendering it easier for nature to assert her recuperative power.

There remains the difficult question of the best form of insurance. We take it that in making known the views of the Government some months before a Bill can be brought in, Mr. Churchill is practically inviting free discussion, and wishes to inform himself of the state of opinion. It is clear that any scheme of the kind, to be successful, must secure the hearty co-operation of the working-classes, while if employers are to be laid under contribution it must also in the main command their willing assent. Now substantially

there are two schemes before us. One looks towards compulsion and contributions by the employer; the other to the voluntary efforts of trade unions and friendly societies, supported by a Government subsidy. The former has two manifest advantages. It can be made universal, and by bringing the employer into play it may be so adjusted as to make it his interest to avoid great fluctuations, and seek to organise his business on a more stable basis. If, for example, the contributions of the employer were determined actuarially by a computation of the risk of unemployment in his trade in a given district, there would be a tangible motive for keeping the level of unemployment as low as possible. If, on the other hand, the employer is to contribute a fixed sum per head of each employee for every week that he employs him, there is no such motive, and there is even a slight inducement to the employer to dismiss men earlier than he might otherwise do. The inducement is certainly very small, if we suppose the employers' contribution to be no more than twopence a week for each operative; but so far as it goes it is in the wrong direction. What is more difficult to understand is the method by which *bonâ-fide* unemployment will be defined. Presumably employers and employed will be taken into counsel together, but we can imagine considerable divergence of view on the question whether a given piece of work offered upon given conditions is one which an unemployed workman ought or ought not to accept, and if a public official is ultimately relied on to settle the question, and thereby decide whether the recusant may justly continue to receive benefit or not, he will have a rather difficult decision to make. That consideration had, we confess, led us, with the Minority of the Commissioners, rather to prefer the Ghent system, which leaves the whole responsibility to organisations of the workmen themselves. The question will, we hope, be very carefully examined by the trade unions, and by representative employers, before the Government proposals take their final shape. But whatever doubt we may have concerns the means, not the end. The plan of insurance is a great and beneficent idea, and its adoption marks a new departure in social legislation, worthy to be ranked with the institution of Old Age Pensions, and opening out a new period in the dealings of the Government with the problems of poverty and of labor.

## RUSSIA'S DISLOYALTY IN PERSIA.

One's ally is always in the right, until he becomes so flagrantly in the wrong that he must cease to be an ally. That, we suppose, is the principle which explains the attitude of our Foreign Office in putting forward faint apologies, backed by unconvincing assurances, in reply to the members who question it about Russia's action in Persia. The whole trend of Russian policy is doubtless as obvious to Sir Edward Grey as it is to us, and to the Russians themselves. For it is not we, avowed critics of the Agreement from the beginning and sceptics who doubt whether any good can come to Persia from an unreformed bureaucracy which is crushing the life of its own people, who are the first to throw doubt on Russian loyalty. The avowals that Russian policy is disloyal, the incitements that it should be more disloyal still, come from the Governmental Press in Russia itself. The "Novoe Vremya" has been for some weeks conducting a campaign, both through its leading articles and its Persian correspondence, to convince the Russian public that the time has come at last to realise the long-cherished aims of Russian policy, by absorbing Persia once for all. We have before us pages of extracts from its columns, whose tendency is so clear that we need hardly trouble to prove a charge which the "Novoe Vremya" would be the last to deny. Even more significant is the attitude of the moderate Liberal "Slovo," which says that Russia, after occupying Teheran, must go on to occupy Ispahan, and, in short, carry out "a military occupation of Persia, involving the assumption of the administration of the country." Such are the ends which Russian newspapers, constantly in touch with one or other of the rival cliques and the rival press-bureaux at the Foreign Office, openly profess.

Let us now see what has actually been done. Russian troops are already in possession of all the more important centres in Northern Persia, and at Tabriz they have concentrated a force more than sufficient for the conquest of the whole country. They went to Tabriz ostensibly to carry food to the Europeans in the besieged town. On that pretext they have apparently assumed the administration of the whole province of Azerbaijan, and are acting, as a Russian paper puts it, "as if Persia were a Russian province, in which martial law has been proclaimed." They are demolishing the Nationalist defences, disarming the population, and at last, as a St. Petersburg telegram reports, they have even "detained," or arrested, the Nationalist General, Sattar Khan, a soldier who displayed a gallantry rare among the unwarlike Persians, and scrupulously respected European lives and property. There is no immediate prospect of the occupation coming to an end. Two thirds of their army, we are told, may be withdrawn when the Shah appoints an acceptable governor of Tabriz; but the third, which will still remain, is quite sufficient to control the place. Meanwhile Russia has granted a loan to the Shah, which he will use to pay his troops, and with the loan there will be enforced a partial control of Persian finances by two Russian officials and a Frenchman. Yet it was only in February that Sir Edward Grey announced that we should refuse "any advance" to the Shah "unless approved by an elected Assembly," and went on to add that "there is no difference in principle between the British and Russian Governments as to the objects and conditions that should be kept in view." Not for the first time Russian practice conflicts with Sir Edward Grey's principles. The Persian Parliament, if it meets at all, will find its deliberations governed by these vital facts —that the Shah's Cossacks in Teheran are still commanded by the Russian officers who bombarded the first Mejliss, that the loyalty of the Shah's troops will have

been refreshed by the payment of their long-deferred wages, that the Nationalists in their chief centre have been disarmed and their leader "detained," that all the roads and strategical centres are in the possession of Russian troops, and finally, that the Shah, without their consent, has become the debtor of Russia, and accepted a Russian financial control. To summon a Parliament in such conditions is a farce. The Shah is still master of the situation, and the Russians are the masters of the Shah.

It is improbable that Sir Edward Grey approves of these stealthy encroachments by our Russian partner. If we had all the documents before us we should doubtless find him protesting at each fresh step. Two sets of considerations govern our policy in Persia. Our first thoughts are dictated by the merits of the question. As Liberals we do not wish to see Persian liberties destroyed; as normally humane persons we do not wish to extend the area of Russian martial law; as the rulers of India we do not wish to see a buffer State absorbed. On all these grounds we invariably offer a certain halting resistance to the Russian advance. On other and more imperious grounds we refuse to carry that resistance beyond a private and verbal protest. For we have to recognise that there is nothing permanent and inevitable in the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*. It is an opportunist policy, adopted to gain certain ends, by one school only of Russian statesmen. Other ends may at any moment seem more vital even to them, and other combinations more useful. If we cease to support the Stolypin-Isvolsky Cabinet, there is little doubt that it will be replaced by an even more violently reactionary team, under such men as MM. Goremykin, Durnovo, or Witte, who would lose no time in joining the German group of Powers. The change, in all likelihood, cannot be long delayed, and, even as things are, M. Stolypin retains office only by incessant concessions to the extreme reaction. Russia, in short, is subjecting us to a species of diplomatic blackmail. Some Powers make good bargains for themselves because they are known to be strong, solvent, and loyal. Russia trades with consummate skill on her own weaknesses. She keeps her hold on the French investor not because her finances are sound, but because a breach would precipitate sheer bankruptcy. She derives the maximum of advantage from her partnership with us, not because she is loyal to her agreements, but because we know she is ready at any moment to join the camp of our European rivals. It is the triumph of a cynical opportunism. The price to us of our bargain will be not only the independence of Persia, but our good name and our prestige throughout the East. And when the episode is over, Persia absorbed, and our Indian problem once more complicated by military anxieties, there is no security that we shall retain Russian goodwill.

For our part we have never appreciated the advantages of the Russian connection. It was premature, and dangerous because it was premature. It has aggravated our rivalry with Germany, and weakened our position by extending our front, no less than by admitting to our combinations a feeble and unreliable partner. To-day when the price is so clearly to be the liberty and independence of a nation whose future we have guaranteed, honor and policy alike dictate a firm attitude. If we allow ourselves to be blackmailed, the future of the partnership will repeat its past. There comes a point where mere self-respect has a place even in diplomacy. To surrender Persia, whose Constitutional party we have assisted, and whose independence we have guaranteed, would be a dishonor for which the transient and contemptuous gratitude of the Russian reaction would be small compensation.

## THE "WRITING" OF A PROTECTIONIST TARIFF.

It is vital for students of Protectionist finance to keep their eyes on the very striking contrast between the procedure at Washington, under which a new tariff is being built up, and the criticism and conduct of our own Free Trade Budget. The process of fitting new burdens to the back of a modern industrial nation is always a difficult one. But in a Free Trade country, at least, the task is simplified by the fact that the real and the nominal end of a tax is in the main identical—that is to say that it takes something from individuals for the use of the State, and is not merely a crooked and roundabout, and usually a corrupt, device, arranged between statesmen and the wire-pullers of industry, to benefit certain favored interests. Mr. Balfour, with some assurance, considering his relations with the Protectionist party, made much on Monday of Mr. Lloyd George's statement that the liquor trade were making four millions out of taxes that only yielded £1,600,000 to the public purse. That is a regrettable result. But it will not be a permanent effect, and it was not the Chancellor's intention that it should arise at all. In Washington, on the other hand, we are witnessing the opposite process of an intended and devised sacrifice both of the consumer and of the State to manufacturing or monopoly interests. We have been studying the American press and its revelations of what the American politicians are capable of doing at the incubation of a tariff. A more naked exhibition of bribery and greed it would be impossible to imagine. At present the Payne Tariff Bill is being shaped by the Senate into the Aldrich Tariff Bill. The least corrupt section of the Senate, the so-called "Revisionists," are trying to obtain what Mr. Taft wanted—a substantial reduction of the tariff for the benefit of the ultimate consumer. There would be a strong enough body of revisionists to insure a real improvement in the Dingley Tariff but for the fact that several Democrats have been corrupted since the elections. Their secession from the Denver platform has revived John Allen's old saying that a political platform is like a railway car platform, to be used to "get in," and not to "stand on."

The attitude of the doubtful Senators has been closely canvassed by the skilful Washington correspondents of leading New York papers. Among the Republicans Senator Smith, of Michigan, believes that his party should revise the tariff downward, "but he may not be ugly about insisting on the point." Senators Bourne, of Oregon, and Jones, of Washington, would "pro-

bably be thorough-paced revisionists if they did not have lumber to protect." Senators Root, of New York, and Burton, of Ohio, are classified as revisionists because they are understood to represent the ideas of the President, and are disposed to be independent. Of the Democrats, Senator Bacon of Georgia wants protection for lumber, while his colleague, Senator Clay, would have it placed on the free list. There is a strong "lumber sentiment" in Alabama, which affects the Alabama Senators. Of the Democrats who are for protection with incidental revenue, those from Louisiana have sugar to look after, and are high protectionists on that article. Senators Fletcher and Taliaferro of Florida have citrus fruits and "Sea Island cotton" to guard, and seek high protective duties on these items. Senator Simmons of North Carolina, who helped to frame the free lumber plank in the Democratic national platform, is pleading for a restoration of the Dingley duty on that commodity. The special scandal of the Payne tariff was an enormous increase of the duty on gloves for the benefit of a millionaire glovemaker, Littauer by name, who owns Gloveville and has added to his acquisitions a considerable number of Congressmen. The scandal of the Aldrich Bill is that Senator Aldrich, who is understood to be interested in textiles, has actually raised the outrageously high rates upon woollens, worsteds, and cotton goods. The history of these schedules is one of the dirtiest chapters even in American tariff history, but it would take many columns to tell it. It is enough to say that the person who "wrote" the tariff on wool and "tops" and woollens and worsteds last time was lent by a woollen manufacturing company (which employed him) to Senator Aldrich and the Senatorial Committee!

The scenes which accompanied the work of revision are almost incredible to British eyes. A few weeks ago, while the Senate Bill was being concocted in the Committee, the corridor outside Senator Aldrich's suite of rooms in the Senate Office building was thronged with visitors. Manufacturers of high and low degree came in swarms. They did not wait to be summoned; they flocked to Mr. Aldrich voluntarily, and not at all like Nicodemus. They filled his ante-rooms, and finally, as an eye-witness has testified, rows of chairs had to be placed for them in the corridor. While this session lasted Mr. Aldrich's rooms presented one of the sights of Washington. Many of the visitors came in tow of their Senator. They paid no heed to what was going on in the House. All they asked was a chance to "see Aldrich." That very many of them did see him has been made apparent in the debates on the Bill. Probably the chairman of the Finance Committee was not asked by one of these eager manipulators (except the newspaper publishers, who asked for free wood pulp and print-paper) to reduce any of the present duties. Most of the manufacturers came to beg for increases of the Dingley rates. One of the men sitting in the hall waiting to see Senator Aldrich said to his neighbour (a journalist, as it chanced), whom he did not know: "I have got a duty of 65 per cent. on my line, and I control 85 per cent. of the business in this country. I am asking for 120 per cent., in the hope that I will get about 80. If I can get it, not a case of imported stuff can come into the United States to compete with us."

There were no "ultimate consumers," we are told, among the busy bees that clustered about the rooms of the Finance Committee. It remains to be seen whether the people whose outcry against the Dingley rates has brought Congress to this extra session, will be content with changes that do not affect prices. If a 40 per cent. rate on a given item is prohibitive, and the Dingley rate is 60 per cent., not much will be gained for the consumer by making the rate in the new law 50 per cent. Yet that is the sort of tariff reduction that seems to be contemplated. And the only difference between the present position and similar campaigns in the past is the bitterness of the press exposures and the rising tide of popular indignation against the tariff mongers.

> "There is simply no end to the cheats and stealings which examination shows to be hidden away in the Aldrich Bill (writes the "Evening Post.") One of the many examples given is the dishonest juggling with the duties on carbons for electric lighting. The present Dingley duty is 90 cents per 100 pieces. The Payne Bill changed this to 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. Then came Aldrich and made it a specific duty again of 70 cents. per 100 feet. Even the experts of the Finance Committee apparently did not notice the introduction of that word "feet," and in their comparative estimates wrote gravely that the existing duty is 46·79 per cent., while the Aldrich rate would be only 36·39—as if, in other words, there were a reduction from 90 to 70 cents. a hundred pieces. But what are the facts? Carbons are imported in two-foot lengths, so that the new duty would really be 1·40 dols. a hundred instead of the existing 90 cents."

Does anybody, asks our contemporary, suppose that this was an accident? Was it an accident that this deliberate attempt to trick the voter and mulct all municipalities that use carbons for electric lighting, was made in the interest of the National Carbon Compnay? Whether Senator Aldrich's connection with Mr. Rockefeller has any bearing on this scandalous transaction or not, the fact stands that carbons are made from crude oil and petroleum coke, purchased from the Standard Oil Company, and Standard interests are supposed to be strongly represented in the National Carbon Company. Taking the whole facts into consideration the outlook for what Judge Taft undoubtedly desired—a substantial reduction of the American tariff—is now almost hopeless. On the other hand, the anti-tariff sentiment is becoming so strong, and is so powerfully represented in the American Press, that the possibility of Free Trade coming with a sweep, as it came in England, is by no means remote.

## THE CHARGE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Dean of Westminster must be aware of a strong and widely spread feeling against his refusal to allow the ashes of George Meredith to rest in the Abbey. It is not possible to state with full knowledge what the grounds of rejection were. The Court is a silent Court, and appears to be responsible only to itself. But two reasons have been suggested, each of them open to strong objection. The first is that in the opinion of the Dean enough space has been allotted in the Abbey to Victorian worthies, and that Meredith's works have no immortal savor; the second, that Meredith's attitude to Christian

doctrine was not such as to commend itself to its Anglican guardians. It would be interesting to know what was the standard of criticism applied by the Dean. What determined him, for example, to permit the remains of Sir Henry Irving, a great, but not the greatest, Victorian actor, to lie in Edward the Confessor's Church, and to refuse a place to those of George Meredith, one of the most original imaginative writers of his time? But we entirely demur to the idea that the honoring of eminent figures in the national life by burial in the national Church should depend on whether, in the opinion of a clergyman, the reign in which he chiefly lived has already contributed an adequate toll of illustrious dead. In a peculiar sense, poets and men of literary and artistic genius belong to all time. If, however, such a theory stands, and the stones of Westminster Abbey are to be portioned out in precise relation to each literary or dynastic period, we have only to look around the walls of the Abbey and condole with the Dean on the way in which his predecessors have applied his principles.

As for the second reason, we hope it is not the true one, for, if it were, it would reveal a very limited knowledge of the character of Westminster Abbey as a national burying-place and a still more contracted view of its relationship to the spiritual and intellectual life of the British people. The question is, indeed, whether a body of clergymen, not necessarily remarkable for sympathy or literary judgment or the historical sense, ought to possess the unquestioned control of Westminster Abbey. The case for reforming and to that extent nationalising the management of our cathedrals has always been a strong one. They are the most precious historical heritage of our race, and yet no one can say that either their structure or their imaginative association with the English nation has been particularly well cared for. The cathedral clergy have long been inconspicuous for learning, and they are divorced from the active religious life of their day. Even of the Abbey it must be said that it has ceased to be a great school of music, of preaching, or of research. Ought bodies so weakly manned to absorb the very large endowments that belong to them? In particular, what special fitness do they possess for conserving and adequately using a national memorial like Westminster Abbey, unique in the history of Europe and of the world? Two remedies are possible. There might be a reversion to the medieval practice of infusing a lay element into the governing bodies of our cathedral churches in general, and of Westminster Abbey in particular. Or the care of the latter, as the Valhalla of the British people, might be separated from the purely religious jurisdiction of the Dean and Chapter, and given over to a National Committee. Confronted with a similar difficulty, the people of Paris decided to secularise the Panthéon. Such a breach with the religious history of centuries is not necessary here, but it is quite time to remind the Dean that Westminster Abbey belongs more to the nation than to the Anglican Church, and that, if he interprets his guardianship in a spirit widely different from that of Dean Stanley, it demands a new steward of its most glorious treasure-house.

# Life and Letters.

## THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENCE.

Philosophers in all ages have felt themselves called upon to take up the challenge which death throws down to man. "We are wrong to fear it," said Socrates, "for it is, perhaps, our greatest good on earth." To Epicurean as to Stoic the fear or hatred of death was plainly opposed to right reason. "Death is nothing to us," says Epicurus in his "Maxims," "for he who is once dissolved into his elements is incapable of feeling, and that which is not felt is nothing to us." So in a long series of philosophic testimony to Schopenhauer, "After us is nothing, and, therefore, why should we disturb ourselves about what comes after us? Is it not just as irrational as to fear that which was before us? The nothing which lies in wait for us, and the nothing which preceded us, are of the same value." Always the same misunderstanding, the same humorous spectacle, reason seeking to confute a human sentiment! The real fear of death, as distinguished from the sorrow of bereavement, is not to any large extent the dread of physical dissolution. Those who know most of death scenes on the sick bed or in battle testify to the fortitude and even the indifference with which the approaching end is nearly always met. With dissolving strength of body comes a loss of feeling, and when death comes in the just order of nature as the close of a full life it is rather welcomed than shunned.

It is the loss of continuous personality which is the true source of dread. How strangely the sophism of Epicurus sounds to the keenly-feeling European of to-day! "That which is not felt is nothing to us"! Yes, but the shadow of this negation falling before him strikes chill upon the spirit of the yet warm-feeling man, the abhorrence from this passage to a state of not feeling. It is for this that Western religions have striven to feed with convincing images a belief in personal immortality, and it is the fading of these images, among so many who have lost confidence in the traditional religions, that is a secret cause of so much sorrow and anguish among men and women of all classes. For it is not merely the "intellectuals" who have undergone this loss of confidence in personal immortality; a certain sceptical spirit of the age, not clearly rational in form, has busily sapped the faith of the common people. It is less the rejection of a creed than the fading of a vision. The future life is becoming unsubstantial, unreal, for the modern man. There is, we think, a wide recognition of the fact among the leaders of thought to-day, and divines are beginning to recast their theology, philosophers to repair their cosmic teaching, scientists to make new contributions to alleviate the heart-ache which proceeds from a weakening belief in personal immortality. To find satisfactions for keen desires is the actual work to which all the intellectual and spiritual processes set themselves, and so long as the passion for personal immortality survives, religion, philosophy, science, and art will find it food. The juggling of spiritualism, the more pretentious refinements of psychical research, the speculative physics of Dr. Lodge, the personalism and pragmatism of the school of philosophy which Professor James so brilliantly represents, not to speak of the New Theology, are all largely motived, consciously or sub-consciously, by this pain of frustrated personality in modern man. It is the sentimental demand for personal continuity beyond the dissolution of the body that gives the leading interest to these speculative studies.

The latest accession is the consolation of biology. "The Philosophy of Long Life," by M. Finot (John Lane) is an endeavor by a learned Frenchman to furnish what he terms a new hope of

immortality by expounding the doctrine of the animate solidarity of the universe, as attested by a gathering volume of evidence from several sciences. It seeks, first, following the researches of Professor Mechnikoff and other biologists, to show what science can do to substitute a natural for an unnatural death. If everyone was sufficiently well born and bred, and worked and lived under such favorable conditions as to live out in vigor his full term of human life, death would have lost its sting; for the gradually waning life, death would become a desired haven of repose, and even the sorrow of friends would be assuaged by the sense of completeness which attended such a passing. It is, indeed, a just pride of science that the joint efforts of modern therapeutics, hygiene, and sanitation have, by the large reduction of infantile mortality and the successful defence of adult life against diseases which carried off so many of our ancestors in the prime of life, not merely lengthened the average duration of life, but sensibly lightened the burden of anguish felt for those prematurely snatched from us. Here, indeed, is one of the most unquestionable gains of modern civilisation. This is a right "return to Nature," to make death no more than the dropping off of a fully-ripened life. Secure for everyone his full right of life, then surely it would come to pass that "No one should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room to another."

But when Science passes from this legitimate consolation to reconstitute upon a basis of universal animation a doctrine of bodily immortality which shall replace that personal survival which most men crave for themselves, and almost all for those who on this earth are dear to them, a curious crassness of feeling seems to cloud her vision. M. Finot gathers, indeed, from a variety of modern scientific sources a most stimulating array of witnesses, physical, chemical, botanical, and biological, to establish the conception of a unity of Nature suffused throughout by a single spirit of life, organic, animate, conscious, even purposive, with differences only of degree and of complexity. The behavior of crystals, the creative unions of chemical elements, the cellular theory of metals, the laboratory imitations of animal chemistry, the researches of Messrs. Loeb and others on the borderland between the animate and the supposed inanimate, the experiments in the comparative conduct of metals, vegetable and animal fibre under the same stimuli, though not yet enabling us to bridge experimentally the gulf between "dead" and "living" matter, certainly go far towards sustaining the spiritual monism or universal continuity towards which sheer logic has inclined most philosophers. The confident assertion of Seneca, "Exigua pars est vitae quam nos vivimus," is certainly in process of ever clearer corroboration. The old rigid barriers between the inorganic and the organic, the insensate and the sensitive, the unconscious and the conscious, can no longer be maintained. But to convert this interesting speculation of the unity of cosmic life into a gospel of personal consolation for those called upon to face death for themselves or for those dear to them, surely betrays a strange obtuseness to the emotional verities. "The intimate ties which unite the exterior world, men, plants, animals, inert and organic matter, are shown most plainly in the phenomena of the life which is common to all. Our return to the earth is thus only a return to the universal life, to the supreme energy which binds up all things in an indissoluble chain. Beyond this life, beyond its incongruous appearances, immortality engulfs, reforms, and rejuvenates in its breast, vast as the universe, all the partial eclipses of life. All things return there, and with indefatigable power are reborn into the sunlight." Nothing perishes. With the dissolution of the body is the accompanying dissolution of the soul passing into many smaller souls or into new psychic combinations as real, as purposeful, as valuable, in the continuous career of Nature, as that for which they are released by the death and decay of the human frame.

Whether this doctrine be true or not, it is not new, but a curious interest attaches to the eager confidence of the author that the acceptance of this cosmic immortality will satisfy the craving for personal survival after death, and will satisfactorily replace the consolations of outworn religious creeds. Is it, indeed, possible that the scientific attitude towards life will in time produce such a re-orientation of the emotions that men will lose all the special value they attribute now to the unique phenomenon of personality, content to merge the sense of self into that belonging to the cosmos, or to any fragment of it, with complete complacency? For the biologist to see in death "only a new form of life" is reasonable enough, for that is what it is from the standpoint of his study. But for him to suppose that this fragmentary resurrection can satisfy the passionate affections which gather round a loved personality of a parent, a child, a friend, is surely an amazing testimony to the sterilising influence of science when detached from life. Among the many modes of sentimentalism that have arisen in modern times, the scientific sentimentalism of such a passage as the following deserves interested recognition: "And the dying man, while commending his soul to Heaven, will salute with one of his last smiles the mysterious properties, the unknown joys, and the travelling company of his numerous descendants which await him in the tomb." Considering that the whole course of civilisation, at any rate in the Western world, has gone to strengthen the conception of individual personality, and to intensify its emotional value, no theory of death, biological or other, which fails to make provision for continuity of this central personality, at any rate in its psychical character, seems likely to afford any real consolation to man in his deepest sorrow. The notion of man ever attaining such a "centre of indifference" that in the literal sense "all is one to him," and the spirits of the human beings who have lived in the closest circle of his interests and affections are equally valued by him when conceived as animating millions of little, scattered, unknown forms, is surely the wildest imagination to which the mind of man has ever committed itself.

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## THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE.

Who would not change whatever weight of wisdom may be his, or of gold or fame, for the joy of lying hid in a ditch, armed against the movements of an imaginary foe with a five-foot broomstick? Every Saturday in the fields and woods round London you may have that joy for almost nothing, if only you were not born too long ago. Dressed in little that counts beside a big hat like a cow-boy's, and a fluttering bunch of ribbons to mark your savage tribe, with a knapsack strapped on your shoulders just large enough for despatches and the "iron ration" of the brave, you may issue out in some keen-eyed group, scanning the long, white roads, observing the tell-tale footprints in the dust, walking backwards to deceive the enemy, breaking twigs to retrace your path, probing water-courses, peering into thickets, creeping round the trunks of trees, listening with ear to the ground, wriggling through the grass like a serpent, leaping with your broomstick lance, lurking breathlessly concealed, panting as you run, bearing momentous news, handing in the latest message, gasping the newest rumor as you fall speechless at your captain's feet, faithful to the end. There is no joy like that, full of joy as existence is! Why, it is hide-and-seek and Red Indians and lion-hunting and glorious war all combined together, and what was once the trim and uninteresting country of the suburbs now becomes your desert, your prairie, forest, impenetrable fastness, and illimitable veldt! What weight of wisdom, gold, or fame can secure a joyful transformation like that?

And somewhere at the back of all that splendor lies the idea of Empire. At least, one supposes it must be so, for large numbers of boy scouts and other children were gathered at various places on Empire Day, last Monday, and were made to hymn the humble and the contrite heart which is the secret of our Empire's greatness. One would rather have heard them singing the

frank old words, "Confound their politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks," in which at all events there was no suspicion of hypocrisy's whine; but Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" has now been adopted by the clergy as the Imperial Anthem, because its appeal for mercy upon contrition has a soothing effect on the conscience. And so the happy boy scouts who sang that all their pomp of yesterday was one with Nineveh and Tyre as they mustered on the Embankment or in the Park, must be taken as representing the Imperial idea almost as truly as the numerous flags that were waved for emblems of our humility, lest we forget.

For a moment, the "Times" seems to have forgotten. If we turn for a definition of the Empire to the considerable folio volume which it published, with illustrations and advertisements, for the occasion, we find it speaking of two kinds of Empire, the self-governing and the dependent, as being "component factors in a higher Imperialism, which transcends each, and which represents the most stupendous synthesis of the human race ever attempted." One cannot be quite sure what the transcending Imperialism representing such a stupendous synthesis may exactly be, but we gather that for the moment, as we said, the humble and the contrite heart has forgotten to grovel in the dust, and comes very near to a relapse into such boasting as the Gentiles use. It is true the writer goes on to plead that "as far as mere numbers go, the Empire only comprises one quarter of mankind." But that humiliating admission hardly restores the efficacy of the "ancient sacrifice," or conceals the heathen heart that puts her trust in that stupendous synthesis. "Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth," cries the prophet of Imperialism, but "The Times" was not on this occasion more humble than usual, the nice little boy scouts were not specially fearful in their mirth, nor did the rest of the stupendous synthesis seem to pay much attention to prophets.

Yet we would not say that Mr. Kipling's warnings have been without effect. Whether from his persistent preaching of the beauty of meekness or from some other cause, the tone of the race and Empire is quieter and more sensible than it was ten years ago. There is less prating about The Blood and The Flag, less shouting for the Sword, less painful familiarity with the Lord. Youth and middle-age are learning that Empire is not all khaki and riding-breeches, and South Africans no longer regard the bond of race chiefly as an opportunity for making half-crowns out of the Motherland's necessity. Even the present childish panic which sees, not God, but mere Germans moving in a mysterious way, planting their footsteps in the sea, and riding on the storm, is a sign of change that may be salutary. Neither Uriah Heap nor Mr. Kipling himself could reach a lower level of humility than those who wail for Eight and dare not wait. Abject terror is not a pleasing spectacle in man or woman, but as a natural reaction from swagger we may take it for a sign of grace, and, apart from this panic-stricken party who were shouting so loud for other people's blood ten years ago, and now are quaking for their own, the average view of the Empire is both saner and more hopeful than it was. Under the stress of reality, we have shed much boasting, and on the other hand we hear less lamentation about the load of the weary Titan who carried the vast orb of his fate so long and so painfully.

Of the future of Empires it is impossible to speak, for the highest authorities contradict each other. "This is the day of Empires," writes Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in his introductory letter to the "Times" Empire number. "We are witnessing the end of an age—the age of Empires," wrote Tolstoy in comment on the Russo-Japanese war and the general stir throughout the world which has since resulted in the movements towards freedom in Russia's subject races, in Turkey, Persia, India, Egypt, and, under a different form, in South Africa. Here we have a flat contradiction between two prophets of distinction, and while time is at work upon the answer we need not stay to balance their authorities. For some years past, at all events, the Empire has existed. Not once or twice, by one means or another, our rough island has extended her boundaries and occupied other lands, sometimes by domination, sometimes by causing the aboriginal inhabitants to disappear. The process has now been going on long enough to enable the world to pass some sort of judgment on the result. We cannot expect a very favorable verdict from other nations, whose opinion may be influenced by a natural envy. But if we keep the lash in our own discriminating hands we may find comparatively fewer occasions for its use.

In looking through that "Times" panorama of the Empire, for instance, we should say that, among much that is admirable and prosperous, the prevailing danger of the Empire is dulness. We pass at leisure from wheatfield to stockyard, from sheeprun to tinned milk, from gold mines to the advertisement of a mild aperient which asks, "Are we of thy race, O Mother?" It is all very comforting and praiseworthy, but somehow the natural man turns with a strange relief to the articles on mountain-climbing and big game within the Empire, and finds a consolation in just the two subjects with which the Imperial power has no necessary connection. Anything more desolating than the pictures of the Empire's towns, stores, bridges, and scrap-iron farms could hardly be imagined. We will not speak of that vast proportion of the Empire which is dependent or subject—great tracts of country where our people can have no permanent abiding-place, and where our characteristic influences will not penetrate deep nor last long, as history counts time. But where the race has settled and occupied, it is interesting to ask what is the upshot of it all. "What has America done," Carlyle once asked in his haste, "but produce with unexampled rapidity so many millions of the dullest people on earth?" The "Times" tells us that, outside these islands, we have produced about eleven million of our kind. It would be a terrible thing if, after all our meekness, some foreigner, in turning the pages of the "Times" supplement, were driven to repeat Carlyle's taunt.

But in both cases the taunt is an exaggeration of an obvious and superficial deficiency. The one justification for any extension of race lies in the character of the people produced, and Lord Milner tells us that we of the Empire "shall tend more and more to produce a common type of civilisation to which the fresh experience of the new countries, their youthful courage and enterprise and social and political development will contribute quite as much as the riper culture and more august traditions of the European Motherland." Well, Australia and New Zealand, at all events, have successfully tried the experiment of adult suffrage, a measure of which Lord Milner is far from approving, but beyond that, it appears to us, the Colonies have been a little cautious of fresh experience, a little deficient in the youthful courage and enterprise one might hope for. We can supply them with the riper culture and more august traditions of our boy scouts, but they have not yet contributed quite the amount of freshness and the freedom from medieval limitations which we should expect. Their individuality is growing, but it is not yet distinct, and it is want of distinction that gives the sense of dulness to Colonial life. Overshadowed by the Motherland, perhaps they pay too much reverence to the Empire, not showing the independent spirit of the Whitechapel boy who said to the present writer, "What's the Empire to me when I've got to open the window before I can get my trousers on?" Yet when the Imperial spirit has been treated as lightly as it can be, and when the worst has been said of our people that the Recessional mood can say, there does remain a quality in the race well worth preserving for the sake of mankind—a clear honesty and power of getting things done, a high average of humanity and good temper, a stoical silence in the face of danger, a love of personal and State freedom, and a happy versatility which enables the man of British blood to confront with confidence many varying situations. When all the cant and glorification is cut away, when all the tumult and the shouting dies, that amount of fine quality remains, and it constitutes some real title to existence.

## FULL-BLOWN SUMMER.

The town-pent millions who take their Whitsuntide holiday in the country cannot fail to be astonished at the intensity of summer that has been prepared for them. The fresh and flowery beauty of it all is heightened or softened, we cannot say which, by the perception of how much we have missed, and how soon all this exquisite blossom will be gone. There is autumn in the midst of spring—indeed, autumn is sometimes the predominant note. Down by the river the willows are shining as white as the May, but not like the May with blossom. Where the palms were are now tufts of shining willow cotton, the wings of the seed which, even while we watch, the wind comes and lifts into the air, as a snowstorm of Tantalus on this sweltering day. And the meadows which were last week, or a very little earlier, full of golden dandelions are now full of round clocks also, for Shawondasee to scatter with his sighs. The greatest shower of all comes from the elms, which have been for the last month crusted on every twig with winged seeds. Now these million papery parachutes come careering down, filling the air as with a flight of locusts, cumbering the ground almost as thickly as when the leaves fall, covering the river with a flowing skin, through which the boil of a rising trout seems to be executed in treacle.

In the upper fields, however, summer has smothered all trace of autumn. The May, for which we have waited through almost the whole of its name month, is now everywhere, creaming the hedges and the tall trees, beneath which rabbits skip, and breaking out in all sorts of unexpected places on solid, wall-like stumps, where shoots of verdure are nibbled as soon as they appear. The air is full of the scent of the May and full of the hum of its myriad patrons. A pheasant comes flying down to the grass, and as soon as he alights is swallowed in its innumerable blue shadows. It is a miserably poor year of grass, but these hill meadows seem perfect revels of luxuriance. Under the up-striving fescue and foxtail, all manner of flowers in bloom make the senses reel with their variety and their beauty. The pink clover is coming out; showers of little golden cogs proclaim the hop trefoil; moneywort has trailed yards of tangle along the hollows, and is now punctuating them with double golden goblets. Bird's-foot is preparing great masses of orange and crimson; yellow archangel lights unexpected candles; purple orchids, cool and solid, stand contemptuously in the midst of striving grass. Red rattle has on its cap of liberty; purple vetches rise on invisible wires; veronica looks up blue as Mediterranean skies.

There are three flowers in the mowing grass, all thoroughly in blossom now, that are the especial pride and love of the humble bees. It is undoubtedly they that have produced them in their present perfection, and it is to them that they belong, and them that they serve above all others. All are of the purple that bees love best, and all are irregular in blossom—two facts that show that it is the bees that have formed them to their liking. The first, perhaps, is the bugle, with purple flowers on purple stalks, and set with purple bracts. It makes spikes of bloom, and apparent bloom that no bee can miss. The next is the prunella, or self-heal, richer in color, though not more attractive, perhaps the commonest flower the world over, for it is found in almost every country. The third is ground ivy, whose flowers peep, but peep very effectively, from beneath rings of leaves. They must be named in some order, but, in the estimation of the bee, "none is before or after other." Wherever either is found, there are the humble bees, especially the great queen carder bees, nominally half yellow and half brown, but the gold of the thorax has got sprinkled over the brown abdomen till the insect looks like a flying buttercup.

In the garden, summer has set her foot no less emphatically. There the May is pink or rich crimson, and it flaunts it in the neighborhood of golden laburnum, the fresh leaves of copper beech and lilac, from purest white to most Tyrian of purples. In a place remote from this gaudy exuberance the long grey bines of the wistaria have burst into yellow-green leaves, and then into shower upon shower of the unique lavender blossoms. Its tonic harmony is the deep scolding of the starlings that come from the fields with beaks full of grubs and perch on the cypress before going in to their clamorous brood under the eaves. Now is the time of the year to live the life of the farmer. The lean time of winter is behind, the hard work of the harvest still to come, while every creature and organism on the place is engaged in yielding its annual handsome dividend. Lambs are fat for the butcher, calves follow their mothers through the grass, foals gambol on the hillside, chicks and ducklings abound in the poultry yard. To-day we opened a hive into which the swarm entered on foundations eleven days ago. We found the combs glistening with several pounds of unsealed honey, all the foundations drawn out into comb, grubs, eggs, and one comb solid with sealed brood. The bee book tells us that this is nearly, if not quite, impossible. There should be allowed a day at least for the drawing out of the first comb, two days for the laying of four thousand eggs, three days for incubation, and six days more till the grubs are large enough to be sealed up. Yet our bees have done all this in ten days. The book does not allow for the mad energy of early summer. The queen, as we see in an observatory hive, does not lay in the foundation—some say she could only lay drone eggs there—but she does lay when the cell walls are only raised to half their height. The honey in our new hive and all the pounds consumed in the preparation of wax and the feeding of five or ten thousand grubs came from the apple blossom, snatched thence in a feverish ten days' foray. The apple blossom is gone, so will the hawthorn blossom, now pouring its sweets into the hive, so will the fragrant horse bean, the white clover, the raspberry, and all the other delights of summer. *Carpe diem!* is the instinct of every summer thing, whether it be treasure or pleasure that is to be made sure of.

The sadness of summer is that we cannot make enough of its abundance. We feel it most when we have come from the town to witness only for a day or two a mere section of the pageant. But those who live in the country for ever see no more than the visiting townsman does of any one week's series of events. The pageant hurries even if the audience does not. "That dish was sweet; let us have it back!" Impossible! Crocuses are "off"; sweet violets have gone by; no more cowslips till next year. So, the trout stream slips by. No man ever bathes in the same river twice, even if, like the boys, he jumps in again as soon as he gets out. The boys even, who think a week is eternity, cannot make enough of the summer. Having dipped in the river, they roll in the buttercups, rising yellow as bees, get wet again because they are dry, then dry again because they are wet.

Such joys are not for us. We seek the cool cloisters of the orchard. Here the fool's parsley has spread its white scum nearly breast high, with a wealth of green feather under which rabbits sit and nibble. Young rabbits everywhere, and somewhere, no doubt, young stoats to eat them. Young crows in the ivied alder, clamoring for the young mistle thrushes, whose parents have so far proved too valiant for the old crows. There are, however, young blackbirds and song thrushes, and the young crows will not go hungry. The redstart sits and waits on a favorite bough, and dashes like a flame after the hover flies and other insects. The orange-tip takes its winged saunter in and out the chequer of shade and sunshine. The tree pipit plunges up into the blue, to come down singing. He cannot know that there is a cuckoo's egg in his nest, though the corncrake does, to judge by the grating cry of derision that comes for ever from the tall lucerne beyond. The cuckoo who has put out his young to nurse has his own way of enjoying this delightful summer weather. But even he must go rushing about declaring that now is the only now, and that there are ten thousand yesterdays.

# Short Studies.

## KEEPING A BOOK-SHOP.

It has always been one of the more serious ambitions of my life to keep a second-hand book-shop, but until last week the thing seemed impossible.

Then the sudden indisposition of my friend B——, and an urgent request to come to his assistance in order that business might be carried on as usual during the necessary medical alterations and repairs, gave me the unexpected opportunity.

B—— keeps a second-hand book-shop in an interesting but insalubrious passage, and the chief attraction to the carnally minded in this somewhat lugubrious thoroughfare is a large public-house at the corner.

The shop is known as a "lock-up," and, as B——'s assistant is a middle-aged man of anarchist opinions, methodical habits, and sterling honesty, whose great principle is that all work should begin at noon—at the earliest—(no friend he to Daylight Saving Bills), it was my lot to take the keys, open the shop, and generally keep the place going till the philosopher arrived.

It was a great moment for me, when, leaving poor B—— on his sick bed, I set out to take possession. Hitherto I had been a mere writer of unbought books; now a sudden and unlooked-for accident had raised me for at least a few brief hours to the ranks of the bookseller. I was akin to the publisher, and of the respectability of the complete tradesman. Thus it is we climb to dignity on the misfortunes of our friends.

Glorious spring sunshine lit up the passage without; dark and cavelike was it within when the shop was opened.

I took the only chair, sat down at the heavily littered table, and began to study a price list. Your true second-hand bookseller is always studying price-lists when he is disturbed. Armed at all points, I waited for customers, and speculated on the trade I would do with them.

Perhaps a celebrity would drop in to browse contentedly at the well-filled shelves before making a wise and, I hoped, expensive choice. (Did not Gladstone raid a second-hand bookseller and carry off volumes of the Fathers? And there was Mr. Birrell, famous as the purchaser of Hannah More—in fourteen volumes.)

Or a poet would find another unknown FitzGerald in the twopenny box. Or an antiquary, noble and affluent, would pore over ancient folios and haggle long over their price. Or, best of all, a beautiful stranger, veiled, sorrow-stricken, and lonely, seeking the book of consolation—long out of print. My sympathy would entice the story of her sorrow, and would lay the foundations of friendship, ripening into tenderness.

Then not buyers only, but sellers must be expected.

I should meet brilliant journalists, dining, like Mr. Bludger, off review copies, and others, not so brilliant, selling at the summons of hard necessity. Are not confidences naturally begotten over a bookseller's counter? Might I not glean a tale of heroic struggle and unappreciated genius?

As I meditated on the glories of a bookseller's life, a police sergeant in full uniform stood in the doorway and looked in with a glance of enquiry.

"Mornin', governor not about?"

I explained the governor's regrettable absence.

The sergeant moved himself, noiselessly, well within the shop, out of sight of wayfarers in the passage. He was followed by a potman from the public-house at the corner.

"As the governor ain't here, do you stand in at this?" said the potman, briskly, to me.

At half-past ten in the morning I had to apologise for not standing in.

"It don't matter at all," said the potman, politely.

A spin of a coin followed, and I made out that the sergeant had won.

"The usual?" queried the potman.

"The usual," nodded the sergeant.

The potman disappeared, returned with a beer can, carried off a similar vessel which he found in a corner—near a pile of bound volumes of sermons by eminent Nonconformist divines—and left us with the intimation that there was no time off for him.

The sergeant took his liquor comfortably, and lit a cigarette. I dropped a gentle conversational suggestion that he might be fond of books.

Conan Doyle's "Study in Scarlet" lay at hand. Sherlock Holmes must clearly appeal to every earnest member of the force, even where poetry aroused no response.

But the sergeant had never heard of Conan Doyle or Sherlock Holmes, and was pleasantly resolved to be indifferent to their merits.

"Books ain't in my line," he remarked. "I never could read a book right through, whatever it was. Why, now, there's our blue book, official police regulations. Two big volumes it is, and it's reckoned all us sergeants have learnt it. Think I can read it? Why every night after I've had my bit o' supper I takes the bloomin' thing down, and now for a read, I says. And blest if I ain't nodding asleep over it before I've read a couple of pages. And yet that's a book as I ought to know; for the young constables, you see, they look to us for instruction."

"Well," I said, "and how do you manage to answer their questions?"

"Oh! I manage right enough. There's only one question that's ever been put to me that I couldn't answer, and what yer think that was?"

I gave it up.

"It was a young chap who had been down at Billingsgate, and hadn't been in the force a month. 'Sergeant,' he says, 'what's the proper dimensions of a crab to be sold to the public?' And that floored me. Of course I knew that the very little crabs weren't fit for food, but I was blest if I knew what the limit was. Besides, it isn't part of our duty to interfere in the matter of crabs, you know. We only takes the charge. So I said, 'It's a good question, my lad, and it shows you take an interest in your work'—I'm always one to encourage a young chap that wants to get on—'but crabs is crabs, and a policeman's duty ain't concerned with such affairs'—and there it ended."

After a pause, a kind enquiry concerning my friend B——, and a moderate pull at the can, I learnt that seven years more and the sergeant would retire on his pension after twenty-five years' service. "I'm a cockney, born and bred in Chelsea, if you know where that is, alongside of the barracks, but I shall go and live in the country when I leave the force; take a pub—that's my fancy, and keep bees and fowls. There's a deal o' money to be made out of fowls if you know how to bring 'em up properly."

We heard a step outside, and looking over the inviting rows of books on the shelves in the window, saw the head of another constable in the passage.

"Good heavens," I thought, "another of them."

The sergeant relieved my perplexity by removing his helmet.

"I don't want that youngster to notice there's an officer on duty in here," said the sergeant. "He might ha' wanted to look in too, and I don't hold with a young constable getting into dawdling ways. It's a bit monotonous on this beat, as it is, I can tell you. It's a wonder how we get through the time."

The young constable gave a cursory glance at the books in the window, and went his way. The sergeant resumed his helmet, and finished off the beer. "Helps you through the day, that does," he said, on a note of mingled satisfaction and regret, setting down the empty can.

And, announcing that he must be getting along to the station, he bade me good morning, and, with slow and measured tread, went forth into the passage.

He was my only customer.

Joseph Clayton.

# Present-Day Problems.

## THE INCORRIGIBLE CENSOR.

We have often spoken in these columns of the condition of the British drama and the various ways of mending it. But there is one of its features, or, rather, one of its disabilities, as to which some present decision must clearly be taken. That is the power of the Censorship to warp it for evil, and to maim it for good. There can be no doubt at all that this is the double function of the Lord Chamberlain and his office. The drama that they pass on and therefore commend to the people is a drama that is always earthly, often sensual, and occasionally devilish; the drama which they refuse to the people is a drama that seeks to be truthful, and is therefore not concerned with average sensual views of life, and that might, if it were encouraged, powerfully touch the neglected spheres of morals and religion. As to the first count against the Censorship there is and can be no defence. *Habemus confitentem reum.* The man who would pass "Dear Old Charlie" would pass anything. He has bound himself to tolerate the drama of Wycherley and Congreve, of which it is a fairly exact and clever revival, suited to modern hypocrisy as to ways of expression, but equally audacious in its glorification of lying, adultery, mockery, and light-mindedness.

The case on the other count is, we think, sufficiently made out by the Censor's refusal to license Mr. Bernard Shaw's one-act play, "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet." It is fair to the Censor to explain the grounds of his refusal. Mr. Shaw has been good enough to let the editor of this paper see a copy both of his drama and of the official letter refusing a "licence for representation" unless certain passages were expunged. There were two such passages. On the second Mr. Shaw assures us that no difficulty could have occurred. It raised a question of taste, on which he was willing to meet Mr. Redford's views. It seems to us outspoken rather than gross, but as it was not the subject of controversy we dismiss it, and recur to the critical point on which Mr. Shaw, considering—and, in our view, rightly considering—that the heart and meaning of his play were at issue, refused to give way. In order that we may explain the quarrel, it is necessary to give some slight sketch of the character and intention of "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet." We suggest as the simplest clue to its tone and atmosphere that it reproduces in some measure the subject and the feeling of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp." It depicts a coarse and violent society, governed by emotions and crude wants rather than by principles and laws, a society of drunkards, lynchers, duellists at sight, and, above all, horse-stealers—in other words, a world of conventionally bad men, liable to good impulses. The "hero" is something of a throw-back to Dick Dudgeon, of the "Devil's Disciple"; that is to say, he is reckless and an outcast, who retains the primitive virtue of not lying to himself.

The scene of the play is a trial for horse-stealing. Blanco is a nominal—not a real—horse-stealer, that is to say, he has committed the sin which a society of horsemen does not pardon. He has run away with the Sheriff's horse, believing it to be his brother's, and taking it on account of a fraudulent settlement of the family estate. A man of his hands, he has yet allowed himself to be tamely captured and brought before a jury of lynchers. Why? Well, he has been upset, over-taken, his plan of life twisted and involved out of all recognition. On his way with the horse, a woman met him with a child dying of croup. She stopped him, thrust the sick child on to the horse, and "commandeered" it for a ride to the nearest doctor's. The child has thrust its weak arms round his neck, and with that touch all the strength has gone out of him. He gives up the horse and flies away into the night, covering his retreat from this new superior force with obscene curses, and surrendering, dismounted, dazed, and helpless, to the Sheriff when the *posse comitatus* catches him.

Thenceforward two opposing forces rend him, and make life unintelligible and unendurable while they struggle for his soul. Dragged into the Sheriff's court, he is prepared to fight for his neck with the rascals who sit in judgment on him, to lie against them, and to browbeat them. Unjust and filthy as they are, he will be unjust and filthy too. But then there was this apparition of the child. What did it mean? Why has it unmanned him? And here it seems to him that God has at once destroyed and tricked him, for the child is dead, and yet his life is forfeit to these brutes. The situation—this sketch of a sudden, ruthless, unintelligible interference with the lives of men—though apparently unknown to the Censor, will be familiar to readers of the Bible and of religious poetry and prose, and Mr. Shaw's treatment of it could only offend either the non-religious mind or the sincerely, but conventionally, pious man who is so wrapt up in the emotional view of religion that its sterner and deeper moralities escape him. The literary parallels will at once occur. Browning chooses the subject in "Pippa Passes" and in the poem in which he describes how the strong man who had hemmed in and surrounded his enemy suddenly found himself stayed by the "arm that came across" and saved the wretch from vengeance. Ibsen dwells on this divine thwarting and staying power in "Peer Gynt," and it is, of course, the opening theme of the Pilgrim's Progress. As it presents itself to a coarse and reckless, but sincere, man he deals with it in coarse but sincere language—the language which the Censor refuses to pass. Here is the offending passage, which occurs in a dialogue between Blanco and his drunken hypocrite of a brother:—

> Blanco: Take care, Boozy. He hasen't finished with you yet. He always has a trick up His sleeve.
>
> Elder Daniels: Oh, is that the way to speak of the Ruler of the Universe—the great and almighty God?
>
> Blanco: He's a sly one. He's a mean one. He lies low for you. He plays cat and mouse with you. He lets you run loose until you think you're shut of Him; and then when you least expect it, He's got you.
>
> Elder Daniels: Speak more respectful, Blanco—more reverent.
>
> Blanco: Reverent! Who taught you your reverent cant? Not your Bible. It says, "He cometh like a thief in the night"—aye, like a thief—a horse-thief. And it's true. That's how He caught me, and put my neck into the halter. To spite me because I had no use for Him—because I lived my own life in my own way, and would have no truck with His "Don't do this," and "you musent do that," and "You'll go to hell if you do the other." I gave Him the go-bye, and did without Him all these years. But He caught me out at last. The laugh is with Him as far as hanging goes.

Now, let us first note the incapacity of the critic of such an outburst as this to think in terms of the dramatic art—to divine the *état d'âme* of the speaker, and to recognise the method, and, within bounds, the idiosyncracy of the playwright. But, having regard to all that the Censor has done and all that he has left undone, let us also mark his resolve to treat as mere blasphemy on Mr. Shaw's part the artist's endeavor to depict a rough man's first consciousness of a Power that, selecting Blanco as it selected Paul and John Bunyan, threatens to drag him through moral shame and physical death, if needs be, to life, and not to let him go till He has wrought His uttermost purpose on him. Mr. Shaw naturally makes Blanco talk as an American horse-stealer would talk. But how does Job talk of God, or the Psalmist, or the author of the Parables? Nearly every one of Blanco Posnet's railings can be paralleled from Job. Listen to this:—

> The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure, into whose hand God bringeth abundantly.
>
> He removeth away the speech of the trusty, and taketh away the understanding of the aged.
>
> He taketh away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth, and causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way.
>
> They grope in the dark without light, and He maketh them to stagger like a drunken man.
>
> * * *
>
> Know now that God hath overthrown me, and hath compassed me with His net.
>
> He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and He hath set darkness in my paths.
>
> He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone: and mine hope hath He removed like a tree.*

* See on this point Mark Rutherford's "Notes on the Book of Job."

Is this blasphemy? Is not Mr. Shaw's theme and its expression a reflection of Job's, save that in the one case a bad man speaks, and in the other a good one? If the answer is that these subjects, these moral and religious relationships, must not be treated on the stage, then we reply first that the Censor is grossly inconsistent, for he did not veto the entire play, but only that passage which most clearly revealed its meaning; secondly, that the licensing of "Everyman," and of Mr. Jerome's "The Third Floor Back," where God appears not merely as an influence on the lives of men, but as a man, sitting at their table and sharing their talk; forbids such an hypothesis; and, thirdly, that if Mr. Redford holds this view, he is convicted of opening the drama to horrible mockery of life and sensual trifling with it, and closing it to those close questionings of its purpose which constitute the main theme of all serious playwrights from Æschylus to Ibsen. That Mr. Shaw could have consented to the omission of the passage we have quoted was out of the question. It is vital. The entire play turns on it. For when the woman comes into court and tells her story, it is seen that the leaven which works in Blanco's mind has leavened the lump; that the prostitute who is for swearing away his life cannot speak, that the ferocious jury will not convict and the unjust judge will not sentence. Mr. Shaw had therefore to fight for his play, and the Censor has to come into the open and face the music, to reveal his theory of the British drama, and illustrate his continual practice of it; which is to warn off the artist and the preacher, and to clear the path for the scoffer and the clown.

## AN ACADEMIC VIEW OF LORD CURZON'S MANIFESTO.

### III.

The Fellowship question is closely connected with that of the "endowment of Research." Here Lord Curzon's theory is at variance with that of all acknowledged authorities on the duties and organisation of a University. He suggests that the Fellowships not wanted for teaching purposes or prizes should be assigned to this purpose, and that "Research should be the primary, and, if possible, the sole work of their holders." All experience is against this project of endowing research by itself. It may be doubted whether, carried out on any large scale, it would advance the cause of Research itself: and it is certainly calculated to damage the cause of Education and the general efficiency of the University. Lord Curzon has failed to put his finger upon the weakest point in our system. Everywhere else in the world it is considered desirable that research and teaching should go on together, because each is indispensable to the other; and that every University teacher should be, to some extent, a "Researcher" also. The University teacher, it is recognised, if he is to teach well, should be aware of the latest developments of his subject, and should himself be contributing to its advance: one of the things he has got to teach is the way in which advances in his subject are made. It is of the utmost importance that the philosophical student should be brought into contact with a man who is thinking for himself, that the historical student should see a piece of historical investigation carried on before his eyes, and so on. And to some extent—though more, no doubt, in some subjects than in others—the teaching helps the research: the preparation of lectures—if they are to be what University Lectures, or at least the more advanced of them, should be—*is* a piece of Research. And the original investigator is helped by contact with the difficulties of students, and even—where the Seminar system prevails—by the work of students done under the Professor's direction. Now, our Oxford system makes all this difficult. Men begin to teach too soon, often the moment after taking their own degree—a system which would sound incredible to a German, a Frenchman, or a professor in one of the great American Universities. And when they are once engaged in full College work, they have very scanty leisure for their own studies—even for the preparation of lectures—except in those vacations which Lord Curzon proposes to curtail. Very few teachers of the subjects most studied in Oxford can ever hope to be professors, and then only at the age of forty or fifty, or even later: for some twenty or thirty tutors are teaching subjects to which some two or three chairs are appropriated. The Commissioners of 1878 seem to have assumed that Research was to be left to professors, while College tutors were to do nothing but teach. They do not seem to have asked themselves where the professors were to come from, how candidates for professorial positions were to be employed up to the age of forty or fifty, or whether anybody has ever done much for "Research" who did not begin it before middle-age. The career which is to end in a professorship must normally—as regards the ordinary subjects of University education—begin with a College tutorship. I am quite satisfied that the "Tutorial system" is good for the student, but the advantage to him is won at enormous cost to the tutor. In spite of all difficulties Oxford tutors do manage sometimes to accomplish an amount of work which will compare not unfavorably with the work of many Oxford and some Continental professors: but the system is not favorable to the production of a Ranke, a Mommsen, or a Harnack. In the region of physical Science, I am told, it is still harder than in the region of Classics or History or Philosophy for the College tutor to do much original work. The Fellowship-money diverted from the endowment of success in the world, or a portion of it, should be devoted to make possible careers of combined research and teaching for resident teachers.

Research Fellowships of £200 a year, given to men of 35 or 40, are useless, except to eke out some inadequately paid University post, or to help some unofficial student who has hitherto lived on his private income and begun to earn distinction. What is wanted is to distribute the College teaching among a larger number of teachers. A few Colleges already do appoint sufficient Tutors to secure them reasonable leisure, or a Tutor may have leisure because pupils in his subject are few; in too many cases Tutors are more hardly worked in term-time than most schoolmasters. There might well remain a distinction between Fellows who do more teaching and less research, and those who do more research and less teaching. The latter would probably have to be contented with somewhat smaller incomes than the most hard-worked Tutors might fairly expect, though they do not always receive them; but a living wage ought to be obtainable without the total suspension of private studies during term-time, to say nothing of the time which many Tutors are almost forced to waste in examining schools and similar pot-boiling occupations during vacation. This might be effected simply by appointing more Tutors to do the same work, and supplementing their share of the Tuition Fund by a Fellowship, and possibly a further payment from College revenues, or by endowing small but permanent University lectureships—some of them might even be styled professorships—which could be held with a College post, care being taken that the endowment shall really go to increase leisure, and not merely to enlarge income. In one way or another it is imperative that the career of the Oxford teacher shall be more closely assimilated to that of the University teacher in other countries, though it must be frankly admitted that the Tutorial system will always be one more favorable to educational efficiency than to scientific productivity.

Lord Curzon's treatment of the questions discussed in this article, and of some others on which I have not space to dwell, is not such as to inspire very sanguine hopes as to the results of the further deliberations of himself and of the Council which is loyally and strenuously seeking to co-operate with him in obtaining whatever measure of improvement may be possible under our present Constitution. Still, their proceedings will be watched with interest and sympathy. There are few Oxford teachers, however zealous for reform, who would not be relieved if what they want could be done without the risks involved in the appointment of a Commission whose composition

and ideas they can neither foresee nor control. The danger is that a few inadequate and tinkering changes of machinery—based rather on a desire to satisfy immediate outside clamor than upon a matured conception, at once philosophical and statesmanlike, of what a great modern University should be—may be allowed to block the way against more fundamental reforms for another half-century or so. H. Rashdall.

# Art.

## SCULPTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It is much to be feared that the British public is not yet alive to the fact that there exists a British school of sculpture. Burlington House is the only place in the country where sculpture by living artists is exhibited in any quantity; yet one has only to visit the Academy on an ordinary day to become aware of the want of interest in this section of the exhibition. When the picture galleries are thronged to suffocation point, the Central Hall and Lecture Room are as easy to move about in as the quadrangle outside. They are the rooms where a few people come to rest from looking, rather than to look; the exhibits in them are deemed a side show rather than an integral part of the whole. Undoubtedly the principal reason for this indifference is our national failure to appreciate sculpture, but our appreciation might be considerably stimulated if the sculpture was shown to better advantage than it is at present. To contrast the Academy arrangements in this respect with those of the Salons is to experience a sensation of positive humiliation. Comparatively speaking, the Academy has no accommodation at all for heroic statuary, and the exhibits of smaller size are crowded together in a fashion that is utterly destructive of the æsthetic value of each and all. Year after year, the closely-packed portrait busts and smaller imaginative works in the Lecture Room form an oblong of inanimation, enclosing, and hopelessly overshadowed by, the few big statues for which there is just elbow-room in this quarter. Year after year the overcrowded appearance of the Central Hall suggests a cellar for rejected works rather than a gallery of accepted ones. The fact of the matter is that in the beginning accommodation for Academy sculpture was dragged in as an after thought, and an after-thought it has remained. There may have been some excuse for this at the time when Burlington House was handed over to the Academy, since British sculpture was admittedly at a very low ebb. Within the past twenty years, however, its vitality has increased a hundredfold; while its exhibition facilities remain precisely what they were.

This inadequacy of sculpture space at the Academy is no new subject, but on the present occasion it is forced upon us with fresh insistence by the injustice done to a number of works by their confined surroundings. We believe, too, that the deficiency is becoming increasingly felt by the sculptor exhibitors, within the fold as well as outside it. Apparently nothing but a re-arrangement of the premises, involving considerable architectural alterations, would really meet the case; and, while we realise the difficulties in the way, we hope that the better housing of sculpture will form part of any scheme for Academy reform that may be devised in the future. Meanwhile one cannot help thinking that the authorities might utilise the existing space more serviceably than they do. During the past two or three years it has become the custom to place a few modest-sized works of sculpture in one or two of the picture galleries adjoining the sculpture section proper, and this season Rooms VI., IX., and XI. contain a couple of pieces each. Why should not this method of relieving congestion be extended? What, for example, is there to prevent the third room being used for sculpture? It is as capacious as any other two rooms put together; and even a double line of sculpture ranged down its centre would in no way interfere with the public's enjoyment of the "pictures of the year" that are generally hung in this gallery. The variety afforded by the sculpture would very possibly add zest to the public palate for the pictures. Failing the possibility of so altering the premises as to give the sculpture the chance that it has not at present, we modestly commend this suggestion to the authorities.

In regard to the sculptural exhibit. A considerable part of it consists of Memorial Groups, all of which suffer more or less from their surroundings. In the Central Hall, the female personification of "The Fine Arts," the full-sized model of the bust of one of a series of four bronze figures on Vauxhall Bridge, by Mr. Alfred Drury, demands the transference of one's mind to an imagined setting on an imagined site; as seen here, it conveys little beyond the idea of bulk. The same difficulty of appreciation meets one in the case of Mr. Albert Toft's "Model for part of Welsh National War Memorial," and in that of Mr. Thomas Brock's group of "Justice," a half-size model of a portion of the National Memorial to the late Queen; though, as regards the latter, we should be disposed to think that the slightly-stunted figures would appear even more so when seen from a distance below. It is difficult for the practised eye, and impossible for the unpractised one, to gauge the complete effect of a group of public statuary from these huge "bits" exhibited without reference to their architecture and at a range that overpowers one with its closeness. Manifestly, to give even sufficient architecture to suggest the rest with models of these dimensions would be impossible in any exhibition room; and consequently we deprecate the showing at the Academy of any but sketch models of these and similar public works. But even small sketch models are—thanks to the lack of space—exhibited here with quite inadequate architecture attached to them. Instance Mr. W. R. Colton's "Centre of Design for the Royal Artillery South African War Memorial," in which the tiny symbolical figures of Peace and the War-horse are almost meaningless on the top of their ridiculous little pillar—the solitary fragment of an elaborate architectural scheme, in unison with which, of course, the sculpture was designed. One grows impatient at the futility of public sculpture as represented by the Academy; the more so because the British public is just beginning to take an interest both in its own architecture and in the sculpture wherewith it is adorned, and any object-lesson that tended to prove the relationship between, and the interdependence of, the two arts would be a valuable educative force. At present, as far at any rate as public works are concerned, the influence of an Academy exhibition is calculated to abet the divorce of one from the other.

Furthermore, the works that are not so dependent upon their architectural setting—that is to say, the portraits and certain pieces of imaginative sculpture—are seriously affected by the close proximity of their neighbors. The truth is that every species of sculpture demands a good deal of space for its exhibition if it is to be seen properly. The eye tires of sculpture much more readily than of paintings, wherein the constant variety of colors acts as a stimulus to the attention. Sculpture has not the same power as has painting of producing an instantaneous appeal. Contrasts between the good and the moderately good are less plainly marked, more subtle; generally it is only upon careful investigation that the full merits of a work become apparent, and since such investigation involves detachment from one's immediate surroundings, it is obvious that the less assertive these surroundings are, the better. Now, in the present exhibition a group like Mr. Bertram McKennal's "Tragedy Enveloping Comedy," jostled as it is on both sides, is in serious danger of being overlooked. It is not a striking group in the ordinary sense; that is to say, it is not characterised by vehemence or eccentricity of pose or gesture. The two figures are quietly classical and serenely grave, and it is not till one has had time to analyse their classicism and their gravity that one realises the intellectual force behind them. Analysis reveals many things. The idea has been worked out to a detail. From Tragedy's face, with its tender intensity, to the voluminous folds of the drapery, a corner of which Comedy holds so closely to her breast, there is not a line or fold that has not significance The modelling is firm and broad—like the Greek—from which source also come the types, more especially that of the Tragedy; and the sentiment, chastened as it is, is that of Euripides. But what is Greek is so in spirit rather than in form. There is little trace of

the Greek as we see it reproduced by Chantrey and Flaxman, of the idealism that became so stereotyped a convention. Naturalism, carefully curbed as it is, is the prevalent note in the modelling of the nude Comedy. Mr. McKennal is at heart a realist.

The realism in our modern sculpture derives, of course, directly from the French school. French influence in this respect is acknowledged by a great many of our younger generation of sculptors, and may be considered the most important of all the influences at present affecting the development of the English school. Most of the figure-work here shows it in a greater or lesser degree. We find realism very tenderly yet emphatically present in the child form of Mr. Henry Pegram's impressive marble group, "Into the Silent Land." It is in Mr. E. G. Bramwell's intense "Hero Mourning over the Body of Leander"; in Mr. D. Burns Brown's "The Sowers"; in Mr. J. Havard Thomas's "Terpsis"—rather too prominently perhaps, for the child, child-like, is a trifle top-heavy; even in Mr. F. Derwent Wood's "Atalanta," with all its perfection of surface finish. The contortionist struggles of Mr. Harold Parker's "Prometheus Bound" represent it in its vehement form; but it is in its quieter phases that it is mostly employed by English sculptors, and employed with English reticence. The representation of violent action is not popular with our sculptors. We excel in lyrical rather than dramatic expression, partly because the national talent tends the former way, but also because we still retain a certain horror of being ridiculous or indecorous. And this clinging to decorum, while it has lost us much in art, has so far preserved in our sculpture a reticence in the use of naturalism in the modelling of the human form, without which its borrowment from our Latin neighbors might prove a national danger. As it is, it is a formative influence of the first value. In the minor branches of sculpture, particularly in that class of works which are half sculpture, half *objets d'art*, the present generation has to thank Mr. Alfred Gilbert for showing how much artistic fancy can go to the execution of a small piece in more than one material. The exhibition contains several of these trifles—statuettes, plaquettes, medallions—and many of them evidence as delicate workmanship and feeling as one could wish for. Mr. Walter Winans's "Mermaid" statuette, in ivory and silver, is a case in point; and in the "small sculpture" generally lies a good deal of the promise that is afforded by the section as a whole.

# Communications.

## THE CARRYING OF THE COLORS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The infantry battalions of the new Territorial Army are to carry colors. There is to be a ceremonial presentation of the new colors to deputations from a large number of regiments by the King at Windsor. The best friends of the new force must regret that it is being thus committed to a useless piece of display that will, if anything, tend to diminish its efficiency.

The practice of carrying colors belongs to the vanished past, and its perpetuation in the present is a mistake. There was a time when every company of foot, every troop of horse had its standard. It was carried by the junior officer, hence the names that officers of this rank in our own Army were known by till some thirty years ago. The "ensign" was the officer who once carried the company flag in the infantry; the "cornet" bore the smaller cavalry standard, and cornet was originally the name for a small square flag. As time went on this multitude of flags was found to be useless, and was reduced until each regiment had only two colors—the national flag, or "King's color," and the regimental color, bearing the name, number, badges, and battle honors of the corps. Semi-civilised and savage armies, like the old feudal levies, cling to a display of numerous flags. In the unreformed Chinese Army there was a forest of flags fluttering almost side by side along the line. In the Dervish Armies of the Sudan pointed pennons of various hues were carried in hundreds, so that the capture of a number of them was a feature of every little encounter. As war becomes a scientific business, it is found that there is a better use for brave and intelligent men than to employ them as banner bearers. In the old days of close order drill, the colors of the regiment had their use. They were the prominent point on which the line formed. They guided the advance. They were a rallying centre in a moment of disorder. Once fighting in extended lines, with the rifle as the chief weapon, became a feature of war, men began to realise that colors were out-of-date and a useless encumbrance for which there was no longer a place. Thus when, a little more than a century ago, the famous Rifle Brigade was formed and light infantry drill was introduced into our Army, the new corps was given no colors. It never felt the want of them, and the Rifles have as proud a battle record as any red-coated line regiment. It was this happy precedent of the Rifle Brigade that saved the Volunteers from the infliction of colors during their forty years and more of useful existence. Yet there were always pompous Volunteer colonels who longed for the theatrical display of colors and color parties. They were never taken seriously. Meanwhile after many a noble life had been sacrificed in "saving the colors," or carrying them into battle under aimed rifle fire, and after Lord Wolseley had said that to order an officer to take colors into action was, under modern war conditions, equivalent to committing murder, it was decided that British regiments should no longer take their colors into the field. In the South African War every unit, before proceeding to the Cape, left them in safe keeping at home. The colors had become a ceremonial relic of the past.

But ten years after this thoroughly sensible proceeding, the War Office yields to the clamor of a number of lovers of courtly ceremony and theatrical display, and decides that Territorial units are to have colors. First of all a pair of colors will cost from £50 to £60. This means that in the next few weeks about £6,000 will be spent on these elaborate toys. The money might surely be better employed in promoting good rifle shooting. But this is the least of the waste involved in the new departure. So far, it has been an accepted principle that the Territorials are to devote the scanty time available for drill to practical work. They are warned that they are not to practise a considerable number of the close order movements in the Drill Book, in order to have more time for extended drill. They are told there is to be as little as possible of ceremonial drill. And then into their battalion drill is imported all the complications that result from the presence of a color party. Officers and sergeants have to learn a number of new movements, and some of the smartest young lieutenants and sergeants in each battalion will be told off for the utterly useless business of marching hither and thither with a pair of elaborately decorated flags, which, if ever real work is to be done, will be left in the custody of the mayor of the town. Perhaps it will be said that colors are not really out-of-date. For in pictures of the Japanese bayonet attacks on Russian positions, one sees, well to the front in each battalion, a flag flying, and surely the Japanese are up-to-date soldiers. But this battle flag was not a regimental color in the sense of our Army regulations. It was the Japanese national flag made of very light stuff, entirely without costly embroidery, and marked only with the regimental number. There was no elaborate ceremonial centreing around it. It was carried into action by a sergeant of the leading company and kept rolled round a light staff during the earlier stages of the fight. It was displayed only in the final rush to close quarters, when it not only helped to rouse the enthusiasm of the men, but also served as a signal to the supporting artillery to cease fire, so that the shells might not drop among the leading companies as they closed with the enemy. While we put away our colors on the eve of war, these battle flags were given to the Japanese regiments as they went to the front. If we took our colors into battle there would be some reason for giving them to the Territorials, though even then there would be no reason for wasting money on mere theatrical display, or imposing an elaborate ceremonial drill on men who have not much time for learning the strictly necessary fighting formations. Even the Japanese precedent rightly understood will not justify this costly piece of theatricalism.—Yours, &c.,

An Old War Correspondent.

May 27th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## GEORGE MEREDITH AND THE ABBEY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The wrong done is not to George Meredith, whose fame it cannot touch, but to the Abbey, and to us for whom a truly national place of burial were a thing beyond price. Is this possession to be withheld from us, still more deplorably from the English of the days to come, at the discretion of an unknown priest? That we may not see a play while the Censor's brow is clouded is hard, but *this* loss will go re-echoing.

Strange that the great rejected should be vouchsafed *two* services—one hears his appraising laughter—but consistency is not demanded of a church. Neither is the clearing of issues; yet this is sometimes unavoidable. Here at least the prospect is plain before us. Only those to be accepted whose views do no more than respectable violence to the Articles, or whose words let them be supposed indifferent to truth—already a small, surely a decreasing, proportion of our great ones. The Abbey an Anglican heaven in miniature! Do we submit?—Yours, &c.,

Richmond, May 25th, 1909. C. S.

## FOX AND PATRIOTISM.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In last week's NATION Mr. Toynbee quotes the well-known passage in a letter to Grey, expressing the pleasure he took in the triumph of the French Government over the English (in the Peace of Amiens), as a proof that Fox was wanting in patriotism. Mr. Toynbee is not, of course, the first to take this view, and M. Sorel remarked to me once in conversation that he was surprised that so many English writers had failed to see that Fox was "un bon Anglais." The reason surely is that it is difficult for men who have been brought up in the atmosphere of our upper-class education to do justice to the attitude of the Opposition to the war of 1793. To Fox, as to most Liberals since his day, the question at issue in the first years of that war was whether or not the English oligarchy was to destroy the French Revolution and to restore the Bourbons. Had that attempt succeeded, the experiment of the "Holy Alliance" would have been made under most favorable conditions, and all Europe would have been imprisoned in the clutches of a combination against revolutionary, nationalist, and democratic ideas. Fox, who had fought a hopeless battle for all the obscure reformers whom the Government at home (in its implacable persecution) had thrown into prison or shipped off to Botany Bay, rejoiced that that capital aim had not been achieved, and I imagine there are few Liberals who do not so rejoice to-day. But such rejoicing can only be called unpatriotic by those who believe that the interests of liberty can never be reconciled with the interests of England. What Fox himself thought on this subject appears from his speech in the House of Commons on November 3rd, 1801:—

"Sir, there are many persons who think and lament that the peace is a glorious one for France. If the peace be glorious for France without being inglorious to England, it will not give me any concern that it is so. Upon this point the feelings and opinions of men must depend in a great measure upon their conceptions of the causes of the war. If one of the objects of the war was the restoration of the ancient despotism of France, than which I defy any man to produce in the history of the world a more accursed one; if, I say, that was one of the objects of the war, why then, I say, it is to me an additional recommendation of the peace that it has been obtained without the accomplishment of such an object. My undisguised opinion is that if the condition for the restoration of the Bourbons had succeeded, the consequences would have been amongst all the kings of Europe a perpetual guarantee against all people who might be oppressed by any of them in any part of the world. All countries, therefore, must be benefited by the failure of such a project, but none more so than Great Britain. To the people of this country the consequences would have been fatal."

The oligarchy suspected by Fox of these designs did not show more spirit and tenacity in prosecuting the war with France than it showed after the war was over in resisting domestic reforms and defending its economic and political preserves against the English poor.—Yours, &c.,

May 27th, 1909. J. L. HAMMOND.

## FIRE BRIGADES AND INSURANCE COMPANIES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council appears to think he has made a discovery, and he wishes to have the patent for it before any one could have the chance of snatching it from him. The old horse he trotted out, however, is so worn with service that it would seem a pity to disturb its well-earned rest. He says:—

> "The total expenditure on the fire brigade during the year ended 31st March, 1908, was £29,330 16s. 1d. on capital, and £272,286 15s. 3d. on maintenance (including pensions but excluding debt charges). The net expenditure on maintenance including pensions and debt charges, but deducting receipts, that is, the amount actually raised from the ratepayers in the year 1907-8, was £283,908 10s., which represents a rate in the pound of 1·55d. The gross amount insured against fire in respect of property in the County of London during the year 1907 was £1,055,200,172. The expenditure on the brigade for the year 1907-8 (*i.e.*, the total of the amounts actually spent on capital and on maintenance, and not counting debt charges), viz., £301,617 11s. 4d., was therefore approximately ·029 per cent. of the gross amount for which property in London was insured against fire. The amount of the contributions received from fire insurance companies (at the rate of £35 per million of the gross amounts insured) in 1907-8, was £35,007 19s. 6d."

That the subject is no new one may be gathered from the fact that the fire insurance companies so far back as 1888 issued a public manifesto traversing the contention that inasmuch as they derive the chief benefit from the services of the brigades, they ought to contribute towards the cost of their maintenance. They maintain, with perfect justice, that they ought not to be called upon to contribute, either annually or otherwise, towards such expenses, and thus they argue:—

> "The function of Fire Insurance Companies is to indemnify their policy holders against loss or damage by fire; the protection of life and property is a matter with which it lies beyond their province to deal. They contend that this latter is a public duty, just in the same manner as are protection from murder and robbery, the construction of drainage and other sanitary works, the maintenance of roads, &c., and as such, it should in the interests of the community at large be discharged at the public expense. The duty of providing the necessary appliances for the preservation of life and property from fire belongs to the Local Authorities, and the cost ought to be defrayed out of the rates which they are authorised to levy for that purpose.
>
> "This principle has been recognised by the Legislature, which not only in passing the 'Town Police Clauses Act, 1847,' but in every other General Public Act authorising the maintenance, out of the rates to be levied thereunder, of firemen, fire engines, and other appliances and requisites for extinguishing fire, has not authorised any charge for the use thereof in the case of fires occurring within the boundaries of any city or town to which such Act applies; and it has accordingly been on more than one occasion judicially decided that a ratepayer is entitled, without any charge whatever, to the services of the local brigade for the extinction of a fire upon the premises."

It is for Mr. Hoare to remember that fire insurance companies are voluntary associations, through the medium of which a number of policy holders contribute to a common fund for the purpose of indemnifying any fellow policy holder who may suffer the misfortune of a fire upon his premises. The premiums paid for securing such indemnity are adjusted according to average losses. On this head the fire offices say:—

> "If, on the one hand, owing to the want of sufficient fire-extinguishing appliances, or to any other cause, losses become more numerous or more serious, a corresponding increase must be made in the rates of premium in order to maintain a fair percentage of profits, and the insured are thus made to suffer for the insufficiency of the appliances. To whatever extent, therefore, the insurance companies contribute, whether voluntarily or under compulsion, to the cost of appliances, the burden of the prudent who protect themselves against loss by means of insurance, is increased for the relief *pro tanto* of the imprudent who neglect to take a similar precaution.
>
> "If, on the other hand, the average number or extent of fires is diminished, the public ultimately reap the benefit, because experience shows that the practical effect of any diminution of fires is that the public insure at less cost."

It must, on reflection, be apparent that the attitude of the fire insurance companies is both logical and reasonable. It is never contended that life insurance companies

should contribute towards sanitary improvements, or that marine insurance companies should share in the cost of harbors of refuge, lighthouses, &c., and yet no one will deny that their interests in such matters are quite as vital as those which the insurance companies are deemed to have in organisations for fire extinction. Mr. Hoare must shake himself and his broom before he again poses as a man with a new idea.—Yours, &c., INSURANCE MANAGER.

## THE CAUSE OF THE LIBERAL SET-BACK.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In a recent number of THE NATION I noticed an able analysis of recent bye-elections. Is it not time we began enquiring a little more closely into the cause of this Liberal set-back?

The issues of Liberalism are numerous, but can be summed up as tending to one aim—progress. Any organised antagonism to progress threatens all its expressions, threatens Liberalism itself. Such organised antagonism, I think all agree, we find in the House of Lords. The House of Lords forms the chief bar on our way to progress, and to be removed requires the *united* efforts of all progressives. It requires, furthermore, *concentration* of effort in this direction, and last, but not least, a *favorable opportunity.* This opportunity offered itself to the Liberals almost immediately on their accession to power, but for some mysterious motive they refused to take advantage of it. The only reasonable explanation that suggests itself is that they were unprepared for dealing with the question of the House of Lords—unprepared for the rapidity with which the Lords would take the offensive, and by vigorous action seek to re-establish the fortunes of their party—unprepared for the tremendous majority which gave them the opportunity of proving they meant business.

Here was a party returned to power with an almost unprecedented majority, a party put in power by all shades of opinion—its adversaries discredited in the eyes of the country—with the clearest mandate to remedy certain abuses. Men who had never voted before in their lives, voted for this party, and men who had hitherto consistently voted Tory, now gave their votes to the Liberals. Was the General Election a gigantic farce, or were the men who voted in earnest when they recorded their votes?

I am afraid the truth is, the Government did not then succeed in convincing the country that they also were in earnest.

They introduced a measure, the one they were pledged to above all others, and with what result?

With the result that this very first measure of a Government just returned by a tremendous majority was contemptuously cast out by the champions of a party which had just suffered a crushing defeat at the polls.

I do not wish to say anything about the merits of the measure itself—the preposterous thing was the high-handed action of the House of Lords. Now we may fairly ask, what on earth were the Liberals returned to power for? Was it to carry out the wishes of those who supported them, or those of their opponents? Would not the Government have been wiser, not to say more courteous, to act as if it assumed that the electors were in earnest when they voted Liberal? Its duty, having expressed its will, was next to enforce it.

Not taking the proper steps to do so, it showed confidence neither in its own measure, nor in itself, nor in the electorate; and thereby forfeited the confidence that numbers had placed in it.

This action, or rather want of action, was a great tactical blunder, a blunder which gave the advantage to its opponents from the start. It showed, and for party purposes most effectively, that the Tories had, at least, the courage of their convictions.

The Lords played a daring hand of bluff; but they had probably taken measures to assure themselves that the Liberals would not appeal to the country. The instinctive political sense of the Lords enabled them to triumph over their adversaries, who, for the time, were rendered dizzy by the height of their power; and the cause of real progress has probably been thrown back for another decade.

Forecasts of what would have happened had the Liberals appealed to the nation, must be in the nature of prophecy. Still, by all the laws of human probability, I think it can be safely said that the Liberals would have been returned; with a smaller majority, it is true, but with a majority large enough to settle once for all the vexed question of the supremacy of the House of Commons.—Yours, &c.,

D. P. COULTON

The Green, Southgate.

## A QUESTION OF IDEALS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I am indeed obliged to Miss Delf for clearly and unreservedly stating the ideal for which Free Traders are striving—namely, "the greatest good of the great number." It is a most damaging admission, seeing that such an ideal is essentially un-Christian and immoral. It was to secure "the greatest good of the greatest number," I suppose, that a former London County Council overworked the engine-room hands on its fleet of Thames steamers all through a tropical summer. It is to ensure "the greatest good of the greatest number," no doubt, that so-called "Liberal" principles bid us buy in the cheapest foreign market and ask no questions as to how that cheapness is obtained. I will say no more, except to express an opinion that people, whose ideal is "the greatest good of the greatest number" should at once join the ranks of the Socialists; for they are out of place among those whose ideal is that essentially Christian one—"the greatest good of *all.*"—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution,
Finsbury Circus, E.C.
May 18th, 1909.

## INEQUALITIES OF THE INCOME-TAX.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There are three chief points at which difficulties will arise in levying the income-tax in accordance with the resolution of the House of Commons. In any system which imposes a tax, increasing automatically according to an arbitrary non-graduated scale at various stages, inequalities in the treatment of incomes about those points are bound to be found. An anomalous condition of affairs has obtained since 1907 in regard to the taxation of earned incomes which are slightly in excess of £2,000. By the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new scale other anomalies of a like kind will be created.

At three points taxpayers, whose incomes just exceed the maximum income subject to a lower rate of change, will be penalised.

| CASE 1.—EARNED INCOMES. | | Tax. |
|---|---|---|
| A.—£2,000 | taxed at 9d. in £ ... ... | £75 |
| B.—£2,001 | ,, ,, 1s. ,, ,, ... ... | £100 1 0 |
| C.—£2,026 | ,, ,, 1s. ,, ,, ... ... | £101 6 0 |

That is to say, taxpayer B earning £1 per annum more than A will be charged £25 1s. in excess of the tax demanded from A. Even in the case of an earned income of £2,026, the taxpayer C will be worse off after the visit of the tax-collector than his fellow-taxpayer A.

| CASE 2.—EARNED INCOMES. | | Tax. |
|---|---|---|
| A.—£3,000 | taxed at 1s. in £ ... ... | £150 |
| B.—£3,001 | ,, ,, 1s. 2d. ,, ... ... | £175 1 2 |
| C.—£3,026 | ,, ,, 1s. 2d. ,, ... ... | £176 10 4 |

As in Case 1, the incomes slightly in excess of the maximum income chargable at a lower rate are penalised. It is clear that C, after paying his tax, will be worse off than A will be after discharging his indebtedness to the State.

CASE 3.—INCOMES EXCEEDING £5,000.

| | | Tax. |
|---|---|---|
| A.—£5,000 | taxed at 1s. 2d. in £ ... | £291 13 4 |
| B.—£5,001 | taxed at 1s. 2d. in £, with super tax of 6d. in £ on excess over £3,000 | £341 15 0 |
| C.—£5,054 | | £346 3 4 |

At £5,054 the taxpayer will be left with £4,707 16s. 8d., as compared with £4,708 6s. 8d. left to A.

These anomalies can be removed by a simple device which this writer begs to propose. By imposing transitional

charges at critical points, the scale can be made sufficiently elastic, thus:—

CASE 1.

Earned incomes exceeding £2,000 and not exceeding £2,055 (tax), 9d. in £ on £2,000; 10s. in £ on excess (transitional charge).

Earned incomes exceeding £2,055 and not exceeding £3,000, 1s. in £.

CASE 2.

Earned incomes exceeding £3,000 and not exceeding £3,055, 1s. in £ on £3,000; 10s. in £ on excess (transitional charge).

Earned incomes exceeding £3,055 and not exceeding £5,000, 1s. 2d. in £.

CASE 3.

Incomes exceeding £5,000 and not exceeding £5,118, 1s. 2d. in £ on £5,000, and 10s. in £ on excess (transitional charge).

Incomes exceeding £5,118, 1s. 2d. in £, and super tax of 6d. in £ for every £ over £3,000.

This device gives a fairly graduated scale:—

INCOME.—(*Earned.*)

| | Tax | |
|---|---|---|
| £2,000 ... ... ... ... | £75 0 0 | Budget Scale. |
| £2,001 ... ... ... ... to £2,055 ... ... ... ... | £75 10 0 to £102 10 0 | Transitional Charges. |
| £2,056 ... ... ... ... | £102 16 0 | Budget Scale. |
| £3,000 ... ... ... ... | £150 0 0 | Budget Scale. |
| £3,001 ... ... ... ... to £3055 ... ... ... ... | £150 10 0 to £177 10 0 | Transitional Charges. |
| £3,056 ... ... ... ... | £178 5 4 | Budget Scale. |
| (*All Classes.*) | | |
| £5,000 ... ... ... ... | £291 13 4 | Budget Scale. |
| £5,001 ... ... ... ... to £5,118 ... ... ... ... | £292 3 4 to £350 13 4 | Transitional Charges. |
| £5,119 ... ... ... ... | £351 11 8 | Budget Scale. |

The principle of accommodation charges is, it will be seen, susceptible of applications to the system of charging small incomes subject to abatement, in which cases of hardship arise at the critical points—£400, £500, &c.—Yours, &c.,

INCOME TAX REFORMER.

May 27th, 1909.

## "THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your article on "The Break-Up of the Poor Law" you state that the great divergence between the Majority and Minority Reports is one of principle. This is true, but surely there may be people who, while believing in the main in the principle which underlies the Minority Report, yet fail to see how the proposed machinery can be made to work in such a way as to effect its own ends without causing worse evils to follow. To take one point; you compare the children, the sick, and the unemployed with the aged, and say that as the State has undertaken to provide for these last—outside the Poor Law—it should do the same for the rest. But with the aged there is no question of the repayment of what is granted them, because it is obvious that their working days are over. The case is different with the other classes mentioned above; while the different Committees concerned with their relief are not to wait for an application to be made to them, but are to search out and relieve all cases of need, yet the Registrar of Public Assistance is to decide in each case what is to be repaid, and to take steps to recover it. Is there not a danger here that in releasing the people from the burden of pauperism, we may be hanging round their necks instead a burden of debt?

To many who are practically acquainted with the working of the Poor Law, the difficulties connected with the duties of the registrar seem insuperable. Take the question of medical relief: we should have the Medical Officer of Health not only giving medical treatment, but ordering home aliment in any case of sickness that came to his notice, absolutely without regard to the pecuniary circumstances of the case. It is true that the registrar would be required to sanction all grants of home aliment, but it would in practice be difficult for him to disallow what the expert had recommended. Such a scheme, while it ignores and supersedes any provision for their treatment in sickness which the poor have made for themselves, also by its vastness surely makes it impossible for the registrar (it is proposed that six should deal with the whole of the metropolis) to take into consideration all the circumstances—educational, sanitary, moral, and economic—of each family as a separate unit, as the report states that he is to do.

Two other questions suggest themselves. Can a scheme be said to put an end to overlapping which takes no account of the work of provident clubs and friendly societies or of the huge sums dispensed in private charity? And in many places can we rightly say that the health authority which permits those insanitary dwellings to exist into which we read that outdoor relief is constantly sent, is any more fit than a Board of Guardians to be entrusted with the care of birth and infancy and medical relief?

Much of the Minority Report—especially that part which deals with unemployment—is so admirable that it seems ungrateful work to criticise. But to criticise is, at any rate, better than to condemn, and I wish entirely to dissociate myself from the condemnation of the reports and the recommendations contained in them in which so many Guardians have joined.—Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) C. D. RACKHAM, P.L.G.

4, Grange Terrace, Cambridge,
May 26th, 1909.

## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND NONCONFORMISTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Magrath, in your issue of May 8th, dismisses in a very lofty fashion the ignorance of those who regard Henry VIII. as the prime author and founder of the Anglican Episcopacy. Mr. Magrath may read history, if he pleases, through ecclesiastical glasses, but some of us prefer the less distorted view of Mr. Lecky, who declares in his "History of Rationalism" that the Anglican Church was "created in the first instance by a Court intrigue." The Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts (1883) certainly sustains this view; and further, it is borne out by the rigid refusal of Rome to recognise the validity of Anglican orders or to treat the English Church as other than schismatical. Surely Rome may be supposed to know her own business in this matter.

Mr. Magrath's interpretation of English history, however, is a minor point in this controversy; his position is much more serious when he implies that Episcopacy was "founded directly by our Lord," and that outside of an Episcopal succession the true Church cannot exist. When will Anglo-Catholics learn that dogmatism is not proof? Before these astounding claims can be admitted one or two questions need to be answered, and certain evidence produced. For instance: When did Jesus found episcopacy? When did any one of the Apostles ordain a bishop? Where is the evidence of Episcopal succession from the Apostles to the present time?

No answer to these questions can be given that does not rest upon what in the last analysis is pure surmise—and yet we are asked to believe that upon this unproved and unprovable assumption depends the very existence of the true and only Church.

The Evangelical conception of the Church can at least claim a more solid foundation than that. Mr. Magrath pours scorn upon the ignorance of others, but what is one to say of his own ignorance of the Free Church position when he caricatures it by saying that "anyone is at liberty to found a Church, invent their own rules, system of ordination, &c."? That is a familiar taunt which would be impossible if Anglicans really took the trouble to understand us. Our position as Free Churchmen is not a plea that we are at liberty to do or to think as we like; our contention is much more serious than that: we are free in our own minds only because we are bound by the mind of Christ. We claim to be under authority as much as the sacerdotalist, but the authority that controls us is spiritual, not ecclesiastical; we affirm with the most advanced Roman or Anglo-Catholic, the doctrine of the "Real Presence" of the Lord Jesus Christ; but we hold that that Presence is not mediated by the priest through the sacraments; it is immediate, direct from God to the soul of every believer. And for this we have the highest authority: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst of them." Christ is *in* the Christian assembly—a real

presence, because a spiritual reality; and, to quote an authority whom even Mr. Magrath will respect: "Where Christ is there is the Church"—it may be in a Quaker meeting, in a Roman or Anglican Cathedral, in a Methodist Class-meeting, a Presbyterian Assembly, or in a Congregational Meeting-house—wherever and under whatever denomination, the faithful disciples of the Christ are assembled in His name, to fulfil His word, there is a Christian Church and a branch of the Church Catholic. That is the Free Church position, and it is as scriptural as it is free. Moreover, it has a supreme right to the name of Catholic; for it is a Church from which there are no dissenters; against which there are no protestants, and it rules no man outside of the Church who does not unchurch himself by reason of his own want of Christian character. The sacerdotalist declares, "if you are not in *my* Church, you are not in *the* Church"; but from the Evangelical point of view—which is also most truly Catholic—we realise that the various denominations correspond to the differing spiritual needs of different people, and that every denomination, therefore, has its place in the universal Church, as a witness to its own particular aspect of the truth.—Yours, &c.,

LEYTON RICHARDS.

61, Queen Street, Peterhead, N.B.
May 13th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—With reference to the letters appearing in this week's NATION in reply to my reply, will you permit me one word more in order to point out that your correspondents tumble over one another in their eagerness to substantiate my argument? Solomon affirmed that in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird, but Mr. Chitty, Mr. Brayshaw, and Mr. Magrath are pathetic illustrations of that wise man's ignorance. They fervently assert that the Anglican Church is a branch of the One Catholic Church, and speak of the Greek and Roman Churches as "other branches." By so doing they deliver themselves into my hands, tied and bound. If either the Greek or Roman Church admitted it was a branch they would have a case, but neither of these Churches admits any such thing. Each claims to be not merely a tree, but *the* tree. It is left to defenders of the Anglican position to claim the modest *rôle* of a branch. The admission is of the utmost importance, owing, of course, to the fact that it is the trunk and not the branches of a tree which possesses the roots—Apostolic succession. It was this lack of roots which made Newman say the Anglican Church was not a divine creation, not directly founded by our Lord; and it is the same lack which explains the touching desire of this "branch" for union with either the Roman or Greek Church.

Mr. Chitty, using a different metaphor, emphasises this humiliating admission. He says, concerning the refusal of Rome to recognise Anglican orders, "a son does not cease to be begotten of the common parent because his brother calls him a bastard." What else can these words mean save that the Roman Church claims to be the only legitimate son—not one of three sons, not a "branch," but *the* son, the "tree" itself. This was the contention of my previous letters. No member of the Greek or Roman Church would admit what your correspondents admit concerning the Anglican—that either Church was a "branch." The High Churchman calls the Anglican Church a branch because such it is in the eyes of the Roman Church—a branch lopped off the Roman tree by Henry VIII.—just as the Roman Church is, in the eyes of the Greek Church, a branch. Our position as Free Churchmen is that there is one tree, one Holy Catholic Church, with many branches, and that if you could limit the number to three, or thirty-three for that matter, it would not be a living tree, but a block of dead wood.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD MUDIE-SMITH.

9, Clifton Villas, Maida Vale, W.
May 23rd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Perhaps a quotation from Lecky's "History of the Eighteenth Century" may not seem out of place in connection with the controversy in your paper about the Anglican and Nonconformist Churches. Some of your correspondents seem to hold the same views as regards the continuity of the Anglican Church, as the Non-Jurors, whose theory is thus expressed by Lecky (Vol. I., p. 107): "The Nonjuror theology represented . . . . that the Church of England in violently severing itself from the authority of the Pope, proscribing the religious worship which before the Reformation had been universal in Christendom, persecuting even to death members who were guilty only of remaining attached to the old order of things, and branding a leading portion of its former theology as 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits,' had done no act at all savoring of schism."—Yours, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

May 25th, 1909.

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## "TO VINDICATE LEIGH HUNT."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As I have always considered THE NATION to be the true successor to the old "Examiner" of a hundred years ago, it seemed specially fitting that the article under the above heading should have appeared in its columns. "Character," said Emerson, "always publishes itself," and Leigh Hunt, like every other writer, has drawn his own portrait in the thoughts he put on paper. If any reader finds there the slightest trait of "meanness," the explanation can only be found in Emerson's other saying of: "As we are, so we see."

Carlyle did not usually accept false coin for genuine, and he writes of Leigh Hunt as being a "gifted," "gentle," "patient," and "valiant human soul." He also says of the latter's Autobiography: "This book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy, or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect upon me." Surely these weighty words, from a master-prober of "shams," should bring down the scales against the apologised-for "copy" of Dickens with a decisive bang!—Yours, &c.,

R. H. B.

May 25th, 1909.

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# Poetry.

## THE WAY OF LIFE.

As when a traveller, setting forth,
Is mocked by sudden rain,
And knows not whether to go on
Or turn him back again—
So I, with hesitating mind,
A way of life do strive to find.

And as the traveller distraught,
Beneath broad-hanging trees,
Seeks for a while from wind and rain
A little sheltered ease—
So I, by questionings opprest,
Seek for some quiet place to rest.

And as the traveller, knowing not
The storm has long time ceased,
Because the rain has pierced the leaves,
Believes the storm's increased—
So I in quiet places find
There is no rest for troubled mind.

And as the traveller, passing on,
In due time gladly sees
That what he thought was growing storm
Was only rain-drenched trees—
So I my way of life do find
By leaving shelter far behind.

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

READERS will be interested to learn that since he wrote "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet," the "simple and even crude melodrama" banned by the censor, Mr. Bernard Shaw has finished another drama which bears the title, "Press Cuttings, Compiled from the Correspondence and Editorial Columns of the Daily Press." The new play deals with "Dreadnoughts," scare-ships, and German invasions, but it centres mainly in a brilliantly ironical discussion of women's suffrage and the idea of universal military service, out of which Mr. Shaw constructs a satirical commentary of modern English politics and social life. The play is in the rollicking vein of "You Never Can Tell," and if the Censor can be induced to pass any play with the slightest relevancy to modern life which is not a vulgarly suggestive travesty of one side of it, it ought to afford much entertainment to the play-going world.

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AMONG Mr. Fisher Unwin's announcements is an important work on French literature by Madame Duclaux (Mary Robinson). It is to be called "The French Procession: A Pageant of Great Writers," and all the most distinguished French men of letters from Racine to Anatole France enter into Madame Duclaux's pageant. Her long residence in France, where she has made the acquaintance of many of the modern writers she studies, as well as the freshness and charm of her former works, both in French and English, leads us to expect from Madame Duclaux a book that is sure to heighten our appreciation of French literature.

* * *

A NEW work by M. Anatole France is announced for early publication by his publishers, Messrs. Calmann-Lévy. It is called "Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue, et Autres Contes Merveilleux," and includes a number of tales in the same vein as the author's delightful fairy story "Abeille."

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Two volumes of reminiscences that are likely to interest the religious world are announced for autumn publication by Messrs. Nisbet. Their authors are Mr. Eugene Stock and Miss Agnes Weston, both of whom have been engaged for many years in work of a philanthropic and religious character. Mr. Eugene Stock was secretary of the Church Missionary Society from 1873 to 1906, and the present flourishing state of that institution is largely due to his efforts. He is the author of a "History of the Church Missionary Society," and of a volume of Sunday School lessons which is probably the best manual of its kind in existence. Miss Agnes Weston is known to everybody connected with the Navy as the founder and head of the Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth. Her memoirs can hardly fail to throw a good deal of light upon the ideas and motives that influence the lower deck. The same publishers have in preparation a "Life of Bosworth Smith," one of the most successful of Harrow assistant-masters, by Lady Grogan, and "Admiralty Policy and Naval Reform," by Mr. Carlyon Bellairs.

* * *

THE section of Mark Twain's autobiography which has just been published by Messrs. Harper under the title "Is Shakespeare Dead?" is a very entertaining, if not very convincing, book. It seems that Mark Twain was converted to believe the Baconian authorship of the works usually attributed to Shakespeare out of a pure spirit of opposition to the Mississippi pilot under whom he served as pilot-apprentice. His early belief was revived and strengthened upon reading Mr. George Greenwood's "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," and he felt constrained to write the present book as a protest against the "thugs" who still hold that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare. Mark Twain's main argument is founded upon the thorough and comprehensive knowledge of law that is shown in the plays, though he also emphasises the fact that not a single Stratford inhabitant seems to have remembered the least incident in Shakespeare's early life. Both arguments are presented with Mark Twain's accustomed shrewdness and humor. Mark Twain has little faith in the power of reason to carry conviction. "It took several thousand years," he says, "to convince our fine race—including every splendid intellect in it—that there is no such thing as a witch; it has taken several thousand years to convince that same fine race—including every splendid intellect in it—that there is no such person as Satan; it has taken several centuries to remove perdition from the Protestant Church's program of post-mortem entertainments; it has taken a weary long time to persuade American Presbyterians to give up infant damnation and try to bear it the best they can; and it looks as if their Scotch brethren will still be burning babies in the everlasting fires when Shakespeare comes down from his perch." Admitting most of this, we may still hold that there is rather more evidence for Shakespeare than for witches, or infant damnation.

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A HISTORY of "Explorers in the New World Before and After Columbus" is to be published next month by Messrs. Longmans. The author, Mrs. McMurrough Mulhall, deals at length with the story of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay, her work being partly based upon researches in the Vatican records. She is the first woman to whom permission was given by Leo XIII. to work in the Vatican library.

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WITHIN the next couple of weeks Messrs. Macmillan will issue Mr. Theodore Jervey's work on "Robert Y. Hayne and His Times." English readers may be pardoned for knowing but little of General Hayne and Mr. Jervey admits that few, if any, of the public men of the United States have been so neglected by students of history. Even to the average American he is only known as the man who gave rise to one of Daniel Webster's greatest oratorical triumphs. Hayne, however, seems to have played a great part in Southern politics during the early years of the Union, and it is mainly in this aspect that he is considered in Mr. Jervey's study. Messrs. Macmillan have also in the press the final volume of their great "Cambridge Natural History," which was first undertaken about sixteen years ago. The volume now promised deals with the Crustacea, and is edited by Dr. Harmer and Mr. A. E. Shipley.

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THE National Home Reading Union has this year decided to hold its annual summer assembly in London, and a series of lectures and excursions will begin on June 14th next and continue throughout the week. The aims of the Union are to guide readers in their choice of books, to direct and assist self-education, and as far as possible to unite its members into a great reading guild. The bibliographical lists it issues are of distinct value, and the general activity of the Union is of a most useful kind.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Oxford Lectures on Poetry." By A. C. Bradley. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

"Essays in Freedom." By H. W. Nevinson. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"The Condition of England." By C. F. G. Masterman. (Methuen. 6s.)

"No Refuge but in Truth." By Goldwin Smith. (Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Nelson and Other Naval Studies." By J. R. Thursfield. (Murray. 12s. net.)

"The Turkish People." By Lucy M. J. Garnett. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"English Literature in the Nineteenth Century." By Laurie Magnus. (Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Human Economics." By A. H. Gibson. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Giuseppe Baretti and His Friends." By L. C. Morley. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Calvin in His Letters." By the Rev. H. F. Henderson. (Dent. 1s. 6d. net.)

"Round the Lake Country." By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. (MacLehose. 5s. net.)

"Sir Guy and Lady Rannard." By H. N. Dickson. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Madame du Barry: D'après Documents Authentiques." Par Claude Saint André. (Paris: Paul. 5 fr.)

"Hippolyte Taine: Essai d'une Biographie Intellectuelle." Par A. Laborde-Milaà. (Paris. Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)

"Contes de Caliban." Par Emile Bergerat. (Paris. Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## THE OVERPLUS OF WEALTH.*

By an undesigned coincidence Mr. J. A. Hobson has given to the world a theoretical exposition of the principles of democratic finance at the very moment at which Mr. Lloyd George has been administering a practical demonstration. But if Mr. Hobson's work on the industrial system is a profound justification of the principles of the Budget, it contains in it the germ not of this Budget only, but of a series, and, indeed, of a scheme of social reform connected through the medium of finance with the first principles of economic theory. Few things are more significant of the undeveloped state of general education on matters of public concern than the impression made by Mr. Harold Cox's clever dialectics on such questions as the taxation of the unearned increment. But if we boil down Mr. Cox's arguments to their essence, they amount to this—that the enhanced value of land is not the only form of unearned increment, nor is "rent" the only kind of income into which "social value" enters as a factor. All this the reader will find between the covers of Mr. Hobson's volume, but he will find it treated at a level of analysis which lies entirely beyond the reach of Mr. Cox's word-play. The famous "unearned increment" of land is only one form of what Mr. Hobson calls the "unproductive surplus," but Mr. Hobson's conclusion is not that land should escape, but that the whole of the surplus, so far as ascertainable, should be laid under contribution. In the general conception of a surplus, in fact, Mr. Hobson sees at once an explanation of economic dislocation, of the contrasts of excessive wealth and poverty, and the succession of booms or "slumps," and a basis for practical amelioration by sound finance and constructive social legislation.

His central doctrine may be very briefly stated. It turns on the distinction between "costs" and "surplus." In the normal price of all articles there is an element which is essential to the working of the economic system. Everyone concerned in production must have something for his trouble, and in the long run and on the average he must have enough, or he will cease to produce. How much is "enough"? That is an exceedingly difficult question to answer in general terms. It depends on a thousand different factors, on the kind of energy put into the work, on the cost of living, on the social position of the particular producer, and the ideas and standards current in his class. But for the moment we are concerned not with the application, but with the general idea, and we can clearly understand what Mr. Hobson means when he defines the cost of a given factor in production as that which is necessary to maintain it, to induce and enable people to keep up the output of energy of brain or hand, for example, upon which that factor depends. This being understood, we can follow easily his further step, which is that everything beyond this cost may be regarded as a "surplus." Why there should ordinarily be a surplus—why the price of an article should exceed its cost is not at first sight so easy to say. Some have attributed the whole margin to the rent of land; others to other causes. It is the great merit of Mr. Hobson's book that he generalises the conception of surplus, conceives it as a normal incident of exchange, and shows that it depends not on the possession of any single factor in production, but upon any sort of economic advantage which gives its possessor a "pull" and enables him to get the better half of the bargain in an exchange. The surplus then in Mr. Hobson's view does not fall to the landlord class alone, but to the capitalist, the financier, the business manager, sometimes to the professional man, to the artist, and even to the artisan. The essential distinction in Mr. Hobson's economics, and the point is of most far-reaching importance, is not between labor and capital or between capital and land, but between cost and surplus, between that portion of the reward obtainable through exchange which is necessary to maintain and stimulate the energy of the producer, and that which is not necessary. To distinguish these two portions is for Mr. Hobson the foundation of sound finance, and the starting point of constructive social reform. But, to complete this account, a further distinction must be drawn within the surplus itself. Part of it is necessary to stimulate additional output of energy; that is to say, it is necessary for industrial progress. This may be called the productive surplus. The residue is not necessary, and, in fact, while enriching individuals, serves no social purpose. This may be called the unproductive surplus.

The reorganisation of the industrial system turns, according to this view, on the treatment of the unproductive surplus. In the first place the distinction between this and all other elements of wealth is the basis of sound finance. Every tax laid upon costs or on the productive surplus will in greater or less degree hamper industry by diminishing the incentives to production or impairing the efficiency of producers. No tax on the productive surplus, even if it reached 20s. in the £, would have any such effect. It is a tax on unearned income and neither weakens the motives nor increases the difficulties of earning. No doubt in practice the discrimination between what is earned and what is unearned may be a complicated matter, but for the moment we are concerned with theory, and as a matter of theory, we find in Mr. Hobson's distinction of costs and surplus far the best statement available. The problem thus set to democratic finance is that of evolving methods of ear-marking the elements of unproductive surplus in wealth and of concentrating taxation more and more upon them. Not that there is a hint of anything confiscatory in Mr. Hobson's proposals. This taxation is always to be strictly limited by the consideration of the utility of the objects which the proceeds can be made to serve, and this depends on the measure of the collective wisdom. Nothing is gained by the acquirement of public revenue directed to an irrational expenditure on armaments or even on relief works.

On the other hand, in the diversion of the surplus to such objects as serve to nourish the best powers of the mass of the community, or to increase the real collective wealth of society, Mr. Hobson sees the solution of the problems of poverty, including even that of unemployment. He is right, in our opinion, in connecting periodic unemployment with the magnitude of the unproductive surplus, but the particular linkage which he establishes is, to our thinking, questionable. He holds in effect that the very magnitude of the surplus falling at present into private hands is such as to prevent its judicious and useful expenditure. Unable to lay out his income in enjoyment, the rich man is driven to accumulate more and more capital. The result is a greater aggregation of fixed capital than is actually required by the public economy, and a consequent period of general over-production, followed by a "slump" in which accumulation is arrested and equilibrium is temporarily restored. This is an interesting and original theory, but leaves some serious questions unanswered. To mention one only, we find it difficult to understand why if the means of production are thus cheapened there should not be a responsive demand for the necessaries with which after all the mass of the people are insufficiently supplied. The only answer that suggests itself is that the lines of profitable investment are not clearly seen, and this will be more readily intelligible if we conceive the surplus wealth of the rich as devoted to the production and enjoyment of luxuries in undue proportion, as compared with necessaries. If we apply Mr. Hobson's guiding principle and rank "necesseries" among the elements of cost as including all things that tend to maintain and stimulate production; and "luxuries" as all things that have no such effect, it is natural to infer that it is the employment of too great a proportion of our energy on luxuries that will tend to defeat itself in time by causing a general arrest of producing activity, and it is then quite easy to understand that the diminished consumption of luxuries which the stoppage directly necessitates will render possible a period of restored activity. This criticism, however, would not invalidate Mr. Hobson's main result, which is that all proposals for the relief of unemployment must ultimately be judged by their effect on the standard of life in the community as a whole. The diversion of the surplus "either directly into wages, or into public expenditure for steady purposes of popular support and progress is the only method of securing full and regular employment."

It is always difficult to estimate the effect of a con-

* "The Industrial System: An Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Income." By J. A. Hobson. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

temporary work of high originality, and we think it probable that Mr. Hobson's theory still admits of many modifications of varying degrees of importance. But we shall be surprised if it does not make a deep impression on the course of thought. Resting on an analysis of the social and individual elements in wealth which cuts far below the ordinary conceptions alike of socialism and of individualism it offers a firmer theoretical ground than we can find elsewhere in economic literature for the work of the social reformer and the democratic statesman.

## THE STAGE IN THE PAST.*

THERE are signs on every side that English drama is to be given another chance to justify its existence. On the one hand is the growing and prosperous scheme for a National Theatre, on the other there is the promise of two Repertory Theatres which are to be in action in the course of the next twelve months; but of all signs and omens by far the best is the new spirit that has breathed on the dry bones of English playwriting, bringing the theatre once more into some recognisable relation with life. Robertson, who worked in the 'sixties was, perhaps, the herald of the new day; but one cannot say that his plays had a permanent influence. We fell back into the night of melodrama and false sentiment till the coming of Ibsen; and there are many who will recollect the fury with which the sincerity of Ibsen was greeted by some of our dramatic critics. Ibsen's work was not a commercial success; it is possible that a few of his more fervent admirers damaged their cause by regarding the master as a prophet, which he was not, instead of being content to announce him as a great dramatist, and the influence which he exercised on certain English playwrights was largely of a mechanical kind. Those interested in the theatre will no doubt recall half-a-dozen plays which were in their day thought very daring and very original because certain well-known and accustomed tricks were abandoned; because, for instance, the old "tableau" at the end of the last act was omitted, and the characters were not lined-up, in appropriate attitudes, across the stage. But in reality the pill was the old, old pill of melodrama and convention and false sentiment; the "Ibsenism" was merely a thin coating that might deceive the eye for a moment, but could not disguise the after-taste of ancient and familiar dramatic drugs. Or in other cases we had a curious "mixed" drama; out of a dozen characters three, let us say, might be real human beings, while the rest were theatre "mannequins"; and the writer has seen a piece in which the hero wavered from act to act, beginning his stage career as a character of farce, flickering into humanity for a brief instant, and finally shuddering back into the impossible. It has been the work of Mr. Bernard Shaw and of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker to give us a theatre which it is possible to take seriously; and the Court management has, it may be said, brought into being a school of dramatists who may have limitations, pre-occupations, mistaken ideas on many subjects; but who are at all events in earnest, who write plays that deserve serious attention and serious criticism. And now, as has been said, we are within measurable distance of the Repertory Theatre; and we may hope that the "long-run" system, which is bad for the play and often ruinous to the player, has done its worst.

At such a point as this in our theatrical history, it is interesting to look back on the past, and lovers of the stage will find a great deal of informing and entertaining matter in "A History of Theatrical Art," by Karl Mantzius, the fifth volume of which has just appeared. In France the author is chiefly occupied with the influence of Voltaire, in England Quin and Garrick are his prominent figures, but his best chapters are those which deal with the dim and strange origins of the German stage, now so accomplished and illustrious:—

> "Germany was overrun by English, French, Dutch, and Italian acting companies. Some of these obtained permanent Court appointments, others toured from place to place. Some of them preserved their nationality, others gradually assimilated themselves to their German public. At last independent German companies ('bands') were formed.
>
> "The plays were of the most easily intelligible sort. English actors presented coarse and popular adaptations of famous plays from their own country, even of Shakespearean pieces, copiously intermixed with dances, music, and acrobatic tricks, things that everybody could understand; Italians as a rule gave operas, but also improvised plays, with harlequins' *lazzi;* the Dutch performed farces and pantomimes; the French the plays of their own great dramatists, Molière, Racine, and Corneille, as well as lighter plays, by Destouches, Dufresny, &c., and French ballets."

The whole German stage in those days offers a good many analogies to the "booth" or "portable" of modern England, which, compared with the regular theatre, is as a daubed copy to a masterpiece. And as the English booth is usually a "family concern," so, in Germany, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were actor-families, of which "all members of both sexes, from fathers and mothers down to the infants of three years, had to share in the stage work, to unite their efforts in what was mostly a hard fight to earn their bread." The plays acted by these strollers were not of a very high order. One was called "The Vicious Life of the Ill-famed Rogue, John Sheppard, in London, His Extraordinary Practices and Shameful End, with Harlequin, a merry, faint-hearted, and luckily hanged assistant in the Thieves' Guild." Another play was "The Feats and Death of Charles XII.," from which the following extract is given. Charles soliloquises:—

> "Almighty Ruler of this immense earth! . . . Who am I? Lord, Thy slave. . . . Charles XII., a son of Charles Gustavus (to whom the Swedish throne had been bequeathed by Queen Christina of world-wide fame), was my father, and my mamma was Ulrica Eleonora, daughter of Frederick III. of Denmark, whom he begat by Sophia Amelia, Princess of Brunswick-Lüneburg, who on the 19th of June, 1682, gave me birth between 7-8 in the morning, to the joy of the whole Swedish Kingdom."

It is not surprising to find that these plays were performed with a sort of Chinese ceremonial. The *Hauptagent*, or principal actor, had to learn certain "sublime movements"; kings had to acquire a series of curls and twirls of the sceptre, and novices were obliged to pass an examination in "sceptre action." The principals were always arranged on the stage in a semi-circle, with fixed rules for the manner in which this semi-circle was to be entered and to be left; the diction was an "ever-recurring crescendo, beginning with an ominous murmur" and ending in "an inarticulate roar." Scenery was sometimes confined to two pieces of wall-paper; yellow for interiors and green for the open air. Costume, too, was primitive:—

> "Lace collars and cuffs were cut out of white paper; the gold embroideries were cut out of gold paper and sewn on the stuff; the princesses wore no stockings in their shoes, and the heroes had to content themselves with old worn-out wigs."

Frau Schröder, a successful actress, left a company in 1741 because the management refused to increase her salary to nine shillings a week; and it may be pointed out that about 1831 Mr. Crummles paid very little more than this, and that after his day a provincial actor was content with twelve shillings a week and happy on fifteen shillings. Such were the beginnings of the theatrical art in Germany.

A very interesting topic is suggested by a certain plate in the English section of the book. The plate in question shows Quin in the part of Coriolanus. A preposterous helmet with a preposterous plume waving from it adorns his head; he wears a full-bottomed wig and his coat is a mad exaggeration of the fashion of the period, the skirts being distended by a kind of crinoline of wicker-work. He has just descended from a gilt armchair to welcome his weeping mother, who kneels at his feet in a dress which suggests the Widow Wadman. Dr. Mantzius points out very well that Garrick's usual stage costume—the ordinary evening-dress of his period—represented a distinct reform; and, of course, the mad disguise in which Quin and his contemporaries appeared was a late seventeenth century corruption, borrowed from France. In Shakespeare's day correct costume was at least attempted, sometimes with sad results. Thus, in 1634, "Cromes, a broker in Long Acre," was committed by the Master of the Revels to the Marshalsea "for lending a church robe with the name of Jesus upon it, to the players in Salisbury Court, to present a flamen, a priest of the heathens." And, to go back to earlier days, the Mystery and Morality players were costumed with a certain propriety. Miss Hamilton Moore, author of "English Miracle Plays and Moralities," tells us that "saints wore

* "A History of Theatrical Art in Ancient and Modern Times." By Karl Mantzius. Volume V. "The Great Actors of the Eighteenth Century." Duckworth. 10s. net.

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gilded wigs and sometimes beards, nor were wings forgotten for the surpliced angels. Caiaphas and Annas went in bishops' rochets, our Lady had her crown. . . . . The souls of the saved at Doomsday went in white, those of the damned in black and yellow." The devil had great horns, and demons wore coats of horsehair, to make them look like hairy monsters. At the present time costume is carefully studied, and the chief fault to be found with the production of an historical piece in London is that the dresses are far too good. Paradox rules on the stage as elsewhere; and it is curious that "the real thing" seldom looks real. The color scheme is the great matter; once this is obtained the cheaper the stuffs the better the effect. The cheapest velveteen will look better than the costliest velvet, the tapestries should come from the scene-painter's shop, and not from baronial castles, and Persian carpets for the stage are best manufactured, not in the Orient, but with some coarse canvas and plenty of red and blue and green paint.

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> "That doubts not seekers find, and at the last
> The single-hearted needs must see the King."

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What brought about the transformation of primitive Christianity into Catholicism was the material growth of the community; from a little flock it became a mixed multitude; dogma, organisation, ceremonial seemed indispensable for a World Church. Those things were not the creation of a priesthood—this is a Voltairean fallacy; they were not invented; they grew. Nor had the Reformers of the sixteenth century, though they wished to correct abuses, any thought of getting rid of the external fabric of Christendom. Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, and our own Elizabethan statesmen, nothing was further from their intentions than to place the Government of the Church in the hands of "the common man." Congregationalism stands for another principle; hence the opposition which it encountered. It took the Anabaptist ground, presupposing "that the members of a Christian Church shall be Christian people, and that to such are entrusted the rights and privileges both of Church government and Church discipline." It is an immense assumption; and, if it be objected that it is unwarranted, the Congregationalist will probably answer not only that it is essential to New Testament theology, but that man becomes Christian by being treated as such, that "to believe all things" is the first step towards the attainment of the end desired. He may also fairly urge that the other Churches are moving in this direction; and say with Dr. Dale:—

> "We take the New Testament seriously. We believe that those whom Christ redeems from 'this present evil world,' and translates into His kingdom, receive a divine life and a divine light, and are taught of God. Congregationalism attributes to every Christian man amazing prerogatives and powers, insists that these are the ground of grave duties, and requires the polity of the Church to be so constructed that every Christian man shall be charged with the responsibility of taking part in the maintenance and defence of the truth of Christ, and in the assertion of His authority."

Nominal or half Christians, however, are not got rid of by ignoring their presence. There ought not to be such persons, but there are, and it is a question whether it is not the wiser course to recognise their existence rather than either to exclude them, or to treat them as if they were what they are not. Each alternative has grave disadvantages. In all the Churches the problem of discipline is one of the most thorny of our time.

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here, as throughout, evolution is the key to the thought process; the medieval doctrine of the Eucharist is the shape which the Eucharistic idea took, and took necessarily, in the mind of the time. Each successive age interprets its inheritance; and medievalism, it must be remembered, was a reaction consequent on the fall of the old civilisation. The threads that had been dropped were taken up at the Renaissance; the modern is akin rather to the ancient than to the medieval mind.

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Nearly every tribe in Africa, Asia, Australia, and the Pacific islands, to which reference is made, is distinguished by some curiosity in the way of custom or belief. The Kachins, a hill-tribe of Burma, outdo all others as regards their explanations of certain natural phenomena. They believe, for instance, that an eclipse is a dog attempting to swallow the moon. Earthquakes are ascribed to the wrigglings of crocodiles in the sea that is under the earth. In Hausaland lunatics are allowed to help themselves to what they fancy in the market; a way of shifting the responsibility of their upkeep from the state to the individual, that hardly commends itself as a fair one to the average civilised mind. The Andamanese have a passion for adopting each other's children, for no other reason apparently but domestic variety. Nobody is expected to attend a Nicobarese funeral unless he or she is accompanied by a pig as a contribution to the subsequent festivities. There is quite a Gilbertian touch about the hygienic conditions of the Fiji prison. The building is walled on three sides only, the fourth being left open so that the prisoners can enjoy a walk to the hills when they feel the need of exercise; and such is the attraction of the life of incarceration with hard labor that they invariably return. What constitutes family relationship is a matter of different opinions in different countries; but—in this connection—our own little list of forbidden marriage alliances pales in significance before the corresponding category of the gentle savage. By the time one has finished with tribal and sub-tribal disabilities and totemship regulations, the choice of any one would seem, in most cases, to be limited to one or two persons. The "woman" question is, of course, an important one among the colored dependents of this Empire, but in regard to its treatment there is seemingly not much progression to record. In the country about the river Niger a lady selected for marriage is carefully fattened before the ceremony, her husband's æsthetic taste demanding this style of beautification above all others. She is also painted red, as soon as affianced, in order that the young men of the neighborhood may take notice and look elsewhere. Woman's lot in most of the other districts dealt with, whether monogamy or polygamy or polyandry be practised, is somewhat similar, though its details vary in grotesqueness; but a notable exception is the country of Assam, where "women's rights" are respected by the Khasis to the extent of allowing the whole territory to be legally under female ownership, to the utter exclusion of the other sex.

If the men of certain tribes are to be believed, woman has not played the part she should have done in the ordering of their destinies. A New Guinea cannibal, taxed by a European with his malpractices, explained that his tribe first adopted the disgusting habit of eating their neighbors owing to the demand of their wives for this form of meat. The Kayan headhunters allege that they would have remained content with hair-hunting had it not been for the taunting feminine cry for something more substantial. It was woman also who was responsible for tattooing; and almost as bad a charge as any is preferred by Mr. Fraser himself on p. 284, when he states that the preservation, and perhaps the development, of the Zulu tongue—which boasts the astonishing vocabulary of 20,000 words—is chiefly due to the women, "whose vocabulary is far in excess of that of the men." However, the attractiveness of this subject must not be allowed to lead the reviewer astray; more especially as there are dozens of other equally interesting topics dealt with in these pages, which have not yet been even mentioned. Such, for example, are the real nature and functions of the Australian boomerang, an instrument which, one may note in view of the geographical theory that Australia was once united with the Asian continent, is only used by one other race dwelling in southern India; the thieving profession as practised by some tribes on the Indian frontier; the philosophy of savage doctoring; the customs of marriage by capture and coyness, the education of an Indian dancing-girl, the short way with land-crabs, smoke signals in common use, and sundry methods of cooking and currency. The photographs, too, over seventy in number, are very entertaining, and some additional spice is provided by the inclusion of a few reproductions of savage caligraphy.

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of the grave issues of Marriage, Divorce, the impending subjugation of man by woman, the New Feminism, "men-masters" and woman's duty, make the reviewer feel as though he had strayed into the danger-zone between two Amazon fortresses, each of which is engaged in a furious bombardment of the other. While Madame Claire de Pratz is attacking the hydra-headed evils that arise from woman's dependence on man, Mrs. Humphry Ward is waging war on the Feminists who, she holds, are undermining the sanctity of marriage, the blessed fabric of the family, nay, imperilling the very State itself. To prove their mutually destructive points, the two ladies exalt or abuse their sex's conduct wherever such may help their case. While the Feminist heroine, Elisabeth Davenay, is made an exquisite figure of womanly grace, wisdom, love, charity, and every other virtue, the American Feminist, Daphne, is shown as egoistic, flinty-hearted, and vindictive beyond words. But on one point the two ladies are agreed, viz., that man, however weak and erring he may be, should be pitied rather than despised. And there the agreement ends. The new woman, in Elisabeth Davenay, refuses to marry the masterly André, "because I should no longer be myself, but an integral part of you. . . . I shall no longer be the conscious Elisabeth, but the emotional one"; the new woman, Daphne, after reflecting that there is "no need to cringe any more to the insolence and cruelty of men. A woman's life may be soiled and broken, but in the great human workshop of America it can be repaired," flees away with her child to that great workshop, with the disastrous sequel, to the family, of disease, drink, death, and mental and moral ruin! We are, however, constrained to admit that while Madame Claire de Pratz's shots repeatedly find the target, Mrs. Humphry Ward's shells fly high and burst wide. Of course a masculine reviewer may be prejudiced, but is it not easier to kiss the hand that corrects us than salute it when it hovers, threateningly, over our erring sisters? What ranges us on Madame Claire de Pratz's side, however, is that her book is an interesting treatise disguised as a novel, whereas Mrs. Humphry Ward's work is a particularly feeble novel, crystallising violent polemic in the form of bad art. Her style and treatment are, indeed, so banal and crude that it is only in the book's insistent moral purpose that one recognises the hand that penned "Robert Elsmere."

Roger Barnes, a youthful "Apollo, a magnificent figure of a man . . . possessed of an absurd and superfluous beauty of feature, who has been educated at Eton and Oxford, and belongs to the rich English world," but whose father has failed leaving his widow and son with only a pittance, retrieves the family fortunes on a visit to New York, by wooing and winning the imperious and capricious Daphne Floyd, "the orphan daughter of an enormously rich and now deceased lumber-king." Lumber-kings who leave orphan daughters generally are "deceased," though, as Mr. Floyd was an Irishman, he may possibly have "been an exception." Daphne, poor, sinful child, who is as ready to discuss the relative divorce laws of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania as the girls of fifty years ago were to talk of "Evangeline," is not only handicapped by the Irish blood of her "boastful, mercurial" father, but by the fact that her mother was Spanish, and addicted, as Spanish mothers so often are, to "wild laughter and wilder tears." The attentive student of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels will scent disaster from these simple premises. And any lingering hope he may cherish is pitilessly dashed when he learns the dark connubial history of Daphne's bosom friend, Mrs. Verrier. The unfortunate Mr. Verrier was a Jew not received in New York society. "Mrs. Verrier couldn't do without society and began to dine out and go to parties by herself. Then people didn't ask her as much as before." Then Mrs. Verrier "and her people began to talk to Mr. Verrier about a divorce. Then one night he took the train to Niagara, and two days afterwards he was found thrown up by the whirlpool, where all the suicides are found." Mrs. Verrier has "poured upon the hapless Daphne" all that wild philosophy of "rights" which Mrs. Humphry Ward, *pace* Mrs. Fawcett, holds is a most sinister sign of the modern woman's degeneracy. Anyway, Roger and Daphne are united in the bands of holy matrimony, and the cynic might suggest that it is to cut the knot of such ill-assorted unions that the American Divorce Laws have come into being. An interval of three years of transitory bliss, broken by Daphne's fits of temper, is bestowed upon the young couple, before the author rings the curtain up upon a domestic scene at Heston Park, Lady Barnes' ancestral mansion, which Daphne is taking over "at a high rent." And now Art, like the serpent in Eden, whispers to the American Eve that she shall "restore" the family mansion. "Never restore the house of your mother-in-law," is obviously one of the first axioms for a young couple's well-being. But Daphne is an "advanced" woman, and being advanced, she is naturally reckless. Dr. Lelius, the great German art-critic from Würzburg, and she, between them, remove the ugly family portraits, "bad Lelys and worse Highmores," from their sacred places, and hang them in a passage upstairs. Then Daphne snubs the Archdeacon! and outbids the Duchess, for a piece of Sèvres, in the latter's own house. Then Roger flirts, more or less innocently, with an old flame, Mrs. Fairmile, and after months of brooding wrath and jealous tears, and a farcical scene of "assault and cruelty" in a lumber-room, Daphne rushes off to America, bearing with her the child, Beatty, the darling of broken-hearted Roger. By the iniquitous Divorce Law of South Dakota, Daphne is freed from her husband, and given the custody of the child. But, as the journalists say, an avenging Nemesis is at hand. Once the protecting hedge of marriage is broken through, man's foot, we know, slips on the edge of the precipice. "Laissons nous aller à cette loi qui emporte tout dans l'abîme, et il n'y a plus de société, plus d'humanité, plus rien," is the terrible saying with which Mrs. Humphry Ward opens Part III., and she certainly spares no scenes of tears, disease, and death, to freeze our blood at Feminist iniquities. Roger, that young Apollo, takes to the bottle! His letters to Lady Barnes are "simply heart-rending." Then "he seemed to lose his head." Then "in New York he was struck down by influenza and pneumonia." And, to crown all, when Roger's family friends have gathered round him to condole, and the ideal young English wife, Mrs. French, is murmuring *re* the Dakota Divorce Laws, "When would America—dear, dear America!—see to it that such things were made impossible!" a cable comes from Washington to say that the child, little Beatty, has "died of convulsions!" Mrs. Humphry Ward, one would think, could scarcely beat this stage-managed effect, but the closing chapters are funny beyond words. The wicked Feminist, Mrs. Verrier, established on her invalid couch, in the hotel facing the Falls of Niagara, hears a "plaintive human cry" in the roar of the waters. It is the obsession of her "dumb remorse" for the tragedy of her husband's death. How true to life this is—the remorse of the guilty soul—we are murmuring, when, hey presto! on turning the next page the murder is out. Poor misguided Daphne and the sinister Mrs. Verrier are merely stalking horses for Mrs. Ward's attack on the general "Feminist movement," and "the suffrage camp."

We have not space enough to deal with the awful issues of the guileless tale. In the last fifty pages the atmosphere is that of a hospital for incurables. The innocent characters are all stricken down to show the responsibility of the guilty. Poor Lady Barnes has "a paralytic stroke"; the good person, Mrs. French, has a "nervous break-down." Roger's "terrible attack of septic pneumonia in New York left the heart injured and the lungs weak," and "the drinking habit led to . . . the verdict of phthisis." He, it seems, has "only two years to live," and Daphne, who has just been "shattered" by the anguish and guilt of Mrs. Verrier's death-bed, with her last message—"Marriage is mysterious and wonderful. . . . I have fought a long, long fight, but God is Master—I bless—I adore—" is recalled to England to face "the dark presence of ruin and death, of things damning and irrevocable, which flapped their sombre wings in her face." Vae Victoribus! is the harrowing cry. "The piteous story of little Beatty's last days" is wrung from the now sobbing Suffragist by the maudlin Roger, who remarks, *sotto voce*, "Marriage is a big thing." The wicked wife, repentant alas! too late, "throws herself on the floor with the cry, 'Roger, let me stay with you!'" but Roger knows better, and the novel closes with a passage eloquent of the intense enjoyment the sin of the transgressor can be made to yield the righteous and the pure in heart. "Where others feel the tragedy of suffering, the pure in heart realise with an infinitely sharper pain the tragedy of guilt." Evidently the author's intense relish

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The second and concluding volume of Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger's "History of Belgium" (published by the author at 12, Bloomsbury Square, E.C.) takes up the narrative after the battle of Waterloo and brings it down to the death of Leopold I. in 1865. The period of Dutch rule is treated in a hundred and fifty pages, and the remainder of the book is given up to the reign of Leopold I., Queen Victoria's uncle and close correspondent. He was elected after the Revolution of 1830, though at first Lord Grey refused the sanction of the British Government to his candidature, and, at a difficult and critical time, was unsparing in his efforts to consolidate the independence of the Belgian people. His diplomacy made Palmerston an enthusiastic champion of Belgium and succeeded in the more difficult task of winning over the Duke of Wellington, whose friendship with the Prince of Orange more than once menaced the Belgian horizon. He had, as her letters show, a firmer support than either in Queen Victoria, who wrote on a monument in St. George's Chapel that he "held the place of a father in her affections." Leopold's intervention in our affairs was less happy than his use of our diplomatic support. Mr. Boulger is to be congratulated on the completion of his history. It is a work of laborious research that has been thoroughly performed.

# The Week in the City.

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Thursday's Bank return showed a reduced reserve, somewhat lower than that in the corresponding week of last year, when the Bank rate had been reduced to 2½ per cent. Very large sums were borrowed on the same day at the Bank of England in connection with a particularly heavy Stock Exchange account. Speculation, of course, centres in the Kaffir market. A concerted effort has been made to force up prices, and the public has rushed in with an enthusiasm hardly seen since the long boom which preceded the Boer War and the short boom which followed on the conclusion of peace. City writers are beginning to recall the price histories of leading shares. For instance, Rand Mines were 9⅞ on Thursday and 9 15-16 on January 1st. In 1899 they rose to 11¼, in 1902 to 13 3-16. Between then and January 1st of this year the lowest price they touched was 4 1-16. Or, again, Modderfontein touched 13¼ in 1899, 15 9-16 in 1902, falling afterwards as low as 3⅞. On January 1st they had recovered to 11¼, and on Thursday the price was 13 5-16. A more wildly speculative market is hardly to be conceived of than this, in which even the more solid securities show such enormous fluctuations. Perhaps the position of the Kaffir market now will put an end to the anxiety of stupid investors about the repatriation of the Chinaman. In view of the favorite and oft repeated cry that one sees in certain newspapers that the Liberal Government has undermined confidence and credit, &c., it may be worth while to quote the City editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," who really says a good deal more than Mr. Winston Churchill claimed at Manchester:—

> "Unemployment is an unknown factor on the Stock Exchange, and the difficulty is rather to procure competent assistants than for the needy clerk to secure employment. Little is heard of the need to advertise for business, the overcrowding of the "House," and the other perennial subjects of slack times. The markets have enjoyed all the thrills and overflow business of the Kaffir "boom." Paris seems equally excited with ourselves, and the cabled summaries of Johannesburg news show that the excitement is as marked there, and testifies to the belief of the magnates that they can unload still further upon the public. The gilt-edged investment markets are held back by the flow of new issues, but the vast quantities of capital awaiting employment will alter these conditions ere long, and the general activity of business will be followed by higher prices for the better classes of securities. The rise in Kaffirs is merely the barometer sign of returning confidence.

This want of unemployment on the Stock Exchange is no doubt to be ascribed mainly to cheap money. It has been helped by the improved outlook in foreign affairs; for, of course, the near Eastern crisis was constantly checking the speculator and investor. The output of new issues is simply enormous, but with peace all the world over, the mass of loanable capital seems to be growing rapidly enough to absorb all legitimate ventures. Trade, I am afraid, is still very slow generally, the improvement being retarded by the American tariff uncertainty and also by doubt about the harvests. The worsted trade in the West Riding and the linen trade of Belfast are among the brightest spots. Unfortunately there is a prospect of serious labor troubles in the coalfields of South Wales and Scotland.

### The Rubber Market.

The business in rubber shares is naturally overshadowed by the activity of the larger market in mines, but in its own way rubber has had quite a remarkable boom, and prices have risen at a great pace since the beginning of the year. The reason, of course, is that several big companies that began planting early have recently begun to produce rubber and pay dividends. For a long time the value of these estates has been a matter of eager discussion, and "bull" and "bears" have fought each other round the question whether wild or tame rubber was likely to win in the end, and whether production will finally outstrip demand. This question, as I need scarcely point out, is at present, and will for a long time remain, unsettled, but for the moment the rubber estates are doing uncommonly well, and, in spite of the increase in supply the market is very firm, the quotation for Para fine hard being 5s. 6d. at the end of last week. At this price there is a good margin over the cost of production, and the companies that have already reached the producing stage are making large profits. Most of them are moderately capitalised and can afford to pay very handsome dividends. Thus the Anglo-Malay has declared a dividend of 30 per cent., against 20 per cent. last year; the Linggi Plantations 60 per cent., against 20 per cent.; the Selamgor 75 per cent., against 41½ per cent.; and the Pataling 45 per cent., against 35 per cent. With dividends such as these to attract speculators, a boom is natural, and the shares in most cases stand at a very high premium. To explain the present position of the market I give a few figures showing the amount paid off and the present quotation of one or two shares:—

| Share. | Amount Paid. | Price May 26th. |
|---|---|---|
| Anglo-Malay ... ... ... ... ... | 17/6 | 5¾ |
| Bukit-Rajah ... ... ... ... ... | £1 | 7 5-8 |
| Cicely ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | £1 | 8 5-8 |
| Consolidated Malay ... ... ... ... | £1 | 4 5-16 |
| Golden Hope ... ... ... ... ... | £1 | 2¾ |
| Highlands and Lowlands ... ... ... | £1 | 2¾ |
| Linggi ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2/- | 20/6 |
| Pataling ... ... ... ... ... ... | £1 | 9 7-8 |
| Sumatra Para ... ... ... ... ... | £1 | 2½ |
| Vallambrosa ... ... ... ... ... | 2/- | 22/3 |

In face of these figures it ought not to be necessary to advise caution. There is no need to be bearish, but in an undertaking that has not really "found itself," premiums of 500 per cent. obviously leave room for more pretty big losses. The only sane advice that can be given is to make very sure before investing. Blind speculation in such a market is sheer madness, and no one should be tempted to buy without understanding the state of the industry, as well as the position of the particular company.

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*Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:*

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO. LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

THE NATION may be obtained from the following booksellers abroad:—

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 10.] SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

Last Friday the break of the German *bloc* was consummated by the resignation from the Finance Reform Committee of the Liberal and Radical members, accompanied by the Socialists. The Free Conservatives remained, and the Conservative-Centre rump at once hastened to appoint officers, to vote taxes, and to adjourn over Whitsun. The proposals it will lay before the Reichstag provide for estimated additions to the revenue of £1,900,000 from indirect, and £7,000,000 from direct taxes. The indirect taxes include duties on beer, spirits, cosmetics, tobacco, wines, lighting and cooking apparatus, railway fares, matches, tea, coffee, milling, and exported coal. The direct taxes are £3,000,000 on unearned increment from land, and £4,000,000 on unearned increment from stocks and shares. The "North-German Gazette" calls this a "serviceable foundation" for reform, and although the export duty on coal and the duty on stocks and shares are not acceptable, it is obvious that the Government has made up its mind to take its revenue from any party if only it can get them. An effort will be made to induce the National Liberals to join in the new political combination, and it would be surprising if they did not surrender their anti-clericalism, their last vestige of principle. It is significant, however, that Count Posadowsky, ex-Secretary to the Interior, insists that Germany's finances require £35,000,000, not £25,000,000, of new revenue, for the hope held out by the Government of economies amounting to £10,000,000 is quite vain.

* * *

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has made an appeal to the great Friendly Societies meeting at Whitsuntide to appoint a small representative body to discuss with him the details of a scheme for State insurance against invalidity and other industrial evils. He repeats his earlier guarantee that no Ministerial scheme shall inflict the slightest damage on the voluntary organisations. His appeal has been met by diverse societies in a somewhat different spirit. The Ancient Order of Shepherds unanimously passed a resolution accepting Mr. George's assurances and agreeing to come on to the Committee. The Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, on the other hand, in spite of a warning from their Parliamentary agent against condemning a plan which they had not seen, passed a series of hostile motions, while some of their leading speakers used language more of political prejudice than of serious consideration. Apparently the Manchester Unity are disposed to accept State aid only for those whom they exclude from their benefits, or who cannot obtain them. A minority protested against the assumption that State insurance was wrong when neither they nor other Friendly Societies attempted to cover the whole ground.

* * *

We are glad to see that the Ministerial Whips are arranging the fight for the Budget, and fixing continuous relays of Liberal supporters right up to October, should the rather limited critical powers of the Opposition be unexhausted by the Day of Pheasants. Members are asked to choose between continuous attendance till the end of September, or a month's holiday, divided up into fortnights, taken either in July, in August, or in September. This is the right spirit; but the line must also be cleared for the Budget, and not blocked with too many rival projects. Mr. Harold Cox has given notice of an amendment to the Second Reading, objecting to the imposition of taxes for the "private benefit" of individuals—an objection which seems to apply less to the Budget than to the protective tariff which Mr. Cox opposes and his Parliamentary allies propose.

* * *

The ratification of the South African Constitution proceeds apace. The threatened opposition in Cape Colony has blown over, and the Legislative Assembly has adopted the Act with only two opponents. The Orange Colony and the Transvaal Legislatures have both accepted it, and only Natal stands out, sharply and contemptuously upbraided by Sir George Farrar, the ablest of the Progressive leaders, for its selfish isolation. Probably, however, the *referendum*, which is to be taken next week, will over-rule the politicians. The Durban Chamber of Commerce has already passed a motion in favor of Union by sixty votes to four. The Colonies seem nervous of a general revision of the Act by the House of Commons, but this is not to be feared. But the Imperial Parliament must scrutinise in freedom the provisions for the rights of three-fourths of the subjects of the Crown in South Africa.

* * *

On Thursday of last week the Deakin-Cook combination managed to defeat the Australian Laborites by the unexpectedly small majority of nine. The tiny group of four led by Sir W. Lyne voted with the Cabinet, and its separation from Mr. Deakin is so pronounced that it finds the name "Judas" too good for him. The Fisher Cabinet asked the Governor-General for a dis-

solution, but Lord Dudley refused it, probably because general elections are due next year in any case. The Cabinet has therefore resigned, and Mr. Deakin has now formed a Ministry out of former friends and foes. The coalition has gained its immediate purpose—the Laborites are out of office, and cannot appoint a High Commissioner or delegates to the Naval Conference. But it is difficult to see what else it can do except mark time. The two sections differ fundamentally on every important issue, and the basis of their agreement is that sleeping dogs should be let lie. It is said that the new Ministry will favor assistance to the Imperial Navy as well as the building up of an Australian Navy, but that does not constitute a domestic policy. It can hardly be doubted that the postponement of grappling with such great questions as the relation between Commonwealth and State finances, the New Protection, and national land defence will damage the prestige of the Coalition.

* * *

The Russians seem to have succeeded in ruining a promising settlement between the Shah and his subjects. The Nationalist Committee at Teheran which was conducting the negotiations has dissolved in despair, and Nasir-ul-Mulk, the Liberal Premier, refuses to return from abroad. The Shah, despite the protests of Tabriz, has appointed Ala-ed-Dowleh, a creature of despotism, with the worst reputation, Governor of Azerbaijan. The Russians meanwhile are modifying the terms of the loan to the Shah so as to permit him to do what he likes with the money. The Russian commander's conduct at Tabriz has provoked the greatest bitterness throughout Persia, and several hundred Nationalists, including Satar Khan, have taken refuge in the Turkish Consulate. The Nationalists have appealed to the Turks for help, and a force of 2,500 men has occupied Suj Bulak and Maragha. A conflict between Russia and Turkey therefore looks like being added to Persia's other troubles. Finally, to leave no doubt that they mean to stay, the Russians are collecting a large supply of sleepers at Tabriz to build a railway from Sulfa. The House of Commons should lose no time in waking up the Foreign Office if the partition of Persia is not to be consummated irretrievably.

* * *

The reputation of the Indian police and the lower courts has been dealt a blow by the Calcutta High Court, which, on appeal, has acquitted the defendants in the Midnapore bomb conspiracy. Originally twenty-six men were tried in the Sessions Court, but the chief Crown witness withdrew his depositions, and the charges against twenty-three were dropped. The remaining three, however, were sentenced to long terms of transportation, and it is these who have now been acquitted. The High Court, in delivering judgment, said that the evidence against the prisoners was extorted, and that the recording magistrate violated the spirit and the letter of the law. The judges thought it quite possible that the police had placed the bomb where it was found. This judgment comes on the top of the acquittal of all the prisoners in the Barah political dacoity case, and of most of the prisoners in the Alipore conspiracy case, and it confirms the general conviction in India that the native police are utterly unreliable, and that the administration has been much too reckless in starting gigantic sedition prosecutions.

* * *

The malevolent article in the "Times" on Crete, to which we referred a fortnight ago, seems to have done its work, and a strong and, as it seems to us, unwise anti-Greek agitation is being conducted by the Turkish Press in Constantinople. The "Tanin," one of the original organs of the Young Turkish Party, threatens the immediate invasion of Greece in the event of a single Greek soldier landing in Crete, and actually proposes to destroy the present thoroughly satisfactory rule of a Greek Commissioner and to replace him by a local Governor. The new Foreign Minister, Rifaat Pasha, takes what we should call the old Turkish line of declaring that no Cretan question exists and that Turkish sovereignity is unquestioned. He will find, we are afraid, that neither of these positions will hold. Turkish suzerainty in Crete is represented by a flag on a rock in Suda Bay and by nothing else. Crete is Greek in fact, and the attempt to keep her Turkish in name is vain. The islanders will settle that point for themselves without calling on the Greek Army, and Europe, with her strong sympathy for Young Turkey, will not allow her to waste her new stores of strength and credit in restoring a sham.

* * *

Count Zeppelin's steerable balloon, or airship, made a notable but not wholly successful flight, lasting for thirty-eight hours, from Saturday night till Monday morning. It started from Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, voyaged northwards against the wind in the direction of Berlin as far as Bitterfeld, and then, beaten by the air-currents, turned south and west, and finally came to grief in a gust of wind near Göppingen. The envelope and structure of the car were rent and torn, but next day Zeppelin II. was able to complete its return flight. The distance covered in the original journey was about 900 miles. The experiment is interesting, but it merely confirms earlier trials. The airship is still virtually mastered by the wind, and only sails by its leave. One of our hysterical papers notes that if Count Zeppelin's balloon had been directed towards London it could easily have accomplished the journey there and back to Lake Constance. The journal does not explain what it, or a hundred vessels like it, could have done when it arrived, or in what respect such an experience advances the use of airships in war.

* * *

Mr. J. G. Talbot, one of the most respected of Conservative members of Parliament, has resigned his seat for the University of Oxford, which he has held for thirty-one years. Setting party reasons aside, we cannot but hope that the University will do itself the honor of choosing Lord Hugh Cecil as Mr. Talbot's successor. In this way it can render the State precisely the kind of political and intellectual service it is best able to give. It can restore to the House of Commons a man of great distinction, who, by a simple act of personal consistency, has fallen out with one party without attracting the sympathies of the other. It can also give back to active political life a leader who, by his oratorical gifts, his real, if sometimes unattractive, high-mindedness, and his bent of mind, is especially adapted to follow it. Further, we should have said that a University so largely dominated by conservative and ecclesiastical influences might well find room for the most brilliant of Lord Salisbury's sons, and one of the most devoted, if not the most judicious, of Anglican laymen. Save on the one question of Free Trade, Lord Hugh Cecil's opinions are far removed from ours. But his banishment from the House is an absurdity, and the University can correct it by performing a very useful act of proportional representation.

* * *

Mr. Burns made one of his picturesque surveys of social evils in opening a Tuberculosis Exhibition at Whitechapel on Wednesday. He painted vigorously the

deadly character of this scourge, from which the world loses five million people a year, our share being 80,000, or the population of a city like York. Mr. Burns truly said that the main parents of consumption were poverty, ignorance, and drink, and he read to workmen and workwomen one of his interesting little lectures on the value of air space in the home, and the folly of parlors overcrowded with cheap furniture and bad ornaments. He showed that in London, and, indeed, in all towns, the death rate from this plague, as from its companions, is nicely proportioned to the degree and character of the over-crowding. It is just to add that both Mr. Burns's Bills—the Housing Bill and the Milk Bill—are blows struck at this scourge of mankind.

* * *

The wholly inoffensive reference by Mr. Asquith to Austria in the course of his speech on the two-Power standard seems to have caused some emotion in Vienna. The Austrian papers hasten to explain that Austrian "Dreadnoughts" cannot be aimed against England, and the "Fremdenblatt" points out that in the event of war the Austrian fleet would be countered in the Mediterranean by the French fleet, while for the lack of stations it could not operate in the North Sea. Probably the agitation of the press is due to determination to make a public opinion favorable to the new venture. The most pointed comment on the Austrian plans is provided by the presentation of the Italian naval estimates to the Italian Parliament. They provide for the building of two more "Dreadnoughts" and the fortification of Brindisi, which watches Austria. The "Morning Post's" Rome correspondent expresses the true moral when he says that "this increased expenditure has been provoked by the news of the proposed strengthening of the Austrian Navy. It is not to aid but to counteract her ally that Italy is now arming, despite all the official talk about the Triple Alliance."

* * *

The International Congress of Applied Chemistry was opened by the Prince of Wales on Thursday week, and, after a very interesting series of papers and discussions, came to an end on Tuesday last. The point most emphasised—and one to which this country has never given proper weight—is the intimate bearing of chemical research not only upon industrial progress, but upon the whole course of daily life. The science of food, or, to give it its horrible scientific term, bromatology, was a leading theme. Papers were read describing how the food supply in different countries is controlled, and the best means of discovering adulteration were considered. On Tuesday the hygiene and legal section of the Congress passed a strong resolution condemning the wholesale pouring out of noxious smoke and fumes from factory chimneys on our town populations, and recommending inspectors acquainted with the chemistry of fumes.

* * *

We have no space to deal adequately with the reports of the Royal Commission on Shipping Rings. Neither the findings of the Majority nor of the Minority are very decided. The former report concludes cautiously in favor of the system of shipping "conferences" and "deferred rebates," the latter, with equal caution, against it. Both admit that it has led to high rates, to the diversion of trade, and, in the South African case, to action against the interests and wishes of the communities in question. They differ on the point whether the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. The main remedy offered by both parties is limited supervision by the Board of Trade. Only Sir David Barbour proposes hostile action on the lines of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, which makes the working of these "rings" illegal.

* * *

A real leader of men and of thought, and a politician of the highest character and the best instincts, has died in Dr. Theodor Barth, the greatest of modern German Radicals. Dr. Barth's position—that of a Free Trader, an anti-Jingo, and a Radical broadening out from pure individualism to a conception of State activities more in harmony with the necessities of modern life—is thoroughly intelligible from our point of view, for it is powerfully maintained in our politics. But it led to Barth's severance from the two main bodies of German Liberalism, whose alliance with Imperialism and Protection ensures for it shameful defeat and oblivion. Dr. Barth used and left many organisations in the effort to keep Liberalism true and vital. He passed from the Liberal Union to the Radical Union, and finally to the Democratic Union, out of which he hoped to build a bridge between German Radicalism and Socialism. This, after the failure of his admirable paper, "Die Nation," was the work of his last days, which closed in glorious strife, devoted to noble and essentially practical ends.

* * *

The latest feat of the Censor is not his least remarkable performance. It is stated in the press that he has refused Mr. Tree permission to produce a play by Mr. Hall Caine on modern Egypt, on the ground that Lord Cromer, acting, we suppose, as an *amicus curiæ* of Lord Althorp and Mr. Redford, has read it, and, in the present state of Egyptian opinion, thinks it unfit for presentation. Let us add a brief remembrance of his other more recent acts. On the one hand he has licensed "The Devil," a gross play which the opinion of the dramatic critics set down as repulsive and immoral, and "Samson and Delilah," which contravenes his self-imposed rule against the presentation of Biblical subjects. On the other, he has refused to the Follies, one of the most innocent and agreeable entertainments in London, a licence for an entirely harmless and amusing parody of "An Englishman's Home."

* * *

The obscure dealing with the Duke of Norfolk's Holbein has come to an end by an offer from a lady of £40,000, which, with national and private contributions, gives the Duke his £62,000 of more or less unearned increment, and Colnaghi their £10,000 profit. On the whole, we think, the Lady comes better out of this unpleasant business than the Duke. It would be interesting to calculate what the selling value of the picture would have been had it not been enhanced by its long stay in the National Gallery.

* * *

The Australian cricket team has now been thrice beaten, their failure against Surrey being quickly followed by a defeat in the first Test Match at Birmingham. The English Eleven, which did not include Hayward, won on a slow and soft, but not extremely difficult, pitch by ten wickets. Both elevens may be said to have failed in the first innings, but the critics attribute the small score of the Englishmen to their own timidity more than to the strength of the Australian bowling, and are disposed to regard the Australian batting as both tame and incorrect. Some allowance must be made for the fact that the Colonials, used to fast and absolutely true wickets, made some of their first appearances in England on slow and rain-soaked or treacherous ones. However, they seem to want something of the characteristic Australian power of combination in the field, a serious defect.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE CHARACTER OF THE IMPERIAL PRESS.

The Imperial Press Conference, which meets to-day, deserves, and will receive, a warm welcome from the journalists of these islands. Some of them will meet old friends among its members, and all will extend an affectionate greeting to their colleagues in the outer fields of Empire. The Government will be their chief entertainers, and they will also meet most of the personalities who contribute conspicuously to the politics, the literature, and the arts of the Motherland. They will be welcomed, they will also be flattered, and they will be able to distinguish between the two kinds of reception. If the elder generation may find our journalism a little weakened, and not a little dependent, they will also find it a livelier and more freely colored chronicle of the world's doings than its predecessor of twenty years ago. And on our side we shall find much both to respect and to admire. The sensational developments of the last decade have not been without their effect on Colonial journalism, but it remains, for the most part, more serious than our own, and more practical. We do not to this day produce a better type of daily journal than the "Melbourne Age," while we have never succeeded in founding a satirical paper which, like the "Sydney Bulletin," aims at reflecting the form and color of the life of an entire people. Most of the South African and Canadian newspapers follow the better and stronger models of British journalism. They speak for more restricted, more selected, populations than our own, fond like us of amusement, and choosing the same forms of it, but living nearer to Mother Earth, or maintaining, by law and by custom, or by the deliberate exclusion of colored labor, a higher standard of personal dignity and comfort.

Eleven millions of white folk, spread over three vast continents, present different problems from those which confront forty-two millions, penned up in two small islands. But the press which will be represented in the coming conferences speaks for a completer form of democracy than we have realised, or than perhaps exists outside the Swiss Republic. With the important exception of Protection, Colonial journalism has little or nothing in common with our own Conservative press. It is fairly divided between different forms of what we should call Liberalism or Radicalism. The practical politics of Australia is fixed on lines which scarcely differentiate it from that of our own Labor Party. Our prepossessions concerning Established Churches, the blessing of hereditary Houses and the curse of State Socialism, affect colonial thought no more than the constitutions of Nineveh and Tyre. While no revolutionary movement has as yet taken root in the self-governing dependencies, the more practical ideas of State interference are current coin of all parties, and in Australia, and to some extent in South Africa, they form the basis both of government and of political thought. No one can accuse the typical British colonist of want of initiative. But his conception of State activities, both in the sphere of education and control, and of actual industrial responsibility, is far wider than our own. To journalists familiar with the problems of railway nationalisation, State aid to industry, an Eight Hours law, Trade Boards, and the State recognition of Trade Unionism, none of Mr. George's or Mr. Churchill's recent experiments will present any difficulty whatever. Many of them are perfectly acquainted with the valuation of sites and the resulting taxation of land. One colony actually possesses the halfpenny tax on the capital value of undeveloped land which is a leading proposal of the Budget. Others have led the way in the imposition of graduated death duties, and the scale now suggested is a slight variation of that which obtains in New Zealand. The higher taxation of great properties could arouse no storm, for no school of colonial journalism would be weak enough, or subservient enough, to oppose it. A few months ago we reformed our marriage law on lines familiar to every British colony. The problems of local option and local veto, women's suffrage, and high licences on public-house property still perplex our statesmen; but the colonies have either solved them or experimented in them. The friendly eyes of our visitors will open wider at the meaner aspects of European town life, at the want of personal care, tidiness, and self-respect in their swarming inhabitants, than at the revolutionary feats of the Government and the Labor Party. Not all the love of the "old country," nor the immense attraction of her art and learning, her tradition and charm and splendor, can quite dispel a touch of condescension in the British colonist when he compares his fuller and more daring political life with our own reserves and timidities.

Two immediate questions will, we suppose, occupy the Conference, on one of which we hope that some solution will be arrived at. Professor Shann, of Melbourne University, describes elsewhere in this journal certain evil effects on Colonial opinion of the Imperial cable service, with its double defect of high rates and severely condensed and recklessly heightened phrasing. Mr. Shann gives as an example the over-colored versions which reached Australia even of our naval scare, and of the speeches of our political leaders upon it. The result was to produce the impression that an immediate situation of great peril existed between Germany and Great Britain. New Zealand responded with a generous offer of a "Dreadnought," which, on consideration, we are afraid, she will find to be beyond her means, while in Australia a severe and, as it turns out, highly disturbing conflict arose between rival ideas of Imperial Defence. The self-governing Colonies are, in fact, so far away from these shores that the attempt to create an intellectual nerve-centre for the Empire seems more likely, under the conditions which now prevail, to produce a succession of "nerve-storms." The same trouble was created, not, we are afraid, without malice, at critical stages of Imperial policy in South Africa, and it is eminently suitable for consideration both by the Government and by the Conference. For our part, we hope that when the problem of Imperial Defence is seriously treated, as it must be treated later in the year, regard will be had by the Admiralty and by the Prime Minister to the actual lines on which Colonial policy has developed. We think it

unlikely that we shall ever get the Colonies to come in as large contributories to the Imperial Navy, unified in control, and now mostly concentrated in home waters. And we do not think it would be quite fair to ask them. Their white population is still small, their communities, though prosperous, are not rich as we understand riches. The opposite theory of subsidiary Colonial squadrons gains strength, in spite of Mr. Deakin's late legislation, and it appears to promise definite relief for our own Navy in the earlier stages of a Continental war, while it seems to be the only possible basis of an Imperial Naval policy. If, in spite of all the loyalty of the Colonies to the Crown, and their feeling for the land of their fathers, we ever cease to think of them as sister nations, devoted to their own way of life and inevitably bound to their own interests, we shall revert to the path of error in which we lost America, and but for Liberal policy, would have parted from Canada and South Africa as well.

## THE NEW LAND TAXES.

The text of the Finance Bill has dissolved many doubts and difficulties, and affords an ample justification for Mr. Lloyd George's refusal to enter into controversies of detail in the initial debates upon the Budget resolutions. The land taxes, which constitute the most novel, and in a proper sense the most revolutionary, proposals, are remarkable alike for the skill and the moderation with which their two-edged purpose is pursued. The main object, to secure for the Exchequer a considerable and not excessive share of that value, peculiar to land, which the growing needs of a population increasing in numbers and wealth imparts to a factor limited by nature, is carefully and skilfully achieved. The moderation of the policy is displayed in the many limitations, exceptions, and allowances which impart a necessary intricacy to the text of the Bill. Not merely is there elaborate provision, in the definition of the taxable increment and undeveloped values, for the various improvements which though connected with land are in reality capital, and for any elements of value due to goodwill or other personal factors, but the prime principle of excluding from the new taxation site values which have accrued in the past and comprise the claims of the Exchequer to future unearned increments is rigorously applied. No landowner can truthfully maintain either that something which is not land-value is taxed as such, or that new taxes are unfairly or onerously imposed upon land-values which he has bought and paid for. It is on future publicly created increment that the taxes lie. To this rule there is, indeed, one exception more apparent than real. So far as the prices of recently purchased lands have comprised by anticipation certain expected future increments, their existing values and prices will suffer a reduction by reason of the public encroachments on these future increments. But even here the loss can hardly be great, for during recent years the growing probability of such taxation as is actually imposed must have been reflected in the selling price of land.

The chief criticism directed against taxation of reversions, on the ground that the "windfalls" which they brought to the lessor may already have been subjected to taxation under increment estate duty, is met by a careful proviso against such double taxation, while the exclusion from the operation of the tax of past leases of less than thirty years', and of future leases of less than twenty-one years' duration, removes any really vexatious character from the measure. There still remains, of course, the objection of those who deny that these valuable reversions in long leases are "windfalls," and describe them as ordinary cases of deferred payment, a consideration for which has been given to the lessee in the shape of lower rent. But in the case of growing city lands, this only amounts to the assertion that the landlord is entitled to the whole of any future unearned increments that may emerge at the end of his lease; and the new claim of the Exchequer only extends to the demand that the public shall enjoy a moderate share of what remains after lessor and lessee have each had a profitable use from the land.

The hardest fighting will probably centre round the taxes on undeveloped land and mining values. Here the main fiscal purpose of securing to the public a share of future increments of value is supplemented by the further object of endeavoring to stimulate the best and fullest development of the resources of the land from the standpoint of the national interest. The limitations of the clauses show that this policy is confined to the case of lands ripe for building, which are being withheld from that purpose, either from carelessness, caprice, or, as is more usual, to obtain a price in a future market artificially enhanced by the scarcity due to this policy of holding back. No land of less value per acre than £50, no land of higher value if that value can be recognised as agricultural, will be exposed to this tax. So far as land is concerned, the purpose is to stop the unnatural and injurious scarcity of building sites in our towns and villages, due to the speculative action of landlords, assisted by the present rating and taxing system. No injury, such as has been loudly proclaimed by premature criticism, will be inflicted upon owners of any sort of agricultural land, either by this undeveloped land tax or by the increment tax. Indeed, it appears to us that, so far as the increment duty is concerned, the caution of the drafting has been carried in one matter to an excess which will deprive the Exchequer of its due share in certain increments. For if it be true that, in estimating the "original" site value of land, permanent agricultural improvements, such as drainage, are included in site value, whereas the landowner is entitled to deduct their value when his land is valued later on for increment duty (as appears from clause 2), this process will actually conceal and withdraw from taxation a certain amount of real land increment that may have accrued. We are disposed to think that some error of drafting has here occurred, but so far from involving a grievance to agricultural landowners, as the "Times" hotly insists, it is a leakage in the pipe enabling the State to suck up its share of unearned increment.

A good deal of the resentment expressed against the land taxes is due to a recognition that they tend to inter-

fere with the existing liberty of owners to do with "their land" as they like, regardless of the public interest in this prime necessary of life. They complain that some of the new taxes, for instance, the undeveloped land and mineral taxes and the heavier estate duties, not being payable from current income, will compel them to put portions of their estates into the market, and at prices reduced in amount by the increased supply of land offered under this pressure. This, no doubt, is true. The taxes will conduce to the break-up of large ancestral estates, will increase the supply of saleable land, and will lower its price. All these results are public benefits, which though rather incidental than contained in the main purpose of the Finance Bill, are particularly welcome in a country which has suffered long and severely, both in its cities and in its rural parts, from the artificially restricted ownership and supply of land for human habitation and for industrial and agricultural working. This developmental side of the land policy is, indeed, of more immediate importance than the yield of revenue, considerable as that should be as years roll on. The two purposes, however, are not ultimately separate. For it is the manifest duty of a far-sighted public financier to prefer taxes which will have the effect of stimulating a better and more productive application of the land and labour of the nation, and so of enlarging the revenue both of private citizens and of the State.

## A WAR OF STEEL AND GOLD.

In the game of weighting the Balance of Power which began when a Triple Entente faced the Triple Alliance, there is neither finality nor rest. Where each State meets its neighbors with a calculated opportunism, alliances can have no permanence, and understandings only a partial and variable tenure. The past week has exhibited in section, as it were, some of the strains and tensions which go to make the unstable equilibrium of the Triple Alliance. The determination of a school of Austrian patriots to enter the European competition by laying down four "Dreadnoughts," has been much advertised of late—mainly by the alarmists of our own Press. The scheme is as yet only a project. It has not been adopted by the Delegations; still less has the money been voted. Only one slip in which such vessels could be constructed is in existence, and competent authorities have declared that something like six years would be required by the Austrian yards to complete a single "Dreadnought." But none the less Italian opinion has taken alarm, and it is certain that if Austria does seriously meditate such a programme as this, her Italian ally will reply to it with a more than equivalent armament. It is a whimsical fact that one ally within a league which has endured since 1883 should arm avowedly against a partner, but the state of mind which this new fact denotes is far from being novel. Every feud between Italian and German students at Innspruck or Vienna reveals the rooted antagonism of the two peoples. Every Balkan crisis underlines the suspicions of the two Governments. Two years ago Austria carried out combined naval and military manœuvres in Dalmatia, on the pleasant assumption that an Italian force was attempting to effect a landing. At the height of the recent Bosnian crisis, the "Temps" pointed out that Austrian forces had been concentrated not so much to repel a Russian invasion from the North, as with the apparent intention of containing an Italian movement from the south. Despite some recent interchanges of royal messages, the historical antagonism of the two peoples has been emphasised by the refusal of Vienna to participate in a projected exhibition at Rome. In all the Balkan tangles Italy has ranged herself in sentiment and diplomacy with Servia and Montenegro. The logical consequence of that attitude is that she is now coquetting not with Austria, but with Russia.

Italy adhered to the Triple Alliance in a moment of panic and pique. She has ever since asked herself whether high politics really demanded the sacrifices of sentiment and interest which it imposed. She had never quite forgiven the element of self-seeking in Louis Napoleon's Italian campaign, and she dreaded the calculating clericalism which sometimes marked French policy abroad. But it was none the less a paradox that she should have allied herself with the arch-enemy Austria. She resented the French descent upon Tunis so deeply that she forgave Bismarck for facilitating that descent. For a series of years her antagonism to France was real and acute. Then came, in 1893, the alliance between Russia and France. Once more she took alarm, and realised that while the German alliance had secured her on land, she was still exposed in the Mediterranean to the menace of the French fleet. She turned accordingly to us. Some naval pact or other was concluded, much advertised at the time, though its terms remained a secret, and a British squadron visited Italy, as a Russian squadron had visited Toulon. When ten years afterwards France and Great Britain at last came to terms, Italy was treated almost as a member of the partnership. Crispi was dead, and the Franco-Italian feud forgotten. France too had broken for ever with the Vatican. At the Conference of Algeciras, three years later, Italy played the make-weight and the go-between, departing just far enough from her loyalty to the Triple Alliance to give the victory to the Triple Entente. It was King Edward's sudden visit thereafter to Italian waters which first moved Prince Bülow to complain that Germany was being "penned in," while his inspired press declared that Italy had been "debauched." And now the Mediterranean pact, first concluded between Britain and Italy when both were the friends of Germany and the enemies of France, began to wear a new complexion. It was now a link in a new world chain of which the key seemed to be in British hands.

The kaleidoscope is constantly shifting. Of the world flux of diplomacy one can only affirm, wagging a finger like Heracleitus, that it moves. Italy is arranging a *rapprochement* with Russia, but in which camp does Russia stand? The consequences of the German intervention which suddenly induced Russia to desert her partners in the Balkan crisis, and to accept the annexation of Bosnia without compensations and without a conference, are not fully visible. One notes, however,

certain tendencies. The Stolypin-Isvolsky Ministry is slowly staggering to its fall. The internal reaction triumphs all along the line, and most clearly in Polish affairs. The pretence of any loyal co-operation with this country in Persia is less than ever observed. The party which seems to be in the ascendant is, moreover, not only reactionary at home and aggressive in Persia; it frankly prefers a German to a British connection. One asks oneself whether German diplomacy, steadily seeking for the weak point in the Triple Entente, is about to succeed in influencing Russian domestic politics, as for a moment it affected French politics when it forced M. Delcassé to give place to M. Rouvier. The visit arranged between Tsar and Kaiser this month in Northern waters, within a year of King Edward's journey, may have, as the gossips declare, some political significance. But not even in this way will equilibrium be reached. Russia, still hostile to Austria, always respectful to Germany, friendly to Italy, bound by her debts to France, opportunist towards ourselves, is more than ever a loose link in the European chain, a weight which may be shifted from balance to balance. France, as always, asks nervously when we mean to give the *entente* a value by raising an army. Turkey, anxious about Persia, and sore at the blunders of our diplomatists, is an element of uncertainty, and she is also an element that begins to count. It is a game of shuttlecock, and nothing in it is quite certain, save that there are two partners on the German side; for among all these bonds and understandings only that between Austria and Germany is quite beyond intrigues and threats.

Sir Charles Dilke, always cautious in his language, has, not the first time, expressed this week his doubts of the wisdom of the elaborate manœuvre of "isolation" in which our diplomacy seems to have involved itself. The combination broke down at the critical moment, as from the first we feared it must, because of the military weakness and the internal divisions of Russia. Our doubts go further than any which he has publicly expressed. The movement was unmeaning, for a league with Russia could serve no Liberal purpose. It was also provocative in fact, if not in intention, and has increased and stereotyped whatever egoistic purposes Germany originally entertained. To attempt to isolate her was to challenge her to engage in a capital struggle, a struggle moreover which she can fairly represent to her people as, in its essence, defensive. There is emerging from the process no Liberal group of Powers, no "league of peace," and, above all, no Concert of Europe. While it lasts there is only an endless vista of shifting forces and a hopeless prospect of increasing armaments. No question is decided on its merits. There is no sense for European interests. It is true there is no actual war. The Powers struggle to-day by counting their legions and their battleships. Alliances contend, as it were, by working out a war-game on the map, and within the alliance itself, each Power, as Italy has found to her cost, wins only such consideration as her armaments deserve. It is a war of steel and gold, of credit and brains, if not a war of blood. But surely and slowly these dry campaigns, as Sir Edward Grey predicted, are threatening to submerge civilisation itself.

## A WARNING FROM THE PAST.

M. Emile Ollivier's apologia for his share in the inception of the Franco-Prussian War, which he has written in extreme old age, and concludes in the current number of the "Revue des deux Mondes," will have a melancholy interest for those who remember the part he played in that event, and in the closing stages of his master's strange Odyssey through the world of European diplomacy. Ollivier was Napoleon III.'s last experiment in government, the experiment of the Liberal and Constitutional Empire. He was a man of some parts, dexterous and eloquent. But he had not the time to succeed, even if he had had the power. Napoleon's thread was spun before the Ollivier Ministry took it up. Its chief assures us that he and his party had no sympathy with the effort to avert the consummation of German unity and "pen in" Prussia by a ring of hostile States, pursued throughout Napoleon's tardy, confused, and vacillating manœuvres, combinations, and journeyings during the closing years of the later French Empire. He insists that he labored for peace, both against the extreme Imperialists in his own camp, and against the determined strategy of Bismarck. He argues passionately, and with some reason, against the justice of the sentence which for nearly forty years has linked his name with Folly, as the statesman who went to war with a "light heart." And he entirely repudiates the theory that he regarded a Franco-Prussian conflict as "inevitable." M. Ollivier will not listen to such fatalism. War between France and Prussia was no more inevitable than war between England and France, which, in Palmerston's view, was bound to follow our dispute with Louis Philippe over the Spanish marriages. The object of his argument in the "Revue des deux Mondes" is largely to show that his school of politics would eventually have destroyed French anti-Germanism. But M. Ollivier calls a more powerful witness than himself against the theory of "inevitability in war." Bismarck was suspected of wishing to practise it in 1875. But if he ever entertained the idea, he found it necessary to abandon it, and he repudiated it, in 1876, in a speech which contrasts strongly with his cynical avowals as to the doctoring of the Ems despatch. It was, indeed, contrary to Bismarck's practical mind to approve the notion of justifying war by a vague general sense of national danger springing from the advancing power of a possible rival.

> "Imagine, gentlemen," he said, "what my position would have been if I had come to you a year ago and said to you, 'We must have war. I cannot, indeed, give you any precise reason for it. We have not been attacked, and we have not been offended. But the situation is dangerous. We have many powerful armies on our borders. The French Army is being re-organised in an extremely disquieting way, and therefore I want a loan of 200 million thalers, or 500 million marks, in order to prepare for war.' Would you not have been disposed to send for a doctor to ask how, with my long experience of politics, I could commit the colossal folly of coming before you and saying, 'It is quite possible that one day some years hence we shall be attacked, therefore we ought to take the bull by the horns, fall on our neighbors, and tear them to pieces before they are quite ready'? That would be the act of a man who would commit suicide because he is afraid

of death, and it would have been taken in face of a situation entirely peaceful and satisfactory, in which no one could have told what was really our *casus belli*."

Now it is hardly necessary to say that the theory which the most experienced of war-makers rejected as a kind of lunacy is that accepted by most members of our anti-German school. They have contrived to rehabilitate with considerable success both the Napoleonic device of "penning in" Germany and the doctrine of "inevitable" wars, not between two contiguous Powers, both old enemies, both in a state of unstable equilibrium, and both led by practised and adept intriguers, but between two countries who have never had a quarrel, and do not possess a substantial cause of difference in either hemisphere. It was this theory which underlay the diplomacy that preceded the South African War, and was openly advanced to excuse its extreme clumsiness and precipitation. What happened? Our diplomatic differences with the South African Republic were so small to begin with, and were reduced by negotiation to such extreme trivialities, that when hostilities broke out, practically the whole civilised world concluded that they had nothing to do with the quarrel, and that its real cause was our determination to absorb the Dutch Republics so as to compass an "inevitable" development of our South African empire. The veil has only partly fallen upon the danger and mischief that this perverted idealism wrought us. Most of us know now that if British power was imperilled at any period since the Napoleonic wars, the danger zone lay between 1899 and 1902, and that if to-day we are weaker, financially and politically, than we ought to be, our last "inevitable" war is the cause. Does anyone imagine that if our foreign politics of the next ten years is to be conducted on the principle of treating an Anglo-German conflict as a prepared effect of political evolution, we shall emerge from that process unscathed?

It is, therefore, we think, time for the Government to put its foot down and to give the Anglo-German situation a rest. Let us come back from theory to fact. It is now clear that the hasty conclusions on which the panic of last March was based have no sounder foundation than the "scareships" which passed over Lowestoft and were dissipated by the breath of their chief patentee from Berlin a few days later. Mr. George Lambert, who is an official of the Admiralty and a member of the Government, stated on Monday that only eleven German "Dreadnoughts" were on order. If this is the case, it seems quite certain that they cannot all be completed before the spring of 1912, and possibly not by that date. On this point our own Admiralty and the German officials are near agreement. Now, according to Admiral von Tirpitz, the German period of construction for "Dreadnoughts" is from thirty-six to forty months, with a further allowance for trials. Of this statement no real contradiction has been offered from our side, nor, we believe, is it denied that the German programme of shipbuilding, so far from being precipitated or secretly advanced, is actually in arrears. This in its turn implies that not only Mr. Balfour's palpable figment as to seventeen German "Dreadnoughts" in 1911, and twenty-one or twenty-five in 1912, but Mr. McKenna's fears that Germany may have seventeen in the latter year, are equally groundless. Slightly accelerating, therefore, our own rate of shipbuilding, and putting forward the times for laying down keels, we shall be able to maintain our start effectively by building four "Dreadnoughts" this year and four next. We shall have in 1912 eighteen or twenty "Dreadnoughts" and "Lord Nelsons" to Germany's probable eleven and possible thirteen, in addition to our overwhelming superiority in the newer pre-"Dreadnought" type, and in armored cruisers, some of them fit to lie in line of battle. What shadow of reason can exist for adding to this superiority? What case can be made out for the laying down of eight "Dreadnoughts" this year, at the demand of a party that has the audacity to summon the House of Lords to the defeat of the measure that foots the bill for four?

The problem as to the German fleet is therefore a perfectly simple and manageable one, and we ought to clear it of panic-stricken theory. We have only quietly to watch the progress of German fleet-building, and maintain the start we have got in every department of naval activity. If, while keeping the ground open for a naval understanding, we steadily adhere to this attitude, and rely on the natural advantages of an island Power as compared with a continental one, and of a high and vigilantly maintained tradition of skill in maritime war as compared with almost complete inexperience, we shall find that the one point of possible rivalry between Germany and ourselves will sink again to its proper significance, and the general quarrel—a quarrel of nervous and ill-regulated imaginations rather than of serious statesmanship—will abate until it disappears. Doubtless Germany can on her side make this rivalry needlessly costly and irritating to herself and to us. Therein she will show her unwisdom. She cannot beat us on our favorite ground, and she will find no party here willing to favor any such purpose. Considering how small are her over-sea interests as compared with our own, and how completely her position depends upon land power, she cannot in the long run defend a policy based on double supremacy by land and sea. Such an aim is megalomaniac, and, incidentally, quite inconsistent with the highly practical ambitions of the statesman who made her what she is, and who, though he prepared three wars, arranged them all in a single cause—that of German unity and consolidation. But it offers no visible point of actual peril; and if, on the other hand, we took the monstrous line that Germany's growing force and expanding activities called for interference by arms, we should not only violate every canon of international morals, but should inflict an irreparable injury on ourselves. We should estrange France, to whom such a policy opens up a prospect of irremediable disaster or of long and doubtful war, we should affront the public opinion of Europe, we should bring about sure trouble with the Colonies, and, even though, in the event of actual conflict, a kind of naval victory would be sure, we might deliver the fabric of our maritime trade to rivals, and thus sap the vital forces of our nation.

# Life and Letters.

## THOUGHT AND INSTINCT.

Man is pre-eminently the thinker in this world. He is only one creature among many; but when we classify creatures according to their intellectual power there is no other to be named in the same day with him. Yet his kinship with those below him has implications which may well make him pause before he settles himself into comfortable satisfaction with this attainment, or convinces himself that he has lost nothing by the way as he strove in it through the long ages that have made him what he is.

There are, indeed, moments of illumination in the lives of most men who are of high rank in the race of thinkers when they ask themselves whether they may not have paid dearly, perhaps too dearly, for their obvious gain. Not only Darwin—probably the best-known case—but other men, greater and less, have complained of atrophy of some element in their life, of a loss of this or that once precious possession: the sense of beauty, the power to enjoy, the ability to love and serve with enthusiasm and self-abandonment. The fact is familiar enough; the cause, we know, is not far to seek. We are not surprised when we hear that Darwin lost pleasure in the arts. We remind ourselves that if a man concentrates his interest and attention on facts, brute facts, and on hypotheses concerning them, he can expect nothing else. Elements in psychical life which are neglected, which are never attended to and made use of, wither like idle limbs. The man who buries his talents abandons them. It is what we must expect, and we say that Darwin, like other men, had his compensation. He could not justly look to "have it both ways," when by the very nature of the man he was bound to give himself with all his heart and strength to one way.

But there we leave the matter. We do not, most of us, go on to consider the position of Darwin's race among other races of the world; we do not ask ourselves whether it may have sacrificed something important in the age-long struggle by which it came to the throne of intellect, as he sacrificed to science his enjoyment and understanding of the arts. We are so well accustomed to our throne that we do not examine with sufficient humility, perhaps, the peculiar gifts and graces of the creatures we see at its foot. Nor does it occur to us that we may have thwarted, warped, or neglected some original endowments of the share of life which humanity embraces within itself. Yet it is possible that we men have elements of a kind we see more fully developed elsewhere, which in us are either not estimated at their full value and significance, or lie dormant, like the sense of beauty and the appreciation of poetry in Darwin.

Monsieur Henri Bergson, at least, is trying to teach us that this is what has happened in the course of our development into the kings of intellect. The great life-current which, in its beginning here on earth, holds all elements together, has deposited them in unequal measure here or there. It divides first into animal and plant, and is torpid, as he says, in the plant, awake in the animal, and in greater or less vigor of movement in this animal or in that. Then, among the varieties of its mobile display in animals, it comes to the fullest development of one kind in man, but sets the fulness of another kind in so remote a creature as the insect. We may well, it seems, and profitably, "go to the ant" to find out what is the matter with ourselves. For, unquestionably, our ways of using the intellect have landed us in some very tight places indeed. There are places so tight, so impassable, as to force us to ask whether we have not entered a *cul de sac;* where the barring of the way of thought, by antinomy and contradiction, may show us that we must go back upon our steps to find out why they have led us so hopelessly astray.

Monsieur Bergson sends us, in his own admirable manner, to consider the gadfly, the sitaris, and the sphex. That *élan de la vie*, the driving force of life, which has been cramped within the hard envelope of vegetable beings, and the equally resisting armour of such creatures as the sea-urchin and the oyster, has found its greatest freedom in two widely different directions, which culminate in the instinct of the hymenopterous insect, and in the intellect of man. "*On a dit,*" he says, "*que les Fourmis étaient maîtresses du sous-sol de la terre, comme l'homme est maître du sol.*"

M. Bergson tells us that the capital mistake which, transmitted since Aristotle, has vitiated the greater part of our philosophy of nature, is that we see in vegetative life, in instinct, and in the life of reason, three degrees of one and the same tendency developing successively; whereas we ought to recognise that these are three divergent directions of one activity which has been divided, more or less, although never completely and rigidly, as it advanced and increased. In every kind of organism life shows itself in efforts to obtain certain things from brute matter; and in the three ways of vegetative torpidity, instinct, and intellect there are manifest three different, although not wholly distinct, fashions of getting a livelihood and making a favorable place to live in upon earth. It is possible to do this in these several ways, but not, it seems, in all three at once. The force of life has had to choose, as it were, among them. In the sphex and his fellows it has chosen one way, in the man another. The lower creatures have grown elaborate organised tools, by means of which they deal marvellously well with brute matter and with other living things, but within a very narrow range. Man has taken the storehouse of the whole world to ransack for tools which he devises and does not grow. The first plan was crowned with an immediate but strictly limited success; the second is still unfinished, still at its rough beginnings and amid its many failures, but full of a promise to which no bounds can be set or seen.

An insect performs the most elaborate and delicate surgical operations by instinct; operations which we should have to learn how to do, and practise by steps of intellectual guidance and discovery. The insect, it seems, feels, in an interior sympathetic apprehension, the end, the means, and the necessary movement, all in continuity. The tool it uses is, let us say, its sting, an organised part of itself; and with this living tool it acts almost infallibly, as though it saw and knew the whole process and purpose as we see and know in the elaborate consciousness of intellect. We have a faint clue to the mystery; that is, we have in ourselves a mystery not unlike it, a mystery of the life that is not so much intellectual as instinctively sympathetic. Intellectually we know from the outside the complex apparatus of muscle, bone, and nerve with which, in the simplest manner, we give our adversary a black eye; but the way in which we will the co-ordination of a complex multiplicity of means, in willing a perfectly simple movement of our fist, is hidden from us. We only know that there is this way, that we do the deed, like the insect with its infallible sting, or its apparently far-seeing plan for feeding or for producing a generation to come. All we do, when we want to black our adversary's eye, is to hit out. We no more *think* out the right arrangement of muscles and the apportioning of nerve-power, or the direction of strains in bones and joints, than the insect thinks out its plan or studies its living tool and the problem it suggests to us. The complexity and the problem are all mere affairs of the intellect, not of life and use. Our fists and arms are complex to the anatomist and the physiologist; but we should paralyze our action if we tried to use them as anything but simple instruments that effect a simple movement at our will.

So far we are with the sphex. But when we come to our surgery, we lack his admirable ease. We do not find another person's body as simple as our own; the complexity our intellect makes within a continuous world, by separating it piecemeal for consideration and action, brings difficulty about us—difficulty, and the chance of disaster as well as of success.

We have to learn a way through this complexity; we do not find a simple way, like the sphex. It is true that in the end we do what the sphex could never do, but we do it worse than he does anything; because we have to learn how to do it, and learn, not merely by doing, as we learn to move our limbs, but by putting artificially separated bits of it together, in a pattern intellectually devised, but ill to follow and not easy to see. We learn to know—the insect knows, it seems, without learning—how to deal with exterior things. Instinctive knowledge is commanding, categorical; the knowledge of the intellect is hypothetical and suggestive. If we men had the commanding and categorical knowledge of the insect extended equally through the sphere in which we now exercise—in the main and with many a slip and stumble—the hypothetical knowledge our intellect has procured us, we should indeed be as gods.

But we should have lost something even in this triumph. We should have lost the comforting clarity by which intellect makes its most potent appeal. Categorical knowledge is not intellectually clear; it commands, but in a mysterious way. The kind of knowledge which is intellectually clear is that which we have built up about us, in dealing with a too simple schematic world of one thing isolated by us from another thing, in order that we may construct our tools and deal conveniently with that which (as yet, at least) we do not know from within but only from without. And this clearness is imposed for practical purposes upon things that are not really separate, but are in mysterious and powerful connection one with another. We cut a continuous world into bits that we can handle intellectually, and look at as isolated and as stationary. We lose the sense of continuity and the sense of movement and the sense of life. And then we apply our hypothetical knowledge of things, as they really are not, to life and movement as they really are; and find ourselves barred by that wall of antinomy and contradiction, landed in that *cul de sac*.

The whole intellectual building is hypothetically constructed like Darwin's intellectual arrangement of species and their histories. But our own bodily actions, for the most part, and still more the operations of the sphex, are not hypothetical; they have rather the nature of instinctive certainty and the character of command. They are of life, not of guess and reasoning about life; they are therefore incomprehensible, mysterious; and, to the intellect, they are vague in spite of all their certainty and their command. They refuse to be analysed without being destroyed; they will not stand still to be measured and weighed.

Therefore they take their place with all other mysterious elements in life as it really is; with all those that are at once most vague, most elusive to the intellect, and most precious. They have kinship with the love of beauty, with the self-bestowing love of all true lovers, with the sense, too, that we call religious. All these elements in life defy the peculiar process of the intellect. Out of them it can make no tools, nor can it with any profit pretend to separate their parts and set them in a spatial pattern. This useful habit, the intellectual habit, is a hindrance, not a help, when it is brought to bear on the secrets and the activities of spiritual life. The love of the beloved and of beauty, the sense of religious bonds, involves an approach as from within, a sympathy of being, an intellectually undefined and shapeless, but experimentally vivid apprehension, as of masterful spirits who live and act by right rather than by rule. In the very highest of our modes of life we depart from the path by which we have reached our supremacy of intellect. We fall back—if, indeed, it is a falling back and not rather an advance and a promise of yet more advance—on the mode which life displays in the little creatures whose eminence is in the greatest contrast with our own.

Yet we cannot separate the one manner from the other, except by just such an intellectual scheme as that which enables us to deal so admirably and effectively with things, and so ill with the mysteries of inner life. Even in the sphex there is some intellectual work; even in our most satisfying clarity of intellectual arrangement a mysterious instinct takes its share. There are no rigid lines of demarcation, there is no special compartment, no marking of clock-time, in the continuous duration of life in ourselves. And as by intellect we unquestionably reign—kings that we are—so by the help of intellect we may extend the reign of all other elements and powers. We may by intellect set Spirit, if we will, to govern over the empire of life.

But meanwhile it is idle to deny that men have learnt to distrust that which cannot be clarified after the intellectual manner. We doubt, wherever we cannot frame for ourselves a distinct image in terms of space and time, in the pattern of mechanics or by means of an abstract scientific symbolism. And only the *élan de la vie* in ourselves, that strong driving force of individual life, keeps us back from extending doubt to our own activity and to the mysteries we cannot conceal. M. Bergson is doing good service in calling us to consider the ways of creatures that we regard as left behind in the race of life. We may do well to remember that if the manner of life which they have brought to such great and isolated perfection is not allowed for and developed in ourselves, then the manner which we, on our part, have brought to a similar perfection, will betray us. And it will the more bitterly betray us the more we concentrate upon it, to the exclusion of other ideals, the faith, the enthusiasm and the devotion, which are in us directing powers, and make us what we are and shall be.

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## OUIDA'S IDEA OF WOMEN.

The Editor tells us that the two short papers called "The Woman Problem," in this month's "National Review," were written by Ouida more than twenty-five years ago, and were sold by her with the stipulation that they should be withheld from the public till after her death. It is a little strange that anyone should thus have speculated in "futures" with them, but it is stranger still that Ouida should have hesitated about their publication during her lifetime. She did not as a rule conceal her opinions; she rather laid herself out to startle and shock, and there is very little here that would have startled or shocked the most delicate of her contemporaries.

The articles are written with her usual eloquence, her rather unsteady references to foreign and classical literatures, and her fine inconsequence; but one searches in vain for anything that might scandalise her readers or alter her reputation. Still, as she wished it, one is rather glad that publication was delayed, for the articles are a proof how rapidly since they were written the whole aspect of women's position has changed.

A quarter of a century ago Ouida's attitude towards mankind was recognised, though gently ridiculed. Her attitude was prostration before the ideal of the beautiful young Guardsman or the mysterious foreign Count, and each became more fascinating according as his moustaches grew blacker, his cigars more priceless, and his behavior more desperately wicked. To the knees of this exquisite creature Ouida clung with the obstinate devotion of Mrs. Micawber clinging to the neck of her less showy but far more entertaining spouse. "Never, never will I leave my Mr. Guardsman!" she might have cried, and it is undeniable that not only servant maids, but women of high imaginative talent like hers, are subject to similar aberrations of judgment, especially under the dazzle of military accoutrements and lurid sins. Many peaceable and innocent men are caught by the same hallucination, and become reduced to mute obedience at the rattle of a sword or the glance of an iniquitous Viscount. Naturally, it is a frame of mind much encouraged and admired by the bold, bad, and beauteous heroes whom it deifies, and so, for one reason or another, it is widely diffused, and has a certain influence on human affairs.

When Ouida, with this idea fixed before her adoration, describes herself as a dispassionate observer, we may smile, but we know very well what will be her view of

"the foam of discontent seething up amongst women at the present day," as she calls it in her gorgeous rhetoric. It will be the beautiful young Guardsman's washy view intensified by passing through the mind of an admiring, but still an unquestionably clever, woman, who can say in fine language what the young Guardsman dumbly feels at the back of his head. The first of the two papers deals with the demand for "Women's Rights," or "Votes for Women," as that demand is now more simply called, and the view does not get much beyond the commonplace objections of the average Anti-Suffragist. All the arguments that have now become so familiar are trotted out with a fine air of freshness. We are told that women cannot vote because they do not fight—an argument very consoling to the young Guardsman, who cannot vote because he does fight; nor does Ouida for a moment consider that in every war, especially during a country's invasion, it is the women who suffer most, and should have, at least, the same voice in the question as the men; though, to be sure, that is not much. Then there is the same familiar argument about equality in privileges implying equality in liabilities, and the same disregard of the truth that if men have certain liabilities, women also have liabilities at least as dangerous and important, such as motherhood. We have next the argument that political rights would not be reserved for exceptional women; just as if they were now reserved for exceptional men. And we are asked the familiar question why so few women display the highest genius, just as though the City offices and Balham villas swarmed with masculine Platos, Shakespeares, and Beethovens.

But we do not wish to dwell on Ouida's views about the suffrage, though they occupy the greater part of the article. The final argument, which she regards as clenching, is that it is unjust for women to demand political rights and still to claim "the courtesies and suavities and securities of their position—the deference, homage, and all the graceful amenities that men have paid to women through the generous concession of the stronger to the feebler being." There is no evidence, either from ordinary human observation or from the example of countries that enjoy adult suffrage, to show that women are more impolitely or brutally treated than usual because they have a vote, nor are the women electors for County Councils among ourselves pushed off the path or made to stand in the tubes with any special malignity. But we quote the passage only to prove how limited Ouida's conception of the whole "woman problem" was. Her mind moved easily nowhere but among the rich and great—the natural sphere of beautiful Guardsmen and wicked Viscounts—or, at lowest, among the refined and well-to-do classes in which these suavities and amenities and deferences are supposed to be displayed. She strongly advocates higher education for women, but it is almost entirely for the comfortable reason that an interest in some one study, science, or pursuit will make their own lives infinitely happier, and relieve their poor fathers of the burden of brainless and dressy young people. She would have young ladies take up learning chiefly to escape dulness, just as, rather earlier in the Victorian age, they took up water-colors or the harp. For one moment she has a glimpse of a higher purpose, when she says that education would render mothers more fit to bring up their children. But it is not for the sake of the women themselves she speaks: it is for "the young boy" who now, she maintains, at his mother's knee "drinks in the poisons of priestcraft, of religious fear, of illogical belief, of credulous bias."

That may be true. One of the greatest of living headmasters has said it is the mothers who ruin the boys; and perhaps it is on the whole worse to learn superstitions from an ignorant mother than nothing at all from an ignorant father, which is the usual alternative. But the point to observe is that in Ouida's mind "the foam of discontent" among women is almost entirely a trivial affair, a new kind of amusement for the wealthy. Of the great economic questions involved in the demand for political recognition she has no conception whatever. For her the laws and social regulations that press on working women simply do not exist. She does not consider working women, and she has never heard of such laws.

> "We think," she writes, "that women on the whole are very fairly placed, and that the remedy for all that is vexatious lies chiefly in their own hands. The influence of women is already very great, and, although indirect, can be almost infinitely extended."

That is the talk of women who can confidently trust to backstairs influence in Cabinets, War Offices, and other public departments. It is as ignorant of the life of the people as the talk that George Meredith used to call the Oriental apprehension about spoiling the tender bloom of womanliness. Ouida never got far away from the class which was the natural butt of satirists from Juvenal to Pope—the class where the perfect woman is mistress of herself, though china fall, and where:—

> "Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
> To make a wash would hardly stew a child."

It is the same when in her second paper she speaks of the women whom she sometimes calls the demi-monde and sometimes "Faustina and all her infamous sisterhood." Her object is to show that the cause of their position has very seldom been love and betrayal. That, she says, certainly does not occur more than once in ten thousand times, and, with rather less vehemence, she declares that nine-tenths of the dissolute women never knew what love was. For their motives she looks to discontent with poverty and monotony; desire for the gaieties of an unknown world; the passion for sumptuous attire; the innate avarice, vanity, frivolity, greed of wealth, and impatience of routine. She will allow no "pathetic pictures of Marguerite stretched on the Cathedral steps, or Fanny" (apparently she means Fantine) "desolate in the French streets." The picture she insists upon is the woman she calls Faustina:—

> "A thing all senses and no soul, with insatiate greed, with unappeasible avarice, with continual content in honeyed evil, with unremitting hatred of all that is pure and at peace, with words that breathe poison, with passions that crave only gold."

This Faustina, Ouida tells us, is "a fact," and we think it only too likely. In the circles which the eloquent novelist's imagination haunted, that sort of woman may well exist. She is nature's helpmate to the beautiful Guardsman and the wicked Viscount. It must be rather a blow to the vanity of those gentlemen to hear that only once in ten thousand times do women err for love of them, and that a craving for gold and all the other fine things was Faustina's incentive to accepting their charms. But if Ouida's idols had any consciences left, that reflection might help to soothe their remorse, and with such consolation we may let them go their gilded way. The temptations of wealth and gaiety are common enough; and they do not appeal to women only. But when Ouida takes her Faustinas as the average type of women who sell themselves, she is at least as far wrong as the poets who created Gretchen and Fantine. The circle of her knowledge or her imagination is so limited that it hardly counts. Her judgment on the women she thus universally condemns may be as safely disregarded as her opinion that women's demand for a voice in their own government is but a relief to monotony, like the Berlin woolwork she remembered in her headstrong youth. She wrote some pretty scenes of Italian villages; we must assume she felt quite at home in the realm of vice and luxury she usually depicted; but of the ordinary life of men and women she seems to have known nothing whatever. Her stipulation that these little papers must be withheld till after her death is only another proof of her ignorance.

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## THE OUTER FIELDS.

THE unceremonious welter of a City crowd jostles and tumbles the seeker after City unrealities. He has been to the Stock Exchange and bought a piece of paper that pretends to be some microscopic share of a fleet of steamships, a ten-thousand-acre plantation, ware-

houses, railways, and other substantialities, yet bears upon its face not even the picture of one of them. Then the crowd, like a torrent all of pebbles, rolls over him head and ears, fills eyes and lungs with insolent tobacco smoke, pokes him in the eye with walking-sticks (carried for no conceivable walking-stick purpose), coughs at him, spits at him, treats him generally as a thing of no account. Just as he is beginning to lose belief in his own existence, an eddy in the pebble-stream throws him to one side, and leaves him stranded in the midst of a world of standing corn.

There is no doubt about it. Here is the bread that fills his phantom ships, pours into his warehouses and pays his slightly less phantom dividends—here growing in very surety, and justifying its own existence rather than that of the London Stock Exchange. The tall stalks intercrossing in delightful random are yellowed by the sun of an open sky, the ears are filled with the fresh vigor of an unclogged world. Nodding, satin-skinned horses measure the almost unlimited circumference of the field, drawing after them a huge machine that reaps, threshes, and bags the wheat in one operation. After one team follows another, and then another, each more real than the last, till surely it is we ourselves perched on the last of them, urging and releasing the lever that now takes more, now less, of the laughing bread forest. An opossum watches us, her young ready pouched, strung up for instant flight should we turn nasty. As the team struggles down-hill near a pond gloomy with reeds, the shy platypus plunges in with a ripple not unlike that of an otter in England. The distant cry of a laughing jackass, perhaps rejoicing over the fooling of a land crab, proclaims that night is drawing near.

Just then, one of those joggers, about whom Jefferies wrote so pathetically, jogs us clean out of Victoria back into the phantom world of London. We face the unrest of the Strand, the jostling pavement people, and the rattling motor-bus and taxi-cab, people for ever running eastward or westward after the ghosts of things. But having slipped through the flying interstices of the traffic we can bring up with a gasp of relief in Ontario or Rhodesia, the one a world of rosy apples and other generous fruit, the other a magic land wherein coffee and maize jump from the ground, and the grains of millet grow as large as peas. Further up, opposite the Hotel Cecil, the gates of Queensland stand open, and at the corner of Trafalgar Square the wheat country of Canada. Great flat-antlered moose look out with melancholy grandeur and ask whether you would like to come and kill them; salmon tell you of rivers packed with fish; all the ducks of sky and water promise you a lovely time if you will only come to British Columbia. Not mere pictures of moose and salmon and wild duck, but the things themselves; the crops themselves by which a man gets his living, the whip with which he drives his cattle, the gun with which he shoots the bear, and the shot bear come to life again to testify to the thrill of the encounter. These real things have a wonderfully convincing air in a world of mere pictures and symbols such as London is. They make even the jogger seem part of a pestilent nightmare.

"Is the old Mother getting a little tiresome?" whisper these winsome daughters, well knowing that the answer must be "Yes." "Then come to us who really want you, and leave the old country that is so constantly saying that you won't be missed." Nowhere is the sense of superfluity so strong as in these jostling town throngs. To the man who has been offering his services all round London, and has found the offer taken almost as a personal insult, it is nothing short of amazing to be stopped in the Strand with a pressing invitation from a country wanting men as the flowers want bees. "Can't be true," says one man as we look into the window side by side, and so earnest does he seem that we forgive him for jogging us out of New South Wales hard on to the pavement of Lombard Street. We assure him that it is in the main quite true, that they have left out the thistles, the nettles as big as elm trees, the mosquitos, the snakes and some other details that are not good for advertising purposes, as also many things that would strongly attract about one man in five. But it really is true that these far-away countries know, as we do not, that a man on the land is an asset to the State worth considerable expense to go and get.

One thing most incomprehensible to an Englishman is the trouble taken by the Government of a live country to see that its farmers get the best crops and stocks on their farms. There are red millet, white millet, Siberian millet, and we know not what other varieties collected from all over the world, experimented on and provided by a thoughtful Government for thoughtful farmers. Similarly, the world has been scoured by the Canadian Government at great and constant expense in case there should be, anywhere, anything that could well be acclimatised in one or other part of the Dominion. Let the English farmer write to his own Government for Thibetan lucerne. If he get it at all, which is extremely doubtful, it will be by the courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada, whose Government sent one of its numerous special expeditions to Thibet for this valuable seed.

We can see something of these facts in the Australian, Canadian, and African windows. There is no window for Buckinghamshire or Shropshire or Fifeshire. It is the exiles from their empty lands that stand on London pavements and wonder at the hospitality of the distant fields. The pistons of luxury, sport, and artificiality have driven us from the open country into this pool of London, whence we rush through these Colonial syphons so alluringly let down in our midst. It is only the second best, of course, who go, the first best having gone without waiting for so much pressure. Those too much bruised by the action of the home force pump must stay, falling to lower and lower strata of the pebble stream, till they are ground to mere mud. A year ago we heard of a few who had crossed the seas to the outer fields, and who, on later news from England, thought of coming back for the small holdings. Fools, if they had! There is a small holding for one in twenty-three, and then at a rent two or three times higher than that of the large farmers.

You cannot begin at the beginning in Buckinghamshire. You cannot take an axe into the wood and build yourself a log cabin. You must have a town house costing some £70 a room—all very well, perhaps, in some years' time, but a heavy burden on thirty acres of tired meadow. A man should grow, as the wheat he plants, from the seed upward. You do not buy wheat plants half grown to stock your fields with, and the really delightful homestead is the one that has grown out of one's own handiwork, and been paid for as you go along. In a few generations there may be nothing else the world over but the brick-built villa with modern (entirely false) sanitation, with thirty acres of land strictly bounded by neighboring small holders, all of whom are named Grundy. But to-day there is still the prospect of something better—to trek into the unknown, to draw rein at the head of a new valley and say, "Here is the very place," to hew the timber and build the house, to get one's meat on the moor and in the mere, to draw one's fish fresh from the stream, to know no master but oneself. The Colonies are not just like that, without qualification, but they are sufficiently like it to call very loudly to those not quite deadened by town discipline.

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## THE RIVER.

Amid the fragrance of drying hay, the smell of beasts, the scent of ripening fruit, and the moist suggestiveness of new-turned earth, its waters have their rise. Lit by real sun, it starts its course beneath clean blue and bulging, fluffy clouds. And so it comes.

Between flat, yellow meadows where cattle browse and colored shadows swoop across the grass, and red roofs, mellowed with the moss of years, peep out from an encirclement of different greens, it wanders. Blown blossoms float upon its stream. So it

glides on. Down through steep, solemn banks of soughing trees, through dusty villages, where sleepy peace and ancient order reign, past guarded rectories and manors of historical repute, past gnarled and shady orchards and hot brick walls and paddocks of long lush grass, on through clear spaces reaching to a spire or bounded by a ridge of furrowed brown, it flows and flows and flows—always continually on. And though occasionally its cool rhythm and peacefulness are sullied by contact with a fussy country-town, it gains again its quietude.

But, as it flows, the calm of its upper reaches changes. The transitions are various and gradual, but each marks the Whither of the River's course. Elaborated boat-houses and house-boats bring to its green repose, at lessening intervals, a gaiety of luxury and paint. The frequency of recent houses interrupts its banks. The flickering lines of light upon its waters are broken continually by the boats of those who row for exercise or sport. And so its features change. Past lawns, where the white-clothed tables spoil the scene, it glides through a stuccoed villadom to the tea and picnic places of the crowd. The wash of hired launches suck viciously along its trampled banks; and the strained blatance of a gramophone or the strumming of strung gut is heard. It has become a holiday resort. Still it gains strength and alters and flows on; and its waters are gradually sullying. Until its widening sides are soiled with grime, and the beginnings of the city's greyness show in a thickening fringe of little houses and chimneyed factories and a ragged dreariness of muddied slums. And then it arrives at that which gives it fame—the paved confinement of a city's waterway.

Thus from the clean, sweet quiet of the land it comes to the Big Grey City of the Great Unrest; and in its coming the simple charm and freshness of it disappear.

But with its confinement it gains dignity and mystery and a beauty of its own. For though its rippling waters have become a turgid flood, discolored and slithering between dead boundaries of brick and stone, and though the fat flatness of its breezy meads have altered to packed areas of smoke and fierce activity, its power to fascinate remains. Only the spell has changed.

For one big, sweeping curve, confusions of packed contours pile up on the double confines of its course, with jagged outlines and conflicting shapes and angles that jut out prominently and overlap and merge and finally fade away to a harmonised irregularity against the sky. Its bridges teem with heaving crowds, rumble with traffic, and thunder with the grind of iron trains. And the stress and busyness and glamor of the city crowd its waters and its banks. So that the attraction of its slipping ceaselessness is more intense.

The contrasts of its different sides are well-defined. Great buildings, rising from a frill of green, push up their ornamented pinnacles, and towering domes bulge and appear to brood; and opposite, across a stretch of undulating flood, gaunt cranes spear starkly to the sky out of a packed irregularity of huddled wharves, and mighty chimneys rise. Stern, weatherbeaten stone façades and stately structures of officialdom and hotel palaces face the grim squareness of windowed warehouses and the distant activities of squat landing-stages, where all is disorder of merchandise and a movement of ordered toil. The broad crowdedness of its big approaches and the flashing hurry of its embankment road make the squeezed alleyways and the slimy flights of steps seem more mysterious. And always upward and away on either side vistas of the city's vastness stretch and spread in massed, successive planes of roofs and spires.

Between these distorted boundaries of wall and wharf a constant traffic plies; and packed blacknesses and broad-beamed shapes break up its dim distances. Black, ladened barges crowd the fairway and the sides, and bump and heave in answer to the slaps and ripples of a swell; or drift, with the lazy indifference of floating things, through the overhanging spaces of the bridges, and just avoid the piers; or wind and swing out and jostle into line again, following unwillingly the thump and bustle of a little laboring tug. Boats struggle diagonally across the flood; squat steamers, swirling tumbled foam, and grunting tugs fuss up and down or hoot insistently and swing and turn; occasionally a vigilant police launch slips swiftly by. The red-brown coarseness of tanned sails adds a patch or fold of color here and there. And lower, where the bubbled currents swirl, tall, ocean-going steamers block the sides; and awkward iron arms swing out from either bank, with a clank and rattling of gear, to bear the burden of an Empire's industry. Commerce is paramount. The contrasts of its confines disappear; and all is monotony of warehouses and wharves.

So it flows on past where the locked dock gates frown, and the sky-lines of its widening sides subside to dreary flatnesses of sour land. And, widening and widening, it sweeps along, through the dwarfed contours of occasional towns, into the quiet of the land again; and then to sea. Thus it completes the cycle of its confluence.

Its course is almost the story of a life. For as you stand and watch, somewhere about its busiest parts, you seem to see the first faint struggle into being, the innocent exuberance of youth, the growing strength, the inevitable period of drab stress, and then maturity, marked with the gatherings of character; and on beyond its strenuousness decreases and its features dilapidate; the universal mingling with the sea is death.

But for a few bridged reaches, it is as if you looked upon a face, scarred with the furrows of a proven, striving prime; and so more interesting than youth or age.

And as a face it changes. At times it is all distant mystery, as when its being is blurred in shrouding mist; at times it frowns, lowering, or seems cold, or relentless with deceptive suavity; sometimes it fidgets fussily and frets with wind that makes all movement more revealing; and in the sun it smiles. At night it is feverishly gay with flashing twinklings, that show or suggest so much, like lighted eyes; or it hugs itself in a solemnness of sombre gloom; and now and then, under the influence of moonlight, it grows soft and its features radiate a charmed secrecy, and its waters gain their innocence again.

But above its majesty and contrasts and variety is the wonder of all that makes it what it is. For always in all its moods it tells so much.

It tells of the reaching activities of scheming men who sit and buy the produce of the earth, and of the immeasurable intricacies of the world's exchange and trade; and it recalls the metallic clang and clamor of driven manufactories. It calls up heaving spaces of encircling sea, and the foreign ports that rise white from out the blue, on arid, pink-tinted coasts. It conjures visions of hot yellow sand and dark palm-fringed shores, and the sickly smell and the tumult of bazaars, and the scorching crowdedness of Colonial cities, and the gay-colored busyness of Continental towns. For all the world helps to swell its industry.

But more than these are the stories of its own—the struggles and strivings and entanglements of herded lives. So many have taken counsel from its sliding tides, or have watched and watched its smooth oblivion, wondering. So many have grown old besides its waters, fighting to keep alive; and still so many have gone to it willingly for death. Pleasure and industry and wealth and order contribute a majesty of mighty buildings; and, amid the intersecting labyrinth of narrow ways, blind misery and clutching poverty and furtive crime wage a continual war against their influence and among themselves. On the flagged pavements of its banks hate sits and scowls, and destitution dozes in the sun, shivering, and happiness and ruin lean and brood. Love peoples the lamp-lit intervals and the gloom with dim couples, whispering. So through the city it becomes a wonderway of life.

Thus always in contemplation of its bridged smoothnesses and piled-up sides, something of its associations stirs the mind with illimitable suggestions of its life-histories. For it has received and given and heard so much of hopes and sin and courage and despairs. But always it flows on.

# Short Studies.

## A LATE ADVENTURE.

In one of those new cottages sprinkled round about the swollen little town as if by an explosion from within it, lives or tries to live a man who fought for many years in one of the suburbs a losing battle against London. His father had farmed land now covered by streets. He himself was persuaded to sell all but his house and garden to raise money for a business which promised his sons great wealth. He retained barely enough to live upon; the business, an honest one, failed; and in a short time further misfortunes compelled him to open a shop. He converted the house—that was once a farmhouse—into a shop, and not five years ago it could still be seen at the end of a row of gaudy glittering windows, itself a village shop, having but a common house window for the display of wares, the interior gloomy, and approached through a strip of garden where a lime tree put on and shed its leaves with the air of a princess of old romance. The back garden, half an orchard, was bordered along a side street by a high wall, and over that a broad cherry used to lean a gnarled branch and shower its blossom upon the asphalte; the foot passengers complained of the tree, which had grown without foreknowledge of the fact that men would pass below in silk hats, and the branch was lopped. In the shop itself everything was for sale, everything that officious travellers could foist upon the little weak-eyed half-farmer, half-gardener who kept the shop—hosiery, leather bags, purses, cheap jewellery, fishing tackle, cricket bats, umbrellas, walking sticks. A staircase led out of the shop to the bedrooms just as it had done when the window on the narrow landing looked over hayfields to Banstead Downs. When the cat was not lying upon the socks in the window she had very likely been kept away by a litter of kittens somewhere among the seldom-disturbed bundles of unfashionable ties, or she lay in the sun beneath the lime and watched her kittens pursuing the spiral flight of the yellow leaves.

The owner made no concessions except such as he was forced to, as when he bought the stock of jewellery because the traveller praised his cat, or allowed the cherry tree to be mutilated because the new Borough Council commanded. He dressed in breeches, gaiters, and heavy boots, and never wore a coat or took his pipe out of his mouth (except to play with puss). Seldom did he leave the house unless it was to go into the garden or to take a walk down the emptied busy street at night, when the only sound was the cricket's song from the bakers' shops. The little old house rippled over by creeper was beautiful then—the lime tree and the creeper trembling in the gusty moonlight and the windows and doorway hollow and dark and romantic, as if a poet had made them to sting men's hearts with beauty and regret.

No one can ever say what the old man thought as he slammed the door after one of these walks, and was alone with himself. Certainly he regretted the big, decorous high-gated houses that used to stand opposite his, veiled by wistaria, passion flower and clematis; the limes that used to run the whole length of his father's land, but now all gone save the one—how lovely its fallen leaves looked in the as yet untrodden streets in autumn mornings, lying flat and moistly golden under the fog; the balsam growing through the railings; the dark yew tree that looked among bright lilac and laburnum like a negro among the women in the Arabian Nights; the pathway through the churchyard, in the days before they had to rail it in to preserve the decent turf—in vain, for it is now littered with newspapers and tram tickets among the tombs of ——, Esquire, ——, Esquire, for they were all Esquires. He regretted the houses and gardens, but less than their people, the men and women of some ease and state, of speech whose kindliness was thrice kind through its careful dignity, so he thought. And then the children—there were no such children now; and the young men and women—the men a little alarming, the women strong and lovely and gentle enough to supply him with incarnations at once of all those whom he read of in the novels of Scott. They had gone long ago, except those who survived vaguely in the novels. He remembered their houses better, for it was not until after some years that they were pulled down, their orchards grubbed up, and their rich mould carried away in sacks to the trumpery villas round about—dragged along the road and spilt in a long black trail. It was wonderful dark mould, and the thought of the apples, the plums, the nectarines, the roses which had grown out of it made him furious when it was taken to the gardens of people who would be gone in a year or less, and would grow in it nothing but nasturtiums and sunflowers.

There followed a period when the old attitudes, the things that had been handed down from the last revolution, having been broken up, the gardens became a possession of nettles and docks, and fewer and fewer were the crown-imperials and hollyhocks to survive the fall of the houses. The scaffold poles, the harsh blocks of stone, the rasping piles of bricks, the scores of cold earthenware and iron articles belonging to the row of villas about to replace the old houses, looked more like ruin than preparation as they lay stark and hideous among the misty grass and still blue elms. There were days when the thrushes still sang well among the rioting undisturbed shrubberies. But soon men felled the elms and drove away their shadows for ever, and all that dwelled or could be imagined therein. No more would the trees be enchanted by the drunken early songs of blackbirds. The heavenly beauty of earthly things went away upon the timber carriages and was stamped into mud. The butts of the trees were used to decorate the gardens of the new houses. Two, indeed, were spared by someone's folly, and a main bough fell in the night and crushed through a fortnight's brickwork.

These elms had come unconsciously to be part of the real religion of men in that neighborhood, and certainly of that old man. Their cool green voices as they swayed, their masses motionless against the evenings or the summer storms, created a sense of pomp and awe. They gave mystic invitations that stirred his blood, if not his slowly working humble brain, and helped to build and keep firm that sanctuary of beauty to which we must be able to retire if we are to be more than eaters and drinkers and newspaper readers. When they were gone he wondered, still humbly, what would do their work in the minds of the new comers. Looking at the features of the younger people, held in a vice of reserve or pallidly leering, and hearing the snarl of their voices, he was not surprised. They had not been given a chance. How could they have the ease, the state, the kindliness of the old inhabitants? They had no gods, only a brand new Gothic church. Often they supported this or that new movement, or bought a brave new book, but they continued to sneer timidly or brutally at everything else. They were satisfied with a little safe departure from the common way, some mental or spiritual equivalent to the door-knocker of imitation hammered copper. They did not care very much for trees, though they planted them in every street, where the grammar-school boys and errand-boys mutilated them one by one in the dark; they cut off the heads of a score of tall poplars lest perchance the west wind should one day do the same thing when one of the million was passing below.

The new people were a mysterious, black-liveried host, the grandchildren of peers, thieves, guttersnipes, agricultural laborers, artisans, shopkeepers, professional men, farmers, foreign financiers—an unrelated multitude. They were an endless riddle to the old man. He used to stare at their houses as one might stare at a corpse in the hope of discovering that there was something alive there. They were as impenetrable as their houses when at night the blinds of the lighted rooms were drawn, and figures or parts of figures shot fantastically by. He read of their bankruptcies, their appointments, their crimes, their successes, unwittingly, in the newspapers. He could never take it as a matter of course to be continually surrounded by thousands of whom he knew nothing, to whom he was nothing. Well did they keep their secrets, this blank or shamefaced

crowd of discreetly dressed people who might be penniless to-morrow.

He turned from them to his garden and cherry tree, and, thinking of those who had walked there and in the long garden on the other side of the fence, he felt at home again with his cat and her long line of descendants. That long garden had survived the big house to which it had belonged. A merchant had lived there with his family of four daughters—dark, tall women whose pride and tender speech the old trees in their garden often recalled. All were beautiful, and they were most beautiful together. They walked. They rode. They played and read in the garden, and the old man could see them there. They were said to be clever, and their father was wealthy. They were nearly always together, and as often as possible with him. They were a tribe apart, of extraordinary perfection of strength and grace, holding their own against the world. And yet, as the old man thought to himself, looking at their garden in the rain, not one of them was ever married. They had moved right into London after selling their house and land. Once or twice since they had come to his shop and made an excuse for going into the garden: they looked into their own as if they had left something there. Thinking of them, he went into his shop and opened a book. A minute black insect, disturbed from among the leaves, crawled over and over the page as he pretended to read: it went in zigzags half an inch long, lost in the black and white desert, sometimes turning the sharp edge and going to the other side of the page; but as a rule the edge alarmed it and it retreated; it was never still. It reminded him of himself. They were both lost upon the vast surface of the earth.

But of course that was not why he left. Nobody knew why he left. In his seventieth year he ran away, bursting out of the crowd as one sheep no braver than the rest will do sometimes, inexplicably. He has brought his cats with him, and he has money enough to last until he is dead. Being considered by his niece as of unsound mind, he is free to do as he will, and is happy when he is alone.

EDWARD THOMAS.

# Music.

## "PELLEAS ET MELISANDE."

THE present season at Covent Garden will have been made remarkable by the production of at least two remarkable operas, Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and Charpentier's "Louise." The first has been performed three times, but it cannot be said that the public at Covent Garden has taken the beautiful little work to its heart; the second is due for production next week. It is to be hoped the Covent Garden management is content with having mounted "Pelléas et Mélisande" with an artistic taste hardly to be expected at Covent Garden, for there is probably but little other reward but contentment. Yet Debussy's work, esoteric as it may be to the vitiated emotional taste of opera-goers, will probably have as great influence on music-drama of the future as Wagner's works have had on opera of the past and present. This influence will be both one of taste and of method. As far as taste is concerned, opera has, for a long while, lagged behind every modern trend of dramatic thought. The very subjects treated by the opera-composer are of the past. Tchaïkovsky a long while bewailed the fact that opera dealt with tragedies of the poisoned cup and dagger type. The massive myths of the Wagnerian drama stand by themselves, and until Puccini chose tragi-comedy subjects in "La Bohème" and "Madama Butterfly," and Charpentier musically illustrated the intimate life of Paris, there was no mean between the heroics of "Tristan" and "Siegfried" and the blood-and-brutality school of the neo-Italian composers. Anything in the nature of tragedy has been emotionally exaggerated in opera. The public has been taught to expect an emotional orgy in opera, and it may well be one of the reasons for the popularity of the art that it panders to sensationalism. The satiated sensualist finds that opera arouses his moribund emotions. A stall at Covent Garden might be a kind of spiritual Turkish bath for those who wish to get rid of a surplus of sensuousness. To most it is, however, a tonic for failing appetites.

For this reason Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" cannot be expected to have an extended appeal. Maeterlinck's dream-play is not for all tastes. The average Briton objects to its symbolism. You cannot label its emotions or its moods. Indeed, many, no doubt, sympathise with Golans's irritable curiosity as to the nature of the love of Mélisande and Pelléas—"et je voudrais savoir." Debussy does not write for the average Briton. He composes for those who have imagination; for those who do not want things explained, but understand by intuition. There cannot be a large public for such music in England. The whole atmosphere of the opera is dreamlike. Its pathos has the delicate hues of the sky in the East when the sun is setting. There is but little of the riot of reds and yellows and purples of the sunset itself. Yet the music is full of emotion, only it is not emotion in the crude, but sublimated by having been passed through the alembic of the imagination. Such a mood is not for Covent Garden, where, tastefully as the work was mounted and performed, it was treated as an opera, with lights in the auditorium only half-down and people chattering and fidgeting in their stalls and boxes. At the full rehearsals, with only a score or two of people as an audience, and with the auditorium quite dark, it was possible to let Debussy's beautiful interludes, which connect and illustrate the scenes, sink deep into the mind. At the performances the buzz of talk dissipated the effect of the music. Music which does not make a brazen appeal to primitive emotions demands concentration for its proper appreciation. If Debussy were a cult his opera would have been treated as if it were a religious ceremony, as the performances of all great art should be.

As it was, "Pelléas et Mélisande" was voted strange and incomprehensible, save by the few to whom a new voice always speaks. And there is a new voice in "Pelléas et Mélisande." It is a voice from the antique world of emotional sanity and balance. You must go back to Gluck for the emotional scheme of "Pelléas et Mélisande." Debussy does not assault your feelings. He arouses them by suggestion; he seeks to make his audience active participators in his art. On those capable of first-hand feeling this music makes a strange effect of reality, precisely because no emotion has been exaggerated. It would be impossible, for instance, to imagine more pathos than Debussy has achieved in the death of Mélisande, by the simplest musical means. This and many another scene in the music-drama will stand as a reformation of operatic taste. According to the subject the character of the music might differ, but one thing will be common to all music-dramas of the future if this sensitive, imaginative art of Debussy's has any influence at all: music will no longer seek to be egotistical when it is allied to drama; its function will be to suggest emotion rather than to realise and exaggerate it.

That is the very opposite of the Wagnerian methods. The composer of "Tristan" and the "Ring," in spite of all his theories, remained an "absolute" musician. His treatment of his subjects was conditioned almost entirely by his egotism as musician. The very form and architecture of his music prove that drama was of subsidiary importance to his mind. To none but a musician would the idea have come of weaving the voice and orchestra into a symphonic whole. The result is most interesting as music, but cannot be defended on any artistic ground. The protagonists of drama are its means of expression, and if their voices are to be interwoven with the author's orchestral commentary, as they are interwoven in Wagner's late music-dramas, they have no real existence of their own. In a practical sense Wagner's method has the disadvantage of making the dramatic speech too measured. The drama halts that the orchestra may speak, and the voices never become dominant. Musicians will object that whether the

Wagnerian music-drama is drama or not, it is certainly very fine music. Why should any artistic theory stand in the way of a practice which has given us such magnificent music? There is sense in the question, although it begs the matter at issue. Carried to its logical conclusion, this method of Wagner's swings us back to the old decorative type of opera, which did not pretend to be music-drama; for if music be the main end in view, why omit beautiful musical conventions, such as concerted music, choruses, and ballets? In composing "Die Meistersinger," "Götterdämmerung," and "Parsifal," Wagner seems to have asked himself the question. Debussy, on the other hand, has really been more Wagnerian than Wagner. The drama of "Pelléas et Mélisande" has absolutely conditioned the music. The music and drama cannot be separated. Nearly the whole of Maeterlinck's play has been set to music, and the composer has so subordinated his orchestra that it never once interferes with the speech of the *dramatis personæ*, but merely provides a shifting emotional background, emphasising and explaining the dramatic situations. The orchestra has a separate existence from the voices, and the two are not woven together symphonically.

The result is a curious freedom of expression, which in Debussy's hands is as plastic as ordinary speech. In writing for the voice the composer has been a trifle doctrinaire. He has himself defended his "sprachmelodie," or constant chant, by declaring that he wished the action should never be arrested; that it should be continuous, uninterrupted. But it is not easy to see, except from the point of view of technical expediency, why the vocal parts should be so persistently unmelodic. Indeed, there are many situations in "Pelléas et Mélisande" which seemed to demand a more lyrical character. A symmetrical melody would interrupt the action, it is true, but the declamation could be more melodious without losing its continuity. The technical expediency is that it is much easier to write flowing orchestral music to voice parts which are practically neutral in character. Immediately the voices become at all melodious there is the difficulty of combining them with the orchestra, so that cacophony does not result. It can easily be done, however, without actually departing from Debussy's methods. This rigid adherence to doctrine is the only weakness of "Pelléas et Mélisande" as a model of what music and drama in strict and sympathetic union can achieve.

E. A. Baughan.

# The Drama.

## A SKIT AND AN INVECTIVE.

It is just thirty years since Matthew Arnold, in a famous essay, declared the English drama to be "fantastic"—or, in other words, unrelated to anything in heaven, earth, or the waters under the earth. Roughly speaking, that was true: the practice of adapting plays from the French had led both playwrights and the public to forget that any relevance to the actual facts of English life, or of human life at large, could possibly be expected in the theatre. How far we have moved since then! Is not the most popular play of the season (for good or ill) a satiric pamphlet, as directly pertinent as any debate at Westminster to the problems of our national life? Has not His Omnipotence the Censor turned his attention from the licensing of French levity (his chief function of yore) to the silencing of British seriousness? Have we not applauded, only the other day, a play depicting with the sternest sincerity a phase of the struggle between Capital and Labor? And are not two plays running at this present moment, which take their theme from one of the crying abuses of latter-day journalism, and might be described as dramatisations of a series of articles which appeared a few months ago in these columns?

The intellectual merits of "The Earth" and "What the Public Wants" were discussed in my absence by "H. W. M."; but I welcome the opportunity afforded by Mr. Hawtrey's revival of the latter play for a comparison of their technical qualities.

Both the strength and the weakness of Mr. Arnold Bennett's work were thrown into relief by its first-night success at the Royalty. Its cleverness and its perfunctoriness were alike apparent in the fact that it bore without turning a hair, so to speak, its transposition from the key of satiric character-study into that of touch-and-go comedy, bordering on farce. I did not see the original performance, but I can quite well imagine that the piece profited by the change. Mr. Hawtrey's selection of the part of Sir Charles Worgan astonished many people; but he was right in seeing in it a fine opportunity. Nothing could be less like the author's idea than the figure he presented. Mr. Bennett drew a hustling provincial business-man, full of eager, self-assertive energy, and with a very limited sense of humor. Mr. Hawtrey shows us a rattling, airy humorist, a Londoner to the finger-tips, whose delinquencies proceed, not from "a blind spot" in his moral nature, but from sheer congenital irresponsibility. The difference is something like that between Balzac's Mercadet and "Mr. Affable Hawk," as portrayed by Charles Mathews. Of course the specific quality of the character disappears; a Sir Charles Worgan who does not take himself seriously is a contradiction in terms. And manifestly, if the play were a serious one, this transmogrification of the principal character would ruin it. But, as a matter of fact, no real incongruity is felt, because there was no real, fundamental congruity. The play was, in its essence, not an artistic transcript of a phase of life, but a brilliant skit, a vehicle for smart, and sometimes biting, topical allusions. The intervention of Mr. Hawtrey merely makes the skit more brilliant, and (I imagine) more enjoyable. Certainly I enjoyed it extremely, and so did the audience. Only in the third act, the scene in the Worgan home at Bursley, did one feel the slightest approach to tedium. Here the skit gave place to a study of provincial life, interesting only in so far as it was credible, and vitiated, from that point of view, by the incredibility of the principal character. Wherever Mr. Hawtrey may have been born, it was certainly not in the Five Towns. But in truth I am not at all sure that this act would have been very fascinating even if the play had not been transposed from its original key. For reasons to be set forth anon, I am inclined to think the excursion to Bursley an artistic mistake. However, it did not seriously impair the success of the reproduction.

Let us now look, by way of contrast, at "The Earth." Here is no skit at all, but rather a fierce invective, and in one sense an unfair one. It is very like hitting below the belt to draw a character unmistakably intended for a real individual, and then to make the character guilty of a particular piece of baseness which no one believes or suggests that that individual ever committed. That is what Ibsen did in the character of Stensgaard in "The League of Youth"—he unmistakably depicted Björnson, and then made him an unscrupulous adventurer. Another case in point is that of Harold Skimpole and Leigh Hunt. If in this instance the original of Sir Felix Janion had resented the treatment meted out to him, one could scarcely have blamed him; but this personal question has nothing to do with the artistic merits of the play.

I understand that these are held in slight account by the adepts of the new school, who profess an inexorable contempt for everything that is straightforward, and, as they think, commonplace. No doubt, then, I shall sink lower than ever in their esteem if I confess that "The Earth" seems to me a much better play than "What the Public Wants." I do not mean a cleverer play; I do not think that Mr. Fagan's intelligence is as bright and original as Mr. Arnold Bennett's; but it is quite good enough for practical purposes, and it is, in this instance, much more skilfully applied to the essential purposes of drama. I went to "The Earth" (let me confess) prejudiced against it. The author's former work had led me to look for nothing more than respectable mediocrity, and the accounts I had heard of this play

had in no way heightened my expectations. All the greater was my pleasure in the strong, sincere, and truly ingenious satiric drama that awaited me. In calling it ingenious I am not thinking of the invention of the plot, which is commonplace enough, but of its solution. The method by which Lady Killone checkmates Janion is far from obvious, and yet, when once conceived, seems as obviously right as it is strikingly dramatic.

What I admire in Mr. Fagan's play is the way in which he goes direct to the very heart of his subject, and allows nothing to turn him aside from it. What is the true mischief and danger of the concentration of journalistic power in the hands of one man? Is it that he will lower the standards of taste and decency by always giving the public—the baser element of the public—"what it wants"? Not at all—there are always plenty of people willing to make money by this means, and, if pandering to the public were the real evil, it would matter very little whether it was done by scattered and unorganised or by concentrated and organised enterprise. What does matter, on the other hand, is that the power gained by organised enterprise on these lines enables the organiser to make the public want what *he* wants, think what *he* thinks, believe what *he* wants them to believe, do what *he* wants them to do. By dint of unscrupulous assertion, innuendo, and iteration in a hundred papers, he can create an apparent public opinion, or public emotion, which presently reacts irresistibly, and it may be with disastrous results, upon the real opinion and emotion of large sections of the public. To take an instance that lies close at hand, it would be foolishness to say that "the public wants" war with Germany; but if, or when, the magnates of the yellow press want it, they will not (one hopes) succeed in bringing it about, but they will be able to make it appear as though an immense number of the public shared their frenzy. This, I take it, is the serious aspect of journalistic autocracy; and it is this aspect which Mr. Fagan's play illustrates, merely glancing incidentally at the methods by which the autocracy is created.

Again, it is alleged that Mr. Fagan's politician, the Right Hon. Denzil Trevena, is a dummy politician, and that no insight is shown into the real workings of political life. The objection is in great measure just, but I submit that it is irrelevant. Certainly, when we compare Trevena with Trebell in "Waste," we feel that Mr. Barker's hero is incomparably better realised and vitalised than Mr. Fagan's. But what then? The character of Trebell was Mr. Barker's subject, and his whole effort was directed to (as it were) getting the scent of politics over the footlights. But Trevena is not Mr. Fagan's subject; he is only an accessory, a means of illustrating the policy and methods of Janion; any searching examination either of his heart or of his Bill would have been a mere digression. He is well enough drawn so far as he goes; there is real observation and insight in the very recklessness of his relation to Lady Killone; to have elaborated him further would, I think, have been an artistic mistake. "But," it may be said, "granting that Janion, and not Trevena, is the subject of the play, what do we really know of Janion? He is not a real character, but a mere incarnation of domineering unscrupulousness. Look at Mr. Bennett's Worgan—he is a real, a many-sided human being! We see him in love, we see him in the bosom of his family; we learn his views on the drama, on society, and on the split infinitive." Yes, that is true: Janion is little more than an incarnation of the Napoleonic mania in journalism: he is more a symbol than a character. But what if that is precisely "what the public wants," and is right in wanting? For Mr. Fagan's purpose, Janion in love, Janion in the bosom of his family, would have been the veriest irrelevance. He set forth to illustrate, in large, strong, simple lines, a danger to the community arising from a certain development of latter-day journalism; and, by keeping sedulously within the limits of his subject, he showed himself at once a logician and an artist—for logic is an indispensable element in this form of art. Mr. Bennett, again, set forth to—well, the trouble is that one does not quite know what Mr. Bennett set forth to do. Was it to write a satire on yellow journalism? or a portrait-group of an English provincial family? It would seem that he did not clearly make up his mind; and hence the artistic weakness of his play. The satire is developed out of all proportion to the portraiture, while the portraiture has no essential connection with the satire. The new journalism, as "H.W.M." pointed out, does not come from the Potteries. He might have added that it is not characteristically an outcome of any form of English provincial life. Sir Charles Worgan hails from Bursley merely because his creator happens to be familiar with the Five Towns—and that is no reason at all. It is less than no reason—it means an intrusion of accident or whim into a study in which nothing is in place that is not strictly characteristic.

One word more. Mr. Shaw has very rightly pointed out the gross inconsistency into which the Censor fell in licensing "The Earth," in which systematic immorality is not only condoned, but almost glorified, and vetoing "Waste," in which a comparatively trivial lapse in conduct is visited with ruthless retribution. The one play might have been called "The Victorious Adultery," the other "The Wages of Sin"; and it is the moral play (from his own point of view) that the Censor suppresses, the immoral play that he licenses without a murmur. The absurdity is patent; but it lies, not in the licensing of Mr. Fagan's play, but in the suppression of Mr. Barker's. As a matter of fact, Mr. Fagan cannot reasonably be taken as claiming our approval for the relation between Trevena and Lady Killone. His thesis is precisely the same as Mr. Barker's—namely, that private morality is one thing, public usefulness another, and that they should so far as possible be kept apart. In the present phase of public feeling, however, it is impossible to keep the two things apart—when once a breach of the moral code becomes notorious. Of this fact Janion seeks to take advantage in a wholly unscrupulous way. He does not for a moment believe that Trevena's relation to Lady Killone affects the value of his Bill or his general merits as a statesman; yet he is prepared to use knowledge gained by an infamous process of spying in order to hound him out of public life. The author assumes our disapproval of this course, but that is the only moral judgment he demands of us. To put it in more general terms, he assumes our assent to the proposition that certain forms of private misconduct in no way impair a man's public usefulness, and that it is a dastardly act, from merely party motives, to drag such misconduct to light. Janion, in fact, is guilty of an abominable hypocrisy—and that is all the author asks us to admit. To demand any further admission or assumption would be to travel beyond the limits of the subject, and that is just what Mr. Fagan scrupulously refrains from doing.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Communications.

## THE PARTY AND THE BUDGET.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I think it can quite fairly be said that a new spirit has come into the party since the introduction of the Budget. In my last letter I was inclined to be despondent when I spoke of the signs of discontent which were evident to any observer, and it would, of course, be too much to assume that a body of men as large as the Liberals in the House of Commons were now contentedly joined in harmonious agreement and approval on all points. The very fact that they are Liberals prevents this. But the former *décousu* state of listless indifference has undoubtedly given place to eager expectancy and renewed vitality. Many are hopeful, a few are critical, all are interested. The Social Reformers, the Land Reformers, and the Temperance Reformers see a sure prospect of advance being made, a positive advance in the near future which by their active support they can assist in securing. It comes in a form which unlike a Licensing Bill or a Land Bill cannot suffer mutilation from hostile forces after the House of Commons have finally

expressed their opinion. More than this, they see that lines are to be constructed on which the Liberal train can run in the future; a course is to be laid down in the right direction and a vista opened of cheering possibilities for time to come. It is the least Liberal of the party who are the most critical, and they can be carried along in spite of themselves in the general enthusiasm of the great body of advanced opinion. Moreover, they have to reckon with their constituents who are carefully scrutinising their votes and speeches.

The Finance Bill is a heavy load, but there is amply sufficient force and will power in the party to carry it through, however protracted the session may have to be. Here is an opportunity to make up for some of the time which the Liberal Government, against their will, have been made to waste in the last three years. There is no doubt as to the equity, though in some cases there may be dispute as to the practicability of some of the projects embodied in the Budget proposals. Such points of detail can be thrashed out as the discussion proceeds, and the Chancellor's happy method of combining firmness in matters of principle with a conciliatory disposition to listen to and even invite criticism on points of detail, promises well for the eventual safe passage of his whole scheme in all its complexity and with its vastly comprehensive scope. Had he neglected to include land and licences in his proposals for raising revenue, had he been tempted to lay the burden more heavily on the indirect taxpayer through sugar and tea, he would have had a broken party behind him and would have found considerable difficulty in steering his measure through the cross-fire of criticism. As it is, he has a united backing, from the Labor Party as well as from Liberals, which must have the effect of appreciably lightening his task.

The attitude of the Cabinet with regard to the Budget is, of course, not known, but it is generally suspected that Mr. Lloyd George had to exhibit some of his characteristic pertinacity in superintending the actual birth of his scheme. Anyhow, on the first public opportunity the Prime Minister has given his unqualified and wholehearted blessing to the measure, and the reception it has been accorded in the country is sufficient to reassure the more timid and cautious that fearless courage and a determination to advance is the style of policy that commends itself to Liberals at the present juncture. And from now on to the General Election there must be no slackening of the pace and no period of hesitancy and indecision must be allowed to intervene.

I repeat, time has been wasted in the last three years, and their absorption in the work of the Budget will not allow Liberals to forget why and how that time has been wasted. When they go to the constituencies to ask for a renewal of their mandate they must have a clear-cut proposal for the prevention of further waste of time by the action of the Lords in future Parliaments.

As to the Opposition, the howl of protest that has gone up from Unionist members at finding a fair share of the burden which they were only too eager to pile up placed on the broad shoulders of those who are best able to bear it, has not been an edifying exhibition. Tariff Reformers, too, are visibly sore at the success of Free Trade Finance. But, on the whole, the Opposition is not going to be very formidable. The small band of habitual obstructionists are devoid of talent, weighty criticism from the Opposition benches is infrequent, and the marked contrast between the ponderous indignation of the late Unionist Chancellor of the Exchequer and the light, bantering, good-humored criticism of the Leader of the Opposition affords a good deal of amusement to those who are watching the progress of Tariff Reform in the Tory ranks.

With regard to other measures, it is a matter of congratulation that the Housing Bill is to be pushed forward, and those who heard Mr. Churchill's speech on Labor Exchanges realised with great satisfaction that much mining and sapping is being done to prepare for an attack from many quarters on the all-important problem of unemployment.

If I have to record one blot it is because I believe it to be a serious one. The attitude of the Secretary of State with regard to Indian deportations is causing grave apprehension. The small band of Radicals who are continually asking questions on the subject are not alone. Men with knowledge of India, who are not members of Parliament, are expressing deep regret that a policy should be persisted in which must aggravate hostile opinion in India and which is so hideously discordant with the most rudimentary principles of Liberalism.—Yours, &c.,

A Radical Member.

June 2nd, 1909.

## CHARLES DICKENS AND LEIGH HUNT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Were it not for the letter which is reproduced by Mr. Nevinson, and which is new to me—the letter in which Skimpole is said to be astonishingly life-like and "awfully true"—I should have been prepared to contend that Dickens had not even a remote intention of leading his friends, to say nothing of the reading public, to identify the composite character of Harold Skimpole with Leigh Hunt. That, indeed, was what Dickens himself contended. But the letter, I admit, is a difficulty. It is much more "astonishing" than any likeness there can have been between a distinguished and delightful man of letters and one of the prominent figures in "Bleak House."

What Dickens has told us himself is this:—

> "Four or five years ago the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement 'that Mr. Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House."' The writer of these lines is the author of that book. The statement came from America. . . . Since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death the statement has been revived in England. The delicacy and generosity evinced in its revival are for the rather late consideration of its revivers. The fact is this: Exactly those graces and charms of manner which are remembered in the words we have quoted (the allusion here is to what Thornton Hunt had written of his father), were remembered by the author of the work of fiction in question, when he drew the character in question. Above all other things, that 'sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness' in the humoring of a subject, which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the very quality he wanted for the man he invented. . . . He had no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature, than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture. Even as to the mere occasional manner, he meant to be so cautious and conscientious, that he privately referred the proof sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt, and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his 'way.'"

That is emphatic enough, and quite inconsistent with the letter which is reproduced by Mr. Nevinson from "Harper's Magazine." The letter is American, as, says Dickens, was the first identification of Leigh Hunt with Harold Skimpole. Is it beyond question genuine? I should make this inquiry with more confidence as to the reply if it were not for the undoubtedly genuine letter, also quoted by Mr. Nevinson, written by Dickens to Leigh Hunt on June 28th, 1855. Clearly, the identification had been made by Hunt himself, with pained surprise. "I thought," says Dickens, "of the little notice which has given you (I rejoice most heartily to find) so much pleasure—as the best means that could possibly present themselves of enabling me to express myself publicly about you as you would desire." What was this little notice? It was an article in that number of "Household Words" which is dated June 16th, 1855, the title being, "By Rail to Parnassus." The writer professes to be a poor clerk travelling to Southampton in search of employment. At Waterloo he purchases a volume of Leigh Hunt's "Stories in Verse," which may have been the small volume of collected poems published by Moxon in 1847. Later on, he says, as if speaking to a fellow passenger:—

> "These are just stories in verse, which may be enjoyed by the entire mass of the people. There is even as little as possible of simple meditation in them, though that would have been welcome from the mind of a pure-hearted man, beloved of poets in his youth and in his prime, now worthy to be loved of all mankind. Of him there are fewer to speak ill than even of Robin Hood, when not a soul in Locksley town would speak him an ill word. . . . I had made two journeys at one time, having paid a trifling sum for a perpetual ticket (which I shall take heed to keep by me), set out in company with a right genial and noble story-teller to Parnassus."

This article was the first portion of the reparation made to Leigh Hunt for what one would like to continue to think of as an innocent indiscretion. A few months after the

poet's death—in December, 1859, to be precise—there appeared in "All the Year Round" an article entitled "Leigh Hunt: A Remonstrance," from which I have already quoted. "We cannot see the son lay this wreath on the father's tomb," says Dickens of the completed autobiography, "and leave him to the possibility of ever thinking that the present words might have righted the father's memory and were left unwritten."

Even the reparation was not felt to be quite complete. It is surely illustrative of the finer part of the character of Dickens that he wore this imputation about Leigh Hunt as if it were a shirt of Nessus. "All the Year Round" for April 12th, 1862, contains a long article occasioned by the publication of the "Correspondence."

> "Leigh Hunt's was an essentially human nature," it is there observed, "rich and inclusive; and it is reflected with great completeness in the letters here given to the public. We see the writer in their varied contents, as those who knew him familiarly knew him in his everyday life; sometimes overclouded with the shadow of affliction, but more often bright and hopeful, and at all times sympathetic: taking a keen delight in all beautiful things. . . . It has been said occasionally that Leigh Hunt was a weak man. . . But a man who had the courage to take his stand against power on behalf of right—who in the midst of the sorest temptations maintained his honesty unblemished by a single stain—who in all public and private transactions was the very soul of truth and honor—who never bartered his opinion or betrayed his friend—could not have been a weak man; for weakness is treacherous and false, because it has not the power to resist."

On Leigh Hunt's brightness and hopefulness Mr. Nevinson has thrown a new light. Under the actual circumstances these qualities were heroic. That first letter of Dr. Bird is a revelation. It would have been a revelation to Dickens, I fancy. It would have been a revelation to most, if not all, of the friends of Leigh Hunt. Such splendid concealment of the worst form of domestic trouble as is there made plain causes that fine nature to stand out with a new radiance. How great in character the man must have been!—Yours, &c.,

AARON WATSON.

June 2nd, 1909.

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# Letters to the Editor.

## THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mrs. Rackham's interesting letter in THE NATION of May 29th raises the question of the part to be played by the Registrar of Public Assistance, after the break-up of the Poor Law proposed in the Minority Report.

The need for some such office as that of the Registrar will be apparent to those who realise the demoralisation caused by the present chaos. This chaos, characteristic alike of town and country, prevails not only in the overlapping activities of the various public authorities, but also in their practice of enforcing payment of the cost of their assistance. The Commissioners themselves came across cases in which various members of the same family were simultaneously being relieved or treated at the public expense by the Education Authority, the Health Authority, the Police Authority, the Lunacy Authority, and the Poor Law Authority or some of them—not to mention voluntary agencies of different kinds—without any one of these authorities being aware of the action of the others. The result is, at present, side by side, many families whose destitution is unrelieved, and others which are receiving, in the aggregate, more than the average laborer's income. Even more startling was the discovery, fully described in the Minority Report, that a similar chaos exists with regard to "charge and recovery," that is, the enforcement of repayment. At present, it depends entirely on the policy—more often the caprice—of particular meetings of particular committees, the decision depending on which members happen to be present, and in which mood these happen to be, whether any, and if so what, charge is made for the assistance granted or forced on the family, in respect of destitution, neglected childhood, lunacy, maternity, sickness, or accident. We found many families in quite good circumstances getting public assistance from one or another authority without repayment of its cost, whilst other families, absolutely indigent, were being charged for assistance which they had sometimes been actually forced to accept. In one case, the breadwinner of the family had been put in prison by the Education Authority for non-payment of its charge for an industrial school child, at the very time that he and his family were so destitute as to be in receipt of outdoor relief from the Board of Guardians.

We, of the Minority, regard it of vital importance to put an end to this unfair and demoralising inequality. The setting up of any new Poor Law Authority, adopting "curative and restorative treatment," will only aggravate it. The abolition of the Poor Law Authority and the transfer of its component services to existing authorities, will, in itself, not end it. We see no other remedy than a common register of all forms of public assistance, in charge of a local officer to be appointed and controlled by the County or County Borough Council, but to be independent of the various treating committees. To this officer, for the sake of securing a uniform administration of these "special assessments," we propose to entrust also the whole work of whatever "charge and recovery" Parliament thinks fit to enforce.

I now proceed to Mrs. Rackham's questions:—

1. Is there not a danger that the insistence by the Registrar of Public Assistance on charge and recovery may hang a burden of debt round the necks of those treated? The Minority have to meet two sets of critics. They have been accused of proposing a demoralising laxness leading to a wholesale extension of pauperism. Now it is suggested that their proposals guard against this danger only too adequately, and that their arrangements will involve the payment by some of the poor of even more than the whole of their scanty possessions! But this, surely, is a matter for Parliament to regulate. It is urged in the Minority Report that it ought to be definitely provided by law, not only what service (*e.g.*, maintenance of children in lunatic asylums) should alone be charged for; but also what should be the standard of ability to repay. This done, the law ought to be consistently and invariably enforced. I may say that the Home Office charges for children in reformatory and industrial schools are demanded upon a definite (though unpromulgated) scale, in practice revisable at every change of family circumstances, nothing being exacted where the family income is not such as to leave a taxable surplus over bare maintenance. It is inconceivable that Parliament should ever authorise charge and recovery *where no such surplus exists.* Thus, there ought to be no danger of any burden of debt.

2. Why do the proposals of the Minority Report ignore the provision made by Friendly Societies, provident clubs, and private charity? This is entirely a misunderstanding. There is no such ignoring, any more than of personal savings or private charity. We may hope that the local register of Public Assistance will at once include all possible particulars (case-paper fashion) of every family in receipt of any form of public assistance. Only, the Minority did not venture to propose to make it *legally compulsory* on Friendly Societies, voluntary hospitals, and private donors to notify their benefactions under penalty of a fine for non-compliance. I wish that this were practicable! Notification will be legally compulsory at first only on the various public authorities. It is hoped that the voluntary hospitals and other organised charities will promptly see the advantage of voluntarily notifying all recipients of their benefactions to the Registrar. We may yet come to enforcing this by law!

3. Will not the Registrar be practically driven to sanction all the Home Aliment proposed by the "expert" authorities? It may certainly be anticipated that the Registrar and his staff will be quite unable to criticise the methods of treatment proposed for the particular cases by the specialised treating authority. *But this will be quite outside his functions.* All that he will have to consider is (a) whether the case is one that falls within the definite rules imposed by Parliament, by the Central Executive and by the local County or Borough Council, as being eligible for Home Aliment; (b) whether the concurrence of the other Local Authorities (*e.g.*, Education or Health or Lunacy or Pension, as the case may be), *responsible for the other*

*members of the same family*, has been secured for the domiciliary treatment of the case; and (c) whether the Home Aliment proposed by the treating authority is (i) adequate, and (ii) not excessive, according to the prescribed standard of maintenance and the ascertained economic resources, whencesoever derived. The Registrar will in no way impugn the judgment of the Education Committee, or the Health Committee or the Lunacy Committee that the child, the sick person, or the feeble-minded can be, from the professional standpoint, suitably treated in the home. His duty will be ministerial only. He will have no discretion as to policy. But, upon the policy formulated by the elected representatives, he may decide (as directed by them in such case to do) that *the other circumstances of the case* (*e.g.*, the family earnings, the character of the home as reported by the other local authorities, the amount of other assistance being supplied to the same family as revealed by the register) not necessarily within the knowledge of the treating authority, make the case one for institutional treatment only. (The six Registrars suggested for the Metropolis would, sitting five days a week, be able to pass in review, and sanction, at least as many cases as thirty Boards of Guardians or Relief Committees sitting weekly; especially as a more uniformly organised subordinate staff than the present may be assumed. The exact number is, however, not relevant).

It is, of course, scarcely to be expected that proposals so elaborate and complicated as those contained in the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission should at once command assent in all their details. The elaborateness and complication were required by the breadth and complexity of the subject; and the very detail in which the proposals have been worked out, whilst it multiplies the points of difference, will probably be accounted of value, in contrast with the vague generalities of some other projects of reform. I venture to ask all those who agree with the underlying principle—that of superseding mere relief by a systematic campaign for preventing or arresting the *causes* of destitution; and with the essential feature of the machinery—that of *breaking-up* the present Poor Law, in order to assign each section of paupers to the organ of administration already charged with dealing in a preventive or curative manner with that section of the population at large—to send in their adhesion to the National Committee to Promote the Break-up of the Poor Law. That adhesion commits them to no one detail of the Minority Report.

Let me say, in conclusion, that no one, not even a Minority, can presume to foresee, in all details, how the difficulties inherent in all administration will in practice be overcome. To those who, on this ground, hesitate to join the National Committee, I venture to suggest that *Solvitur ambulando* is no bad maxim.—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE WEBB.
(Mrs. Sidney Webb.)

The National Committee to Promote
the Break-up of the Poor Law,
5 and 6, Clements Inn, London, W.C.
June 2nd, 1909.

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## THE IMPERIAL CABLE SERVICE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As an Australian Imperialist to whom recent events mark an obviously critical turning in our difficult path, I cherish the hope that in spite of the absorptions of party here in London and in the British Capitals Overseas there are a few who earnestly study the problem of linking together in common knowledge and ideals the drifting units of the Empire. The recent storm of agitation cannot but arouse in such minds grave misgivings as to the adequacy of existing means of communication. Even here in the heart of the Empire, one has been afflicted with a baffling sense of the difficulty of facing impartially the immediate problem of naval defence. So many masters have called us to their schools, so many feverish orators have shouted the truth about the Navy. But the headlines above the cable columns in the Australian papers of the last ten days of March, tell of a sensational distortion of news beyond the wildest ravings of London. Six, eight, and ten inches of block head-lines are the rule; the man who could open his breakfast paper without feeling that the world was upside down, would, under such circumstances, be indeed a stolid Anglo-Saxon.

An examination of the cables beneath shows the basis of the exaggeration. The most striking sentences of that week of over-wrought rhetoric make formidable reading when concentrated in Fleet Street in the hurried early morning hours, and expanded in Sydney or Melbourne under the influence of the mixed motives of sensationalism and journalism.

Take, for example, the "Melbourne Age" on Sir Edward Grey's reply to the censure motion. The headlines run:—"Germany's Huge Programme, Thirty-three 'Dreadnoughts.' A Sensational Statement: 'British Fleet must be Rebuilt.'"

Under which we are informed that the Foreign Secretary "commended the absence of party feeling in Mr. Lee's remarks, but declared that the Opposition ought to have deferred its motion of censure until July, when the ship-building vote would come up for consideration, and there would be more information available on which to form a right judgment. The House and the country were perfectly right to view the new situation created by the German Programme as grave. When that Programme was complete Germany would have thirty-three 'Dreadnoughts'—the most powerful Fleet in the world. That imposed upon Great Britain the necessity of re-building her whole Fleet."

In New Zealand, again, Sir Joseph Ward was evidently under the impression that parties in England were in cordial agreement as to the imminence of the danger to national security. His message to the local press says as much in plain terms.

The danger in all this is not deliberate falsification of news, but rather an hysterical over-statement resulting from too scanty a cable service. When, as is the case in Australia and New Zealand, public opinion is informed (*sic*) by a few dailies which alone can bear the exorbitant charges levied by a cable ring, who can wonder at an excitable attitude on Imperial questions? The case is made the more serious by the absence of any real check in the shape of rival cables. All the Australian and New Zealand dailies are in a cable syndicate, and make use of a single set of messages, prepared by a single individual. This is not sufficiently realised in Australia. The man in the street is convinced by the fictitious unanimity of papers he knows as constant rivals. The consequence is that Australia and New Zealand are converted into subjects ideally isolated for psychological experiment on the "crowd mind." By exhibiting to the subjects sheets on which are printed in large type "The Race with Germany." "Hastening Construction." "Dreadnoughts Wanted." "New Zealand's Example", some instructive instances of instinctive combativeness are to be obtained.

But this is not a time for experimenting. There is menace to healthy Imperial relations in this control of the news of Australia and New Zealand by an irresponsible private censor, however well-intentioned he may be.

Obviously the component parts of the Empire must know one another better if their kindly feelings and aspiration for a higher degree of organised co-operation are to take shape and form. Speaking from personal experience and from wide-spread testimony of Colonial visitors, nothing strikes us more when we come "home" than the keen interest everyone shows in conditions "down under." It is just the same when one returns. There is an envious longing in the eye of the Australian or New Zealander who buttonholes a friend just returned from the old country and demands to be told "all about it." But the prospects of satisfying, or even preserving, this craving for a common life, are infinitesimal while this attenuated cable service misleads overseas opinion by its scraps and headlines. The writer knows how hopeless it is in Australia to estimate the party objects that often give a simple explanation of rhetorical over-statements. Under the existing conditions there is something more than a chance that party manipulators may use a pathetically well-meaning loyalty to the Empire for purely party ends. Judging by a statement from the Australian correspondent of the "Times," the recent events there bear such an interpretation. He tells us that "the story of this 'Dreadnought' agitation in New South Wales and Victoria cannot be fully told until the emergency is well past and men can consider it coolly without being called disloyalists or jingos. When the 'Dreadnought' movement struggled through to some sort

of orderly organisation, it became clear that the control of it was largely in the hands of men who were using it to defeat either the local squadron scheme or the proposed land tax." In a parallel column of the same issue is to be found a report of Lord Grey's speech at Ottawa to the Australasian delegates to the Press Conference. In it he shows how strongly he feels the dangers of a policy of drift in regard to communications.

"He felt sure," the report tells us, "that the forthcoming Press Conference would lead to closer intimacy between the component parts of the Empire. He trusted that it would facilitate the establishment of an accelerated steamship service and the attainment of the cheapest and most effective cable service between the Motherland and the self-governing Colonies, due regard being paid to the interests of the taxpayer and to the claim on their consideration of the Companies to whose enterprise the present intercommunication was due. These were Imperial wants, and he sincerely wished them Godspeed in any efforts which would meet effectually these needs of Empire.'"

One would like to share his pious confidence in the disinterested labours of the Conference. It is not altogether easy. The recent agitation leaves on the mind a deep impression of the solidarity throughout the Empire of those who put their trust in armaments as a defence against social reforms. Surely the Imperial ownership and operation of the cables (for service rather than for profit) has become a topic of more than academic interest. Letters from the outlying Dominions show increasing realisation of how opinion was misled if not duped in March. The reaction after such a disillusionment is always rather blind, and can have nothing but a deadening effect on the desire for co-operation. The prevention of such dislocation of hearty relations between the "solid units of the Empire" should be, I submit, the final object of the forthcoming Conference on Imperial Defence.

The delegates, probably a little sore because of the false position into which they have been led by inadequate information, will in all probability be anxious to take into consideration means to that end. No work could be of more lasting benefit than such a reduction in the cost of sending news by cable as would render a vital contact between opinion in London and in Australasia for the first time possible. If the opportunity is not taken recurring misunderstandings may rapidly produce that disgruntled friction which is the beginning of mutual recriminations and hostility. There is still time, but it slips away.—Yours &c.,

June 3rd, 1909. EDWARD SHANN.

## "THE INCORRIGIBLE CENSOR."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As one of those who detest and deplore anything (and there is much) that tends to lower and vitiate the tone and influence of the Stage, may I be allowed to express my share in the public indebtedness due for the service rendered by such a vigorous and "unmasking" article as that which appeared, regarding the above subject, in THE NATION of last week?—Yours, &c.,

A.

June 2nd, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read the article in your issue of May 29th under the title, "The Incorrigible Censor." While agreeing with the writer's general views as to the manner in which the Censor wields his powers, having regard to the garbage that he permits to pass for repetition on the stage, I cannot but think that he (the writer) has chosen a most unfortunate instance upon which to base his arguments.

While not, I believe, belonging to either of the two classes of persons whom Mr. Shaw's play "could only offend," I confess that the excerpt given in the article makes me certain that for once the Censor has justified his office. After giving the quotation, the writer of the article asks, "Is this blasphemy?" Frankly, it is; but blasphemy was not the word that occurred to me as I read it. Rather, I was simply filled with disgust.

The comparison with passages from the Book of Job is surely very imperfect. There is a vast difference between the Old Testament conception of Jahveh and the New Testament conception of God as a Heavenly Father. Such an argument may well be left to the preacher who is driven to the Old Testament for a justification of war as sanctioned by God.

The comparison with Mr. Jerome's play is also quite away from the point. In that play the treatment was perfectly reverent and contained none of the objectionable dialogue evidently to be found in the play under discussion.

The moral of Mr. Shaw's play may be all that can be desired; the dialogue among such characters may be absolutely true to life—I know nothing as to that—but such facts would not justify the inclusion of such terms as Mr. Shaw employs. There are many things true to life which would not be suitable for public reproduction. S.

Harrogate, June 2nd, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I am so heartily with you in desiring the abolition of the censorship, that I am sorry that you have weakened your case by choosing for your point of attack an instance in which the Censor has a stronger ground for his action than can be found for his ordinary prohibitions. It seems to me that you, like a number of other literary men, completely ignore the difference between the effect of what is seen and heard on the stage, and what is read in the study. I presume that in his celebrated "Nec coram populo," &c., Horace did not mean to condemn Euripides for writing one of his most impressive dramas, but merely to show what part of its story was fit for presentation on the stage. So most of us prize King Lear and Othello; but I cannot believe that anyone would represent the tearing out of Gloucester's eyes upon the stage, and I am thankful to say that I have never seen the murder of Desdemona, or heard Iago's coarse suggestions in that place.

The fact is that when the careful student examines a scene in the light of what goes before and after in the play, the effect on his mind is absolutely different from the effect on the ordinary playgoers, of seeing a man represent before their eyes savage coarseness or profanity. In the case of the quotation from Mr. Shaw, I dare say that, if I read the whole play, I might find that the passage quoted illustrated a very true part of a man's character, in a possibly useful way (though I should not, even then, admit the parallel between so coarse an utterance and the stately complaints of Job). But the man who comes to the theatre to enjoy a play is either shocked or amused by such a speech as that quoted; that is, it either gives him pain or does him moral injury. And it is not as easy to leave a theatre in protest as to throw aside a book.

I have no doubt the mistake to which I have referred is exactly the one to which a dramatist is prone. His object is to get inside a number of different people and see what their thoughts are, and how they would act on each other; and, in so doing, he must unavoidably lose, sometimes, the sense of the different attitude of the purely outside spectator.

But should not a critic take note of this difference?—Yours, &c., C. E. MAURICE.

June 2nd, 1909.

[Is pain to be avoided in Life, and must it be avoided on the Stage?—ED., NATION.]

## THE JOHNSON BICENTENARY CELEBRATION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In connection with the Bicentenary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Johnson it is proposed to hold an exhibition of Johnsonian manuscripts, books, portraits, pictures, relics, &c., at Lichfield, in September next.

As Mayor of the city I have been asked to appeal to all those who possess mementoes of our great citizen to allow them to be placed on public view on that occasion. To make the exhibition as representative and reminiscent as possible it has been resolved to allow books, papers, and articles to be sent either on loan or sale. All goods will be adequately insured, and the utmost care exercised to prevent damage and to return them in safety to their owners.

I venture, therefore, to ask all lovers of Johnson to co-operate in this undertaking, and to assist in making the exhibition worthy of the name and fame of the great man of letters whose memory we desire to commemorate.

All communications should be addressed to the Town Clerk, Guildhall, Lichfield, by whom every information will be given.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. Morgan,
Mayor of Lichfield.

June 1st, 1909

## "THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENCE."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your profoundly interesting article on the above subject in last week's issue is, perhaps, scarcely a text for discursive correspondence. At the same time it touches the deepest and most real interests of humanity much closer than "Dreadnoughts" or "scare-ships." I will, therefore, respectfully offer a word or two of comment, not, I hope, of a controversial character. And first, I note a conspicuous absence of any references to Spinoza, who, since Sir Frederic Pollock's masterly exposition, has been "coming to his own" in these days. Spinoza had "laid hold on eternal life"; but he distinguished between this and immortality to which he was indifferent. But this indifference did not in the least lessen his interest in "the mighty hopes that make us men." I will not enlarge, because it would lead me too far. But still, considering the greatness and goodness of the man, it is a fact worth noting.

Now as to the dread which you allege of "the loss of continuous personality," I cannot think it is so general as you suppose. There are a good many of us close on the end of finite life, who do not feel that dread in the least degree. Probably the strongest justification of your words arises out of a natural revulsion from the change in family relations at death. Here, again, I refrain from speculation. But surely the ordinary ideas on this subject are to common sense obviously untenable. Any father, A. B., smiling on his family circle at the evening hour, naturally and properly thinks of this blessed union as one of an *indefinite* endurance. And if in the course of the Divine order a gap is made in the group by the loss of a beloved child he tries to look "not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen." And in the invisible world he pictures another identical family meeting, not, indeed, round a tea table, but in a beautiful garden. Yet if the father A. B. could vividly recall his childhood's days, he must remember that his own father had precisely the same vision, and could not possibly have thought of sparing the little A. B., then a child, from the family gathering in the heavenly garden; not even for the purpose of forming a new group there. Besides A. B.'s wife had a father who always looked forward to having his little daughter renew the family relationship in heaven. Not only so, but A. B.'s grandfather and his wife's grandfather had similar emotional visions, and—as Spinoza on another point says, "so on *ad infinitum*." It is quite clear, therefore, that on the ordinary—as I should say, carnal—view of immortality, the complete re-union of any one family group in a future world is impossible without robbing and breaking up another previous family group. Nor could this previous family group be made complete without robbing a yet earlier family group, and so "*ad infinitum*." I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am as firm a believer in eternal life as Spinoza was. But if I may quote your most welcome and unanswerable article on "The Incorrigible Censor" in the same number, "the pious man" is sometimes "so wrapt up in the emotional view of religion that its sterner and deeper moralities"—might I say realities?—"escape him." Emotion without any realities to justify it is one of the pressing dangers of the present age.—Yours, &c.,

J. Allanson Picton.

Caerlyr, Penmaenmawr,
May 31st, 1909.

## FIRE BRIGADES AND INSURANCE COMPANIES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—A letter appeared in your issue of May 29th headed "Fire Brigades and Insurance Companies," and signed by "Insurance Manager." As it seems to be principally directed at the L.C.C. Fire Brigade Committee in general, and myself as the chairman in 1908 in particular, I ask your leave to correct the misapprehension under which it has apparently been written. I am not a sufficiently regular reader of The Nation to know if the letter is a hardy annual reproduced by its anonymous author at each yearly issue of the Fire Brigade Committee's report. If it is not, I cannot understand why the attention of your readers should be specially called to a statement that has appeared year after year in almost identical form. Possibly your correspondent is ignorant of the contents of former reports, and as others of your readers may share his ignorance, let me explain to them that every year the Fire Brigade Committee issues a statement of the previous year's work. The statement is nothing more than a catalogue of facts, illustrated by tables and diagrams. Questions of policy are neither introduced nor discussed. Amongst the facts recorded there are the details of the brigades' revenue and expenditure. One of these facts is that the fire insurance companies make a contribution at the rate of £35 per million of the gross amounts insured. In 1907-8 this contribution amounted to £35,007 19s. 6d. Does "Insurance Manager" wish to expurgate this particular piece of information?

Whether the contribution is just or unjust, too little or too much, is an arguable question. As the committee are simply recording facts and figures, their report is no place for its discussion. Your correspondent, therefore, is either ignorant of the nature of these reports, or his remarks are irrelevant. So far from thinking that I have "made a discovery or wish to snatch a patent or disturb the slumbers of an old horse"—to quote the exuberant metaphors that he applies to me—I am perfectly aware that the report of the committee of which I was chairman is neither marked by originality nor marred by controversial allusions.—Yours, &c.,

S. J. G. Hoare.

12, Park Lane, W
June 3rd, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The contemptuous epistle of an "Insurance Manager" requires some comment.

He seems to think that "as things are, so they must remain" to the end of the chapter. I am sorry to disturb his complacence, but in spite of the Fire Insurance Companies' manifesto, there is a strong and growing belief that the companies not only ought, but must be made, to contribute in ratio to the premiums received, to the maintenance of fire brigades organised by local public authorities. The argument of the manifesto, if carried to its logical conclusion, must naturally be that if the duty of providing fire appliances for the preservation of property belongs to the local authorities—then it should also be their duty to indemnify ratepayers against loss or damage by fire. Municipal protection and fire insurance should, therefore, go hand in hand. This is a form of municipal trading which is bound to come, witness the success of the municipal corporation's alliance! I traverse "Insurance Manager's" assertion that fire insurance companies are "voluntary associations," and that "premiums are adjusted according to average losses." Fire insurance is practically compulsory, and if the last assertion was correct, what about the enormous profits and fire reserve funds of the tariff fire insurance companies?

Your correspondent is evidently one of the "Seven Sleepers," else he would be aware that many fire insurance companies are already making annual contributions to the upkeep of fire brigades in many towns, and also that they are refunding the out-of-pocket expenses of fire brigades when called to a fire on property insured under their policies. Moreover, the National Chamber of Trade is demanding, on behalf of the traders, reductions in premiums and revision of the antiquated policy conditions. "Insurance Manager's" ideas are mere survivals of a dead past.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. Brown.

June 2nd, 1909.

## ABBEY—OR PANTHEON?

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I claim to be as good a Liberal as you, both in politics and theology, and I warn you you are running the party ship on to the rocks if you try to secularise or even undenominationalise the cathedrals, or even Westminster

Abbey—the same rocks that have damaged the party so seriously over education. There are enough religious Liberals convinced that the soul of religion cannot live without a body—that of definite creed and historic organisation—and indeed that the Faith of the Incarnation discourages beforehand the desire for such a slight on the body—there are enough Liberals, so convinced, to reduce the party to impotence on such an issue, as already on that of the schools.

We believe we are strong enough to stop this policy. But if not, we could tolerate the secularising of the Abbey, like the Pantheon, better than any less logical step. Then the nation would feel at once, instead of only when too late, what it had lost. It would not have secured even a Valhalla. (Don't you see, by-the-bye, how offensive this nakedly pagan word is as applied to a Christian church? Well might Mr. Asquith say in the House of Commons that it was difficult when so applied to know its real significance!) The old Valhalla had at least an atmosphere of warrior heroism and pagan divinities. But after you had put the Abbey under H.M. Board of Works, you would have nothing left save an ancient covered-in cemetery or glorified monumental mason's yard.

It is, we all feel—even the "smartest" American visitor, and still more the average Englishmen—the fact that the Abbey is a Christian church which gives it its worth as a place for the burial of our greatest and best. It is the services of prayer and Eucharist, the still-felt Divine presence, that is the essential factor. Of course its very architecture is sacramental of this. Take away this religious character, and you at once measure the difference between our regard for the Abbey and that for the British Museum with its sculpture and its mummies! We may well take warning by what we have lost in the change from "God's Acre" round the parish church under ecclesiastical care to the municipal cemetery under a burial board.

Have you forgotten, by-the-bye, that there is room in the Abbey for not more than half-a-dozen actual burials, and—since Mr. Meredith was cremated—for very few even of monuments or tablets?—Yours, &c., T. Hill.

North Somercotes Vicarage, Lincolnshire.
June 1st, 1909.

[Nationalisation and secularisation of Westminster Abbey are two different things. We rejected the second solution and supported the first for the specific purpose which it seems to us the present authority does not very well serve.—Ed., Nation.]

## THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND NONCONFORMISTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Mudie-Smith I "lift" one of Mr. Leyton Richards' arguments. "Surely," says he, "Rome may be supposed to know her own business in this matter." He accepts without question whatever Rome says, though he has no more reason for doing so than for accepting what the Anglican Church says. "Surely" (if I may paraphrase), "we in England may be supposed to know our own business in this matter." And, moreover, why are Mr. Mudie-Smith and Mr. Richards so anxious to prove Rome right and ourselves wrong? And now for one or two last words. "When," says Mr. Richards, "did the Apostles ordain a bishop?" I always understood that St. Timothy was a bishop, as also St. James, and that the third chapter of the Epistle to St. Timothy in which St. Paul gives many minute directions about bishops, would appear to prove that there must have been a bishop or bishops for these directions to apply to. May I also point out that it is not long, as history goes, since there were no Dissenters, and that presumably before this time the claims of this Church were admitted by those in it; and also that it was not on the point of the breach with Rome that such men as Wesley left the Church; and lastly, that one breach cannot be healed by making half-a-dozen more. If Mr. Mudie-Smith wishes, as I doubt not he does, to see Christianity triumphant, and the knowledge of the Lord spread as the waters cover the sea, he must surely see that it is our duty to pray and work for an United Christendom, and not be content to perpetuate three Churches or thirty-three.

As to Apostolic succession, it is too large a question to enter on; better men than myself have written often and much on the subject. Mr. Richards can buy their books and find his answer. As regards the Greek Church, my friendly opponents do not, perhaps, know that several times within the last few years Greek patriarchs and dignitaries have come to England, assisted in the services, including the Communion Service, and preached in our churches, and in a speech made by the last visitor of this kind, he mentioned an arrangement between himself and the nearest Anglican bishop, by which the congregations of either were ministered to by either bishop who visited them, and that, when either was on holiday, the remaining bishop took charge of everything concerning both Churches in the district. This hardly looks like aloofness and entire repudiation of our position.—Yours, &c.,

Charles Magrath.

June 1st, 1909.

[This correspondence must now cease.—Ed., Nation.]

## INEQUALITIES OF THE INCOME TAX.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The rather pathetic picture drawn by "Income Tax Reformer" in your issue of this week of the unfortunate position, so far as income tax is concerned, occupied by a gentleman earning £2,001 per annum as compared with that occupied by a gentleman earning £2,000 per annum, suffers from one defect. The argument is so well built up that, perhaps, it is a pity to mention the defect. It would, indeed, be very dreadful if a gentleman earning £2,001 had to pay £25 1s. in excess of the tax paid by a gentleman earning £2,000. In theory, no doubt, it is so, and that is just part of the cussedness of things; but in practice it is not so, for gentlemen do not earn sums like £2,001; therefore, the hard and tearful case of the gentleman earning £1 per annum more than his neighbor, and having to pay £25 1s. extra income tax for the privilege, is not nearly so hard and tearful as "Income Tax Reformer" makes out.—Yours, &c.,

St. John G. Ervine.

13, Champion Park, Denmark Hill, S.E.
June 1st, 1909.

# Poetry.

## I.

## CALYCANTHUS FLOWER.

*From the Chinese.*

Robed in pale yellow gown, she leans apart,
Guarding her secret trust inviolate;
With mouth that, scarce unclosed, but faintly breathes.
Its fragrance, like a tender grief, remains
Half-told, half-treasured still. See how she droops
From delicate stem; while her close petals keep
Their shy demeanor. Think not that the fear
Of great cold winds can hinder her from bloom,
Who hides the rarest wonders of the spring
To vie with all the flowers of Kiang Nan.

## II.

## PLUM BLOSSOM.

*From the Chinese.*

One flower hath in itself the charms of two;
Draw nearer! and she breaks to wonders new:
An you would call her beauty of the rose—
She, too, is folded in a fleece of snows;
An you might call her pale—she doth display
The blush of dawn beneath the eye of day,
The lips of her the wine cup hath caressed,
The form of her that from some vision blest
Starts with the rose of sleep still glowing bright
Through limbs that ranged the dreamlands of the night;
The pencil falters and the song is naught,
Her beauty, like the sun, dispels my thought.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE understand that, owing to the earnest wishes of George Meredith, no official biography will be undertaken, though Mr. Edward Clodd will write a series of articles giving his recollections of the table-talk and characteristic sayings of his old friend. We hope, however, that some collection of Meredith's letters will be allowed to appear.

* * *

"THE Life and Letters of Robert Dodsley," a book which Mr. Ralph Strauss is preparing for the press, can hardly fail to throw many interesting side-lights upon eighteenth century literature and men of letters. Dodsley began life as a stocking-weaver, but being ill-treated when an apprentice he ran away and became a footman. While thus engaged he found time to write a poem called "Servitude," designed "to excite *Bad* Servants to their Duty," for which Defoe wrote a preface. In 1735, with the assistance of Pope, who lent him £100, he opened the "Tully's Head" in Pall Mall, and began business as a bookseller and publisher. Here he issued works by Pope, Johnson, Lord Chesterfield, Goldsmith, Young, Akenside, Horace Walpole, and Gray. Some of the small calf-bound volumes of the "Collection of Old Plays," or the "Collection of Poems by Several Hands," are to be found in most second-hand bookshops. Dodsley's great ambition was to win literary fame. Besides "Servitude" he wrote "A Muse in Livery" and several plays, among them "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," in which Colley Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard acted at Drury Lane, and "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green." For a "bookish" biography it would be hard to find a better subject than Dodsley and his circle. Mr. Austin Dobson has already treated of him in one of his delightful "Eighteenth Century Vignettes."

* * *

WE understand that a monthly literary review will be issued in October next, under the direction of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The aim of the new venture is, we believe, to deal in popular style with the literature of the month. It will contain critical sketches of notable authors, book reviews, and gossip about all that relates to the world of letters.

* * *

THE Rationalist Press Association is marking the hundredth anniversary of the death of Thomas Paine, which falls on Tuesday next, by the issue of cheap editions of some of Paine's writings and of Dr. Moncure Conway's "Life of Thomas Paine." In this year of centenaries that of Paine is not the least worthy of commemoration, and the method adopted by the Rationalist Press seems to us the most fitting memorial of a man who, among other worthy causes, strongly advocated that of cheap literature.

* * *

MR. ALEXANDER J. PHILIP, the Borough Librarian of Gravesend and compiler of "The Dickens Dictionary," proposes to issue by subscription a "Library Encyclopædia," should sufficient support be given to the undertaking. The work is intended to deal with Library Administration, Book Purchasing, Cataloguing, Library History, Library Plans and Buildings, and the many subjects either directly or indirectly connected with work in libraries both public and private. Mr. C. J. Jacobi, Mr. A. W. Pollard, Mr. R. A. Peddie, Mr. J. Herbert Slater, and Mr. H. B. Wheatley are amongst those who have promised to contribute articles.

* * *

THERE are signs that authors are about to make a vigorous effort to secure an equitable revision of the Copyright Laws. Both Mr. Whibley and Mr. Morris Colles have articles on the subject in the current monthlies, in which they are agreed that the whole course of reform has been injuriously affected by the temper of Parliament. At present the position is that at the recent Conference at Berlin all countries, with the exception of Great Britain and Germany, were willing to adopt as their period of copyright the life of the author and fifty years. Germany has promised to consider the introduction of a Bill giving this extension to the period of copyright, and will almost certainly pass it if Great Britain does the same. To do so would be but bare justice for, as Mr. Whibley puts it, under the present system books of real value too often become the unrestricted property of the publishers at the very moment that their merits are recognised. Mr. Whibley also recommends the adoption of Mallarmé's proposal for a small royalty on all copies of books the copyright of which had expired. By this means a Literary Fund might be established without any need to appeal to charity.

* * *

AMONG Messrs. Longmans' early publications will be "A History of Malta during the Period of the French and British Occupation, 1798-1802," by the late Mr. William Hardman, of Valetta. Most of the important documents bearing on the Maltese history during the period treated will be included in the volume, and there is also a summary of the main events affecting the island throughout the nineteenth century. Dr. Holland Rose contributes notes and an introduction. The same publishers have nearly ready a work called "The Gilds of China, with an Account of the Gild Merchant, or Co-Hong of Canton," by Mr. H. B. Morse, who has been Statistical Secretary at the Inspectorate of Chinese Customs.

* * *

FOLLOWING up his book on "No. 10, Downing Street," Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe has just finished a volume on similar lines dealing with "Admiralty House, Whitehall," the official residence for over two hundred years of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Its history may be traced back to the Duke of Buckingham of Charles I.'s reign, and it contains a large number of portraits and other relics of historic interest.

* * *

A WORK of great value to students of French literature has been undertaken by M. Gustave Lanson, in the shape of a "Manuel Bibliographique de la Littérature Française, 1500-1900." The aim is to provide a series of volumes which will supply information concerning the best editions of all the great French writers and the best of the critical works that have been written about them. The first volume is devoted to the sixteenth century and has just been published by Messrs. Hachette.

* * *

"THE Decay of the Cacoethes Scribendi" is bewailed by Mr. James Leatham in the June "Socialist Review." Mr. Leatham compares the literary activity of the eighteenth century with that of our own day, holds that the ideals of the earlier age kept alive a taste and an enthusiasm for noble speech and diction, and declares that the bulk of modern writers work not for love of writing, but for money. We feel inclined to join issue with Mr. Leatham on all of these statements. We are convinced that the *cacoethes scribendi*, so far from having decayed, is more acute than it has ever been. More people are anxious to see themselves "in print," and in the greater proportion of cases the impelling motive is reputation rather than money. It almost seems, indeed, as if in the near future *not* to have written a book will be a mark of distinction. Moreover, the eighteenth century was the age of clear and measured prose, but it was also the age when artificiality and flat insipidity ran riot. With regard to the last point, Sydney Smith's statement that an unpaid contributor is *ex vi termini* an ass, has always seemed to us unanswerable.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"English Costume from Prehistoric Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century." By George Clinch. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Life of Major-General Sir Charles Wilson." By Colonel Sir Charles M. Watson. (Murray. 15s. net.)

"The Century of the Child." By Ellen Key. (Putnams. 6s. net.)

"The Russian Bastille, or The Schlusselburg Fortress." By I. P. Youvatshev. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Japanese Education: Lectures Delivered in the University of London." By Baron Dairoku Kikuchi. (Murray. 5s. net.)

"Modern Homes." Described and Illustrated by T. Raffles Davison. (Bell. 15s. net.)

"Egoists: A Book of Supermen." By J. Huneker. (Laurie. 6s. net.)

"Studies in Wives." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"La Littérature Allemande d'Aujoud'hui." Par Maurice Muret. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)

"Reflets d'Histoire." Par Paul Gaultier. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"Jean Christophe à Paris: Dans la Maison." Par Romain Rolland. (Paris: Ollendorff. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## A CRITIC OF OUR TIMES.*

Mr. Masterman apologises in his preface for the imperfections of a volume produced under the difficulties of official life, but his readers will find in "The Condition of England" a good taste of the qualities he has led them to expect. His brilliant style has not faded or lost its sparkle in the damp caverns of the Local Government Board, and these pages display very happily his appreciation of the shades and colors of life and literature, his sincere and eloquent sympathy, his gift for painting large and significant social landscape. The general effect of the book is melancholy and anxious, but that, of course, is not a novelty either in Mr. Masterman's work or in the work of those modern reformers and writers with whom it is natural to compare him. All reformers spend part of their life in the darkness of despair; what is peculiar to the modern reformer is that the dawn which he greets in his sanguine hour is so very grey and ambiguous a twilight. This is the chief difference between him and his ancestors, the change from confidence to misgiving, from hope to a brooding doubt. All the certainties of politics seem to have melted in the interval. Now the earlier reformers would have been the better for something of Mr. Masterman's insight into the tangles and webs of habit and circumstance that envelop political conduct and embarrass political judgments. The kind of work he does in this book—in painting the actual lives and interests of men and classes, in catching, so to speak, the hues and shades of a society and not merely its line and form—would have saved many early speculators on politics from the error of a too simple analysis of their problem. Modern observers, to whom every political question presents a thousand sad and baffling riddles, are amazed at the secure and easy psychology which dictated, for example, such a document as the Report of the Great Poor Law Commission of 1834, or the political anticipations of a William Godwin.

Our modern preachers will not allow us to relapse into such illusions. But every method has its dangers, and the danger of the modern school is that it may carry introspection and self-consciousness and the study of the play and dance of motive and character in this perverse and various world to a point at which we are threatened with paralysis. The universe is so difficult and complex and varied that it seems to be hardly worth while to attempt to reform it. To understand all is to despair of everything.

This is not a mobilising philosophy, and few of the modern rebels are likely to lead a revolution. Nobody can imagine the Marseillaise shattering our silence in response to Mr. Galsworthy's still and exquisite irony. The supreme example is, of course, Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose popularity among the upper classes is not unconnected with the grateful discovery that his preaching is no menace to their interests. Mr. Wells, with whom, we fancy, Mr. Masterman is in closer sympathy, is a more active rebel. There is a note of combat in his message; an atmosphere sometimes nobly vindictive; a belief in the ultimate victory of democracy. His consciousness of the wrong and misery and disorder of life is keen and bitter, but it does not overpower his spirits and resolution; rather, like the spectacle of dirt acting on the imagination of the old lady in "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," it puts him on his mettle; he is fiercely and joyfully human. In what category should we place Mr. Masterman? It is not easy to answer. Sometimes it seems as if his pensive and brooding fancy might fondle and soothe to sleep his natural impatience of injustice, and teach him to exchange "the tears of pity" for "the tears of sorrow." Sometimes his subjective and almost sensationalist standards play him strange tricks. In one curious passage (p. 279) he seems to argue that as an interesting and striking case can be made out both for order and for change, all that really matters is that you should be loyal to the side you choose. In his powerful chapter on the "Illusion of Security," he may be thought by some to put more reality into the walls of Jericho than he puts into the trumpet blast of destruction. The truth is that the book, with all its insight, is a picturesque rather than a philosophical analysis; it flashes its light on aspects rather than on causes. This is what distinguishes it from such a book as "Democracy and Reaction," and makes it, though in no sense enervating, so much less fortifying to courage and hope.

The man who paints his own age with a graphic and sweeping brush is bound to give the impression that things are worse than they are, leaving his readers to readjust the proportions. In Mr. Masterman's case a good deal of readjustment is necessary. The sensationalism, which he rightly describes as one of the chief curses of society, is not a novel characteristic. No modern degenerate comes nearer to the type which we associate with the "Daily Mail" than the fifteenth century Gabriele Fondolo, who spent his last years bitterly regretting that he had lost the opportunity of throwing a Pope and an Emperor from the tower of the Duomo of Cremona. The two heads of Christendom were his guests; he had no quarrel with either of them; he had no interest in their death; it was simply that he felt that the deed would have made his name more renowned than that of Empedocles. Mr. Masterman says very justly that posterity, anxious to penetrate into the mind of our generation, will observe that murders and divorces fill the popular newspapers. But if we turn to the newspapers of a century ago we do not escape from the atmosphere of crime and scandal to the calm and peace of contemplation and rational discussion. After all, no modern murder has occupied the public mind more completely than did the murders which De Quincey has immortalised, and the modern Williams would not supply the imagination after death with the morbid pleasure which London took in the barbarous spectacle of a corpse carried through the streets to visit the houses of the victims. The truth, of course, is, and here we are heartily in agreement with Mr. Masterman, not that the habits that revolt us are new, but that it is profoundly disappointing to see how little education and all the sovereign remedies of our fathers have refined or enriched our tastes and interests. And to understand the causes of this disappointment it is important to look closely into the actual conditions of the lives of our various classes, and to see how elaborate is our entanglement in the arrangements and machinery of our existence. This is what Mr. Masterman does in these sketches, and his admirable literary talent enables him to give a peculiarly vivid and intimate picture of the kind of society that the remorseless shuttle of the great system which we think we have under control is weaving so furiously before our eyes and in our despite.

The great characteristic of that society, we agree, is its want of character. It does not, for example, stamp its own genius on its art, but lives on the art of other ages, as though confessing that it has no message of its own to bequeath to posterity. Now Mr. Masterman seems to hint in one passage at an explanation of its weakness in the decadence of the aristocracy. "No nation," he says, "need be ashamed of empire on a large scale or apologise for the overlordship of a continent. To-day's criticism deplores the weakening or vanishing of the qualities by which such conquest was attained; in an aristocratic caste which is merging itself in a wealthy class, and undergoing weakening in the process. It is not from the conquerors but from a rather harassed and limited middle class that the empire builders are now drawn; a Lord MacDonnell from the home of a peasant farmer in Ireland, a Cecil Rhodes from an English country parsonage." In point of fact, the empire builders in the sense in which Mr. Masterman uses the word—Clive, Hastings, Wolfe, Nelson—never came exclusively or mainly from the conquerors. The aristocracy has two achievements to its credit; it developed Parliamentary government, under forms and conditions, of course, that maintained and guaranteed its own interests, and in an age of good taste it made those great collections of pictures which its modern representatives are scattering so lavishly across the Atlantic. The old qualities may be disappearing, but our complaint of the conquerors is not so much on account of what they have made of themselves, as on account of what they have made of everyone else. What is really serious is not that the aristocracy is losing its virtues, but that the poor are not gaining their independence; not that the aristocracy and the rich should take to violent and reckless

* "The Condition of England." By C. F. G. Masterman. Methuen. 6s.

motor driving, but that the poor should stand it; not that the rich should match the disgusting extravagance of Juvenal's Rome, but that the poor, instead of hating, should admire them for it. We are struggling with the consequences of a policy which spread the canopy of a class over the life and imagination of a nation. "We have on large patches of these islands," says Mr. Meredith, "a Saxon population much wanting assistance if they are not to feel themselves broken, driven, caught by the neck, yoked and heavy headed. Blest then is he who gives them a sense of the pride of standing on legs." If we did not know that our Saxon population in the villages had formerly shown itself capable of rebellion we might think it was nature and not history that had bent its back. If we did not know that the enclosures had destroyed its freedom, we might suppose that the climate had created the squire-fearing countryside. If we did not know that we had left their imaginations little else to cherish or admire, we might wonder that the poor should find their romance in the dazzling wealth of the rich. After all, Mr. Masterman's picture of the lives to which most men are still condemned should convince us there is very much to be done before we need despair of creating a society which shall have the pride of standing on legs.

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## AN INACCURATE BOOK.*

It is a curious thing that at last after a long period, during which no consecutive history of the early centuries of Christianity appeared in English, two come at once, or practically so. The books are the work of the Professors of Church History in Cambridge and Oxford. The Clarendon Press publishes the late Professor Bigg's book on "Christian Origins," and Messrs. Macmillan announce two volumes on the same subject and the same centuries by Professor Gwatkin. The Oxford book has the start; whether it will keep it, is very questionable.

In July last year Professor Bigg sent his manuscript to the Oxford Press, and two days later he was dead. The book, he told the secretary of the Press, though he might polish it up to some extent in proof, was yet what he meant it to be. The Dean of Christ Church, therefore, has felt his work as editor limited. He has altered nothing except in the very few passages where the reference given seemed to him to be manifestly wrong. His friend, he suggests, neither intended his book to be popular, nor designed it for a small group of professional students. It is, therefore, to a wider circle of reflective general readers that it is addressed—to men and women in tune with "the general sense of the Church," conservative, but "not instantaneously hostile to all modifications of traditional views."

Dr. Strong justly claims for his friend that he read widely, and the book bears witness to this. It is full of learning and bears the marks of a mind with broad interests and kindly instincts. But sensible and informing as the book is, it lacks vigor and imagination. The learning is wide, but it is not well focussed. All over the Mediterranean Professor Bigg turns his eyes and he sees much, yet he hardly makes one picture, and he misses things of significance. This is pardonable. But praise with such qualifications is never very welcome.

Professor Bigg starts his story substantially where the New Testament by orthodox accounts leaves off. Thus Jesus has no place in his index and little in his text. Nor is the reader given any very clear idea of what early Christianity was in itself. The episcopal question is discussed open-mindedly—the *Didache*, by the way, being relegated to the background for reasons hardly evident. But the Christian impulse, the new life, and, above all, the experience associated with the name of the Holy Spirit—these, if mentioned, do not impress the reader. Somehow the centre is lost in the circumference, and that in fact is here a series of arcs.

But the really astonishing thing in the book is the persistent inaccuracy in detail. Omissions are one thing, though they may militate heavily against the value of a man's work. Thus here the failure to realise the significance of the universal belief in daemons makes any attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the day quite hopeless. Sheer inaccuracy is a worse charge to make, and if it is not pedantry to make it, it must be made. Thus Dr. Bigg says that "religion was in the ancient world one of the chief causes of division." His evidence for this can hardly be conjectured. Juvenal says Egyptian villages quarrelled over their religions; and the Jews were irreconcilables; but who else? Two pages later he talks of "Undenominational Paganism." The adjective is ill-chosen—he was thinking of another century than the second—but the fact so disguised is exactly antithetic to the former statement, and quite fatal to it. In Homeric religion Dr. Bigg sees idealised Greeks—did Homer? Professor Murray hardly gives us that impression Homer knew the difference between the Farewell of Hector and the Deceiving of Zeus as well as we do. The Poseidon of the Triumph again is more than any Greek, however idealised. Aristotle does not "advise people to get rid of pity or fear by a hearty cry"—he advises the purgation of pity and fear, not the expulsion. How the Isis legend can reflect the Gospel, the earlier reflect the later, we cannot see. The Emperor's assumption of the Tribunician title was perhaps never before called "a solemn declaration of the rights of man," nor was the *Commune* of a Province quite what the readers whom Dr. Bigg addresses would suppose from its description as "a sort of local Parliament," though the statement, of course, has "a sort of" accuracy. The conception of an attendant Genius was not purely Latin; the name is Latin, the thing is universal, Greek, Persian, and Syrian. None of these blunders, it might be urged, is of much moment in itself. What startles the reader is that they all come from the first sixteen pages—a full crop for one quire.

This is not all. It goes on as it begins. Tacitus, we hear on one page, hated Nero and the Christians, and "could not decide which he hated most." "He had never taken the trouble to ask what a Christian really was," we read on the next page, and we remember that he took a good deal of trouble over Nero. Certain people, we read, according to Irenaeus translated the passage in Isaiah, "Behold, a young woman shall conceive." So we are told by Justin and others, but Dr. Bigg does not hint that it is the true translation. The story that Jesus was the son of Panthera is construed into a Jewish recognition that He was not the son of Joseph. Plutarch is discovered to have been drawn even more by Mithra than by Isis—and yet he gave a considerable treatise to Isis and hardly mentioned Mithra half a dozen times. The plain fact is that Mithra's name is thrown about too freely altogether nowadays. The only miracle-mongers, it seems, that Marcus Aurelius could have had in mind must have been the Christians; but contemporary evidence is full of all sorts of them. How a dean came into the society of Ignatius, it is hard to say—unless by a careless anachronism. Extraordinary belief is given by Dr. Bigg to the legends of the martyrdoms of Peter and Paul, and to the story of the adventures of their dead bodies. He holds, too, that Epictetus may have been "not un acquainted with Christian teaching, and regarded it with tolerance." The discovery of Aristides in Greek is rightly attributed to Dean Robinson, but surely a word might have been spared for Dr. Rendel Harris, but for whose discovery of the Syriac text the Greek must have remained unrecognised to this day, as Dean Robinson's own account of it shows.

But enough of this. It is quite surprising, and rather painful, to find the work of an Oxford Professor, edited by the Head of a House, and published by the Oxford Press, so full of careless mistakes. Any man may make a blunder, and most men do; but at last the mind of a reader loses all confidence in an author who can make so many and can be capable of the graver inattention to authorities which such blunders imply. How can such inaccuracy go with any real apprehension of the mind of the early Church or of the society in which it grew? Much of Dr. Bigg's work must, of course, be sound enough, but after a time the reader will only believe him where he himself knows. When it comes to this between reader and author, one can only read for the sake of new outlook or new insight, and these are not here in a sufficiently remunerative degree.

* "The Origin of Christianity." By the late Charles Bigg. Edited by T B. Strong. Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

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Lord Acton, we are told, demanded a code of moral judgment independent of place and time, and not merely relevant to a particular civilisation. In estimating Richelieu's character, Mr. McCabe adopts the opposite canon and is often ready to attribute the Cardinal's faults to his age, though, on the other hand, his qualities are usually credited to himself. We cannot read Mr. McCabe's book without feeling that for him Richelieu is something of a hero. The glamor of his career has blinded his biographer to much in him that deserves reprobation. To take a single instance. When shortly after his accession to power he drove the papal troops from the Valtelline, opposed Spain, and broke with Marie de Medici, he may have followed the policy which was best for France, but it is not easy to acquit him of something like treachery towards the party that had served him and to which he was bound by the closest ties. Briefly put, Mr. McCabe's view of Richelieu is that he was a man of iron will, whose main passion was to restore order and authority to France, who allowed no scruple to interfere with this endeavor, and who, in striving for it, showed himself a great administrator, a great statesman, and a great patriot.

There is certainly a great deal to be said for this contention, but we are inclined to believe that the truth lies somewhere between Mr. McCabe's and the popular verdict. When full weight is allowed to all that can be said in Richelieu's favor, he remains something of an enigma. How far was his patriotic zeal colored by personal ambition? What were the motives that led the bishop who first distinguished himself by writing against the Huguenots to turn aside from the Catholic alliances and come to terms with them? Why did the man who wrote that "so long as the Huguenots exist in France, the King will never be master within his own dominions" allow, but three years later, when La Rochelle was within his grasp, full freedom for the Protestants to practise their religion? These are difficult questions to answer. It was not mere policy that led him to surround himself by ecclesiastics such as Father Joseph, Cardinal La Valette, Father Béruelle, and Archbishop Sourdis. Moreover, he showed an extraordinary regard for relics and the cultus of the saints. On one occasion he sent to Meaux for the bones of Saint Fiacre, whose touch was believed to possess healing properties. On another he founded a perpetual mass at Richelieu because in a week he had been cured of a very severe headache. M. Maréjol, perhaps, hits the truth when he says that Richelieu should not be regarded as a statesman who happened to be also a churchman, but as the representative type of an epoch when the clergy, supported by public opinion, aspired to play a great part both in society and in politics. This view gains force if we compare Richelieu with his contemporary Laud. Both aimed at centralising power in the hands of the King. Both were jealous of the great nobles, and both wished to establish a standing army which would secure the King's power and be under his immediate control. But here the resemblance ends. Laud was a highly-placed ecclesiastic who used his power in the State solely in the interests of the Church. Richelieu frequently directed his power against the Church and never went out of his way to strengthen its pretensions. Laud had all the ecclesiastical hardness and narrowness; the mere idea of toleration was repugnant to his temper. Richelieu approved of toleration at a time when the Queen Mother, the Queen Consort, and the Heir Apparent were all hostile, and he could only count upon a vacillating support from the King. Laud tended to smallness of mind and incapability of conceiving a broad and generous policy. Richelieu, whatever else we deny him, was essentially a man in the grand style.

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engaged to the virile young plutocrat, Sir Guy, who recognises her "serviceable qualities," and offers her the prestige of a position in "the great world," and a final escape from West Kensington. Chapter II., which describes a tea-fight at St. Gabriel's Vicarage, in aid of the mission of the Bishop of Alexandraland, pleasingly illustrates the author's audacity and apt satirical touch. But after Marian's marriage, and her solemn instalment at Tormichael, we are thrown deliberately by the author into a state of sceptical irritation. There is an estrangement between the newly-married pair, why neither we nor Marian herself really know. Guy, beneath his incessant political activities as the Conservative candidate for Redhaven, she perceives, is keeping secret from his army of political friends and workers "some other activity which he appeared to practise in Redhaven by day and in his study by night." There is a mystery, and Marian, unenlightened by Guy, drifts quickly into an attitude of morbid isolation, wounded pride, and contemptuous indifference to her husband's actions. The chronicle runs on without offering us the key to the situation, and when the imbroglio thickens, and Durrant, the sinister-looking "kennel man," is found one night guarding Sir Guy's study from intrusion by Marian and his younger brothers, Jock and Wilfred Rannard, we feel that the situation is growing melodramatic and that Mr. Dickinson is on the verge of the romantic precipice. In a few more pages, however, the author restores our confidence. He has deliberately adopted the dangerous expedient of keeping his readers in the dark so that they may sympathise with Marian's aloofness and judge her husband through her eyes. Guy is elected member for Redhaven by a thumping majority and then the truth comes out. He confides to Marian that he has a secret, infallible method, he has introduced "business methods" into politics; he has used his wealth to buy outright, by a system of "secret subscriptions to unimpeachable objects," the support of the leading working-men in the town; he has, for example, bought the building society of the Dockers' Union; his idea has been not to organise the corrupt, but to corrupt the influential. And Marian discovers that behind his extreme cleverness and amazing grip of affairs Guy is "essentially an undeveloped boy. His immorality is ignorance, his blind self-confidence is the throbbing of a youthful pulse; his successes are the miraculous successes that young vitality achieves by concentration." And now in love with him, glorying in his physical pluck and readiness to face all risks, she prepares to take part in her husband's schemes, hoping to control and curb them at the proper moment, and wean him from his immoral methods.

In Part II. the field is clear for Mr. Dickinson's exposition of his psychological situation, which he handles with masterly insight. Through the medium of Marian's dawning fears, puzzled doubts, and sleepless anxiety over Guy's relations with his political chiefs we are made to pass, by subtle stages, from the recognition of his eccentricities to acute apprehension of their outcome. We get deeper and deeper into the heart of the mystery, but we are drawn into it, step by step with Marian, just as we may form part of a family tragedy in life, and see it as participators, with only glimpses here and there of how it appears to the outside world. And, identified thus with Marian's alarm, with her efforts to keep a natural smiling face, while every fresh incident, every new phase, threatens to precipitate the shattering crisis, we do not know precisely at what stage it is that the truth overwhelms us—that Guy Rannard is mad, that all his cleverness, his intense inner concentration, his dexterity in blinding and baffling people, nay, his very boyishness, are so many symptoms of his insanity. Why did not we or Marian discover it before? This is proof of Mr. Dickinson's cleverness. Life is like this. He has reproduced with uncanny insight the slow drifting and accumulation of perceptions in our consciousness, and not till the cup of our intuitions is brimming full and that "something" falls, which we call the last drop, can we look back and recognise that all the drops in fact were as significant as this last. The analysis, in the last chapter, of the madman's own sensations and states of blurred consciousness is psychologically of great interest, and, though a shot in the dark, is probably near the truth. Mr. Dickinson is still youthfully over-fond of picturesque scenes of assault and battery, and the style of the body of his narrative, though happy in the main, is not finely chiselled. Nevertheless, "Sir Guy and Lady Rannard" is one of the novels of the year.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

In "The Fortnightly Review" Mr. Edmund Gosse gives his personal recollections of Mr. Swinburne, whose conversation he describes as "rapid and yet not voluble; it was measured, ornate, and picturesque, and yet it was in a sense homely. It was much less stilted and involved than his prose writing. . . The ease with which finished and polished sentences flowed from him was a constant amazement to me." Mr. Gosse also tells us—what we can readily believe—that "his feeling about literature was serious to the verge of fanaticism. It absorbed him like a religion, and it was this unflagging sense of the superhuman power and value of poetry which made his conversation so stimulating." "The Future of the Balkans" forms the theme of M. R. Ivanovitch, who is confident that a Balkan Confederation "will be realised because it is an absolute necessity and indispensable to all Europe." This Confederation will, in M. Ivanovitch's view, include Turkey and will receive the support of the Western and liberal Powers. Two articles deal with naval questions. "The Admiralty Board and Army Council," by Sir George T. Lambert, advocates that control of the Navy should be taken out of the hands of the First Lord and placed with a number of experts. This policy is, of course, impossible in a democratic country where direct responsibility to Parliament is essential. "Do 'Dreadnoughts' Only Count?" is answered by "Navalis" in the negative. He states the obvious truth that "King Edwards," "Lord Nelsons," and even the "Royal Sovereigns" are still formidable ships and could render an excellent account of themselves, while it will be many years before an enemy's fleet will be wholly composed of "Dreadnoughts," and therefore our older ships will be able to find opponents with whom they are evenly matched. Among the other contents are "A Novelist's Allegory," by Mr. John Galsworthy; "Pre-Animistic Stages in Religion," by Mr. Edward Clodd; "French Culture and Tudor England," by Mr. Sidney Lee; and "British Finances and the Budget," by Mr. J. Ellis Barker, who is as vehement as ever in dictating a fiscal policy to the country of his adoption.

* * *

The opening article in the "Nineteenth Century and After" is an uncompromisingly hostile criticism of the Budget by Mr. Harold Cox. Mr. Cox writes, as he speaks, in a thoroughly conservative vein. He is, it is true, an economist, but the only direction in which he would save is, as far as we can gather, in the War Office. His essay is followed by a thoroughly alarmist article written by Major-General Sir W. G. Knox, urging the necessity for a drastic control of the Press in war as "the first step towards the cultivation of national discipline," and advocating the adoption of a system of universal service whatever injury it may do our social machinery, as the only alternative to the risk of still greater injury being done it by a foreign nation. Sir W. G. Knox has little that is new to say. Sir Horace Plunkett criticises Mr. Birrell's Irish Land Bill, Mr. Ernest Rhys has written "A Tribute to Swinburne," and Mr. George Greenwood contributes an able and spirited reply to the articles by Sir Edward Sullivan in the March and April numbers. But the article in the current issue which is likely to excite most attention is Professor Vambéry's "Personal Recollections of Abdul Hamid II. and his Court." Professor Vambéry knew the deposed Sultan since he was sixteen, and as the only European who had free access to him without an interpreter, his opinion on Abdul Hamid's character carries great weight. It bears out the current view of Abdul Hamid as utterly distrustful of everybody about him, fickle and undecided, almost entirely deprived of the power of steady will, and living a life of constant fear and suspicion. "He saw everywhere enemies; he suspected everywhere treason, and neither day nor night did he enjoy a moment of rest or security." He believed in creating an atmosphere of mutual distrust among his servants and officials, and "no sooner did he see some intimacy between any of his Ministers than he at once decided to estrange them and make them enemies."

* * *

The views on the Budget put forward by Lord Welby in "The Contemporary Review" are on the whole favorable, but a Gladstonian financier can find nothing but blame for the scheme of a development fund. The second

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article in the June number of the "Contemporary" is on "French Labor Unions *v.* The State," and is written by Mr. Alexander Ular. It takes the view that "the recent troubles are to be considered as one out of a great number of preludes to events which perhaps will never happen, but which eventually can be provoked under favorable conditions by the Confédération Générale du Travail in joint action with the State employés. . . Ever since the Radical Party has been in office, but with increasing recklessness, State authority has taken on in all departments, but in the postal administration still more than elsewhere, forms of arbitrary tyranny which could reasonably induce the people to believe that the aspect of despotism only had changed, but that the despotic system continued to prevail as under the most archaic *régime.*" Dr. Alfred Garvie, in "The Personal Equation in Theology," discusses the problems raised by the psychological relations of the critic towards the articles of belief with which he deals. Mr. March Phillips treats of "The Ethics of Greek Art," and Mr. Edwin Pears continues his careful and illuminating series of articles on the Turkish situation.

# The Week in the City.

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There has been a good deal of interest this week in the future of money. Bankers in New York expect that the present ease will disappear in the autumn, and are preparing accordingly. This view is supported by the rising prices of various articles and by the expectation that in two or three months' time a large increase will take place in our Indian trade. The Indian wheat crop is now known to be good, and of course it will be sold at a big price, so that a great accession of purchasing power may be experienced for Lancashire goods. Railway managers say that they see symptoms of increasing traffic, though they believe that the high price of food has reduced temporarily the travelling capacity of the working classes. The main thing is that the threatened coal strikes in Wales and Scotland should be averted. Such an event in either coalfield would be disastrous. The future of trade is decidedly hopeful if only governments, employers, and employed will allow the natural recuperative forces and cheap money, enterprise, and speculation to work their usual cure.

### Home Railways.

The Home Railway market has been left terribly in the cold during the recent activity, and in spite of the very low point to which prices have fallen investors constantly pass it by. The market, it must be admitted, is remarkably unlucky, and as soon as one trouble is escaped usually manages to fall into another. First it was the threatened railway strike; then the decline in trade and traffics; then the unwise speculation over the Great Central-Great Northern amalgamation, and the disastrous slump that followed; then the expensive, but unsuccessful, proceedings in Parliament, and last, but not least, the strikes in the North of England, and the danger of trouble in the coal trade. These events have combined to knock the life out of the market, and it seems almost doubtful whether anything could galvanise it into activity. If we are to see prices go up, the time will probably be next month after the dividends have been announced, for a satisfactory set of dividends and reports, especially if they are combined with a general recovery of trade, ought to tempt buyers back into the market. What the dividends are likely to be I do not pretend to say. The anticipation of dividends is a singularly dangerous branch of prophecy, and, personally, I prefer to keep away from it; but it may be pointed out that the latest traffics, particularly the "heavies," have been quite satisfactory and that the aggregate returns of seventeen English and Irish railways show so far a decrease of only ·5 per cent. On the other hand, great economies have been made; the price of coal has fallen, and much has undoubtedly been done to save running expenses during the recent depression. To show the extent of these economies I may recall the fact that in the second half of last year, notwithstanding a gross decline of £800,000, the proportion of expenses to earnings on fifteen important lines was unchanged at 61 per cent. That is of good omen for the current half-year. Meanwhile the following comparison of prices may be interesting:—

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It will be interesting to see what happens to the market during July and August.

### The Stock Exchange.

On the Stock Exchange speculation has probably pushed up prices as far as they have much right to go in some directions, and on Tuesday a reaction was felt as regards both South African Mines and American securities. A slight shock had been administered to steel shares by the prospect of labor troubles; but they have recovered and again bounded upwards, and to my surprise I have met a well-informed operator, not usually over-sanguine, who quite thinks that Steel Common, though they may now be in for a decline, will before very long rise much higher *on their merits.* He thinks the water has been squeezed out, and that the coal and ore owned by the Corporation, as well as the plant and the organisation, will enable the directors ultimately to pay much higher dividends. This I record, though I remain a sceptic. Argentine railways, or rather investors in them, are nervous about the threatened drought, which sounded serious in Wednesday's telegram. Argentina has had such a long run of luck that a sharp break in it need not cause surprise. But one hopes both for the sake of our wheat supply and of Brazil that the fears will prove premature and fallacious. If Argentina were badly hit Brazil might topple over.

### England as a Free Port.

The wealth which comes to this country merely because almost everything is cheaper here than anywhere else, and because banking and shipping centre here, can hardly be exaggerated. Let me give two instances. The other day a New Yorker who wanted to go to Buenos Ayres came viâ England, not because he wanted to see England, but because that route was so much more convenient and comfortable. I believe that it is quite common for Americans who want to go to South America to take this course. My second example is from personal observation. The other day I was in a large timber yard at Gloucester. One of the directors pointed out a stack of timber which had come from California and was on its way to a waggon-making company at Birmingham. Thence he told me it would proceed in the manufactured form of railway carriages and railway trucks to Buenos Ayres for one of the Argentine lines. If the cost of production were not extraordinarily low here in consequence of free trade, such a transaction as this would be almost impossible; for the United States manufacturers have been exceptionally successful with railroad equipment.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 11.] SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

The rejection of the Budget Bill on the second reading was moved on Monday by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in a speech of diffused hostility. Mr. Balfour appears to have imposed on him an embargo of silence on Protection, a point keenly noted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a brilliant rejoinder. Mr. George replied to Mr. Bonar Law, who declared that there were no death duties or income tax in France, that the death duties ran up from 1 to 2½ per cent., and from 30 to 40 millions were collected in France from the equivalent of our own income tax. If the character of the Budget was vindictive, then the Government was penalising its friends in Scotland and Ireland, and all Liberals who drank, smoked, paid income tax, or died. As to the land taxes, he hinted at some relief to agricultural land, and showed that a tax on capital values was supported by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Royal Commission on Housing, and Lord St. Aldwyn, and that Mr. Pretyman, the chief champion of the landlords in the House, had paid over the Rosyth transaction £15,000 for ungotten minerals—still, by the way, ungotten by the State—on this property. Sir Charles Dilke, in supporting the Budget, made the pertinent suggestion that the time was coming for a redistribution of the new land taxes between the State and the municipalities, who must be more freely financed.

* * *

Mr. Austen Chamberlain's rejecting amendment was beaten on Thursday night by 366 to 209, a majority of 157 for the second reading of the Bill. Mr. Balfour's speech in support of a motion which he probably welcomes less for its attack on the Budget than for its evasion of Protection, was not a formidable weapon. It consisted of such serious matter as a suggestion that the Government, after the precedent of the super-tax, must put a special tax on men with red hair and £10,000 a year, and a hint of mysterious movements of stocks and shares from London to Brussels or New York not for investment, but for "security." This would seem to be an argument for a new safe rather than for a new Budget. We advise our readers to peruse the Prime Minister's reply with care, for it was an admirably terse and well-knit statement of the main issues. On two points we have some anxiety. We earnestly hope that the Government will not change the Licence duties to a beer tax, and that the Chancellor will not bribe the rural landlords into an acceptance of the Budget by letting them off their income tax. There is no danger that the Lords will throw out the Budget. The peril is that their friends' "bluff" to that effect will unduly weaken it.

* * *

The Conference of Colonial journalists has been turned into a kind of amateur "war council," largely organised by the directors of the "Daily Mail" and the "Daily Express," partly through its discussion of subjects more suited to the coming Imperial Conference, and partly through the mischievous character of Lord Rosebery's opening speech at the "White City" banquet on Saturday last. This speech, witty and brilliant, gave an exaggerated view of the national and European position. It is severely criticised in Germany, where Sir Edward Grey's phrase that he endorsed every word of it is reported with much surprise. Lord Rosebery, after suggesting that the chief objects of the English landscape were its ancient cathedrals and colleges and its old manor houses, and proposing a mixed tour to the Colonies of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, "the House which voted the taxes and the House which paid them" (laughter), drew a melodramatic picture of the state of Europe. There, he said, all "forebode" peace, the nations living in the midst of a "silent warfare," in which, while no blood was shed, the lancets of statesmen extracted "the last drop" from the bodies of the peoples. Europe was going back to barbarism, or to a catastrophe in which the working-men would say, "We will have no more of this madness, this foolery which is grinding us to powder."

* * *

Having thus diagnosed the state of European madness, Lord Rosebery proceeded to encourage the colonists to add to it. "We can and we will build 'Dreadnoughts,' or whatever the newest type may be, as long as we have a shilling to spend on them, and a man to put in them." After hinting at Conscription, he asked the Colonial journalists to tell their peoples that "Europe was lapsing into militarism" and putting pressure upon "this little island to defend its liberties and yours." In this crisis the old country must look to herself for salvation, and "failing her she must look to you."

This language, which gives point to Mr. Stead's criticism that the Conference is being conducted as if the forces of religion and humanity did not exist in this country, found a subdued echo in the ensuing meetings on defence. Mr. McKenna hinted wisely that if the British navy maintained its supremacy in one sea, that is to say in home waters, it would maintain it in all, while modifying the old idea of the Admiralty against the development of local colonial schemes of naval defence. Mr. Balfour declared that the occasion was one for anxiety, but not for panic, and said plainly that if Armageddon were fought at all it would be fought in the neighborhood of this island. It seems to us foolish and light-minded to use such a word as Armageddon at all, but Mr. Balfour's strategical idea is clearly sound. Mr. Haldane, who agreed with every word Mr. Balfour said, as Sir Edward Grey agreed with every word of Lord Rosebery's, again commended his idea of an Imperial military staff, which might lead to the conception of an Imperial naval staff. But this idea is quite at variance with Mr. Balfour's, and is both unsound and chimerical. The land forces of the Colonies must, as Mr. Balfour agreed, be under local control. But unity of command in the home naval forces is essential. The attempt of the conscriptionists to pass a resolution in favor of universal military training for Great Britain and the Colonies was defeated, as the result of a very powerful and brilliant speech by Mr. Macdonald of Toronto.

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Sir Edward Grey's speech on Tuesday, while it curiously endorsed Lord Rosebery's and suggested that expenditure on armaments made the European weather "sultry," gave a moderate and reassuring definition of our foreign policy. The German Press ignores this side of his speech and quotes only the general cover he gives to Lord Rosebery's disturbing rhetoric. For the rest, Sir Edward Grey assigned three functions to the Press, the criticism of politicians, the moulding and forming of public opinion, and the publication of accurate news. He thought criticism should not be so sharp as "to raise a blister," a line which limits the critical power of journalists at a time when, as Mr. Birrell truly said, they are not independent enough. Colonial journalists should recognise that the Empire was governed by compromise, and that the Colonies were allies in its management with the privilege of the free speech which belonged to friends.

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The fourth day's Conference, quitting the subjects of communication and defence, passed to literature under Lord Morley's presidency, the three earlier Conferences having Lord Crewe, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Balfour as their chairmen. Lord Morley and Mr. Churchill, who followed, preached doctrine directly counter to Lord Rosebery's. Lord Morley asked his hearers to consider whether the Press, which he called "a great centre and fountain of public-hearted duty and moral force," and "the guide to an intellectual grasp of the facts of the world," was used on behalf of international peace. Mr. Churchill added eloquently that the best way in which to serve the large and general interests of the British Empire was to use "wise, good, and true words—words proclaiming the solidarity of Christendom and the interdependence of nations." He denied that the Powers should be considered as if they were cut-throats and assassins. They should rather be considered as brothers, pursuing a common road of moral advance.

Lord Morley spoke in a vein of irony and sympathy, quoting two sayings of Carlyle on journalism, one, that it was ditchwater, and the other, that it ruled the world through persuading it. He said finally that what the journalists often took for real was not half so real as the ideal—witness the fact that half-a-dozen lines of Burns had had more influence on public opinion than millions of leading articles. He deprecated editorial infallibility, smiled at Mr. Stead's choice of the word "Vatican" as a telegraphic address, and urged what he called the "two moderate virtues of simplicity and directness." Lord Morley asked the pertinent question whether the newspaper was the enemy or the friend of the book, and whether it weakened the habit of continuous thought. Finally, Lord Milner, rejecting Lord Rosebery's view as to the "rebarbarisation of Europe," declared that the organisation of national armies made for peace.

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Meanwhile, newspaper sensationalism has found a swift Nemesis during the week. The cables from Australia and New Zealand make it clear that Mr. Deakin's *volte face* on the question of "Dreadnoughts" had failed. The "Times" correspondent says that his offer is generally regarded as a sop to his old opponent in the coalition, and quotes the "Adelaide Register," that if his policy were made an election test he would be in a "hopeless minority." He also thinks that a "Dreadnought" election would give the late Labor Ministry a majority, and clearly suggests that the whole movement was an error and a failure. The "Daily Mail's" Christchurch correspondent suggests a similar conclusion to the New Zealand offer. The general impression now seems to be that New Zealand's gift will take the form of an increased annual subsidy to the British Navy. Speaking of the voluntary movement in New South Wales, the "Times" correspondent says that although Australia is as keen as ever to help the Mother Country, "if ever there was a fiasco this is one." Meanwhile the Government have properly referred Mr. Deakin's offer of "an Australian 'Dreadnought'" to the Imperial Conference.

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On Thursday the Kaiser and the Tsar are to meet on Finnish waters. The usual and unedifying dispute has been in progress as to which party took the initiative in arranging the meeting, and there is a good deal of dispute as to its significance. M. Isvolsky will be with the Tsar, and the German Foreign Secretary and the Ambassador to St. Petersburg with the Kaiser; Prince Bülow will be too busy in the Reichstag. The semi-official German papers deny that anything is on foot against the Triple *entente*. "No change in the broad lines of European policy" is contemplated, but only the securing of good relations between Russia and Germany. On the other hand, the "Times" correspondent in St. Petersburg is very nervous. The Russian reactionaries, he reports, are rejoicing in the prospect of a complete reconciliation with Germany at the expense of the Anglo-Russian understanding. He notes that the "Novoe Vremya" has begun to attack the Convention so far as it affects Persia, and that the policy of permanent occupation of Persia is gaining heavily. There is no doubt that the reactionary party which is now uppermost in Russia, and has M. Stolypin in the hollow of its hand, is opposed to the Anglo-Russian agreement, or at least to an anti-German policy, and it would be curious irony if Sir Edward Grey, after making such heavy sacrifices, were to discover that they had brought him nothing.

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The South African Parliaments have approved the revised draft of the Constitution, and appointed dele-

gates to carry it to London. The Cape delegates include Mr. Hofmeyr, the Bond leader. They are authorised to accept amendments not affecting the principles of the draft, and apparently the Imperial Government has given assurances that no serious amendment will be made in the Imperial Parliament. The natives, however, are dispatching representatives to England, and hope to get Mr. Schreiner to plead their cause. In Natal a referendum on the Constitution was taken on Thursday, but the result is not yet out. It is believed that the Unionists will win by a handsome majority. The Closer Union Societies and the attitude of the other colonies are believed to have weightily affected Natal opinion. The opponents of Union consist of the anti-Dutch section, and the old politicians, who, having for years had absolute control over the resources of a colony and the lives of more than a million natives, hate the idea of losing such a heritage.

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The American Senate is making such progress with the task of screwing up the tariff that it hopes to vote the whole Bill by the 26th. On Monday it finished with the Cotton Schedule. This professes to maintain the Dingley rates, substituting specific for *ad valorem* duties. Senator La Follete, however, showed that the proposed rates are actually from 2 to 40 per cent. higher than the Dingley rates, and the only reply that Mr. Aldrich could offer was the amazing explanation that the rates he meant were the rates the framers of the Dingley tariff intended, not those actually levied as the tariff was interpreted by the Courts. Since, according to excellent authority, Americans are clothed from head to foot in cotton, this means a notable addition to their cost of living. The wool schedule is now under discussion, and the extreme standpatters are making great play with the Japanese peril: Japan apparently has four woollen factories. The German report on wages, which Mr. Aldrich called an "impertinence," has been published, and has helped still further to knock the bottom out of the Aldrich facts. So strong is public feeling in America at this grotesque revision of the tariff that Mr. Taft is credited with the intention of vetoing the Bill unless it is drastically amended.

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Mr. Mackarness has introduced a most moderate Bill assimilating the Indian procedure on deportations to the Irish Coercion Act of 1881. His measure proposes that British subjects arrested and deported must be charged with definite offences punishable by law, that the character of the charge should be stated on the warrant and a copy of it given to the person charged, and that a list of deported persons and a statement of the offences against them and the place where they are detained should be laid before Parliament. We cannot imagine what opposition or criticism a Liberal Government can offer to a proposal so fair and reasonable as this, especially after the suspicions of perjury and even of conspiracy which lie against the Indian police.

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The Cretan question does not advance to a solution. There appears to be some division amongst the Powers as to whether the international forces are really to be withdrawn by July 27th, and if they are withdrawn what is to take their place. There is a prospect that the Powers may decide to fix a *stationnaire* to guard the Turkish flag which flies in Suda Bay, the only remaining relic of Turkish sovereignty. But would such a situation be free from peril? It would no doubt prevent both the Turks and the Greeks from coming into Crete, but it could not prevent the Cretans from sending delegates to the Grèek Parliament. We cannot too often repeat that it is in Crete and not in Greece that the difficulty arises. The Greeks will not act, lacking, indeed, the power to do so. None the less the Cretans will keep on pressing their almost realised ideal of union with the Motherland, and it is unfair to the Young Turkish party to encourage them in the belief that they can stop such a movement.

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China has withdrawn her request for the submission to the Hague Tribunal of her dispute with Japan, and has undertaken to try once more the possibility of a direct agreement with Japan. China appears to have settled her differences with Russia, but so far there has been no progress towards a settlement with Japan, though in this case the issues are still more important, including the building of the Fakumenn railway and the title to a huge tract of territory. It is curious that the announcement of China's decision followed hot upon a long telegram to the "Times" from Tokio, giving a very unconvincing exposition of the Japanese case, and a leader making a strong attack upon China. The "Times" has sent its foreign editor, Mr. Chirol, on a special mission to the Far East, and it looks as though our Foreign Office was making a vigorous effort to tighten up the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

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The Board of Education has just issued a model syllabus of lessons on "Temperance" for the use of public elementary schools. At present instruction in this subject is given either by the school teachers or, when there are none on the staff who have the special knowledge for teaching of the kind, by agents of various societies and organisations whose services have been accepted by the local education authority. It is important in these circumstances that the lessons given should be of the same type throughout the country, and that they should set a high standard of accuracy in stating facts, and caution in drawing inferences. The syllabus now issued will do much to attain both these objects, and we are glad to see that England is coming into line with French and Belgian opinion as to the importance of early, insistent teaching upon this subject.

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Our Paris correspondent writes:—"The late M. Chauchard, whose funeral arrangements and testamentary dispositions have filled the newspapers for the last few days, was a magnificent snob of a type much less interesting and attractive than "the great Mel," who died in debt, whereas M. Chauchard left behind him several millions sterling. Like many other men who have risen to great fortunes from humble beginnings, M. Chauchard had an immense admiration for himself. His ambition was to become a "grand croix" of the Legion of Honor, and he attained to that distinction two years ago, in consideration of a promise to bequeath his collection of pictures to the Louvre—a promise which has been kept. But it is the ostentation of the funeral arrangements that have excited Parisian resentment. M. Chauchard himself had apparently arranged for a Louis XV. funeral, with all the attendants in the costume of the period, and carriages to match. His executors have found it possible somewhat to modify the too exuberant plans of the deceased, but, even as it is, we read of a coffin costing £1,200, of a cloth-of-gold shroud and similar accessories, and the funeral will cost from first to last several thousand pounds. Such ostentation is uncommon in France, and Parisian feeling on the subject is very strong."

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE COLONIES AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

We shall not be accused of indifference to the charms of Lord Rosebery's oratory if we say that, in our view, he was not well chosen as the first and foremost spokesman of this country to the Imperial Press. A far more fitting selection would have been the Prime Minister, or some man who exercises, or is likely to exercise, responsibility for Imperial policy. Lord Rosebery belongs to neither category of public men. If, indeed, it be the object of the Conference to send our guests away from these shores flattered, feasted—and forgotten, no better instrument could be chosen for the purpose than a Grand Toastmaster of the Empire, whose delicately mixed compliments may serve as an agreeable digestive for the more substantial pleasures of the banquet. But if we mean to tell the Imperial journalists where our true lines of policy reside, and what are the special features of our civilisation which we think worthy their note and comment, the proper means for such a communication are the people who work for the Empire, and not those who merely talk about it. It is doubtful whether, even in the region of after-dinner speech, the representatives of Colonial democracy are likely to be attracted to the Motherland by Lord Rosebery's vision of her Church and her squirearchy lingering out their days together in picturesque decay. But we, who know Lord Rosebery better than our visitors, recognise these familiar incarnations of the patriotic spirit, and take our accustomed discount from his jibes at a Budget which is mostly ancient history for Australian politicians, and his pathetic side-sketch of the sufferings of the House of Lords at the hands of a Liberal Government and House of Commons. We are more concerned to suggest that the picture of the European situation, so far as it concerns our foreign policy, which he has drawn for our kinsfolk, is a perversion of the truth. It is no fault of a Liberal critic that Lord Rosebery's speeches so continually present the alternative of treating them as having no meaning or a bad meaning, but on this matter there can be no question that his words misrepresent the facts and encourage a serious error in Anglo-Colonial relationships.

Lord Rosebery's precise object cannot be ascertained, for, as we have said, he has no practical relationship with any party in the land. But the effect of his speech is to declare that this country is in a state of imminent peril, and that it is the business of the Colonies to come to its rescue. There is a measure of truth in Lord Rosebery's criticism of world-politics, as in all highly colored pictures of life. There *is* a kind of "silent war" among the civilised nations, or, as we preferred to call it last week, a "war of steel and gold," in place of an actual conflict of blood and iron, a confrontation in which we are bound to add that the two protagonists are Prince Bülow and Sir Edward Grey. But it is a very different matter for Lord Rosebery to proceed to ask the Colonial journalists to remember the "deplorable way" in which "pressure is being put upon this little island to defend its liberties —and yours." There is hardly a note in this utterance which is not false. No serious pressure is being put upon this "little island." The strength of its Navy to-day is from three to four times the strength of any rival Power, and if a new measurement of naval force has been set up, and a fresh era of ship-building on the most costly scale inaugurated, these movements are entirely due to our initiative, and to the high estimate which our Admiralty placed on the fighting value of "Dreadnoughts." Germany does not stand alone in this action; the latest Power to associate herself with it is our own friend, the French Republic, and at this moment we alone possess a sea-going fleet of these formidable vessels. Three years hence, in the year which is usually cited as the year of peril between us and Germany, we can possess, on a moderate computation, a strength approaching two to one in "Dreadnoughts" alone, and a strength of much more than two to one in the entire force of the fleet. We cannot describe such a situation, even in Mr. Balfour's more moderate language, as matter for "anxiety." Still less does it furnish a reason for "panic." If New Zealand and Australia offered us "Dreadnoughts" in the belief of imminent danger to the Mother Country, they were grossly deceived, and it is only fair to the people of these communities to assure them that no such danger exists. If they desire their offer to be in relief of the excessive burdens of our poorer taxpayers, let us accept it with gratitude. But it would be simple dishonesty to affect the existence of any such actual or proximate national menace from any Power or combination of Powers as Lord Rosebery pretends to discern. There resides an absolute capacity in these islands to meet any rivalry which Germany can offer to the supremacy of the British Fleet. No British statesman will dare to make a counter proposition; and so far as the actual facts known to our statesmen and the Admiralty are concerned, the language used at the White City is a rhetorical deception.

This, we take it, is the bad meaning of Lord Rosebery's speech; but what is to be said of its no meaning? It seems to us that Sir Edward Grey exceeds the usual courtesies of friendship, and forgets the responsibilities of his high position, when he expresses his entire agreement with such an utterance. With what does he agree? With the summons to the young, peaceful democracies of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—their escutcheons still unstained with war—to rush into the "vortex of militarism," from which all their wiser heads would withdraw them? With Lord Rosebery's insistence on the superficially discouraging features of European civilisation, and his neglect of the beneficent processes which, as the fruit of a long peace, make life a good deal better worth living for the average peasant and workman of Central and Western Europe than it was thirty, fifty, or a hundred years ago? With the eccentric and unmeaning proposition that while Europe is in a state in which the workmen may reasonably say, "We will have no more of this madness, this foolery which is grinding us

to powder," "we"—*i.e.*, the directing classes of this country—are to encourage and aggravate this state of madness "as long as we have a shilling to spend on" "Dreadnoughts" "or a man to put into them"? One would have thought that Lord Rosebery's first impulse would be to warn the Colonies against any material or moral contribution to this European insanity. No world-crisis exists calling for such a contribution, and, if it came, it could only rank as a proof of impulsive daughterly affection. Already it is clear that the deliberate misrepresentation last March of the truth about the naval situation is bearing its inevitable fruit. The "Times" correspondent in Australia, in a series of most impressive messages, insists that no Australian politician of the first or second rank is "*willingly* a Dreadnoughtist"; that State Premiers have been "dragged" into the movement; that the collection of private contributions has proved "a fiasco"; that the "Dreadnought" will be given grudgingly, if given at all; and that an electoral appeal for a national endorsement of the gift will be a failure. Equally significant is the news from New Zealand, where even the "Daily Mail" is forced to report that the offer of a "Dreadnought" will probably give place to "some more businesslike proposal."

For what does the whole matter of Imperial defence amount to? Mr. Balfour spoke the serious truth about it, though he wrapped his meaning up in phrases the exact purport of which may escape the ears of our visitors. Should a naval war arise in which this country and a rival European Power were concerned, we should fight it as if the Colonies had no geographical existence. Our forces would act in one mass. The business of this undivided fleet would be to seek out and either destroy or contain the opposing fleet. When that object was fully attained, the war would be at an end, and the Colonies would be safe from molestation. Should it fail, no diversion of any portion of our fleet from its main objective could be of value. If the Colonies, aware of this simple strategic truth, and of the fact that the supremacy of the British fleet in European waters is their sufficient safeguard from serious attack, choose also to maintain independent flotillas of their own, we shall do well to respect their wishes. Such forces, we hope, will never attain serious rivalry with the American or the Japanese fleets, the two armaments which Canada and Australia may be supposed to have faintly in view. If they did, they would add, not to our statesmen's repose, but to their perturbations. In the long run, the key of Imperial defence is here, in Europe, and the Colonies will be well advised to remember that so long as Australian or Canadian vessels carry, as one of their representatives well said, "not guns, but only a flag," and so long as the present disposition of naval force in Europe remains, neither they nor we have anything to fear.

## THE TSAR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

For the first time since the struggle between monarch and people assumed tragic and national proportions, the Tsar of Russia is about to visit the British Court. It will be a fleeting appearance. Sir Edward Grey has declined to say in precise terms whether it is to be regarded as "public" or "private." Privacy, where two monarchs are concerned, is an ideal that is achieved with difficulty. Some use there will certainly be of the conventional salutes and ceremonials which seek to express a national welcome. The Press will not keep silence, either here or on the Continent, and, however much the mass of the public may wish to regard the coming of Nicholas II. as an event which concerns the Court alone, the fact remains that our flag, our guns, our sailors, and our ships will have played their part in honoring King Edward's visitor. Kings can no more drop their public character at will than Hans Andersen's Emperor could with impunity discard his clothes. In what precise degree the Government as well as the King will be the Tsar's host we do not yet know.

The character of Nicholas II. was for some years an enigma to Europe. The world with difficulty ceased to think of him as the apostle of peace who had created the institutions of the Hague. It knew him to be vacillating, of mediocre talents, and without physical courage or the gift of leadership. Yet somewhere in the man there must lurk a certain unbalanced idealism. There is an idealism of the Right, as well as of the Left, and Nicholas II., so far as he has a mind of his own, reflects the teachings of Pobiedonostseff. He is not merely conservative and authoritarian. He stands for the passionate "true-Russian" mystical reaction. He clings to a Church which has never abandoned the legal right to persecute. He venerates as his ideal of Christianity Father John of Cronstadt, the miracle-worker, half-prophet, half-charlatan, and wholly fanatic, who used to pray in public for the death of Tolstoy. He collects around him the exponents of every phase of superstition, from the weather-prophets to the spirit-rappers. He believes that he is in person the viceroy of God, and, through his hesitations and his broken promises, that assurance of divine irresponsibility inflates and sustains him. Among the oldest and the wisest of his people he walks the anointed of God, and those are his favored advisers who flatter his conviction that he is the Providence of Russia. Whether he is himself personally indifferent to human suffering we do not know. That has commonly been the character of men imbued with this Idealism of the Right. To Pobiedonostseff as to Loyola the miseries of the heretic and the rebel were a trivial incident in the realisation of the sublime purposes of faith. But inevitably a man standing, as the Tsar stands, many centuries behind the race he rules, in culture and ideals, has been forced to surround himself with creatures below the average level of his age. He fell under the ascendancy of the astute financial speculators who induced the royal family to embark in the golden adventure of the Yalu timber concession, and there resulted the Japanese war. Seeking for support in the internal crisis, he found the unflinching medieval loyalty which he desired only in the leaders of the Black Hundreds, in whom it would be difficult to say whether it is the fanatic or the criminal that predominates. Developing, as the crisis proceeded, a passionate anxiety for his own

safety, he came to confide the liberties of his subjects to a succession of police officials, trained in a school which uses torture and the *agent provocateur*. Whoever may be for the moment the Minister of the day, it is the manipulators of this police terrorism, who are, thanks to the permanence of martial law, the real rulers of Russia, and the absolute masters of the liberties of its citizens. Russia has become, so far as its educated class is concerned, the most progressive, the most advanced, and the most humane of European lands. It retains none the less a governing machine which the modern imagination can with difficulty conceive. Peter the Great used on occasion to behead political prisoners with his own hands in the great square of Moscow. A few weeks ago the Senate decided by a large majority, that under the state of martial law which in one form or another is nearly everywhere prevalent, a provincial governor-general has the right to order the execution of Russian citizens untried.

A survey of the present condition of Russia seems indeed to carry us beyond all the canons of probability and sanity. One frames the picture of a society, singularly sensitive and thoughtful, whose governors would have it race backwards, under a *régime* of coercion, into barbarism. But the official figures and avowals are on record. Tolstoy's unforgettable protest against the wholesale executions by court-martial has gone unheeded, and the number of the men and women, the lads and the girls, executed after a form of military trial in time of peace exceeds in three years a total of two thousand. The prisons of the Empire, built to hold as a maximum some 90,000 persons, now house over 180,000. Overcrowding has brought with it disease, and month by month epidemics of scurvy, cholera, typhoid, and typhus march from one gaol to another. Figures laid before the Duma show that in some of these prisons one-fourth of the prisoners are sometimes at one time stricken with fever. The sick and the whole, the criminals and the politicals, lie in these filthy buildings together, without medical care or nursing. Even from the limbs of men suffering from scurvy or typhus the fetters are not removed, until death comes to their release. There is evidence, too, that in most, if not all, of these prisons the police and the warders habitually beat the prisoners, and do not spare even the sick. These are not random assertions. They are based on documents laid before the Duma, and adopted by the Duma as a whole in the form of an accepted interpellation. It was for long doubtful what were the exact numbers of the persons sent to Siberia and to the sub-arctic zone of Northern Russia by that arbitrary police process known as "administrative exile." It is now officially stated that the total is at present 74,000. So much is generally conceded, and to deepen the colors of the sombre picture we need not explore the evidently authentic and truthful evidence which Prince Kropotkin has collected to show that, in addition to all these official methods of terrorism, torture is also practised, or has quite recently been practised, in certain prisons. When we ask what is the justification for all this cruelty, the answer is even harder to frame. There are now no concerted revolutionary movement, no military mutinies, no general strikes, no organised terrorism. The crimes of violence, the occasional murders of policemen, the agrarian outrages and the acts of brigandage are the natural but spasmodic protests of individuals, ground down by this lawless despotism, ruined by continual famines and the ruthless collection of taxes, and taught by the Government itself to despair of order and to despise the sanctity of human life.

We should be sorry to minimise unduly the responsibility of M. Stolypin and the nominal Government of Russia for these excesses. Of him and of the Octobrist majority in the Duma it must be recorded that they are weak enough and callous enough to allow them to continue. The Russian landowners and the official caste are fighting for their agrarian privileges and their arbitrary power. There is a class struggle as well as a Constitutional struggle. But for the character which it has assumed the responsibility belongs to the Tsar. He has not sought to evade it. His public patronage of the League of True Russian Men, popularly known as the Black Hundreds, stamps him as the crowned leader of the reaction. He accepted its badge and received its leaders in audience, while it was urging him to destroy the Constitution root and branch. He encouraged it by public speeches while it was openly organising the massacre of Jews. A few weeks ago he once more made a public donation to its funds at a moment when its President stood accused (but immune from arrest) before the Finnish Courts, on the charge of compassing the murder of one Liberal deputy, M. Hertzenstein, and planning that of another, M. Miliukoff. For all the activities of the Black Hundreds, for their assassinations and their massacres, the moral responsibility of Nicholas II. is as clear as was that of Abdul Hamid for the slaughter of the Armenians and the persecution of the Young Turks. To regard this patron of the anti-constitutional movement as a constitutional sovereign is a make-believe. To affect to salute in the person of a Tsar at war with his own people, the head of the friendly Russian nation, is a pedantry. To treat a man who has consorted with the organisers of massacre as a civilised ruler is treason to civilisation. A welcome offered to him is a misprint in the history of Liberalism, and an infidelity to the cause of freedom.

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## THE PRINCIPLES OF THE BUDGET.

THERE are two principles of finance now before the public. The first is to lay the burden which the increase of public expenditure has entailed on the food, the necessaries, and the comforts of the masses—for of all such taxation the masses pay the greater share—and on the materials, appliances, and processes of industry and commerce. That proposal is the inspiriting cry with which the Opposition will go to the country, though it seems that they think it prudent to withhold it when they discuss the Budget in the House of Commons. The second principle is to draw the necessary revenue from the surplus wealth of certain classes—that is to say, from wealth which is not earned by proportional exertion on the part of those to whom it falls, and which exceeds

in amount the limit desirable for human enjoyment and social salubrity. The difficulty in so complex a series of proposals as those of the present Budget is to drive home to the public mind the broad difference of principle. In this Mr. Lloyd George has been greatly helped by the debate on the second reading of the Finance Bill, by the wail of wealth, and not least by the dialectics of Mr. Harold Cox. Mr. Cox, continuously cheered by guileless squires and inarticulate capitalists, devotes his whole argument to deducing conclusions which those squires and capitalists may one day rue. It is not for us to reject his contention that the principle of taxing unearned income has a far wider scope than the finance of the present Budget. It is not for us to deny that the whole site value of land is in strictness "unearned." Indeed, we may have to remind Mr. Cox and those who innocently cheer him of some of these contentions when the question of the separate rating of site values for local purposes comes up for discussion. We admit that the principles of the Budget are far-reaching. What Mr. Cox proves to demonstration is that those principles have been applied with the utmost moderation and restraint. This, again, we are not concerned to deny. We agree that from one point of view all site value might fairly have been increased. But we have also to bear in mind that landed property is always freely changing hands, and that accordingly, though site value may in itself be "unearned," it may have been acquired by the expenditure of hard-earned cash by its present proprietor. It is therefore the desire of the Government and of the entire Liberal party to deal with this and every other form of property with an equitable consideration for the owners' expectations. They wish to vindicate public rights, but to reduce to a minimum the cases of hardship to individuals.

Similarly, when Mr. Cox points to an element of unearned increment in the swollen fees of a fashionable physician or of a popular writer he is only putting in a crude and popular form a truth which it has been generally left to Socialists to expound, but which has recently been subjected to a new and fruitful analysis by Mr. J. A. Hobson. It is perfectly true, and it is a most important point, that there are elements of "social value" in almost every form of wealth. What a man possesses and even what he earns is in truth the product not of his own brain or his own right arm alone, but rather of a kind of partnership between him and society. Hitherto, this dual character of wealth has generally escaped recognition, but, as Mr. Hobson has shown, it is destined to be the basis of democratic finance, and Mr. Cox is doing an unwitting service at once in popularising the conception and in showing how very modest are the tentative applications made of it by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The truth is, of course, that the problem of distinguishing "social value" from wealth really due to individual effort is in most cases one of extraordinary delicacy and difficulty, and it is not till these difficulties are surmounted that the principle can be practically applied in the way which Mr. Cox demands. To take, for instance, Mr. Cox's case of a physician's fees, we know of no analysis which can tell us accurately in each case what portion of them is to be regarded as the necessary reward of effort, and what is to be regarded as "surplus." But in the case of land we can by means of present valuations make this analysis, and that is why we propose to apply the principle to land to begin with. As to the physician, all we can say is that, where the income is very large, there it is exceedingly probable that the social factor plays a part, and that is precisely why we balance our land tax with a super-tax on all large incomes. We are, that is to say, applying the same principle with that degree of accuracy of which our present knowledge allows.

Incapable of defeating the Budget by argument in the House of Commons, the Protectionists who see their whole cause imperilled by the revelation of the resources of democratic finance, are beginning to threaten us with the power of the House of Lords. We trust that these threats will not dispose any Liberal members to listen to counsels of timidity. The paramount power of the House of Commons in finance has been asserted over and over again from 1678 onwards. The right of amendment has been definitely refused, and the controversy of 1860-61 substantially settled the right of rejection, though that controversy was in itself merely the last of a long chain of constitutional facts of irrefragible strength. In the former of those years the Lords rejected Mr. Gladstone's Bill for the Repeal of the Paper duty. The situation was dealt with in two stages. In the first place the House of Commons passed three resolutions affirming "that the right of granting aids and supplies to the Crown is in the Commons alone," rehearsing the fact that the power of the Lords to reject financial Bills was "justly regarded with peculiar jealousy," and, thirdly, reminding the Lords that, to guard against undue interference in the future "this House has in its own hands the power so to impose and remit taxes, and to frame Bills of supply, that the right of the Commons as to the matter, manner, measure, and time may be maintained inviolate." The meaning of this resolution was that any specific proposal to which the Lords objected could be included in the general Budget of the year, which the Lords could not amend. This was, in fact, done in the following year, and it constituted the second and more effectual reply to the Lords. It was clearly understood, though defiant language was avoided, that in sending up the Finance Bill as an undivided whole the powers of the Lords were reduced in fact to a mere form. They could not throw out the Bill without bringing the government of the country to a standstill. All the new taxes are imposed by resolutions of the House of Commons without strict legal authority. They are already being collected in the faith of the legal authorisation presently to be given by the Finance Bill, a form of procedure involving considerable economies to the country, and dependent wholly on the unimpeachable security enjoyed by all revenue officers that the financial resolutions adopted by the House of Commons will eventually become law. The Lords submitted, in fact, because they could not veto the Finance Bill without throwing the machinery of government out of gear. Were they in these days to attempt another course, they would not only be the cause of great confusion and disorder in the immediate present, but would be setting in

motion a revolution of which no man could foresee the end. To go no further than the first step, it would be the immediate duty of Ministers to advise the King in the use of his one constitutional prerogative whereby the resistance of the peers can in orderly fashion be overcome. These we take to be sufficiently obvious reflections, which have presumably escaped the notice of Conservative writers who imagine that they can frighten Liberal members by threats of an aristocratic revolution.

## A FREE PRESS FOR THE EMPIRE.

It is a pity that so many of the politicians who spoke at the Imperial Press Conference sought to "improve the opportunity" by enlarging upon problems of defence when, as Mr. Birrell showed, issues far more vital and more relevant to the occasion claimed discussion. "It is not so easy," remarked Sir E. Grey, "for politicians to tell the truth about the Press, because the Press is the only medium through which the truth can be told." If this is so, how much more difficult it must be for the Press to tell the truth about the Press. Yet this is surely the prime object of such a conference, and, making due allowance for the rhetorical platitudes proper to the occasion it may be admitted that a fair number of really critical questions were raised. What may be termed the distinctively Imperialistic function of our Press as a bond of union in thought and feeling between the parts of our Empire, important though it is, was over-rated by some of the speakers. Though upon non-controversial matters of interest, such as sport and sensational events, the best Colonial papers keep their readers in touch with the news of the Mother Country, it cannot be claimed that the current of politics or of any other deeper movement of our national life is sure of faithful rendering in the Colonies. Nor is there any serious attempt in this country to state and interpret continuously and intelligibly the more important currents of Colonial life. How far this failure reflects upon the Press, how far upon the public—in other words, how far it is a defect of supply, how far of demand—is a question which dives into the deeper issue of the functions of the modern Press.

Here it is necessary to separate the function of news from that of criticism. It is probably becoming truer every year, with the spread of education, that the indirect influence of the Press in forming public opinion through the selection and presentation of news is more important than the direct influence through commentary and criticism. Reliable statements of fact must more and more constitute the virtue of a good newspaper. We look, therefore, with considerable distrust to the ideal which Lord Rosebery held out of a Press engaged in the conscious moulding of an Imperial sentiment by which "the whole opinion and the thought of the Empire, which should circulate like blood through the body politic, should, like blood, chiefly circulate from the heart." We hope, indeed, that Sir H. Graham is justified in thinking that "people are more apt to believe what they see in a great British paper than in any other," because "they know as a rule you are not publishing inspired nonsense to help your Government, they feel sure that you are not the paid megaphones of financial buccaneers." But when we recollect how our British Press was "operated" just ten years ago for the manufacture of Jingoism by South African financiers and their political confederates, and how our Colonial Office at that time and since has consciously set itself to organise public feeling in Australia and Canada through control of the cables, we cannot feel full confidence that we shall always escape the poison of a "kept" press.

For though deliberate manipulation of news may be comparatively rare, the selection, rejection, and doctoring of news by the prepossessions of the man at one end of the wire or at the other is, as Lord Crewe well recognised, a very serious interference with the truth-telling of the modern Press. How to combine the qualifications of news, that it be quick, interesting, and accurate, is, indeed, the rub. For though it may be the business of a Foreign Secretary, as we were told, "to deal with general subjects and generally to be rather vague in doing so," the business of a Press is to be concrete and perfectly explicit, and the cablegram, with its terse, bare, dogmatic statements, imposed simultaneously upon millions of minds, has become the central source of power in the modern newspaper. The unchecked and irresponsible origin of this species of news is a peril which brings up for serious consideration the question of the reality of the freedom of the Press. We are in the habit of speaking of this freedom as already won, much as we assume that "slavery" in substance as in name has been banished from our Empire. But Lord Cromer's ill-judged and provocative words upon "the vernacular Press," serve to remind us that even the primary right of free publication is withheld over a great portion of our Empire.

A Press, however, whose true freedom is expressed in telling truth and in helping, through public opinion, to "form character," must not merely have liberty to print what it chooses. That choice itself must be free from the pressure and direction of party, class, or business interest. Now the danger of our time is that of a falsification of news by the pressure of business interests or by the mere commercial allurements of "good copy." It requires more courage and more professional integrity than survives in many newspapers to resist the subtly moulding influences of the great advertising interests or to refuse that coloring and emphasis of sensational news which makes for a gigantic circulation. Where the naked play of business pressure can find concealment under the cloak of patriotism or philanthropy, many even among the more self-respecting organs of the Press may be misled into aiding and abetting falsehood. The whole Protectionist campaign in the Press of this and other countries is a notorious example of this abuse. Not less striking is the stimulation of expenditure on armaments or of public loans which officials and politicians connected with manufacturing and financial firms unite in urging upon Governments. How, in the face of such well-known operations, is it possible for us confidently to accede to Sir E. Grey's assertion that "The great facts are not misrepresented, and cannot be

misrepresented"? Why, the very instance he chose to illustrate his point appears to us a most convincing refutation: "Take the question of the expenditure on arms. When we expressed our view on that subject the other day, there came a response which admitted of no mistake—a response from the other parts of the Empire which made us feel that the Empire beat with one heart." Although the Press cannot be saddled with the responsibility of first uttering the gravest of recent "misrepresentations," the facile instrumentality it affords for driving the falsehood through the veins of the whole Empire may be cited as a very serious defect in the nature of our modern Press. Until it can be made profitable for a newspaper to give sifted truth and unbiased opinion instead of "what our readers and our advertisers like," the liberty of the Press still remains a maimed and incomplete attainment.

## Life and Letters.

### THE PERSIAN QUAKERS.

To redress the balance of the New World the East calls in an Old, which is a spiritual. While the civilised Western nations are clutching at rocks and sands, while they slaughter each other for plots of minerals that are not tomb enough to hide the slain, while they parcel out the mortal habitations of Asia into spheres, concessions, and dominions, the East escapes to regions of the spirit where no frontiers can be drawn, where riches involve no poverty, and all the hosts of the conquerors would be welcomed with a smile, if only they would come.

Those thundering legions, those triumphal pomps leading their show of spoils and captives, those engines of destruction and rapid carriages, regulations of Empire and fussy laws, wealth of factories, and comfort of heaven-piercing hotels—to the East they have been but transitory visions and hardly tangible toys. As though by the ladder on which angels of God were seen ascending and descending, the East has from age to age attained to a height of contemplation and a purity of conduct that give the look of cockpits and pigsties to our records of Napoleonic campaigns and our luxurious inventions. The strangest thing of all is that from age to age the West goes on declaring that Orientals are perfectly right—that earth yields nothing to compare to the knowledge of eternal truths, and that it profits a man nothing if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. And yet, accepting the thought of the East and jealously vindicating it as peculiarly her own, the West, with astonishing humility, continues her natural course of domination, aggrandisement, and material progress.

To be sure, there are signs of approaching change. The West itself is throwing off the spell of Oriental thought, returning, under the influence of Anglo-German ideals, to its own brute theories of self-assertion and corporeal happiness. And it seems that the East, which has so long led her rough conqueror captive, is herself to be conquered at last by a despairing acceptance of Western views of life. Possibly we may all live to regret the change as it comes, for that ladder by which the angels of God ascended and descended may be cut away to clear the ground, and, without his ladder, Jacob was not much of a man. But before the unsubstantial vision is lost for ever, nature has ordained for us a brief and final instance, as though at a glance to reveal the meaning of that difference on which the course of man's history has turned for at least three thousand years.

As once in Macedonian days, the old destiny of the East is again typified in Persia. Here are the legions, thundering as of old; or, at least, there is about one legion at Tabriz and on the road to Teheran, and the thunder of half a legion would now be quite enough to overcome the land of him whose name is saluted as "Monarch of Armies Countless as the Stars." The stars, though countless, are, unhappily, distant, and few can calculate their influence on human affairs. But here on the roads, ready to strike at the double heart of the race, stands that grim, brown-coated legion with bayonets fixed. Skirting a long frontier, runs a railway to Samarcand, ready to pour many other grim, brown-coated legions into the gardens of Khorassan, and far away, in the deserts and salt plains of the south, another master of legions claims a dominating influence and the gates of the sea. From one end of the land and from the other, the claws of civilisation are making ready to lay their grip upon the next great market of the world; and, helpless as mice on a bare floor, between the two stand some eight or ten millions of polite, gentle, and artistic people, well disposed to all mankind, and desirous neither to kill nor die.

Browning tells of an Imperious Tyrant who, of the million or two he ruled and possessed, hated one man most. He was a man whom, through his very weakness and insignificance, it was impossible to strike and overcome. Blows, tortures, and pleasures had no effect on his indifference to the Tyrant's power. So, says the Tyrant:—

> "So, I soberly laid my last plan
> To extinguish the man,
> Round his creep-hole, with never a break
> Ran my fires for his sake;
> Overhead, did my thunder combine
> With my under-ground mine;
> Till I looked from my labor content,
> To enjoy the event."

We know how it ended—how, from the midst of these entanglements, the man stood erect and "caught at God's skirts"; whereon the Tyrant was himself afraid. To catch at God's skirts has always been the Oriental manner of defence. It is thus that the East has escaped—has called in an Old World to redress the balance of the New—and so it is in Persia now.

It is only sixty years since the fresh appeal to the Spirit began. Through the writings of Prof. E. G. Browne and, no doubt, of other European scholars, a good deal has become gradually known of the Persian movement, sometimes called Babism and sometimes Bahaism, from the titles meaning "The Door," and "The Splendor of God," bestowed upon its first two originators. And now, under the latter name, Mr. Eric Hammond has published through Messrs. John Murray some extracts from the sacred writings of the Bahais, with an introduction of history and explanation. The founder, Mirza Ali Mohammed, called "The Bab," or Door, began to be known at Shiraz in mid-Persia, a short time before the year 1848 made European thrones so uneasy; and he met the fate of reformers two years later, being shot at Tabriz. But his doctrine was carried on by a youth of Teheran, who suffered exile to Bagdad, Adrianople, (whence, with holy simplicity, he appealed to the monarchs of Europe to declare peace on earth, and to the Pope to issue a Bull promulgating the essential unity of all religions) and finally to Acca (Acre) on the Syrian coast, at the foot of Carmel. This man, called the Baha 'u 'Ullah, or "Splendor of God," seems to have been the chief author of the movement's books, and when he died in 1892, his son, Abdul Baha, who is now a man of sixty-five, remained at Acca. So it comes about that Acca may be regarded as the centre of the belief, though its strength lies in its natural home of Persia, and among Persians it counts many adherents, some say a tenth, Mr. Eric Hammond says a third, of the population.

It is strange how the accounts of early religious movements or reformations read almost exactly the same. There is the same uncertainty of origin, the same vagueness about the early followers, the growth of their influence, and the meaning of their rites and teaching. We must apparently call Babism a reforming

tendency in Islam, much as Roman historians regarded Christianity as a variation on Judaism. But perhaps it would be a nearer parallel if we could imagine the Quakers developing directly from Catholicism. There is the same absence of priesthood and churches, the same insistence upon peace and brotherhood, the same doctrine of equality between men and women, rich and poor, and the same simple and temperate, but not outwardly ascetic, mode of life. The rules of conduct forbid distrust of men or unkindness to animals; they forbid drink, opium, and gambling; but they permit marriage, encourage the arts and sciences, and generally inculcate that gracious and cheerful blitheness which is supposed to have characterised the Early Christian community in the midst of cruel or despairing Imperial philosophies. For the discipline of life the Babis suppose the soul to pass through seven valleys, or stages upon her journey, and for each valley she requires a separate horse. Thus in the Valley of Search she rides the horse of patience (compare, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Him"); in the Valley of Love she rides the horse of pain—a familiar steed to lovers; and so on in the other Valleys of Knowledge, Unity, Contentment (where sings the nightingale of the heart), of Astonishment (in which there is something of ecstasy, or, perhaps, rather of Wordsworth's "Admiration") and the final Valley of Poverty or annihilation of self—the same Valley in which the Prophet himself cried "Poverty is my glory"—the same devotion of self as was the Babist martyr's of whom Prof. Browne tells that, when the executioner at the first blow only wounded his neck and knocked his turban off, he exclaimed:—

> "Oh, happy that intoxicated lover who, at the foot of his Beloved, knoweth not whether it be his head or his turban which he casteth."

Beyond these valleys of discipline and conduct there lies, it may well be, a region of divine contemplation; for, as the teacher says, "everything is mortal except the face of God." But into that region we cannot enter. "How," asks the Babist proverb, "how can a spider hunt the griffin of the Caucasus?" Perhaps for those who stand outside, the thing to notice most is the Babist teaching of the universal in religion. Whereas the sword of Islam purged the Infidel with destruction, the Babis accept the soul of divine truth in all religions, and to them "Intolerance is the one impossible word." The editor of this little book rightly compares a precept on one of the iron columns of Asoka, the early Buddhist Emperor in India:—"Remember that everywhere you will find some sort of faith and righteousness. See that you foster this, and do not destroy." That universality of acceptance, that ungrudging friendliness and charm in conduct, and the unambitious grace which can always pray, "Protect me from myself"—these principles appear to be the distinctions that mark the new revelation of the Spirit in the East, and they do not widely differ from previous forms which the Spirit has taken.

Europe and her Powers go thundering on their way—"rattling" on their way is perhaps the right word now—with their armaments, their inventions, their commerce, comforts, and Nietzsche philosophies of Supermen and the glory of clutching all one can. It seems most likely that Europe's next big grab will be to swallow Persia and call it virile. But in Persia what will be the fate of these new followers of the Spirit—those who seek peace and ensue it, who catch at the skirts of God, and account the present world nothing in comparison with the glory that is revealed?

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## SPENT FORCES.

Looking round the circle of human lives, so far as one's sight can compass it, one cannot but observe how many of these lives are without any spontaneous and native energy, and simply lie inert. And if one pauses to think, one is forced to reflect that here has been change, for it was not thus that the majority of them began. At the outset they were aggressive and restless, conscious of a "call," determined to work upon the outside world and upon circumstance rather than allow these things to work upon them, throbbing with positive and initiative force. They recognised themselves as energising factors in a progressive process—factors on which the process in a measure depended; and aggressive power welled up, as it were, spontaneously from within. They hardly had to call upon themselves: the tides of power rushed through them as if coming from a source beyond them, they being but the channels through which the tides were sent. Both in relation to themselves, to their own best interests, and in relation to the great causes of the world, they were forceful, daring, positive, direct, and purposeful in aim. Now all this is gone. They are only, so to say, like a hollow shell in which explosive energy used to reside—or, to change the figure, like those volcanoes, scattered here and there about the earth, whose fires are dead. They are the tombs of spent forces. Power issues spontaneously from them no more.

The tendency towards this extinction of positive energy besets us all. And what is meant—be it noted—is something distinct from a recognition of the limits of power, from an admission that for the great ideals after which we strove at first smaller aims must be substituted. That is inevitable, and may be really gain rather than loss. The enthusiasms of youth need to be rationalised, and, in order that they may better achieve the possible, they must learn where the region of the impossible begins. But what is alluded to is a more or less unreluctant acquiescence in things as they are—the loss of desire to act upon the existing condition—the feeling that initiative toward something better, either in ourselves or beyond ourselves, is not worth while. We fall into the condition of having not only little power in hand and brain, but little or no impulse in the heart. The eager, restless forces which used to clutch, as it were, from behind, at every faculty of our natures, as though, having swept into us from beyond, they were now striving to push their way out again through those faculties, and thus express themselves and realise their aims—forces which we felt to be in us, and yet not of us—these do not beat through us now. So far as we are concerned, they belong to a by-gone age. In us, at any rate, force is spent. We are content to let things go.

This dying of the first restlessness, of the first spontaneous energy, must at least be recognised as a loss. And it is necessary to say this, for some justify it, and even glory in it, as if it were the mark of wisdom and of a mature mind. All very well for the young and inexperienced man, it is said, to fling himself thus ardently against the barriers of the actual, to let an unrestrained idealism use him as its willing tool; but we know better! The mood of lassitude is taken as a proof that illusions have been outgrown, and that a true and sane outlook has been acquired; reason has taken its rightful place, and impulse has been dethroned; the spontaneous energies of the earlier period were but toys, to be put away with all the other childish things. Let it be understood that it is not the natural thing, in the strict sense, for this extinction of force to befall. Natural in one way, of course, it is—as starvation is natural if man will not take food, as the feeling of pain is natural if a man put his hand into the fire: it is natural in the sense that it comes about by itself if certain preventive conditions be not observed. But many things are natural in that sense which are not natural in the truer sense of being in harmony with the ordained order. A natural law produces them; but while the law is itself natural, it was never designed that these particular illustrations of its working should be given. And on any rational reading of the world and its purpose and its informing idea—on any interpretation of things which founds upon the conception of a world progressively realising an underlying plan (for the purposes of the argument, one need not even put it in a fashion whereby theism is more definitely implied)—it cannot be maintained that man, the last and highest product of the process which has gone before, is best fulfilling his call when he ceases to take any part in carrying the

process through further changes, and when he bids the formative forces, instead of travelling through and utilising him, take a route which passes him by.

Indeed, whatever may sometimes be said in order to excuse the exhaustion of the earlier impulses, we show in more ways than one that we hold their continuance, rather than their passing, to be the rightful thing. We speak in praise of the nature which preserves its spontaneous ardor; even though it make mistakes, we prefer it to the nature which in decorous passiveness drones placidly through the hours; and they who, though the snows of age whiten their heads, prove that the summer fires are still unquenched within, are held for the finest specimens of what manhood ought to be. Moreover, the fact that some, finding the native forces spent within them, substitute for them a sort of artificial self-coercion, may be taken as evidence that the dying of the soul's aggressive and spontaneous restlessness is looked upon as really a symptom of ill. It would perhaps be not unjust to call this an age of fads; and a searching analysis of things might show that many men and women who, with fidgetiness and fuss, devote themselves to the cult and the advocacy of fads are really moved by a not unworthy consciousness that in some way or other life ought to make its mark upon the surrounding realities, and not merely acquiesce in that which is. This is, of course, a very different thing from the hopeful and almost automatic movement of power which forms our text: it is scarcely more than a fidgety protest, a petulant spurt of rebellious mood. But such as it is, it indicates that conscience will not look upon the condition of "spent forces" as approved.

Can any word be said as to how they are to be revived? The mere contemplation of ideals is only a partial remedy—a real one, however, so far as it goes, since to see great aims clearly will at least stir something of ardor for their concrete realisation, though it may hardly get beyond the creation of an ineffectual, if passionate, desire. But what is needed is to bring back the idea of a great progressive movement in which we ourselves are instruments—instruments rather than initiators or makers—of a great sweep of power which pours itself into us, as into vessels whence it is to be drawn again for our own uses and those of the world. The definitely religious man will, of course, translate this into other language, and speak of himself as the instrument of God's will; but for the moment we set the thing at its lowest terms. It was said at the outset, in referring to the earlier condition of forceful energy, that those who were in that condition hardly had to call upon themselves: the tides of power rushed through them as if coming from a source beyond them, they being but the channels through which the tides were sent. It is this conception of things we need to recover for the mind, in order that it may become a reality of experience once more. For it is, as a matter of fact, if we enquire closely into it, through looking upon ourselves as the *source* of energy that energy has died. We have so frequently, in the time of early ardor, taken the great enterprises as being done, or to be done, *by* us rather than *through* us—which is to say that we have, in the very act of taking them so, detached ourselves from the inexhaustible spring of strength, and flung ourselves upon our own limited supply. We need now to reverse the process through which force has been worn out. We need not a mere optimism—not a mere conviction that there *is* an upward and onward movement of the world's history—but we need the idea of a progressive movement *in which we are instruments*, which must fulfil itself through all the faculties we possess. We need to conceive ourselves as being but the eyes and hands and feet, if it may be so put, of a power not our own.

Is it objected that this is a mere idea of the mind, and cannot therefore bring a real revival of power? It is certainly as an idea of the mind that it must first of all come. But then the idea, once accepted, involves immediately an attitude and adjustment of nature—such an attitude and adjustment as will allow the tide of eternal force to sweep through. And so the conception of the mind becomes, as was said, a reality of experience; and so the conception justifies itself, proves itself valid and true. The paradox of the whole thing, indeed, is this—that life recovers positiveness, initiative, force, when it realises that, in itself, it has no positiveness or initiative or force, and is content to be only the halting-place at which these things call to make themselves visible as they pass from the eternal into time.

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## A TROUT POOL IN HAMPSHIRE.

At luncheon near Aldershot the other day a friend remarked to the writer that he and his wife had to hurry off for a few hours' fishing. Would I go with them? It was a very fine pool they were to try. His leave included her and himself only, and thus I should have to be merely an onlooker; but I should find the motor car journey to the stream agreeable. O yes; I would go; gladly. Gladly I went, too; but when we reached the pool, which is on the Wey, and a mill-dam rather than a work of Nature, gladness was smothered by suspicion. This, I felt, must be a practical joke. Along the shallower side of the water, which lies by the high road, a horse and cart were splashing. A pair of swans and many ducks were scuttling about on the other side and in the middle. A girl was throwing stones into the pool, and coaxing her dog, a retriever, to enter and wash himself.

Besides, even if the water were undisturbed, who could expect to find in such a place trout large enough to be worth taking? The area of the pool was considerable, about an acre; but the depth was small, apparently not more on the average than a foot and a half. From the place at which the car stopped one could see to the bottom of the water all the way to the other side.

It is much deeper, however, on the down side, which has a long embankment; and the depth there, gradually lessening, extends for a good many yards outwards. Here, by the side of the overflow, my friends were putting up their rods while I was still marvelling in unbelief.

Lo! each of them had a fish on at or about the first cast! From the vigor with which the fish were fighting, it was evident that they were trout of no mean weights. One of them turned out to be just over, and the other just under 1 lb. Both were carefully unhooked and put back into the water. When I expressed astonishment at this, my friends explained that they had been bidden to take no more than six trout; that the pool held very large fish, fish of 5 lbs., or even more; and that, of course, as they would catch many and were allowed to keep so few, they could not think of basketing any which were under 3 lbs!

My friends were not talking lightly. They were quite in earnest. I was greatly astonished. Had I chanced upon some remnant of the land of Lilliput? Then an account by Mr. Froude of a day's fishing in Hampshire wandered into memory. The stream to which the historian had been taken was so choked with weeds that, at first sight of it, he thought he was being fooled; but at the end of the day his basket had been extraordinarily heavy. It was clear, I began to perceive, that the waters of this picturesque county had very strange capacities. . . . Whirr! My friend had another on. It had risen whenever his tackle had been put in ply again. Being only about one pound it was returned.

To cut short a story which was long in incident, though brief in time, let it be stated that this extraordinarily brisk sport went on uninterruptedly until five o'clock, when, at the wish of the lady, we went to the village inn for tea. Fish had been landed at the rate of one to each three minutes; they included an American char. Only one, a trout of about 1⅓ lb., caught just before tea-time, had been kept. "If the large ones had been going to rise," my friend explained, "we should, I think, have seen something of them by this time. Of course we must take our six, you see—the six best we can catch."

He had been proceeding, it soon appeared, with too much assurance. When we were back from the inn the trout showed no eagerness to rise. Indeed, they were not rising at all. Quite unmistakably they were "off." For an hour the two anglers diligently whipped the pool in vain. Now and then I saw a trout shying at a fly; but never a trout touched. It was half-past six o'clock, and we had to leave at ten minutes past seven. What was to be done? An anti-climax had overtaken us. Distinctly humiliating was the prospect of having to leave the pool with only one trout instead of six.

Just then midges came out upon the water; and in a minute or so the trout came after them, making dimples on the still pool. Could we hope to take five sizeable trout by means of midges in half-an-hour? Midges, it had to be remembered, are mounted on very fine gut, gut too thin to stand much strain. Any trout that might take one of them could not be hustled ashore so quickly as those of the afternoon had been. Then, what if a five-pounder should rise? That, which had been the eager and assured hope of the afternoon, was now an event to be dreaded! He would consume our remaining time, and probably win free after all. Better five one-pound trout in the basket than one five-pounder lured and lost!

Well, it was a very narrow business; but we managed it. A trout came on just as the village clock was striking seven. The midges had won the trick. We had reduced our standard from 3 lb. to 1 lb., and this trout was the last of the lacking five. Our basket would have been considerably heavier had we been less ambitious before tea-time. It was just under 7 lbs.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing about these brisk proceedings was that the dry-fly had no share in them. Only a few days ago a London newspaper said: "In America, as in Scotland, the dry-fly may never be a necessity. South of the Thames it certainly is so. . . Week in, week out, it has been found to be the most killing method." Indeed, it is a rooted belief among anglers at large that in the country of the chalk-streams wet flies are useless. What are we to make of this in conjunction with the fact that in the heart of the dry-fly region, all our very abundant trout took flies which were the wettest of the wet? Apart from the midges, which were wingless hackles, the successful lures were Stone Flies, Greenwell's Glories, and Melhuish's Fancies, imported from the wild Highlands of Scotland. Why were they not dismal failures? My friend has a theory. "Perhaps you noticed," he says, "that until the midges came out there was not a fly of any kind to be seen on the water. That does not mean that there were no flies under the surface. There must have been many flies there—insects just hatched out. The trout were feeding on them as they were struggling towards the air. That is why our wet flies were successful. As a matter of fact, trout feed on insects which are rising through the water, from the weeds and stones and mud at the bottom, much more often than they feed on insects which have reached the surface." H.

# Short Studies.

## THE PRISONER.

On a fine day of early summer in a London garden, before the birds had lost their Spring song, or the pear-trees dropped their last blossom, our friend said suddenly:—

"Why! there's a goldfinch!" Blackbirds there were, thrushes, and tits in plenty, an owl at night, and a Christopher Columbus of a cuckoo, who solemnly, once a year, mistook this green island of trees for the main lands of Kent and Surrey, but a goldfinch—never! "I hear it—over there!" and, getting up, he walked towards the house.

When he came back, our friend sat down again, and said:—

"I didn't know that you kept a cage-bird!" We admitted that the cook had a canary.

"A mule!" he remarked, shortly.

There was silence. Some strong feeling had been aroused that neither of us could understand.

Suddenly he burst out:

"I can't bear things in cages; animals, birds, or men. I hate to see or think of them." And looking at us angrily, as though we had taken an advantage in drawing from him this confession, he went on quickly:—

"I was staying in a German town some years ago, with a friend who was making enquiries into social matters. He asked me one day to go over a prison with him. I had never seen one, then, and I agreed. It was just such a day as this—perfectly clear sky, and with that cool, dancing sparkle on everything that you only see in some parts of Germany. This prison, which stood in the middle of the town, was one of those, shaped like a star, that have been built over there on the plan of Pentonville. The system, they told us, was the same that you might have seen working here many years ago. The Germans were then, and still, no doubt, are, infatuated with the idea of muring their prisoners up in complete solitude. But it was a new toy to them then, and they were playing with it with that sort of fanatical thoroughness which the Germans give to everything they take up. I don't want to describe this prison, or what we saw in it; as far as an institution run on such dreadful lines can be, it was, I daresay, humane; the Governor, at all events, impressed me favorably. I'll simply tell you of the one thing which I shall never forget, because it symbolised to me for ever the caging of all creatures, animal or human, great or small."

Our friend paused; then, with an added irritation in his voice, as though aware of doing violence to his natural reserve, he went on:—

"We had been all over the grizzly place, when the Governor asked my friend whether he would like to see one or two of the 'life' prisoners.

"'I will show you one,' he said, 'who has been here twenty-seven years. He is, you will understand'—I remember his very words—'a little worn by his long confinement.' While we were going towards this prisoner's cell they told us his story. He had been a cabinet-maker's assistant, and, still quite a boy, became infatuated with the wife of his own employer. One night, being surprised at a stolen meeting with his inamorata, he blindly struck out and killed the husband on the spot. He was sentenced to death, but, on the intervention of some Royalty who had been upset by the sight of corpses, I believe at the battle of Sadowa, his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

"When we entered his cell he was standing perfectly still, gazing at his work. He looked quite sixty, though he couldn't have been more than forty-six—a bent, trembling ruin of a figure, covered by a drab-colored apron. His face had the mealy hue and texture, as it were, of all prisoners' faces. He seemed to have no features; his cheeks were hollow; his eyes large, but, looking back, I can't remember their color—if, indeed, they had any color at all. As we passed in, one by one, through the iron door, he took off his round cap, drab-colored too, like everything about him, showing his dusty, nearly-bald head, with a few short grey hairs on end, and stood in an attitude of 'attention,' humbly staring at us. He was like an owl surprised by daylight. Have you ever seen a little child ill for the first time—full of bewilderment at its own suffering? His face was like that, but so extraordinarily gentle! We had seen many of the prisoners, and he was the only one that had that awful *gentleness*. The sound of his voice, too: 'Ja, Herr Direktor—nein, Herr Direktor!' soft and despairing—I remember it now—there was not a breath of will-power left." Our friend paused, frowning in his effort to recreate the scene. "He held in his hand," he went on presently, "a sheet of stiff paper, on which he had been transcribing the New Testament in letters from a code of writing for the deaf and dumb. When he passed his thin fingers over the type to show us how easily the deaf and dumb could read it, you could see that his hands were dusty like a miller's. There was nothing in the cell to produce that dust, and in my

belief it was not dust on his hands, but some excretion from that human plant running to seed; when he held the sheet of paper up it trembled like a moth's wing. One of us asked him who invented the system he was working at, mentioning some name or other. 'Nein, nein,' he said, and stood shivering with eagerness to recollect the right name. At last he drooped his head, and mumbled out: 'Ah, Herr Direktor, ich kann nicht!' But all of a sudden the name came bursting from his lips. At that moment, for the first time, he actually looked like a man. I never before then realised the value of freedom; the real meaning of our relations with other human beings; the necessity for the mind's being burnished from minute to minute by sights and sounds, by the need for remembering and using what we remember. This fellow had no use, you see, for memory in his life; he was like a plant placed where no dew can possibly fall on it. To watch that look pass over his face at the mere remembrance of a name was like catching sight of a tiny scrap of green leaf left in the heart of a withered shrub. Man is really very wonderful—the most enduring creature that has ever been produced!" Our friend rose, and began pacing up and down. "His world was not a large one; about fourteen feet by eight. He'd lived in it for twenty-seven years, without a mouse even for his friend. They do things thoroughly in prisons. Think of the tremendous vital force that must go to the making of the human organism, for a man to live through that. . . What do you imagine," he went on, turning to us suddenly, "kept even a remnant of his reason alive? You don't know? While we were still looking at his 'deaf and dumb' writing, he suddenly handed us a piece of wood about the size of a large photograph—the painting of a young girl, seated in the very centre of a garden, with bright-colored flowers in her hand; in the background was a narrow, twisting stream with some rushes, and a queer bird, rather like a raven, standing on the bank. And by the side of the girl a tree with large hanging fruits, strangely symmetrical, unlike any tree that ever grew, yet with something in it that is in all trees, a look as if they had spirits, and were the friends of man. The girl was staring straight at us with perfectly round, blue eyes, and the flowers she held in her hand seemed also to stare at us. The whole picture, it appeared to me, was full of—what shall I say?—a kind of wonder. It had all the crude color and drawing of an Early Italian painting, the same look of difficulty conquered by sheer devotion. One of us asked him if he had learnt to draw before his imprisonment; but the poor fellow misunderstood the question. "Nein, nein," he said, "the Herr Direktor knows I had no model. It is a fancy picture!" The smile he gave us would have made a devil weep! He had put into that picture all that his soul longed for—woman, flowers, birds, trees, blue sky, running water; and all the wonder of his spirit that he was cut off from them. He had been at work on it, they said, for eighteen years, destroying and repeating, until he had produced this hundredth version.

It was a masterpiece. There he had been, condemned for life to this living death—without scent, sight, hearing, or touch of any natural object, without even the memory of them, evolving from his starved soul this vision of a young girl with eyes full of wonder, and flowers in her hand. It's the greatest triumph of the human spirit, and the greatest testimony to the power of Art that I have ever seen." Our friend uttered a short, sharp laugh: "So thick-skinned, however, is a man's mind that I didn't even then grasp the agony of that man's life. But I did later. I happened to see his eyes as he was trying to answer some question of the Governor's about his health. To my dying day I shall never forget them. They were incarnate tragedy—all those eternities of solitude and silence he had lived through, all the eternities he had still to live through before they buried him in the graveyard outside, were staring out of them. They had more sheer pitiful misery in them than all the eyes put together of all the free men I've ever seen. I couldn't stand the sight of them, and hurried out of the cell. I felt then, and ever since, what they say the Russians feel—for all their lapses into savagery—the sacredness of suffering. I felt that we ought all of us to have bowed down before him; that I, though I was free and righteous, was a charlatan and sinner in the face of that living crucifixion. Whatever crime he had committed—I don't care what it was—that poor lost creature had been so sinned against that I was as dirt beneath his feet. When I think of him—there still, for all I know—I feel a sort of frenzy rising in me against my own kind. I feel the miserable aching of all the caged creatures in the world." Our friend turned his head away, and for quite a minute did not speak. "On our way back, I remember," he said at last, "we drove through the Stadt Park. There it was free and light enough; every kind of tree—limes, copper beeches, oaks, sycamores, poplars, birches, and apple trees in blossom, were giving out their scent; every branch and leaf was glistening with happiness. The place was full of birds, the symbols of freedom, fluttering about and singing their loudest in the sun—it was all enchanted ground. And I well remember thinking that in the whole range of Nature only men and spiders torture other creatures in that long-drawn-out kind of way; and only men do it in cold blood to their own species. That—as far as I know—is a fact of natural history; I can tell you that to see, once for all, as I did, in that man's eyes, its unutterable misery, is never to feel the same towards your own kind again. That night I sat in a café window, listening to the music, talk, and laughter, watching the people pass in the street—shop-folk, soldiers, merchants, officials, priests, beggars, aristocrats, women of pleasure, and the light streaming out from the windows, and the leaves just moving against the most wonderful dark blue sky—but I saw and heard nothing of it all—I only saw the gentle, mealy-colored face of that poor fellow, his eyes, and his dusty, trembling hands, and I saw the picture that he had painted there in hell. I've seen it ever since, whenever I see, or hear of any sort of solitary caged creature."

Our friend ceased speaking, and very soon after he rose, excused himself, and went away.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

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# Contemporaries.

## LORD ROSEBERY.

"THE Duc de Nivernois," wrote Horace Walpole, "has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but as Madame Geoffrin says, is *manqué par tout; guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué,* and *auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naissance manqué.*" Lord Rosebery has, indeed, enjoyed no such extended opportunities for failure as the Duc de Nivernois, and we are inclined to think that if he had been specially engaged in the sphere of diplomacy he would have been a success. But it is a sign of the genial strain in British public life, and also of its uncritical habit, that a statesman whom neither party owns is accepted as the spokesman of both, and a man whose *forte* has never been in action should be treated as if he were an authorised and trusted interpreter of Imperial policy. It is still more remarkable, perhaps, that Lord Rosebery accepts with an apparent zest this function of Public Orator to the Empire. At our Universities, indeed, the profound and matured reflections of a like dignitary suffer a little from the extemporised irreverence of the undergraduates. But we still take Lord Rosebery more seriously than he may take himself; and the entertainment offered by an accomplished rhetorician, an adept in the arts of sparkling paradox, is conceived as akin to the utterance of (at least) a Minor Prophet. Lord Rosebery's adaptability, indeed, goes a little deeper than this. A listener to his oration at the White City declared that "different points were applauded at different tables." In this fashion Lord

Rosebery achieves a success which improves while it adapts the model of public speech held up for us by Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick, it will be remembered, advised his friend always to shout with a crowd, and when there were two crowds, to shout with the largest. Lord Rosebery adds to this advice of wisdom the subtlety of shouting with both, keeping open a wary eye to observe a change in their numerical proportions.

Lord Rosebery is thus, after Lord Northcliffe, the most accomplished practitioner of the business of "giving the public what they want." Does the great heart of the nation mourn? Lord Rosebery is there to mourn with it, and to whisper words of consolation. Is it rather given to the elevation of mood which a prolonged study of the works of Mr. Kipling and the Amalgamated Press is apt to produce? Lord Rosebery's silver lips are at the trumpet's mouthpiece, and the Empire rings with the ensuing blast. The performance on both stops is so skilful and entertaining that both the player and the audience accept it as reality. This habit of emotional exaggeration is so engrained in Lord Rosebery that his gestures as a speaker have almost ceased to correspond with the nature of the argument. Watching Lord Rosebery's upraised arms and solemn, abstracted look, and hearing the rich thrilling intonation of his beautiful voice, it is possible to separate all these appearances from the matter, of which, indeed, they appear to be a somewhat excessive embroidery, and to enjoy them for themselves. But all Englishmen are not art critics, and our Colonial friends necessarily know less of Lord Rosebery than his countrymen. There is a well-known and very witty member of the House of Commons who now and then surprises it by the needless length of his orations. To his friends he explains and apologises for this arbitrary prolixity by saying that he finds a sedentary life in the House of Commons unhealthy, and that he wants exercise. Lord Rosebery's addresses possess something of this half-conscious imitation of Sandow and the Swedish drill system. But our children and our neighbors take no such discount from his utterances, and the country suffers because one of its most brilliant sons is better able to amuse it and himself than to offer it the guidance of thoughtful, sincere, and unaffected speech.

It was a sport of Nature to give Lord Rosebery personality, imagination, and charm, and deny him the capacity to use these gifts in any kind of steady service. Thus, while he stands outside the whole method of British Government, and is a detached and fastidious critic of all Ministries, his impressionist sketches of Empire lack the truthfulness of the thinker and the practical force of the habitual worker. Not a great statesman, and not at all a great writer, Lord Rosebery does not make up in moral force what he lacks in intellectual weight and thoroughness. His conceptions of life are usually as non-moral as his quaint idea, expressed in an essay on Robert Burns, of the ethical usefulness of great men's vices. For human causes, except the cause of Empire, he has, indeed, small interest. It is the play of personality which attracts him. But it is as the artist rather than as the man of action, that he surveys politics, and his aversion from work in concert, his super-sensitive and *dilettante* spirit, unfit him for all those enterprises and adventures of the Imperial spirit to which he lightly summons his countrymen. Lord Rosebery did not fail as Prime Minister because he was a lord. He failed because he was Lord Rosebery. The British aristocracy, with all its weaknesses, can still produce workers, men of practical talent and achievement. But Life, with a malicious smile, held before this pleasing, but not strong personality, half-a-dozen crowns, gilt rather than gold, at all of which he snatched. He has them and he has nothing else.

For these reasons the personality of Lord Rosebery is singularly unfitted to give the representatives of new and distant democracies a broad and luminous view of our older, more subtly balanced, and variously colored civilisation, least of all of its moral force and direction. He can indeed look behind the play of party, and his graceful humor continually illumines his comment upon it. But his intellectual life is too shallow and too self-centred to reflect the deeper movements of politics, least of all when they invade the kindred sphere of morals. Alone among our public men he is doomed to a life of elegant loitering, from which he emerges, like a rarely seen *diva*, to flit across the stage and flit back again. Such a choice of life lends itself to sensationalism, and can in the end have no other purpose. Lord Rosebery watches the life of his times with a special eye on its more facile emotional output. This, indeed, he can describe with skill. Alternately pensive and gay, mock-severe and playfully prophetical, our Lucullus issues from one of his palaces to illustrate his own shifting moods and to interpret the emotional flux of the hour. Thus he plays the "game of efficiency" with the zest of an incorrigible amateur, and in golden-mouthed adjurations to other people to be up and doing he will vie with the editor of the "Spectator" himself. "Bless you, my children, be efficient," he waves to us on his rapid way to "The Durdans" or Posilippo. Timid of democracy, though a shrewd student of the "mob mind," he was no less fearful of the Budget which Sir William Harcourt produced during his own Premiership than of the instrument forged by Mr. Lloyd George. His Liberalism, the product of tradition, early association with Gladstone, and a sympathetic personality, is fast fading away, and he doubtless watches for a suitable throb of the national pulse to anathematise Mr. Asquith's administration as he cast off Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's. With the beat of that organ he must in any case be in tune. Mental solitude—the stern retirement from popular vagaries of original and exalted minds—is not for Lord Rosebery. The crowd is essential to him; he inspires it and it inspires him, and by his sweetness of temper, his wit, his love of "chaff," his rapid change of mental view and disconcerting inconsistency, he is at once its child and its master. It is only a misfortune of the shallow criticism of our time that the nature and significance of such gifts should be so mistaken, and a born entertainer of men hailed, even in face of a conclusive experience to the contrary, as a leader of them.

## Science.

### THE WONDERS OF RADIO-ACTIVITY.

The history of Science is very largely—and in its most striking and important developments—a history of pure accident. Of the many illustrations of the truth of this statement we shall take but a few. A very striking one relates to the discovery of the Leyden jar in 1745 by Cuneus, who, wishing to electrify water, connected a metal rod with an electrical machine, and allowed the rod to dip into the water contained in a vessel which he held in one hand. When he thought that the water was sufficiently charged, he essayed to remove the rod with the other hand, and in consequence received such a staggering shock that he had to drop vessel and all. Musschenbroeck, his colleague, repeated the experiment for himself, and swore that not for the crown of France would he do so again. Thus originated the Leyden jar, the parent and type of electrical condensers which play such a part in our modern science.

Probably the most wonderful story of all relates to the discovery of the developer without which photography would be entirely impossible. Some time before 1839 Daguerre had attempted to get pictures on plates coated with iodide of silver, which was known to be acted upon by light. Many of these plates he exposed for a short time; and, seeing no pictures produced on them, he put them as failures into a dark closet containing various substances in bottles and dishes. On taking out one of "the failures" after a considerable time, he

was astonished to see a picture on it, and also pictures on all the others. The result must have been produced by something in the closet. He then formed more "failures" in the same way, and removed all the substances, one by one, out of the closet. Still the pictures came, even when everything (apparently) had been removed. The closet, he thought, must have been bewitched; but, on careful examination, he found a small dish of mercury, which had escaped notice, in a corner of the closet. This was removed—and then no more pictures came on his plates! The vapor of mercury, therefore, was the agent by which the pictures were produced, and hence resulted the notion of a developer—and a new science and art, without which we should now feel that civilised life would be impossible.

It was no accident that led Crookes to construct a glass tube from which almost all the air was removed, in order to study what would take place when he caused an electric stream to flow from one end of the tube to the other in its almost vacuous interior. We knew for many years after the making of the "Crookes tube" that wonderful things take place *inside* it; but we did not know that still more wonderful effects are produced *outside*. Probably the first person to get an inkling of one of its most wonderful external effects was Mr. Jervis-Smith of Oxford, who, we believe, made the entry in his note-book, "N.B.—Do not leave a photographic plate near a Crookes tube," while the tube is in action. The leaving of a photographic plate near the tube resulted, as we know, in that wonderful system of photography of the interiors of boxes and of the frames of animals—the seeing of the hidden—produced by the still mysterious Röntgen rays emitted by the tube, but all unsuspected by its illustrious constructor.

The study of phosphorescence has led to another accidental discovery which has rapidly developed into a branch of science the most astounding, and, apparently, the most revolutionary—the new science of Radio-activity.

In a delightful scientific classic, "La Lumière, ses Causes et ses Effets," M. Edmond Becquerel relates the means which he adopted to study the nature of phosphorescence, a property which is commonly believed to be confined to a few bodies, but which is really possessed, even though to a small extent, by almost all. If a body is exposed to light, and the light is suddenly removed, the body will give out light in the dark. Some bodies, like luminous paint, shine for a long time in the dark after exposure; others shine for only a small fraction of a second. Certain compounds of uranium were found to possess remarkable phosphorescent qualities; and one day in the year 1896 M. Becquerel, continuing the study of phosphorescence, placed over a photographic plate, which was wrapped in black paper, a preparation of uranium which, after exposure to light, would become phosphorescent, *and might by its phosphorescence act upon the plate* through the dark covering, just as Röntgen rays would. The phosphorescence was found to be—or rather *thought* to be—effective on the plate. On a subsequent day another exposure of the uranium to sunlight was to be made, and the phosphorescence produced in the uranium was again to be applied to a photographic plate; but on this day the sun did not appear, and the uranium was left on the plate in a dark drawer for some weeks. Fortunately, M. Becquerel determined to see if the uranium had acted upon the plate while both were enclosed in the drawer, and the surprising result was found that the plate was acted upon by the uranium without any phosphorescence at all! The uranium, then, must be *shooting out something from itself* which is able to penetrate obstacles and darken photographic plates; and it does this without any excitation from light, electricity, or any external agent; moreover, the discovery of this strange fact was due to the accidental non-appearance of the sun on a particular day.

The notion that a solid body can be perpetually shooting out something—particles, rays, vibrations or what not—from itself is the fundamental principle of Radio-activity. This principle, apparently so revolutionary, was discovered from the behavior of uranium, and by accident.. The whole story of the investigations and discoveries founded on this observation of M. Becquerel's is told systematically and with great clearness and simplicity by Mr. Soddy, who, in conjunction with Professor Rutherford, has done so much in the latest branch of science, in his recent book, "The Interpretation of Radium,"* which might well be called either "The Wonder of Uranium" or "The Fairy Tale of Matter."

This extraordinary characteristic at once concentrated attention on the metal uranium, and a vast amount of labor was bestowed upon it by M. and Mme. Curie, who derived various bodies from it by chemical processes. Uranium possesses an atom which is heavier than the atom of any other known body. Moreover, it is quite clear that the property of radio-activity—the property of shooting out something—must be possessed by the atom itself.

It is now essential to explain what we mean by an atom of any body. Let us imagine that we ask a logician, a chemist, and a radio-activist (to coin a new word) what he means by this term. They would all agree that an atom of a body is the smallest portion of that body that exists and possesses all the characteristics of the body. But the logician would say that the atom does not consist of parts which have vacant spaces between them—that the atom fills the whole of the space which it occupies; the chemist would say that the atom may consist of parts separated by vacant spaces, but that by no physical process can these parts be torn away from each other—an atom of gold, for example, always remains the same, and so does an atom of uranium and an atom of every body; the radio-activist would say that an atom consists of parts separated by vacant spaces, and that these parts actually fly asunder in the case of uranium, and may possibly do so in all bodies, so that what was once an atom of gold may become quite different in the lapse of ages, and that there are certain bodies whose atoms become different in a few days, or even minutes. Our chemist here is one of the older sort; for chemists like Sir William Ramsay are also radio-activists.

This disintegration of the atom is, at first sight, utterly subversive of the foundations of accepted chemistry, and even of the principles of dynamics; but, strange to say, it does not conflict with either.

Without entering into technical details, we may say that uranium has been proved to pass visibly before us through eleven or twelve successive stages or different substances, each giving out a portion of itself to form a new substance—one of the series being that astonishing substance called radium, which has so enormously increased our conception of the age of the earth, and rendered estimates of the age of the sun and his planets, founded on the previously known facts of science, wholly inadequate. But if we take a piece of uranium which thus produces these successive bodies from itself, we must not imagine that the whole of the uranium is quickly used up in the change. There will be about one-third of the uranium *left as uranium* even after 7,500 millions of years! Some of the bodies formed in this series are almost wholly used up in changing into new ones in the course of a few days; while that particular one called radium will still have about one-third of itself left *as radium* after 2,500 years.

Now, we may be asked, what evidence is there that such successive changes are taking place at all? We can not only give the visible evidence but also show that the "shooting out" process—of particles from the atom—consists of the emission, with enormous speeds, of at least two distinct kinds of particles. Among several means of detecting the existence of some kind of disturbance emitted by a body, it will suffice to mention two, with one of which most people are now familiar. One is the phosphorescent screen which is lighted up by the action, or impact, of the Röntgen rays, and exhibits the well-

* "The Interpretation of Radium." By Frederick Soddy, M.A. Murray.

known radiographs; the other is a screen or surface coated on one side with sulphide of zinc. Some of the bodies produced by the successive changes of uranium have the power of causing both of these screens to glow by the disturbance which they emit, while some others of the bodies cause a glow in the second kind of screen, but not in the first. It is clear, therefore, that there must be at least two different kinds of emission from radio-active bodies; and it is proved that one kind consists of veritable particles of electricity, shot out with velocities comparable with that of light, and that the other consists of the emission of particles of the gas called helium, shot out with much smaller velocities—only about 12,000 miles per second! Compared with the first kind of particles, these latter are very massive, and it is to this fact, coupled with their great speed, that we owe the enormous amount of heat produced by the disintegration of the atoms of radium.

How inconceivably minute are the quantities of substance involved in this "shooting out" process, and how great the accompanying effects, can be seen by one simple experiment. If merely the point of a needle is inserted for about an hour into a vessel which contains a minute quantity of radium and some of the bodies into which it changes, this needle point will take up enough of radio-active substance to light up both of these screens when it is brought near them. The particles emitted are so excessively minute that even if they could all be collected, a mass capable of measurement by the most delicate chemical balance would not be accumulated for a long time; and hence it is that allowing them to light up a phosphorescent screen by their bombardment is so much more effective in revealing them than any other method; for their excessively small mass is compensated by their tremendous velocities.

What is the end of the process of change reached by our original lump of uranium? Is there any final body into which it is transformed?

Mr. Soddy rather favors the conjecture that the body changes ultimately into lead, which metal is almost invariably found to accompany uranium in the mineral from which it is extracted.

The *how* of this process of the breaking up of the atoms of uranium and other bodies has been answered by the experimenters: the *why* remains a mystery which they cannot at present, if at all, solve. The sum of the whole thing seems to be that not *permanence* but *change* is the real nature of matter, and that uranium lets out the secret much more effectually than any other kind of matter, because some of its changing states succeed each other so rapidly. But it is truly difficult to see why a universe should have been built up merely for the purpose of being pulled to pieces again.

The whole of this story of Radio-activity, of whose wonders we have not indicated the one-hundredth part, increases enormously our conceptions of the nature and mysteries of Matter, and also enlarges our estimate of the time during which this earth has existed as a solid body. The thirty or fifty millions of years allowed by physicists like Lord Kelvin are a mere negligible quantity compared with the life of uranium: the geologists and biologists have wanted much more time, and Radio-activity has given it to them.

G. M. Minchin.

# The Drama.

## PLAYS OLD-FASHIONED AND NEW-FANGLED.

It is reassuring to learn that "A Merry Devil" is not Mr. J. B. Fagan's latest work, but has been in existence for two or three years. Had it followed "The Earth," it would have marked a sad slip-back. I do not say that it may not be a success: many worse plays have pleased the public hugely. In humor, as in everything else, tastes differ; and some people may like the type of humor here exemplified. But I find it hard to imagine that it will make a very wide appeal. The merry jest of the "Merry Devil" might have been invented by that legendary Scottish editor who "jocked wi' deeficulty." There is a woeful lack of spontaneity about it.

We are to imagine that a Florentine beauty of the sixteenth century, Geralda by name, is possessed by a mania for practical joking, and a special fondness for exercising it upon her suitors. To one of them, an Italian glutton and bully, she administers certain beverages which produce violent internal qualms, and lead him to believe that he has been poisoned. Then this pleasant sport suggests a further development. One of her adorers is a solemn and chivalrous English knight, Sir Philip Lilley. Him she persuades that she has actually poisoned the bully, and induces, after a sore struggle of conscience, to aid and abet her in disposing of the body, represented for the nonce by the carcase of a wild boar. Not content with privately befooling him, she must needs call half Florence in to witness his discomfiture. At this his patience breaks down, and, tearing a switch from one of the bushes in her garden, he retires behind the scenes to chastise her. One would have imagined that this was the sort of incident she would have kept to herself; but no! she hastens to publish it to all her household. The resuscitated bully waylays Sir Philip, and, with the aid of half a dozen lackeys, binds him hand and foot. In this condition he is handed over to Madonna Geralda, who purposes to horsewhip him with her own fair hands. When it comes to the point, however, she prefers to cut his bonds and fall into his arms, conquered and tamed. Whence we may learn that woman is a froward child, from whom when a devil of naughtiness enters, it can best be exorcised with a cane or a cudgel or—if that be more convenient—with a hobnailed boot.

"Hold!" Mr. Fagan may object, "I said nothing about 'woman,' and had no intention of preaching any such doctrine. I merely depicted, in a quite irresponsible fashion, a humorous incident, illustrative of Anglo-Italian manners in the sixteenth century." To this plea there are several obvious rejoinders. First, you cannot become irresponsible by merely claiming to be so. A playwright must be held to have intended the logical and reasonable deduction from his fable; and when the sympathetic hero thrashes the headstrong heroine and thereby not only wins her heart but produces an evidently beneficial change in her character, we cannot possibly place a time-limit to the efficacy of such methods—we instinctively and inevitably apply to the twentieth century this lesson from the sixteenth. But, granting the plea of irresponsibilty—granting, in other words, that the whole thing is a figment of idle fancy, with no relevance to human life, actual or historical—we then inquire what pleasure we are expected to find in fancying the series of events above outlined? If a fable has no truth and no meaning, surely it must have some sort of beauty or attractiveness to excuse its existence. But where lies the beauty or the whimsicality in conceiving a woman so idiotically enslaved to a perverse habit of practical joking that she has to be cudgelled out of it? Or in imagining a brave, chivalrous, and humane gentleman reduced to the necessity of beating a woman in order to restore her to sanity? Frankly, I take no pleasure, and find no entertainment, in imagining these things, even on the hypothesis that "'tis not so, nor 'twas not so, and God forbid it ever should be so." In "The Taming of the Shrew" we have a veritable piece of sixteenth-century humor, which has a historical interest for us over and above its merit as a piece of gay and spirited buffoonery. We accept Petruchio as an amusing ruffian of a barbarous period, and the whole play as little more than a medieval droll, with some patches of poetry. It is one of the Shakespearean products that we could most easily dispense with: but since it is there, we find what pleasure we can in it. Is that a reason for re-writing it, minus its rollicking gaiety, and plus an infusion of serious sentiment? Sir Philip Lilley is not a Petruchio, but a Don Quixote; yet he does what even Petruchio did not do—he beats his Katharine. Take pleasure in this who can—I cannot.

Every author is liable to mistakes of this sort. He dwells upon an idea until he loses all sense of its true relations and proportions. Especially is this apt to occur when an author whose true bent is towards serious drama determines, at all costs, to be humorous. The mere writing of "A Merry Devil" is pleasant enough, and commendably free from fustian; but otherwise the piece reminded me much less of Shakespeare than of Sheridan Knowles. To my younger readers that name perhaps conveys no meaning. If so, let them rest contented in their ignorance.

Mr. James Hearn's performance of the blind ruffian, Pew, in "Admiral Guinea," at the Afternoon Theatre, was a brilliant and powerful piece of acting, which gives Mr. Hearn a new status in his profession. Always a sound and valuable actor, he now ranks among those to whom we may look for really great things. Otherwise, the revival did very scant justice to the play. Kit French (Mr. Godfrey Tearle) was reasonably good; but Arethusa was sadly uninteresting, and Captain Gaunt was smug, pompous, and conventional, with nothing of the rugged, conscience-stricken fanaticism that belongs to the character. The stage-management, too, did not grapple very successfully with the undoubted difficulties which the piece presents. Stevenson and Henley were not only lacking in practical stage experience, but deliberately adopted a bygone convention —that of the good old nautical melodrama of T. P. Cook and the Surrey Theatre. This play is an outcome of their delight in Skelt's "penny plain, twopence colored" character-sheets. They wrote it, in a word, only half-seriously—it is a pouring of the new wine of style into old bottles of theatrical tradition. Therefore it needs very careful handling to harmonise the strain of parody with the strain of poetry; and this it scarcely received at the Afternoon Theatre.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's drawing-room melodrama, "The Woman in the Case," at the Garrick, is an ordinary piece of none too conscientious theatrical purveying. It promises, at the outset, to be a fairly good detective story; but its solution lacks ingenuity, and even the most ordinary craftsmanship. It is really a little cynical for a man who knows his business, as Mr. Fitch does, to wind up a play with an act only five minutes long, and yet five minutes too long. Miss Violet Vanbrugh's performance of the termagant villainess has been highly praised, and no doubt justly; but, for my part, I admire Miss Vanbrugh so much in characters of natural and gracious womanliness, that it gives me a sort of discomfort to see her imitating, however ably, the manners of a creature like Mr. Fitch's Claire Forster.

"A Modern Aspasia" places Mr. Hamilton Fyfe at one stride among the dramatists who count. It is a singularly well-put-together and well-written play. The dialogue is remarkably supple, natural, and bright, without artificiality. At first it threatened to be too much of a mere discussion on morality—too like the ruthless psychological demonstrations of M. Paul Hervieu, that Euclid among dramatists. But with the second act Mr. Fyfe deserted the paths of pure logic, and the discussion developed into a genuine comedy. There is a slight flaw of construction, I think, in the way in which Muriel learns of her husband's relation to Margaret. When, towards the end of the second act, she goes off "to put her hat straight"—a delightfully natural incident—one does not doubt that she will see her husband's portrait, or some other trace of him, in Margaret's room, and will realise the situation. This is so probable as to be almost inevitable; yet nothing of the sort occurs. In order to bring about the revelation, Margaret has in the third act to make a most improbable visit to the Merediths' house—a visit which would have been natural enough had the truth come out at the end of the second act. This, however, is a slight flaw, if flaw it be. Mr. Fyfe probably felt that a violent scene at the end of the second act would have been too theatrical to harmonise with the general tone of his play. Perhaps so: but in that case I suggest that he ought not to have aroused false expectations by making Muriel do a thing that was almost certain to bring her face to face with the truth. It is possible that this raising and disappointing of an expectation was a conscious subtlety of Mr. Fyfe's technique. If so, I think it was a super-subtlety.

If anything could now amaze us in the conduct of Mr. G. A. Redford, it would be astonishing to find "A Modern Aspasia" licensed. Some people seem to have found the piece inconclusive: to me it seemed as conclusive as the author could make it in favour of the continuance of the arrangement by which Muriel was Edward's wife in name, and the comrade of his intellectual hours, while Margaret was his wife in fact, and the mother of his children. We are accustomed to pleas for greater freedom of divorce; they are no longer regarded as assaults upon morality. But here we have a Bishop who pleads for divorce—for the regularisation of the union which fulfils what he regards as the true end of marriage—only to be ridiculed as an antiquated sentimentalist who had much better let well alone, and leave his godson in undisturbed enjoyment of this dual domesticity! Does not Margaret herself point out that she is much better suited to be Edward's week-end wife than his consort in the eyes of the law and of society? And is this sentiment any the less immoral for being absolutely and undeniably true? Mr. Fyfe's logic can only be rebutted by pointing out that he has chosen very exceptional characters in his Muriel and his Margaret, and that the latter excellent lady, in deciding that she wishes to keep her children to herself, uncontrolled by a legal husband—apparently fails to ask herself the question which ought, after all, to be the determining one—how can she best serve the true and ultimate interests of the children? I must not launch, however, into a discussion of Mr. Fyfe's thesis; I merely wished to point out the flagrant absurdity of vetoing "Blanco Posnet" and licensing "A Modern Aspasia." And the odd thing is that while, from the Redford point of view, Mr. Fyfe's play is flagrantly immoral, it has none of the redeeming grace of frivolity or lubricity. It is a serious discussion of a delicate moral problem—and yet the Censor licenses it!

Miss Lucy Wilson's performance of Margaret was a very able piece of acting, and Mr. Charles Maude, as the sagacious "Bunny," showed himself an original and delightful comedian.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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# Letters from Abroad.

## THE CRETAN PROBLEM.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Diplomatists still argue about Crete as though the island presented an insoluble problem. Those who have taken the trouble to visit Crete, as I have just done, know well that there is no longer any real problem to solve. Since 1896 the island has been emancipated from Turkish domination by the joint action of its inhabitants and Europe. Since last October it has been a part of the Hellenic Kingdom, by the decision of nine-tenths of the inhabitants, and with the tacit consent of the Powers, whose representatives on the spot have continued their official relations with the provisional Government set up by the Cretans, thereby giving to the new *régime* their implicit recognition. At this hour the Hellenic flag floats over all the public buildings, order is maintained by a militia and a gendarmerie under Hellenic officers, and the whole administration is carried on in the name of King George. When the remnant of the international troops is withdrawn next July the island will automatically be left under Hellenic rule.

Wherein, then, lies the problem? Simply in this: the Mohammedan minority in the island (30,000 out of 300,000) dislikes the idea of fusion into the Hellenic Kingdom, and this feeling is exploited by a section of Young Turk politicians at Constantinople, who are encouraged in their attitude by certain Western circles apparently anxious to earn the favor of Young Turkey at other people's expense.

I inquired into the grounds upon which local Mohammedan opposition rests, and the reply was: "We prefer the Turkish rule because, although we are Greeks of blood and speech, we are Turks by sentiment." I asked them what material grievances they had. They could think of none. From 1896 till now their lives, their property, their religious prejudices and their political rights have been scrupulously respected by their Christian fellow-citizens—nay, as regards representation in the Chamber and posts in the Government service, I found them enjoying privileges denied to the latter. Their opposition resolved itself into a caste objection to being treated as equals in a country where they had for generations acted as superiors, and into a sentimental aversion from seeing the crescent supplanted permanently by the cross. Now this is an attitude eminently human, and therefore entitled to respect; but, I think, its political significance can easily be overrated when one considers that the people who maintain it have prospered under the cross as they had never prospered under the crescent, and that they form only one-tenth of the population.

What about the other nine-tenths? I found them unanimous in favor of fusion with Greece. That is the ideal for which they fought ten times during the last century, and for which they are again prepared to risk all. I suggested to them that complete independence might be sufficient. They scouted the suggestion without hesitation. "Independence," they said, "would be a gift that is no gift (*δῶρον ἄδωρον*). We have time and again risen against fearful odds, not for independence, but for union with our mother country." Besides, they pointed out, Crete is neither big enough nor rich enough to go her own way. Independence would mean a separate administration, a separate army and navy, a separate diplomatic service, and all those luxuries which would absorb the slender resources of the island—resources that are urgently needed for the construction of roads, the afforestation of mountains, the development of agriculture, the promotion of education, and the thousand and one practical improvements wanted by a country just awakening to civilisation. Thus, sentiment apart, even from a purely material point of view, the only solution that commends itself to the overwhelming Christian majority is union with Greece.

So far concerning the respective attitudes of the two local elements. Now a few words as to the politicians of Constantinople. Among sensible Turks I have found a sane recognition of the fact that Crete ceased to form part of the Ottoman Empire on the day on which the Turkish troops left the island and the Sultan's flag was relegated to an uninhabited rock off the Cretan coast. But, unfortunately, all Turks are not sensible. There is in Constantinople a party of aggressive young patriots, represented in the press by the newspaper "Tanin," who declare that the formal severance of Crete from the Ottoman Empire would be the beginning of the dismemberment of Turkey, that they would far rather go to war with Greece than acquiesce in the loss of Crete, and that, even if pecuniary compensation were offered to them, they would refuse to sell their country's prestige for money. It is hard to believe that the men who utter these opinions can seriously hold them. In the first place the formal severance of Crete is an infinitely less serious matter for the Ottoman Empire than was the loss of Bosnia and Eastern Roumelia. In the former province the Mohammedan element represents 600,000 souls out of a total population of 1,600,000; in the latter not only was there a very considerable Mohammedan population, but the Sultan possessed solid rights of tribute. In Crete the Mohammedan element is numerically insignificant and the only visible vestige of the Sultan's authority consists in a small red flag idly floating on a desert rock. In the circumstances, any pecuniary compensation that Turkey might get for resigning her nominal suzerainty over the island would be a very real and, in the present state of the Turkish treasury, a most welcome gain. But even supposing that it was worth Turkey's while to go to war with Greece about Crete, it is impossible to believe that responsible Turkish statesmen can contemplate with equanimity such an adventure in the actual condition of their country. The Ottoman Empire at this moment may be compared to an edifice resting on straws; the slightest commotion from within or from without would inevitably cause its collapse. It is all very well to talk of the recent triumph of the Young Turks; but those who witnessed that triumph a few weeks ago, as I did, need not be told that it was skill, assisted by luck, rather than inherent strength, that brought it about. The Liberals by conviction can easily be counted, the Turkish masses care nothing for the Constitution, and in the masses I include the vast majority of the very troops that have been utilised to establish it. Before the Young Turks can feel safe they will have to educate their co-religionists in liberty, and that education needs years of labor and tranquillity.

In addition to the danger of reaction, always present in the Turkish population, there are the Arabs and the Albanians—two races proud of their national individuality and actually fighting for their independence. Is it to be conceived that the Young Turks will embark on a profitless and purposeless foreign campaign when they see these domestic foes ready to seize the opportunity for splitting up the Empire? To the Arabian and Albanian perils must be added the Macedonian. Macedonia remains in a state of suspended anarchy. All the bands—Bulgarian, Servian, Greek, Turkish—are there armed and ready for action at a moment's notice. Would they maintain this hollow truce once war began? But these considerations, formidable though they be, do not exhaust the burden of responsibility that weighs on the shoulders of serious Turkish statesmen. On the northern frontiers of Turkey—within easy reach of Salonica and Constantinople—there are two efficient armies belonging to Powers neither of which has anything to gain by the consolidation of the Ottoman Empire. Bulgaria sold her neutrality to Turkey during the last Greco-Turkish war in return for ecclesiastical privileges in Macedonia. Now there are no more bishoprics to be had, and Bulgaria might well consider that an invasion of Macedonia would be the more profitable policy on an emergency. On the other side Austria stands with an enormous military force, ostensibly massed to intimidate the Serbs, but, though the Servian trouble is over, not yet disbanded. I happened to be crossing the Montenegrin frontier two days after the settlement of the quarrel with the Principality, and, instead of seeing the Austrians relaxing their military activity, I found their warships practising their new quick-firing guns in the Bocche di Cattaro. I went on to Bosnia, and, although all danger of trouble there also was over, I found the garrison of Sarajevo engaged in grand manœuvres. What is the meaning of all this?

At the very best, a successful war against Greece, though it might be attended by no complications, internal or external, would alienate for ever the sympathies of the large Greek population of Turkey from the Young Turks, and without Greek sympathy and cooperation the Turkish Constitution cannot hope to succeed. But it needs exceptionally vigorous optimism to expect that a Greco-Turkish war at this hour would be unattended by such complications as I have indicated above. On the contrary, everything goes to show that hostilities in one part of the Balkan Peninsula would raise a storm the dimensions of which no man could predict in advance, and no statesman—least of all a Turkish statesman—could contemplate with equanimity. Those who encourage young Turkish patriots in their unreasonable attitude towards the Cretan problem are doing an exceedingly unfriendly service to Turkey herself in the first

place, and to the peace of Europe afterwards. It would be a far safer and saner occupation for them to advise the Young Turks to come to terms with the Cretans at once and, turning away from dangerous illusions, to grapple with realities, however disagreeable. One of these realities is that Crete is already Greek.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR CRETAN CORRESPONDENT.

June 10th, 1909.

# Communications.

## THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LICENSING OF PLAYS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In a letter to the "Times" of May 29th, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, evidently smarting under the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to license a play of his, lays the blame of its being prohibited, personally and immediately, on the King.

(1) "The Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Redford"—(of whom he speaks as the "Censor")—"act simply as others of the King's household."

(2) " . . . in the days of Shakespeare and his predecessors players could escape being classed as rogues and vagabonds only by procuring permission to attach themselves to the household of some nobleman, or of the reigning monarch."

(3) "We are bound . . . to assume technically that this prejudiced person is no other than the King."

Let us consider these statements in detail.

No. 2. The Act of 1572 (14 Elizabeth, cap. 5) is manifestly that relied on by Mr. Shaw for his statement; for it is the first Act in which players as such may, under certain circumstances, be deemed vagabonds—neither theatres nor authors are mentioned in it at all. Indeed, this is the first time in any Act in which players were mentioned in any way which could be considered lowering to their dignity. The only previous mentions of them were in the sumptuary laws of Edward IV. and Henry VIII., in which they "in their interludes" were exempt from the penalties for wearing apparel not allowed to their degree. This statute was simply a re-enactment—with enlargements—of the Vagrant Laws from the time of Edward III. down, and applied not merely to players, but to *all* persons travelling without licence or other guarantee of their personal propriety—a condition necessary by the economic conditions of the time. It was only by an Act (Vagrant) of 1713 (12 Anne, cap. 26) that players, whilst under normal conditions, were deemed vagabonds. This Act was superseded by another in 1737.

It was not till the passing of this last Act (10 George II., cap. 28), that "Actors, Theatres, and Authors" as such, came into control. And even in that Act the vagrant aspect is only conditional. Clause 1 of that Act only applies to such persons as "shall not have any legal settlement in the place." Clause 2 relates to the unauthorised performance of plays, "Any person, having or not having a legal settlement," playing without license or authority, shall be liable to fine. These clauses are in no way contradictory. The first brings an actor without legal settlement within the penalising Vagrant Statute of 1713; the second necessitates specific licence or authority to play. Clause 3 of this Act is the one which applies to what Mr. Shaw calls the "Censor." It runs as follows:—

"No one shall act or cause to be acted . . . any new play or part, &c." . . . "unless a true copy thereof be sent to the Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household fourteen days before acting, with an account of the play house or other place where . . . and the time to be first acted . . . signed by the master . . . manager, or one of them . . . of such playhouse, place, or company."

This Act, with an enlargment in 1787, controlled theatrical matters down to 1843 when the existing Act (6 and 7 Victoria, cap. 68) was passed.

In his evidence given before the Select Committee on Theatrical Licences and Regulations, 1866, the Hon. Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, then Mr. Spencer Ponsonby, said: "The Lord Chamberlain's authority over theatres . . . in early times was, no doubt, derived from the Royal prerogative. This is clear from the fact that no Act of Parliament, previous to 10 George II., cap. 28, alludes to his licensing powers, though he was certainly exercising them." So that we may take it that whatever statutory power was given to the Lord Chamberlain by the Act of 1843 was given by the legislature of the time in full knowledge of the historical facts.

In 1832, eleven years before the passing of the above Act, there had been appointed a Select Committee to report on "Dramatic Literature and Dramatic Entertainments." And it was largely on this report that the Act of 1843 was formed, its main lines following the Act of 1737. Many of its clauses were simply modifications of clauses of the earlier Act.

In the report of 1832 the word "Censor" is used (erroneously) for "Examiner." Such description was not officially accepted, as shown in Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane's answer to a question by the Chairman of the day in the Commission of 1866:—

"What do you call it (the 'Censorship')"?—"The examination of plays." The accuracy of this time-honored name is borne out by an item on the Revels account book of 1579: "Charges for examynynge . . . of dyvers playes . . ."

From the above it may be understood how incorrectly Mr. Shaw speaks when he says that "the Lord Chamberlain and the Examiner of Plays act simply as others of the King's Household." The Lord Chamberlain is a high official. The office was a principal one of State in the thirteenth century. In 1406 Parliament declared that he should always be a member of the Council *ex officio*. He is chosen for high social position; and as he regulates most of the Court ceremonials, it is necessary that he be a man of tact and discretion, as well as of aptitude and experience. How such an one can properly be classed with minor officials, perhaps with servants, it behoves Mr. Shaw to explain. He has a duty with regard to the Examiner of Plays, which is thus spoken of in the report of 1832:—

> "It should be clearly understood that the office of the Censor is held at the discretion of the Lord Chamberlain, whose duty it would be to remove him, should there be any just ground for dissatisfaction as to the exercise of his functions."

As to these functions much information is given in the report of 1832. The office of Examiner of Plays is regulated by old custom, and is formally signified. In an appendix to the Report the form of appointment is given; and fuller information regarding it may be found in the answers to various questions given by the then Examiner, Mr. George Colman, and his temporary deputy, Mr. Payne Collier.

In another letter to "The Times" (June 4th) Mr. Shaw asks to be told "how a certain Mr. George Alexander Redford" who "levies a play tax . . . and carries on his operations at St. James's Palace, can be prevented from compromising the Crown . . . and causing the public to believe that his conviction that I am a blackguard and a blasphemer is the King's conviction." The former part of this query may be answered generally.

The King, by custom, on the recommendation of his Prime Minister, appoints the Lord Chamberlain. By statutory authority, on the latter is placed the duty of governing theatres and examining plays. For this latter purpose he appoints an Examiner of Plays, who holds office until the next Succession. This official is in his way a judge in certain matters, and is to be accepted in these matters as having a judge's responsibility. Should he fail in essence, the remedy is shown in the Report of 1832. The fees were regulated after the passing of the Act of 1737 and were made statutory in the existing Act of 1843 (Clause XIII). That there can be no doubt as to the intention of the fee being a "reading" and not a "licensing" fee, is shown by the last sub-sentence of the clause: "And the said period of seven days shall not begin to run in any case until the said fee shall have been paid to the Lord Chamberlain," &c.

As to whether the King does or does not agree in the Examiner's estimate of Mr. Shaw's submitted work (or for

that matter of Mr. Shaw himself or his good taste) it is not for any third person to speak. But Mr. Shaw will do well before attacking any person of responsibility—even the King—to consider carefully the records of historical facts, which in this enlightened age are easily accessible.—Yours, &c.,

BRAM STOKER.

June 8th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read Mr. Bram Stoker's long letter and can gather nothing from it except that Mr. Stoker, being my fellow-countryman, feels himself irresistibly impelled to contradict me. Ever since 1544, when King Henry VIII. appointed a Master of Plays, Revels, and Masks, that official, though his name has been changed, has wielded the Royal power autocratically over theatres, players, and playwrights. The series of Acts of Parliament cited by Mr. Stoker have not abrogated that power; on the contrary, they have confirmed it without introducing a single constitutional safeguard against its abuse. It is true that the appointment of Lord Chamberlain is a political one, like many posts in the Royal Household. If the Government is defeated at the next election Lord Althorpe will be replaced by a Conservative Lord Chamberlain, though Mr. Redford will remain during the King's pleasure. But anybody who says or implies that the change of Lord Chamberlains will mean a change of censorial policy, or that any question of such policy ever comes before the electorate or in any really effective way before Parliament, or that the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Redford have anybody's pleasure to consider except their own and the King's, is talking or implying manifest blazing nonsense.

As to how far the King personally interferes, I can say nothing, as I do not enjoy that privilege of personal intimate conversance with his Majesty which is apparently enjoyed by the many gentlemen who are at present giving the public their assurances on this point. Most of these favored gentlemen are agreed that the King is an entirely negligible person who takes no interest in the enormously important department of public morals and fine art represented by the theatre, and who neither knows nor cares whether the officers of his Household are maintaining the dignity and serviceableness of the Throne or not. And they seem to believe that in putting forward this view they are giving a touching proof of loyalty which the King cannot but contrast, greatly to their advantage, with my view of the matter. Even in the House of Commons, gentlemen who have blocked Mr. Harcourt's Bill have allowed this construction to be put on their action without protest. I can only say that I wish these gentlemen all the Royal honors and favors they aspire to, though I do not think they will get them. Neither by conviction nor nationality am I a royalist; but at least I have a strong sense that the King is a gentleman occupying a responsible public position, and, as such, is entitled to be taken with entire seriousness and treated with entire respect. I am sorry that this view finds so little acceptance in the very quarters where I should have expected it to be a matter of course.—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

10, Adelphi Terrace,
London, W.C.
June 9th, 1909.

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# Letters to the Editor.

## SOUTH AFRICA AND THE COLOR QUESTION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I ask you to use your influence, and your readers to use their influence, in the direction of securing equal franchise and citizen rights for all civilised men in South Africa, of whatever race or color. The situation at present is this: The Draft Constitution, as finally approved by the National Convention, interferes with the franchise rights of the colored people and civilised natives in various unjust ways, but in one way which is particularly odious. By restricting membership of Parliament to citizens of "European descent," it excludes all colored people and civilised natives from being elected to Parliament, however capable they may be. (Some of these are doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, &c.) It thus strikes at the root of the fundamental principle of citizenship, and, as many of us believe, of Christianity. English readers will realise the meaning of this unjust proviso when I say that nearly all the rough work in the material development of South Africa—the thousands of miles of roads, railways, streets, telegraphs, and the vast developments in the mining and agricultural industries—has been done mainly by native and colored labor. The colored people are, truly, the "laboring classes" of South Africa, yet they are to be denied effective representation. Many of the Convention delegates themselves admit that this proviso is a "blot" on the Constitution. I therefore appeal to all friends of justice, of whatever party, in the British Parliament, to try to secure the removal of this color disability by the deletion of sub-sections 25 (d) and 44 (c) from the Draft Constitution, *i.e.*, the sub-sections which impose a (European) racial qualification for a seat in Parliament. This can easily be done without imperilling the cause of Union. I may say that the heads of all the principal English-speaking churches here have petitioned the Convention to this effect, and many of the Dutch ministers are also opposed to the color-line, so that it is only the more backward part of the white population which has forced the color-line into the Constitution.

To those who would object that this appeal to the Imperial Parliament is an interference with the principles of self-government, I may say that the Constitution itself explicitly recognises the supremacy and protective powers of the Imperial Government, as several important clauses in the Constitution, embracing *white* franchise rights, are entrenched behind the Imperial veto. Why, then, should not the civilised natives' and colored peoples' franchise rights, including the right to represent their fellows in Parliament, be so protected? Those who make this objection can hardly have realised the full meaning of the word "Imperial," either in its ancient or modern sense. Personally, I dislike the word, but one must recognise the thing for which it stands. The Imperial Government spends hundreds of thousands of pounds annually in South Africa, and if native troubles occur it may be called upon to spend millions. Again, self-government surely applies only to those who are granted the rights of self-government. But by the unjust proviso in the Draft Constitution the colored people and civilised natives are denied these full citizen rights. To whom, then, must they appeal, if not to the Imperial Government?

I may say, in conclusion, that no new or extended franchise rights are being asked for—only the protection of existing rights—the right of all civilised men, of whatever race or color, to full citizenship, including, of course, the right to represent their fellow-citizens in Parliament. It is therefore with full confidence that I appeal to the readers of THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

R. BALMFORTH.

Cape Town, May 16th, 1909.

P.S.—It is all the more necessary that white people should defend the franchise rights of the colored people, as many of the latter are employed by white men who are opposed to the color franchise, and consequently many colored people dare not agitate on the question.—R. B.

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## THE INCORRIGIBLE CENSOR.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—While not greatly inclined to criticise the action of the Censor in banning "Blanco Posnet," I feel strongly that the blunt expression of a rough man's mistaken thought about God, however shocking to the religious mind, cannot possibly do the harm which plays that make black white—or, as your article says, "glorify lightmindedness"—must do. To call evil good is far worse blasphemy than to misconceive the character of the Divine Being. Blanco's experiences had not led him to accept, with "S," the New Testament conception of God as a Heavenly Father. Misapprehending God's character, he refuses to speak of Him with reverence and respect. Blanco, we say, is a bad man.

But badness and goodness are only relative. He is a drunkard and a horse thief, but he possesses sincerity and a heart. Another man against whose conduct nothing can be alleged, who may be both respected and worthy of respect, may yet lack in some degree one or both of these very necessary possessions. We can contrast bad Blanco with a man who was certainly good—Tertullian, one of the fathers of that Church whose Founder has given us the conception of God as Father. Tertullian believed that God consigned unbaptised infants to hell. The marvel is that, believing this awful blasphemy, Tertullian continued to worship the being whom he credited with such malignant cruelty.

Surely in worshipping something that was utterly unlike God, he did the real God a greater wrong than does blunt-spoken Blanco. Blanco's blasphemy, whether it is advisable to permit such language on the stage or not, is a comparatively venial offence. I do not imagine it would greatly trouble his Maker or need therefore greatly trouble us. It is not the sin against the Holy Ghost: he does not call bad good. Being sincere he will find the light. But it would never do to put Tertullian on the stage!—Yours, &c.,

D. R.

June 8th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read with the greatest interest the article under this heading in THE NATION of the 29th ultimo and also Mr. Bernard Shaw's and Mr. Fagan's letters in "The Times" during the current week.

It is surely a ludicrous anachronism—if, indeed, such a thing as a Censorship ever was in accord with the times in England—that the taste of the public should be commanded, the feelings, or possible feelings, of adults protected for them by any one irresponsible person, be he King Edward VII. or Mr. Redford. It is true, as Mr. C. E. Maurice says in to-day's issue of THE NATION, we can less easily leave a theatre than throw aside a book, but we can always hiss; furthermore, this enforced suspension of judgment may be a disguised blessing, and, by the fall of the curtain, we may find that it has been good for us to have been there, notwithstanding, perchance, that our corns have received a kick or two. The real question is the moral worth of a tragedy. I, of course, use the word as connoting a play which treats thoughtfully and sincerely a theme of wide human interest, whether the end be happy or the reverse. The incidental shock of the unexpected in treatment is immaterial.

Vulgarly speaking, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Let the public be its own censor—coming for second helps and recommending it to other guests at the tavern of life, or leave it alone and advising others to do the same. How many excellent plays have survived and flourished notwithstanding the condemnation of the Press? How many have lived by the will of the people? What, however, is the proof of the pudding—the moral worth of a tragedy? I take it to be, in the words of Mr. W. L. Courtney, whether a play oppresses or does not oppress "human vitality." "A work," he says, "which depresses human vitality sins against humanity." The sole test of this is with the people themselves. If the spectators leave the theatre feeling disheartened, feeling that God is too far away in His heaven and all is wrong with the world, the play which thus croaks to them, is self-condemned. A healthy vigorous nation will not tolerate morbid pessimism; it is not the pudding that matters so much as the state of the public's digestion. Did the popular playwrights of all time, the playwrights who are never forgotten, who will never die—Æschylus, Euripides, Shakespeare—even for a moment despair of mankind; ever tell us that justice, mercy, and liberty were dead; that there was no hope for the world, no good as the final goal of all? Mrs. Grundy, we know, took offence with Euripides; she probably pursed her lips at the Prometheus, and may have shivered now and then at Shakespeare; her prejudices may yet be ruffled by some breach of etiquette towards the Deity, high society, the young person; but even Mrs. Grundy moves on—even Mrs. Grundy can be educated.

In the meanwhile, let us hiss and clap and write to the papers; let us publicly prosecute Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Granville Barker—taking the risk of being laughed at through the ages for so doing—even as they prosecuted Euripides and Sokrates, but let us not hit in the dark, in the dark even to ourselves; let us be sure of what we are silencing. Both writers and spectators, both authors and readers go to make the public—let them co-operate, co-educate, and be free.—Yours, &c.,

ISOBEL HECHT.

FitzRoy Lodge, Westcott,
Dorking,
June 5th, 1909.

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## PAIN AND THE THEATRE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The question which you ask me is an interesting one, and deserves an answer. Certainly I should say that pain is to be avoided both in life and on the stage, when it is not incurred in the performance of a duty or in the presentation of a scene which is really likely to produce a useful result. Of course, when these conditions exist, pain must be risked. I dare say you know the old story of the old lady who, on seeing "Romeo and Juliet" for the first time, was so much impressed by Romeo's misery on the opening of Juliet's tomb, that she called out, "Won't nobody tell the poor young gentleman that the young lady isn't dead?" Well, in that case, I should say that the pain was worth while. The old lady would, no doubt, feel how cruelly the fathers of the hero and heroine had sacrificed their children's happiness to their own foolish feuds. That was the very moral that Shakespeare obviously intended; one which is easily learnt and which might produce most valuable results on the ordinary citizen, and one, too, which is emphatically assisted by a really good actor. So, too, I believe that it is quite possible to startle people, in a different way, into perceiving the absurdity of the present phase of Jingoism. I believe strongly that Mr. Gilbert did strike an effective blow at the blustering Jingoism of the nineteenth century by his song of "The Englishman." Why can we not hope that the meaner and more hysterical Jingoism of the present day might receive a crushing blow from a similarly effective hand? But "Romeo and Juliet" and "Pinafore" both appealed to simple and obvious feelings, which are to be found in every ordinary playgoer; and any pain that the audience may receive from the shock of disillusionment would be followed ultimately by a higher kind of relief.

But the speech of Mr. Shaw's character simply shocks the pious playgoer or pleases the flippant and irreverent spectator. To think out the problem till the thinkers arrived at a useful suggestion is exactly what no ordinary playgoer can be expected to do.

To put it shortly, the playgoer must be appealed to by his feeling, not by his intellect.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead,
June 7th, 1909.

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## THE VISTA OF SCIENCE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have been deeply impressed by the article in your last issue entitled "Thought and Instinct." It is a masterly review of the intellectual tendencies of the modern world.

Perhaps it is that the modern man is filled with a sense of disappointment with the tangible results of scientific research. The greatest gratitude is, therefore, due to the essayist for demonstrating that the devotee of science has not opened up to our vision a mere valley of dead bones, but rather a vista of living beauty.

But one feels an element of regret at the half-tone of pessimism as to the ability of science to complete its "pattern intellectually devised." True, the campaign upon which science has entered never will be completed—there will always be new worlds to conquer. Its progress has been laborious, yet, I take it, not more laborious than that of instinct, and with little less success; for has not the growth of instinct been simply contemporaneous with the growth of consciousness, and are not its achievements

the acquirements of experience, rendered quick and certain by long usage, and are not its possibilities measured by its adaptability to a changing environment?

Too much stress has been laid upon Darwin's self-confessed loss of enjoyment in art and music. That Darwin was almost a life-long invalid is a factor lost sight of. Probably few other scientific men of eminence have experienced such a deprivation of the artistic sense, and surely such examples as Kelvin, Stokes, and Faraday, who were lovers of music and deeply imbued with the spirit of religion, are sufficiently notable as to provide an off-set to that of the great naturalist. It is too frequently assumed that the lover of accurate knowledge is blind to the beauty of the thing he dissects, and is obsessed by a dry-as-dust irreverence for the charm of the secrets he attempts to unravel.

One finds a spirit in Meredith similar to that of the reviewer:—

> "The voice of Nature is abroad
> This night; it fills the air with balm;
> Her mystery is o'er the land;
> And he who hears her now, and yields
> His being to her yearning tones,
> And seats his soul upon her wings
> And broadens o'er this wind-swept world
> With her, will gather in the flight
> More knowledge of her secret, more
> Delight in her beneficence,
> Than hours of musing, or the lore
> That lives with men, could ever give!"

Such an instinct of beauty, however lovely in its portrayal, divorced from the operations of reason and the insistent enquiry into the causes of its being, is, after all, in the words of the same master, only "fiddling harmonies on the strings of sensualism." A higher sensualism, true; but still sensualism—a floatage on a sea of feeling.

And similarly, a real retrogression, and not an advance, is to be noted in the implication of the words: "*This useful habit, the intellectual habit, is a hindrance, not a help, when it is brought to bear on the secrets and the activities of spiritual life.* The love of the beloved, and of beauty, the sense of religious bonds, involves an approach as from within, a sympathy of being, *an intellectually undefined and shapeless*, but experimentally vivid apprehension, as of masterful spirits who live and *act by right rather than by rule. In the very highest of our modes of life we depart from the path by which we have reached our supremacy of intellect.*" Surely the author does not imply that the deepest problems of religion and of life must for ever remain mysteries—that they are above and beyond reason and the reasoning faculty! Principal Caird put the objections to such a mode of thought thus: "We know of no other reason than one, and what can never be brought into coherence with that reason is to us equivalent to the absurd or self-contradictory. Of what is in itself knowable though beyond our present knowledge we can pronounce, that it is not contrary to reason. But we cannot say the same of that which is above reason in the sense of absolutely transcending human intelligence, of that which can never be construed by human thought. What lies beyond reason in this sense is simply irrational or nonsensical."

The ways of man on his spiritual side may appear utterly inscrutable and past all finding out. Surely, however, we have not a necessity for a side-tracking of his intellectual energy, but rather an impetus to seek "all the light which reverent and thoughtful investigation can throw on them, to verify them, to disengage them from what is accidental, to develop their organic unity, to trace their connection with the other elements of its knowledge, to give them, in short, that form of knowledge which we designate philosophic thought."—Yours, &c., T.

June 6th, 1909.

## FIRE BRIGADES AND INSURANCE COMPANIES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I feel I owe an apology to Mr. S. J. G. Hoare, if, as he says, the trotting out of the old horse, or, rather, nightmare, of fire *insurance* contribution to fire brigades, is an annual exercise. No doubt, he is correct, although I, who see the reports of the L.C.C. Fire Brigade Committee year by year, can never remember my attention being so arrested by, what I imagined, the insinuation conveyed in the paragraph in the Chairman's report quoted by me. That I was not peculiar in this impression may be gathered by the fact that I *first* saw the paragraph in question in the halfpenny daily newspapers who only devote their necessarily circumscribed space to specially spicy or noteworthy matter.

I must also be prepared to accept Mr. A. E. Brown's dictum that my ideas are antiquated and survivals of a dead past, but he must also accept my statement that his own vision gives no evidence of experience and knowledge. When he speaks of fire insurance as "practically compulsory," I admit he does make me rub my eyes and wonder whether I am still one of the "Seven Sleepers" with whose company he associates me. Let him prove his contention and I could then go some way with him in his argument. As it is, I, distinctly, as a matter of principle, object to the insured being taxed for the uninsured. That Mr. Brown is absolutely wrong I can prove. Take the total amount insured on property in the Administrative County of London alone. The certified returns to the London County Council show this to be only £1,055,200,172. Surely Mr. Brown must admit this barely represents the "bricks and mortar" within the area, to say nothing of "the chattels" disposed therein! To estimate the *proportion* would be a mere guess, but giving general opinion for what it is worth, barely two-thirds of value is covered. Outside that area probably the proportion is greater, and for varying reasons. If Mr. Brown quarrels with these estimates, for estimates they can only be, I must refer him back to his original statement and ask him for his authority.

Take again his further statement about the "enormous profits of the tariff insurance companies." I have before me a "Chart of the Fire Insurance Business of British Companies in 1908," gathered from the published accounts, which appears in this week's issue of the leading insurance journal. Last year proved one of the best in profit results which has been experienced for some years. The chart, therefore, is a reliable test, and, further, comprises the operations of the forty-nine companies *in every quarter of the globe.* The net premiums for the year were £24,896,762, whilst the amount paid for net losses, agency commission, and other expenses was £22,133,245, yielding a profit of a little over 11 per cent. Is there anything "enormous" about this in a good year? Out of this profit has to be allocated the "fire reserve funds" mentioned by Mr. Brown, and which, it need hardly be said, are set aside for the protection of the insuring public, and not for any fancy of the shareholder who can have but a secondary and fleeting interest in them. How otherwise could such fatal years like 1906 be met when the loss and expense ratios combined with some of the *tariff* companies are as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Alliance | 117 per cent. |
| Atlas | 129 per cent. |
| Caledonian | 196 per cent. |
| Commercial Union | 111 per cent. |
| Law Union and Crown | 230 per cent. |
| Liverpool, London and Globe | 113 per cent. |
| London and Lancashire | 142 per cent. |
| London | 227 per cent. |
| North British and Mercantile | 115 per cent. |
| Northern | 122 per cent. |
| Norwich Union | 115 per cent. |
| Phoenix | 125 per cent. |
| Royal | 111 per cent. |
| Royal Exchange | 178 per cent. |
| Scottish Union and National | 117 per cent. |
| State | 223 per cent. |
| Sun | 106 per cent. |

The loss represented by these percentages mean large figures when it is added that of the foregoing list seven companies have a yearly net premium income of over a million, three over two millions, and one over three millions in pounds sterling.

"The success," comparatively—judging by premium income as evidence of public support and confidence—of "the municipal corporation's alliance," referred to as such by Mr. Brown, may be gauged by the fact that the net premiums of the Municipal Mutual in 1906 were £3,207, as compared with, say, that of £3,431,416 gathered that same year by the Royal. Well, we all know what comparisons are! I have no nearer returns of the M.M.—Yours, &c.,

INSURANCE MANAGER.

June 10th, 1909.

## *RE* INEQUALITIES OF THE INCOME-TAX.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Referring to the letter of Mr. St. John G. Ervine under the above heading in your issue of the 5th inst., we cannot agree with him that "In practice, gentlemen do not earn sums like £2,001." When he wrote that, he must have had in mind merely persons who derive their earned income from salary. A very large proportion, however, of those who earn their income, make it in some business or profession where the amount of their earnings is uncertain, and where the assessment is made on the average of the three previous years. In such cases where the profits are anywhere in the region of £2,000, they are as likely to be £2,001 as any other figure.

It is, no doubt, a hardship that a man earning £2,001 should pay so much more tax than another who is earning £2,000, but wherever you draw the margin—and in graduation you must draw the margin somewhere—there necessarily must be an inequality, and the only way to mitigate that is to make the graduation less steep, which would entail more expense in collection.

The fact of this inequality makes it all the more necessary that taxpayers should be most careful in making their returns, so that should their total income, when correctly stated, not exceed £2,000, they may obtain the benefit of the lower rate of income-tax which they may easily lose by setting down the rent instead of the Sch. A. value of real estate (to mention only one error that many people fall into) and thus make their total income appear to be over £2,000.—Yours, &c.,

The (Income) Taxpayers' Appeal Agency,
B. H. C. CURRIE.

191, Victoria Street,
London, S.W.
June 8th, 1909.

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## THE IMPERIAL CABLE SERVICE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your issue of June 5th, Mr. Edward Shann draws sweeping deductions from unsound observations. As an Australian journalist, and no less an Imperialist than Mr. Shann himself, I must ask for a little of your valuable space to reply to his hysterical overstatements. If one half of Mr. Shann's charges be correct, surely all who have connection—even the remotest connection—with Australian daily newspapers, should be delivered over to the public executioner, and the disillusioned populace, after many disastrous years of baneful tyranny, should set torches to the offices, and shout that they never more will be "ideal subjects for psychological experiment on the crowd mind." For listen to a few of Mr. Shann's statements. He speaks of "sensational distortion of news beyond the wildest ravings of London," "mixed motives of sensationalism and journalism," "hysterical over-statement," which by "fictitious unanimity" of all our daily journals so works upon the "crowd mind" of Australians as to deliberately arouse instinctive combativeness which is to part the Empire and bring its "solid units" into "mutual recriminations and hostility." Journalists, according to the opinion of Mr. Shann, who, I may say, represents the views of an icy-cold theoretical section of academic opinion, are the worst conceivable traitors the young Commonwealth could shelter among its own. For they so "dupe" public opinion as to cause the general will—this is Mr. Shann's cleverly stated point—to take action which is in the very worst degree inimical to its future interests.

I not only desire to save my own neck—which I admit I find useful—from Mr. Shann's axeman—for there will be a busy Lord High Executioner under University rule—but I wish to remove false impressions which may have been created by Mr. Shann's letter.

(1) The news service from London to Australia is an impartial, accurate statement of facts. Mr. Kiffyn Thomas told us at the Imperial Press Conference that in a long experience of the Australian newspapers he had "never found prepossession to one side or the other in the interpretation of cables. Great national matters were dealt with at great expense in cablegrams of an ample kind." That is the general experience of those who know, and Mr. Shann's selection of a few headlines and a few sentences from the cable columns of the greatest Melbourne newspaper is no sort of argument in support of the serious statements he makes to the contrary. It is not to be thought of that, with the newspapers watching one another with jealous eyes, misrepresentation would be allowed to pass unnoticed. A rival newspaper ruthlessly exposes the mistakes of its adversary. (2) It is not correct to say that "all the Australian and New Zealand dailies are in a cable syndicate." There is a syndicate of the leading newspapers, which succeed by this means in getting a large supply of news for Australians in spite of the ruinously high Press cable rate of 1s. per word. Some papers get as much news as they wish from this syndicate, paying for what they like to use. Others are supplied by Reuter's service. Reuter's service of news satisfies the columns devoted to foreign matters in very many great British newspapers. The cable syndicate of Australia obtains an immeasurably better service of news than Reuter's Agency sends.

(3) The cable service of news to Australia gives us more information about Great Britain than the British Press publishes about Australia. From three to four columns each day are given to European and American news sent through London. What British newspaper gives more than a few casual lines and notes to Australian affairs?

The Imperial cable service may be inadequate, and is certainly too dear. Newspapers would publish more Imperial news if the price were not positively ruinous. We should all strive for a cheaper cable service. But we will not knit the units of Empire together by a mere increase in the size of our newspapers. A unity of interests will be found the only sure bond. Among the means for fostering that there are two which may be easily attained. One is the welding of a ring of Empire defence, and the other is the recognition of the right of the new nations to a voice in the vital management, as in the defence and the enjoyment of the Empire. Meanwhile I must repeat that Australian journalists are not the malicious enemies of progress described by Mr. Shann, but are zealously striving for the common good, informing faithfully and accurately, and presenting with their full force their points of view of what is best for the future life of the Commonwealth.—Yours, &c.,

KEITH A. MURDOCH.

Grosvenor Club,
Piccadilly, W.,
June 9th, 1909.

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## FEMINIST ARGUMENT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—That the logic of ordinary feminism is past praying for I have for a long time recognised, but that the logic of THE NATION'S feminism should repeat the same stale and obvious fallacies struck me with surprise on reading your article on "Ouida's Idea of Women" in your issue of June 5th. I confine myself to two points only. Ouida is accused of "trotting out" arguments that are familiar. One of the "familiar" arguments appears to be that women ought not to vote "because they cannot fight." Now, sir, you meet this possibly familiar, but certainly sound, argument against female suffrage by the threadbare sophism that "it is the women who suffer most" in war. How do they suffer, I ask? Are they shot down, killed, or wounded? No. On the contrary, they enjoy the privileges of their sex in not being touched. Their sufferings, such as they are and what there are of them, are distinctly vicarious. Let us suppose another case. The Editor of THE NATION goes forth to fight for some cause, as to the importance of which we are both agreed, while I "shirk." Reproached for not exposing myself to shot and shell, I reply that though I did not feel it precisely my function to do that, I suffered, nevertheless, more from the anxiety I felt for the editor, who was in the field, than I could possibly have done if I had myself been there. Now, sir, would not the answer of yourself and friends to the tale of my vicarious sufferings, real as they doubtless would be, take the form of what is popularly known as a "grinder"? Well, this is precisely the way most anti-suffragists feel when they hear this talk of

women suffering more from war than men. Again, Ouida urges the other "familiar," but, as far as it goes, equally sound, argument respecting the inferiority of the female intellect to that of man, as indicated by the non-production of female geniuses. To this you reply by another similarly threadbare sophism—to the effect that the city and suburbs do not swarm with "masculine Platos, Shakespeares, and Beethovens." Surely it ought to be obvious to any intelligent person that this is utterly beside the issue. As I have pointed out elsewhere, the argument simply says that the heights of the summits may, other things equal, afford some indication of the height of the tableland beneath them—that the sex that shows a continuous output of genius in all departments is likely, as an average, to be higher intellectually than the sex that shows few or more. Of course, whether this average inferiority is sufficiently great to render the concession of the franchise undesirable is, I admit, another question. But the argument in itself is good enough, and, I submit, is certainly not answered by the *ignoratio elenchi* of your article. —Yours, &c.,

E. Belfort Bax.

June 10th, 1909.

## "I AGREE WITH EVERY WORD."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I am confident that many Liberal electors who like myself regard the jingo agitation now being engineered by the Tory Party as both mischievous and unpatriotic, will find much food for thought in the speeches of our leaders at the present Imperial Press Conference. Sir Edward Grey tells us that he "endorses every word" in Lord Rosebery's speech, and Mr. Haldane piping where Sir Edward Grey has danced, "agrees with every word" that Mr. Balfour said. It follows, of course, that for any of us to bother to record our votes at the next election is a needless piece of trouble.—Yours, &c.,

A Liberal Elector.

London, June 10th, 1909.

## THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In common with many other people who believe in a forward policy as a cure for many of our social inequalities, I have been the recipient of a request to join or assist the National Committee to break up the Poor Law, founded by Mrs. Webb, whose letter on this topic I have read in The Nation of June 5th.

I should be very glad if you would allow me to state the reasons which lead me to think this agitation is totally misconceived, and why all reformers should be wary of devoting themselves to an advocacy of the specious proposals of the Minority Report.

Poverty, Mr. Bernard Shaw has told us, is a crime. It may be; but to treat the poor and the unemployed as virtual criminals is reaction of the worst description.

The institutional system has failed to cure crime, it has failed in the reformatories, it will fail in dealing with unemployment and the unemployed. With the grave inequalities in the distribution of wealth which are the outstanding feature of England to-day, it is a most ill-considered step to deal with the unemployed punitively; it is not a very long step from punitive treatment to enslavement. To reconstruct society on a semi-servile basis is a disastrous attempt to bureaucratise an undoubted evil out of existence. I am still old-fashioned enough to hope that the watchword of Liberty and Equality is not incompatible with Socialism. I am writing as a Socialist; but the trend of the Socialist "reform" of the Poor Law is enough to make one pause. That prominent Socialists are connecting themselves with the destructive theories enunciated by the signatories to the Minority Report is a grave symptom of the suicidal lunacy which has been sweeping across the Socialist movement in the last two years.

It is a serious issue, and I venture to doubt whether the many ladies and gentlemen who have accepted the invitation to "break up" the Poor Law really know what such a policy will involve. It appears to me that Mr. and Mrs. Webb, with their co-signatories, have merely gone out of their way to justify Herbert Spencer's attack on Socialism—that "Socialism is slavery." Socialists are entitled to say of the gift of the Minority Report, assuming they are Socialists who are determinedly opposed to the bureaucratic tendencies of Socialism, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

In all earnestness, I appeal to reformers, be they Conservative, Radical, or Socialist, to hesitate before embarking on a step which may create a state of things before which the most intrepid of us might quail. It is Mr. and Mrs. Webb's habit—I often have heard them discuss these matters, publicly and privately—to sneer at their critics as ridiculous idealists, or impractical dreamers. Yet, all their ingenuity cannot conceal from one who is proud to range himself in that category, the essential truth that the logical development of the theories in the Minority Report will mean the addition of a new crime to the calendar—to wit, Unemployment. I, at any rate, decline to be a party to such a backward step.—Yours, &c.,

C. H. Norman.

4, Hyde Park Mansions,
London, W.
June 9th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## IN THE DUTCH GARDEN, HAMPTON COURT.

In this deep, drowsy afternoon,
Vassal of silence and the sun,
I hear the mystic under-tune
Of life a-blossom round me run.

Color is music to the soul
Enthralled by color; beauty here
Is like a great musician's scroll
The eye interprets for the ear.

On that embowered westward wall
Wistarias' grape-like clusters sleep;
Brave tulips man the borders all
Like warriors marshalled at the keep.

The fountain's plash is silence' song
Transmuted to a silver shower
Laving the languid airs that throng
About the cool brink, hour by hour.

Soft puffs of perfume come and pass,
Soft doves' wings flash against the blue,
Soft shadows lie along the grass,
And all the living world is new.

O how shall mortal memory hold
The essence of this sun-thrilled peace,
How hoard it as the spirit's gold,
How cherish for the soul's increase?

How keep inviolate this sense
Of utter beauty, utter rest;
How guard for ever this intense
One hour within th' turbulent breast?

Ah, but the hour is with me yet,
Surely the dial's shadow stays!
My living heart cannot forget
This hour of hours, this day of days.

C. Kennett Burrow.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

M. JULES LEMAÎTRE is at work upon a study of Fénelon which, like his book on Rousseau, will take the shape of a series of lectures at the Sorbonne. It will be interesting to see how so warm a supporter of the clerical party will deal with Fénelon's share in the Jansenist movement at St. Sulpice and his later conflict with Bossuet upon the orthodoxy of Quietism. A study from so acute a critic as M. Lemaître of "the most original intellect—if we set Pascal aside—of the seventeenth century," as Fénelon has been described, is bound to be full of interest.

* * *

SINCE his conversion to Catholicism M. Paul Bourget has been very active in the propaganda of his new views, both in his novels and upon the stage. His last play, dealing with the question of divorce, had a great vogue in aristocratic circles. He is now about to follow it up by another called "La Barricade," which will shortly be produced at the Vaudeville Théâtre. As the title hints, its subject is Socialism, which, of course, M. Bourget paints in the darkest colors.

* * *

A BOOK that promises to be of value to students of military history is announced by Mr. Murray in the shape of "A Short History of the Chief Campaigns in Europe since 1792," written by General von Horsetzky, a distinguished Austrian cavalry officer, and translated by Lieutenant K. B. Ferguson. It will be a novelty to see a presentation of the Austrian point of view, which has been rather lost sight of in this country owing to the many works by German or French writers that have been translated.

* * *

THE New York "Nation" is now under the editorship of Mr. Paul Elmore More, who has been for some years connected with that journal, and who is also literary editor of the New York "Evening Post." Mr. More is known in this country by his brilliant series of critical studies called "Shelburne Essays" which now fill six volumes. It is to be hoped that his graver work will not prevent Mr. More from finding time to give us more of these essays which, in their critical breadth of view and thorough scholarship, belong to a type not too common on either side of the Atlantic.

* * *

"THE JEW IN ENGLISH LITERATURE" is the title of a treatise by an American rabbi, Dr. E. N. Calisch, which has just appeared in the United States. We hope that some English publisher will issue it here, for Dr. Calisch treats of practically everything that English writers have had to say about the Jews from the tenth century onwards, as well as giving an account of what Jewish authors have contributed to English literature. Many of the most familiar characters in our fiction and drama are Jews—Shakespeare's Shylock, Scott's Isaac and Rebecca, Dickens's Fagin and Riah, Beaconsfield's Sidonia, and George Eliot's Mordecai are a few that come into the mind at once—though it must be admitted that with rare exceptions they have not been sympathetically drawn. An examination of these and other characters from the Jewish standpoint may possibly supply illustrations of peculiar value to the works of our great authors.

* * *

ANOTHER American book likely to find an English publisher is "Old Friends: Literary Recollections of Other Days," by Mr. William Winter, the New York critic and poet. Mr. Winter was one of Longfellow's closest friends, and was acquainted with Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whitman, T. B. Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, and other famous American authors. He has also something to say about English literary men who visited the United States, Dickens and Wilkie Collins among others.

* * *

THE late Mr. Marion Crawford has left several manuscripts in a nearly completed stage, which are now in the hands of his literary executors. Together with Professor Tomassetti he had planned a three volume "History of Rome in the Middle Ages," the first volume of which Messrs. Macmillan have now in type. Another work that he has left is a "History of the Papacy in the Nineteenth Century," though since Dr. Nielsen's book has already covered the same ground it is doubtful whether Mr. Crawford's will be issued. Among the other manuscripts are a couple of novels, one being practically complete.

* * *

MR. DAVID NUTT announces for autumn publication a book on "The Sources of the Decameron," by Mr. A. C. Lee, who describes the originals, parallels, and analogues of Boccaccio's stories, as far as these have been ascertained. The work attempts to survey the whole field of medieval and Oriental story-telling, and will be a supplement to Landau's "Quellen des Dekameron." Another book which the same publisher has in preparation is Mrs. Henry Hurst's "St. George of Cappadocia in Legend and Art." It traces the evolution of the Dragon slayer theme as associated with England's national saint, and illustrates its influence upon romance and art.

* * *

LARGELY through the efforts of Mr. H. Ramsen Whitehouse, the author of an English life of Princess Belgiojoso, which has been translated into French, a tablet has been placed on the walls of the hotel at Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva where Byron wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon." Mr. Whitehouse is at present engaged upon a biography of Lamartine. It will take into account the abundant fresh material which recent researches have brought to light about one of the most tender and graceful of French nineteenth century poets.

* * *

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD and Mr. E. F. Benson have both completed new novels entitled respectively "Canadian Born" and "The Osbornes," which will appear as serials in "The Cornhill Magazine." Mr. Benson has also finished another book, "A Reaping," which Mr. Heinemann announces for early publication. It is said to be a departure from the novel of modern life and a return to the manner of "The Book of Months." Two other novels of promise to be issued next month are "Fun of the Fair," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and "The Bride of the Mistletoe," by Mr. James Lane Allen.

* * *

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS are preparing an English translation of a volume of Franz Blei's essays. The title of the book, "The Powder-Puff: A Ladies' Breviary. From the Documents of Prince Hippolytus," is suggestive of the delicate and graceful irony something after the manner of Heine, in which Blei is almost alone among contemporary German writers.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR RACKHAM is to give us two color books next autumn, an adaptation of Fouqué's "Undine," by Mr. W. L. Courtney, which Mr. Heinemann is preparing, and Grimm's "Fairy Tales," which will be issued by Messrs. Constable. The latter publishers have also in hand a companion edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" to be illustrated by Mr. W. Lee Hankey, for which Mr. Thomas Seccombe is writing a preface.

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Characters and Events in Roman History from Caesar to Nero." By Guglielmo Ferrero. (Putman. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Roman Life and Manners." By Ludwig Friedländer. Translated by J. H. Freese and L. A. Magnus. Vol. II. (Routledge. 6s.)

"Primitive Christianity." By Otto Pfleiderer. Vol. II. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A New History of Methodism." Edited by W. J. Townsend, D.D., H. B. Workman, D.Litt., and George Eayrs, F.R.Hist.S. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2 Vols. 30s. net.)

"The Pyrenees." By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"In Unknown Tuscany." By Edward Hutton. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Papacy." By Gustav Krüger. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Mexico." By C. Reginald Enock. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Evolutionary Socialism: A Criticism and Affirmation." By Edward Bernstein. (Independent Labor Party. 1s. 6d. net.)

"Frank Burnet." By Dorothy V. Horace Smith. (Murray. 6s.)

"Les Sept Femmes de la Barbe-Bleue et Autres Contes Merveilleux." Par Anatole France. (Paris: Calmann-Lèvy. 3fr. 50.)

"Vie de Senèque." Par René Waltz. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)

"Montesquieu et la Tradition politique anglaise en France." Par Joseph Dedieu. (Paris: Lecoffre. 6fr.)

"Le Duc de Morny et la Société du Second Empire." Par Frédéric Loliée. (Paris: Paul. 7fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## MR. NEVINSON'S PROSE WRITING.*

THE difficulty of reviewing a collection of essays upon widely diverse subjects is heightened in the case of Mr. Nevinson's book by the fact that the greater part of it has already appeared in our own columns. But, as Anatole France puts it, all criticism is a confession, and the critic who wishes to be frank with his readers must begin by saying: "Gentlemen, I am going to speak to you of myself apropos of Shakespeare, of Racine, of Pascal, or of Goethe; the opportunity, at least, is an excellent one." Varying this procedure a little, we shall speak of Mr. Nevinson's "Essays in Freedom," and of the special interpretation which he assigns to them. The freedom that slowly, even sluggishly, broadens down from precedent to precedent, and urges patriotic citizens to spend laborious evenings in committee-rooms, stirs Mr. Nevinson to no enthusiastic transports:—

> "To me," he says, "the word conveys nothing as a National Right, nothing as an abstract idea, and nothing as a symbolic woman with wings blowing a trumpet into the ears of marble captives, decoratively asleep in chains. I have learnt the reality of the thing only from the misery of its opposite, and when I hear the word Freedom I see shaggy farmers, rough with mud and storm, clad in leather cut from outstarved horses, waiting at the bottom of a watercourse, rifle in hand. Or I see a woman in rags cowering under a ruined wall, while sleet hisses upon the charred and open patch of ground which was her home. Or I see a pale man and girl hurried over the snow between brown-coated soldiers with fixed bayonets to be hacked to pieces in a barrack-yard. Or I see a herd of black Africans, men and women, huddled together upon a steamer's deck, gazing like driven cattle towards the misty islands where they will toil until they die, in order that our chocolate creams may be cheap. Or I see a white-robed crowd gathered upon a beach where the surf beats under a stormy moon, and from the crowd goes up a cry in honor of a prisoner spirited away from his country, untried and uncharged, for the cause of freedom. Or I see a great city whispering in terror at a decrepit and terrified old man, who sits above the city like a spider in a web sensitive with treachery."

The passage is characteristic of Mr. Nevinson's attitude and temperament. He has a horror of abstractions. Like Gautier, though in a different sense, he is a man for whom the visible world exists; and he sees it, not through veils of sentiment or illusion, but in its stark reality. He is an impatient idealist.

How far impatient idealism is an effective force in the fight for freedom is a question which we shall not attempt to answer. It is at any rate a temper by which in these days the world is not likely to be greatly troubled. So the world adopts the convenient method of professing to esteem it, while in reality condemning and fearing it, and ignoring its capacity for proving itself right in the long run, and justifying its precepts even upon the flat ground of expediency. And in truth its chief value is the continual war it maintains against that "depressing deference to the existing state of things, or to what is immediately practical," which Lord Morley instances as one of the results of compromise in the matter of forming and holding opinions. Of that depressing deference Mr. Nevinson does not show the slightest trace. His mood is rather one of instinctive defiance. His book is full of warnings against the danger of accepting things as they are, even when they seem to be tolerable. "Freedom," he tells us, "is a thing that we have to conquer afresh for ourselves every day, like love; and we are always losing freedom, just as we are always losing love, because after each victory we think we can now settle down and enjoy it without further risk or struggle." To most people the undoubted truth of this statement is merely depressing. On Mr. Nevinson it has an effect which stimulates both his intellect and his physical and moral energies. He may not go quite so far as Nietzsche and think that "a good war hallows every cause," but he has a delight in the conflict, and it is often difficult to determine which he rates highest, freedom, or the struggle to win freedom. He thinks, with Whitman, that:

> Where the men and women think lightly of the laws,
> Where the slave ceases, and the master of slaves ceases,
> Where the populace rises at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons,
> Where fierce men and women pour forth as the sea to the whistle of death pours its sweeping and unript waves,
> . . . . .
> There the great city stands.

These essays, which are the ripened fruit of adventures among many peoples and in many books, are illustrations of this single theme. When Mr. Nevinson speaks of Swinburne, he laments that in face of "the two test questions for lovers of liberty in our day and country—the misgovernment of Ireland and the extinction of the South African Republics," he should have been "blind and deaf to the struggle for freedom when it lay close before his feet and was not yet illumined by distant time or the glamor of great names and picturesque adventures." And if he praises Milton, it is less as one of the greatest of English poets, than because being this, he shunned "culture's temptation" and "laying aside the sin that so easily besets the literary mind, he mingled without disdain in all the sweat and dust of envenomed and deadly controversies." So, too, he finds the deepest cause of "The Scholar's Melancholy" in the thought that "the tongue of men and angels cannot touch the inveterate cruelty, the oppression and vulgarity of all this slow, insensate world." He witnesses a performance of one of Gorky's plays in a Moscow theatre, and as he looks round the house he sees "the audience of freedom . . . who contemplated no compromise, no understanding, or agreement with the enemy of freedom." This resolve to test literature by its direct bearing upon life is in these days an unaccustomed note from an essayist, for the essay more than any other literary form has strayed away from life's deeper moods and experiences. Not that Mr. Nevinson cannot turn a sentence with the best of them. But as an accomplished man of letters who has also been a man of action, he knows that art is something more than a mode of self-sufficing experience, and that it thrives best upon the actual stuff of life. Mr. Nevinson does well to protest against any view of literature which lessens Wordsworth's classical view that its mission is "to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to think, and to feel." Of course, life itself can do all this better than art, but Mr. Nevinson, we think, carries his protest a little too far when, in speaking of "imaginary stories," he cites the answer of the Spartan king when invited to hear a boy whistle like a nightingale: "I have heard the nightingale itself." Unfortunately many of us have not heard the nightingale, and an imitation is better than nothing at all.

Moreover, there is a shade of forgetfulness of his own art and order in Mr. Nevinson's ironical attitude towards literary men. For he is in many ways the type of what a literary man ought to be. His mind was clearly moulded by classical literature. But it has also been enriched by a wide commerce with modern authors, so that a great deal of his writing is a mosaic of hinted quotations, ripened by varied and thrilling experiences, and adorned with a style of unusual grace and flexibility. Mr. Nevinson's style seems to us his chief excellence. Those who have read his former books, notably "A Plea of Pan" and "Between the Acts," must have been struck by the unusual beauty of their writing. They will find in "Essays in Freedom" no falling off from this standard. Indeed, these three books are a sufficient proof that Mr. Nevinson, however much he may demur, must be classed as first and foremost a man of letters and one of the half-dozen living writers of English who for their style alone are entitled to serious consideration.

Modern English prose is just now in a peculiar position. When writers like Carlyle, De Quincey, and Ruskin laid hold of the eighteenth century prose and filled it with a color and emotion till then appropriated to poetry, they marked out the path in which most of their successors followed. The old tradition was pursued by a few who, like Arnold and Newman, aimed at precision and clearness more than at ornament. The difference between the two styles may be best expressed by saying that the one suggests an audible voice, while the other appeals mainly to the eye. Or better still, it is the difference between

* "Essays in Freedom." By H. W. Nevinson. Duckworth. 6s. net.

painting and sculpture. For a long time the new school seemed to have won the battle, but at present there is a tendency to return to the older classical diction. In the meantime, we would place Mr. Nevinson and Mr. Lowes Dickinson as the outstanding representatives of the two styles. Mr. Dickinson's prose is the prose of Addison, precise, severe, and unadorned. Mr. Nevinson has modelled himself more upon Ruskin, though he is not free from the influence of Sir Thomas Browne. His distinguishing qualities are color, movement, warmth, to which the habit of irony and the faculty for laughter largely contribute. At times he is a trifle self-conscious. But he is never undistinguished, and by this characteristic distinction his work attains and holds the precious title of literature.

E.

## OXFORD LECTURES ON POETRY.*

The philosophy of art, speculation on or discussion of its principles and creations, is apt to leave a sense of emptiness behind. For the essential thing in art is feeling—the feeling by which it is inspired, and with which it inspires us. And this is immediate; you either do or do not experience it; if the latter, it can no more be explained to you than light or air. Yet, like hand and eye, sensibility may be trained. The two, feeling and the theory of feeling, stand to one another as natural to acquired logic; the one grows into and develops the other, which receives the substance to which it gives form. Those, therefore, in whom poetry wakes no kindred note, had better leave these Lectures unread. Those to whom it speaks home, on the other hand, will do well to study them, provided that, mindful of the poet's "Enough of science and of art," they remember that criticism is secondary. They need not, indeed, "close up those barren leaves"; the leaves, taken rightly, are fruitful enough. But here, as elsewhere, the root of the matter is thing, not theory, and it is to be found within rather than without.

> "Come forth, and bring with you a heart
> That watches and receives."

Not everything in Nature is a fit subject for art: Art is the embodiment in fixed forms of the element of beauty in Nature. If this be idealism, as in a sense it is, it can be avoided only by counter-idealism, which is the negation of art. For the stereotyping involved in the embodiment of the idea in a concrete form magnifies; and the naturalist school sees and presents the world out of focus in consequence; the beast in Nature is, like the head of the Gorgon, death to those who see it. Art, in short, is to Nature what mind is to sense; it discriminates and interprets. Under its action the universe of things, in itself formless, takes form and meaning; the world as we know it springs to being before our eyes. Hence the sense of limit, which belongs to sanity, and is natural to normally constituted minds. The savage devours his food raw; the civilised man cooks it: and the case of experience runs on similar lines. The artist does not take experience as it comes, haphazard; he selects, adapts, rationalises, putting something mental, something of himself, into it before it is ready for use. This is what Hegel meant when he placed Art above Nature, and Aristotle when he speaks of it as being more philosophical and elevated than history. This premised, we come to Mr. Bradley's account of the relation of poetry to experience:—

> "An actual poem is the succession of experiences—sounds, images, thoughts, emotions—through which we pass when we are reading as poetically as we can. Of course, the imaginative experience differs with every reader and every time of reading: a poem exists in innumerable degrees. But this insuperable fact lies in the nature of things."

The Inaugural Lecture (1901), delivered during the author's tenure of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, discusses the purpose of poetry. Does it exist for an end outside itself? or is poetry for poetry's sake a valid canon? In spite of the great authority of Wordsworth, Mr. Bradley pronounces for the latter view. There can be little question that he is in the right. To say that poetry, or art in general, is an end in itself, is not to say that it is "the whole or supreme end of the human life": and to the objection that the formula cuts away poetry from its connection with life, the answer is that—

> "there is plenty of connection between life and poetry, but it is, so to say, a connection underground. The two may be called different forms of the same thing: one of them having (in the usual sense) reality, but seldom fully satisfying imagination; while the other satisfies imagination, but has not full 'reality.' They are parallel developments which nowhere meet, or, if I may use loosely a word which will be serviceable later, they are analogues."

Or, to quote the fine words of the closing paragraph, poetry

> "still seems to be trying to express something beyond itself. And this, we feel, is also what the other arts, and religion, and philosophy, are trying to express—and that is what impels us to seek in vain to translate the one into the other. About the best poetry there floats an atmosphere of infinite suggestion. The poet speaks to us of one thing, but in this one thing there seems to lurk the secret of all. He said what he meant, but his meaning seems to beckon away beyond itself, or rather to expand into something boundless, which is only focussed in it; something also which, we feel, would satisfy not only the imagination, but the whole of us. . . . This all-embracing perfection cannot be expressed in poetic words of any kind, nor yet in music or in color. . . . We do it wrong, we defeat our own purposes when we try to bend it to them:—
>
> 'We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence;
> For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
> And our vain blows malicious mockery.'
>
> It is a spirit. It comes we know not whence. It will not speak at our bidding, nor answer in our language. It is not our servant; it is our master."

Turning to the lecture on Wordsworth, with all his suggestive criticism, we do not think that the author has got the poet's secret. He reminds us of his wandering and undisciplined youth—the tradition of his sheeplike temperament must be relegated to legend—and discusses admirably the relation in which his work stands to that of the great German idealists of which it so often reminds us. "Tintern Abbey" and "A slumber did my spirit seal" are instances of this parallelism, and many others will occur.

> "His poetry is immensely interesting as an imaginative expression of the same mind which, in his day, produced in Germany great philosophies. His poetic experience, his intuitions, his single thoughts, even his large views, correspond in a striking way, sometimes in a startling way, with ideas methodically developed by Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer. They remain admirable material for philosophy; and a philosophy which found itself driven to treat them as moonshine would probably be a very poor affair. But they are like the experience and the utterances of men of religious genius: great truths are enshrined in them, but generally the shrine would have to be broken to liberate those truths in a form which would satisfy the desire to understand."

The same holds good of Newman; it is difficult to persuade ourselves that the author of the "Grammar of Assent" was unacquainted with the "Critique of the Pure Reason." The explanation is that these ideas were in the air, and that men of a certain temperament could not be strangers to them. Nor is the difference of expression more than would almost of necessity arise from the varying standpoints of the poet, the philosopher, and the divine.

To his loftier qualities—austerity, a singularly lofty patriotism, and an elevation of sentiment for which sublimity is not too strong a term—Wordsworth united a rare delicacy of affection and sensitiveness to beauty in detail. Of "the little maid" in "We Are Seven":—

> "Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
> Her beauty made me glad:"

"Three years she grew in sun and shower," and "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," with its great ending—

> "But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me,"

are examples of the former: "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe" of the latter gift. While the poet who wrote "The world is too much with us," and saw the

> "Lady of the Mere
> Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance,"

read deeper into man and Nature than probably any man before or since. He was before all things an interpreter; here he is without a rival. And, as his form at its best—and how often it is at its best!—stands in the first rank,

* "Oxford Lectures on Poetry." A. C. Bradley. Macmillan. 10s.

we are inclined to demur to Mr. Bradley's judgment that "there have been greater poets than he."

Amongst the remaining lectures that on "Shakespeare the Man" and "Shakespeare's Theatre and Audience" call for notice. The collection as a whole is a notable example of English critical work.

## THE EUMENIDES OF AESCHYLUS.*

Dr. Verrall has now brought to completion his commentary on the great trilogy of Aeschylus; but he would be the last to claim finality for the conclusions which he presents. Indeed, he expressly repudiates any such pretension, and tells us that—

> "everything in this book, especially what may be new, is propounded simply as matter for consideration."

And the book is as full of such matter as an egg is full of meat. To begin with, Dr. Verrall is, generally speaking, ultra-conservative in textual matters.

> "No small part of my commentary," he observes, "might be described as 'considerations in favor of M.'"

Let us take examples of these from the opening speech of the Pythia. In v. 11 M reads—

ἐς τήνδε γαῖαν ἦλθε παρνησοῦσ θ'ἕδρας (*a* erased after παρ). Παρνησὸς θ'ἕδρας is clearly the right reading; but Dr. Verrall finds a play on words in the supposed adjective παρ(*a*)νήσους "from the isle" (of Delos). Again, in v. 27 πλήστους τε πηγάς, the original reading of M has been altered to πλείστους, while the proper name Πλειστοῦ is the true reading. Here, too, Dr. Verrall detects a punning adjective πληστός "filled," which he supposes to indicate the derivation of the name. The fact that in both instances the addition of σ to the termination lies at the root of the mischief at once arouses our suspicion; and when we find the intrusive σ in a number of passages whence even Dr. Verrall has no choice but to expel it (*cf.* vv. 314, 338, 909, and especially 1000) we cannot but feel that in such a matter the evidence of M is quite inconclusive. Sometimes, too, Dr. Verrall is led astray by the marginal notes in M. It is true that the scholia contain (amid much that is worthless) the *disjecta membra* of a learned commentary on Aeschylus; but it by no means follows that the scribe who copied these (at third or fourth hand) into our MS. was himself a first-rate scholar. Hence we should not assume (as Dr. Verrall does) that when he writes Ζτ (=Ζητητέον) in the margin some deep-seated corruption is to be inferred: such a wrong division of letters as δ'ἐπάλλας for δὲ παλλάς (v. 224), though to the "ancient editors" of Aeschylus it would doubtless have been easy of correction, sufficed to give pause to the medieval copyist; we have only to turn to v. 205, where we find δ'ἕκτωρ in M, with the note Ζτ οἶμαι δέκτωρ. There is thus no occasion to write, with Dr. Verrall, δ' ἐναλλάξ. Once more, the reading ταύτην τοιαύτην εἶπον in v. 641 is clearly due to homoeoteleuton; τὴν δ'αὖ is necessary in response to ἀνδρὸς μὲν in v. 639. But Dr. Verrall will have it that ταύτην is deictic, and that Apollo, in speaking the words, points to the ghost of Clytemnestra, which is visible to him (as a divine being), though not to his audience. Here we have an example of the tendency to assume by-play, such as the conditions of the Aeschylean stage forbade, which governs many of Dr. Verrall's ingenious interpretations. Two examples stand out prominently in this play. At v. 601 Dr. Verrall supposes that Orestes' action is as follows (we quote his translation and stage directions):—

> "Or.: I trust . . . (*An abrupt pause. Sensation. He stands speechless, with eyes long fixed as upon some dreadful vision; then, recovering slowly, continues*) But there is *aid* from the grave; my father brings it. (*A pause.*)"

We are to assume that the spirit of Clytemnestra appears to her son and transfixes him with horror; but surely this implies the use of resources foreign to Aeschylus. And so at v. 886, where Athena finally overcomes the resistance of Eumenides, it is hard to accept Dr. Verrall's startling suggestion that Athena here draws near to the spirits of vengeance, and that in silence indicated by the broken grammar of the text,

> "*Something* here passes between them, not worded, nor wordable at all, of which the human witnesses know and can know nothing but the effect—the instantaneous achievement of the impossible . . ."

Aeschylus, after all, was no Maeterlinck. We have no space to quote more from Dr. Verrall; but if scholars will, perhaps, not often agree with his suggestions, they will at least read his book with keen intellectual enjoyment. It is not so much a commentary as a budget of paradoxes.

* "The Eumenides of Aeschylus." With an Introduction, Commentary, and Translation by A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Macmillan.

## STORIES AND SKETCHES OF WARFARE.*

The three pieces of fiction before us illustrate aptly the confusion of the modern man's feelings about war. We are not only in a transitional period of social development, a period in which several economic stages overlap, but our instincts are torn between an old-world, but by no means out-of-date set of moral concepts, and a new-world cosmopolitan attitude to our fellows derived from the expansion of intercourse and human sympathy. Probably this new cosmopolitan morality will gain ground enormously in the next few generations, but our old-world organisation of rival nationalities makes still possible spectacles of war as monstrous as the recent Russian-Japanese conflict, where two millions of Russian and Japanese peasants were set to work to slaughter one another because a Bezobrazov and an Alexiev wished to keep the exploitation of the Korean forests in their own hands. In the days of Catherine II. or Napoleon I. such a spectacle would not have been generally recognised as immoral—so rapid has the advance been in public intelligence in a few generations. But the morality of a given war is a matter strictly relative to the stage of civilisation reached by a nation and to the pressure of irresistible circumstances. This is clearly brought out by a reading of Mr. Lionel James's admirable sketches of life in beleaguered Tabriz, and on the Indian Frontier, an excellently written series of "Things Seen," which produce a moral effect on the reader, simply because the English officer's standards of humanity, justice, and courage are seen to be of a higher and finer order than are the corresponding standards of his semi-feudal Persians and Pathans. The English officer in the East may therefore come to represent to-day much what the Roman soldier represented in the Britain of two thousand years ago, and he is an integral part, and it may well be a more efficient instrument of our civilisation than, say, the peaceable Londoner who has never handled a rifle. Cant comes into play, however, directly we pretend that our motives in conquering or holding a foreign territory are other than self-regarding.

"Banzai," "written by a German official of high rank," is said to have sold 300,000 copies in Germany. The novel, which is a particularly crass example of the scaremonger's art, describes a supposititious conquest of the United States by a Japanese Army of 170,000 men who are landed on the Pacific coast, after the American Navy has been blown into smithereens by the treacherous manœuvres of Japanese warships! "A war of extermination against the yellow race, and the yellow peril" is preached by the ingenious "Parabellum," whose direct aim seems to be like the Fat Boy's in "Pickwick" to "make yer flesh creep."

We have no really illuminating analysis of war by an artist of rank save Tolstoy, and the Peace Societies of all countries could not do better than translate and distribute his work "Sebastopol," a masterpiece of psychological insight very little known outside Russia. The humblest work of professional military men, however, has its secrets to yield, and we can conscientiously recommend Ole Luk-Oiè's "The Green Curve" as worthy of attention. The author, who impresses one favorably by his tone of well-bred *cameraderie* and who obviously thinks for himself, shows a light and pleasant touch in his two sketches of humors of the South African campaign. In "The Kite," "The Joint in the Harness," "Mole Warfare," and "The

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Point of View," we have technical studies of new developments in warfare, which, highly interesting to the professional soldier, may be commended to the general reader as conveying vividly the sickening details of scientific and overwhelming slaughter as was the case in the assaults on the Russian forts at Port Arthur. What interests the critic in "The Joint in the Harness," however, is the conflict between the author's keen professional enthusiasm over the scene of butchery and his mild pity for the "nice young fellows" whose heads and legs are blown to pieces in their enthusiasm for their calling. Even more interesting than the author's recoil, instinctive but restrained, from the human shambles his imagination has created, is his attempt to moralise civilised warfare by turning into contempt the "mere civilian's" unfitness for the trade of killing. This is a psychological feature in the military man's professional attitude which has not been sufficiently scrutinised. If the modern European were always in a state of chronic, or, indeed, of intermittent warfare with his fellows, the immorality of an individual not being trained, armed, and ready to take the field would indeed be appalling, but the author waves aside much considerations and in his story, "An Eddy of War," reads a moral lecture to the unhappy hero, Mr. Blaythwate, because he is not prepared for the invasion of England when it comes. In the story "The Limit," we find an amusing example of the professional military man's lack of perspective. An English army is supposed to be invading some Continental territory, and two English soldiers are discussing with bitter disgust the refusal of their stay-at-home brothers to join in, men who are "just carrying on their life at home, and have refused to waste their time or money in training or fighting." "It's the whole nation to blame," says one man, "the fool nation, that sits down and expects a few to do the work of the whole lot." This is meant to be a spectacle of infinite pathos.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Arthur Hayden's "Chats on English Earthenware" (Unwin, 5s. net) should have the effect of increasing the number of English collectors of this class of pottery. The volume has been written as a companion to Mr. Hayden's "Chats on Old China," in the same series; and those who recall the workmanlike character of that book will find this to be in no way inferior. Indeed, "Chats on English Earthenware" should make an even wider appeal than its predecessor, not only because earthenware collecting makes less demand upon the purse than does its aristocratic cousin, but for the reason that its manufacture has been more emphatically an English industry. Here, then, we have a handbook, written by a well-known authority, which gives in the concisest possible form all the information that the beginner in earthenware collecting is likely to need. Moreover, it contains one or two features that are not usually found in the multifarious "guides" that are produced today. One is a most lucid description of the process of earthenware manufacture, illustrated with photographs taken at Messrs. Wedgwood's potteries at Etruria; another, the carefully compiled identification tables and lists of prices realised at recent auctions. In the body of the text, the various styles in earthenware, "stoneware," "ironware," &c., in vogue in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, during which the renaissance and the decadence of English pottery took place, are traced to their sources and adequately illustrated. We have an excellent account of the origin and popularity of English delft up to the time when it was supplanted in public favor by the famous Staffordshire salt-glaze ware, the latter in turn giving place to Wedgwood cream ware; of Josiah Wedgwood and the school he founded, and of the Jasper ware which was his crowning achievement in ornamental pottery; and, generally, of all the principal potters and potteries from Dwight of Fulham in the seventeenth century to the early nineteenth century workmen, from the handicraftsmen to the factory system. Wedgwood, whose reputation Mr. Hayden is at pains to defend against some attempts at belittlement that have recently been made against him, is undoubtedly the most conspicuous figure in the annals of eighteenth century earthenware, and the brief, though essentially just, estimate of his place and influence, which is given in these pages, remind us of the singular fact that no official biography of him has yet been published. Surely the time has come for this to be done; and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Hayden is the man to do it. As a comprehensive summary of Wedgwood's art and of the history of earthenware in England, this book is a far more valuable contribution to the subject than its title, which suggests incompleteness, would indicate.

* * *

Nature and Art are blended very harmoniously in the volume of essays, by "The Country Contributor," published under the title of "The Ideas of a Plain Country Woman" (Constable, 3s. net). The Nature appears in the style, which is homely, and in the arrangement, which is discursive; the Art in the saying of a number of old truths in a way that is new and individual. Briefly speaking, the authoress is the apologist of the conservative woman with her elemental life, as against her advanced sister with her demand for "equality"; of the wisdom of the country and the open air, as against that of the city; of the simple emotions as against the complex ones. The sex question is one of absorbing interest at the present time, and most of the argument has come, as, indeed, was inevitable, from the reformers' side, while a good deal of what has been put forward by their antagonists has been based on instinct rather than pure reason. It is, therefore, refreshing, whatever one's opinions on the suffrage and such-like matters, to find among these "Ideas" a fair proportion that are supported by shrewd and persuasive logic. Again, although controversial topics are touched on here, the tone is in no way controversial; the book with its several gleams of humor, its sane and pithy judgments, and its obvious sincerity, the latter involving a desire to avoid smartness—there are one or two epigrams notwithstanding—is markedly tolerant, and could only be called provocative by those waiting and wishing to be provoked. Heartiness, born of the joy of living, is the prevailing note. It is struck again and again in the reminiscences of "full" days passed in a remote and simple American country home, and in the fearless, though not indelicate, treatment of delicate matters such as those dealt with under the titles of "The Marriage Question," "The Truth about Love," and "Old Maids and Single Women." And the note of religion which occurs at times is neither mawkish nor so insistent as to be inconsistent with the genuineness of a work-a-day woman of the type to which we believe "The Country Contributor" belongs; indeed, her expressed convictions would be less convincing without it, adroitly argued as they are. Many excellent people's "Ideas" would receive no damage from the mental stimulus that this book is capable of affording.

* * *

Beginning with an account of the Young Turkish movement from the time of Midhat to the Revolution of last July, and then proceeding to discussions of the international situation in regard to Persia, Tibet, Afghanistan, Korea, and the Baghdad and Hedjaz Railways, Mr. Angus Hamilton's "Problems of the Middle East" (Nash, 12s. 6d. net) supplies information that will be useful to students of international politics. His book is also enriched by maps and the texts of several documents of interest, such as the Turkish Constitution of 1876, the Persian Electoral and Fundamental Laws of 1906 and 1907, and the Baghdad Railway Convention. Mr. Hamilton's standpoint may be gathered from the fact that he favors a policy of intervention in Persia on the part of Great Britain, and, when dealing with Tibet, writes that "there can be no question that the Government of India should be permitted to exercise unfettered control over an irresponsible state lying within the shadow of her own frontier." He seems to have given little heed to the contention that the small countries whose difficulties and dissensions make the Middle East the cockpit of present-day politics may, after all, solve their problems in their own way, and should, at any rate, be given every liberty to make the attempt. But those who differ from Mr. Hamilton's views will often find his information useful. He has a first-hand knowledge of the countries he discusses, and though he sometimes strays into pseudo-picturesque rhetoric, as a rule he writes clearly and well.

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net), of the late Dr. Story, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and one of his Majesty's chaplains in Scotland, has been written by his daughters. Dr. Story was one of the ablest and most vigorous champions of the Church of Scotland. From the very first year of his being sent up as a member of the General Assembly he showed his practical interest in the affairs of the Church by taking a prominent part in the debates. He was very often in opposition to the general feeling of the House, but he was never deterred by fear of being in what he once called "an enormous minority" from expressing his opinion in discussions which he felt might lead to action vital or hurtful to the best interests of the Church. For Carlyle (whom he knew well) and his teaching Dr. Story had the greatest veneration. "When he dies," he once wrote, "the man who has taught me more than any other is gone, and leaves the world darker and poorer." Later, in a letter to Lady Frances Balfour, he wrote: "I think Froude utterly unjustifiable in printing *all* poor old Carlyle's scribblings, lots of which I don't suppose Carlyle ever thought of being published, and which are in part evidently little else than soliloquies written down in moods of sorrow and preoccupation. There is a good deal of ill-nature, however, that one is sorry to see in the mind of so great a prophet; but then he was frightfully dyspeptic, and that accounts for much." A warm friendship existed between Dr. Story and Dean Stanley, and a good anecdote is told by the writers concerning the latter's absence of mind and indifference to dress. Coming down to dinner with one side of his collar unfastened and flapping uncomfortably over his coat, the Dean's hostess drew attention to the fact. "Ah, yes," said Dean Stanley pleasantly, "I couldn't manage to fasten it before I came down. But I don't mind. Do you?" Lady Frances Balfour contributes an appreciative memoir of Dr. Story to the volume.

* * *

A SELECTION from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas has been translated into English by Mr. H. C. O'Neill under the title, "New Things and Old in Saint Thomas Aquinas" (Dent, 3s. 6d. net). Mr. O'Neill's plan has been to group together representative extracts under such headings as "The Efficacy of Prayer," "Determinism," "The Incarnation," "Papal Power," "The Soul," "The Intellect and Knowledge." Care seems to have been exercised in choosing the extracts, and the volume gives a good conspectus of the "Angelic Doctor's" teaching upon most of the great theological and philosophical questions. To translate St. Thomas Aquinas was a difficult task which Mr. O'Neill has performed well. His rendering has smoothness and ease, while his choice of English equivalents for the Latin technical words is upon the whole excellent. A further merit of the book is the Life of St. Thomas Aquinas, which is prefixed as an introduction to the selections. This is well abreast with recent researches, though we think Mr. O'Neill exaggerates the opposition between the "Summa" and the tenets of modernism.

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THE Board of Trade Returns for May were as good as could be expected, and confirm the statistics of pauperism and unemployment. Taken together they suggest that trade generally is reviving. At this time last year the movement was rapidly downwards. Now it is slowly upwards. When the American tariff is settled and favorable crops are assured, we may see a considerable expansion and a fairly Tight money market in the autumn. This seems to be the view of American bankers, some of whom certainly expect the Bank of England rate to be 4 per cent. in the autumn, and are speculating in bills on that basis. As to the returns themselves, the best feature of them is the increased import of raw materials. The higher value and lower volume of food stuffs are the natural consequence of the high price of corn. But this in all probability will be remedied by the crops. Another bad harvest would be a disaster for the world. The outlook, so far as this country is concerned, is clouded by fears of a strike in the coal fields of Wales or Scotland or both. Considering how well both mine owners and miners have done during the general depression, the nation ought to be able to count upon them coming to an accommodation in their own interests primarily, but also for the common good. The rains have done great things for the agricultural districts. They have saved the hay crops and have made the corn crops look promising. In spite of the late frosts the fruit reports are good. On the Stock Exchange dulness has supervened. Gilt-edged securities have fallen away; but activity continues in the Mining markets.

### THE CHARTERED BOOM.

On Monday quite a boom took place in the shares of the Chartered Company. Thousands of shares changed hands, we are told, "and nearly a million sterling was added to the market capitalisation in a few hours." Rumor assisted as usual, *e.g.*, that Rhodesia would join the South African Federation on favorable terms, and that the Transvaal Government is going to take over the railways, also on favorable terms, of course. Others ascribe the movement to a strong bull syndicate which hopes to produce a rising market, in which the public will buy, and then get rid of its shares at a profit. At one moment the price rose to 36s. It is not long since the shares were almost unsaleable at less than half that price.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 12.] SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

Something like a small cave has been formed among Liberal Members of Parliament to resist the land taxes in the Budget. These gentlemen have twice met, and their names have been duly blazoned forth in the Tory newspapers. We hope that their constituents will take equal and early note of them, for though their names include some gentlemen who are generally faithful to their professed creed, and are serious critics on points of detail, others are Liberals only in name. Mr. Harold Cox, for example, is a Tory individualist, and Mr. Rees has sat on the Liberal side for three years without, so far as we know, ever delivering a Liberal speech. Others, like Mr. Ridsdale, Mr. Chance, and Mr. Beck, have been most uncertain supporters of Liberal principles, one or two reflect some personal disappointment, others, again, represent landed estates or large interests in property. Generally, the cave resembles the earlier Whig Adullamites, who destroyed the Russell-Gladstone Reform Bill. It is not at all a large one, and it is a healthy sign that its occupants shrink from publicity, and from the charge of opposition to the Budget as distinct from special criticism. Meanwhile, it is pointed out that Sir John Dickson Poynder, their leader, was chairman of the meeting in Drury Lane Theatre on land taxation, when, after a speech by the late Prime Minister, a resolution was passed in favor of the valuation of land on its capital value, and of the rating and taxing of land values. They have interviewed the Prime Minister and Mr. George, without result.

Meanwhile, a stage army of hostile interests is being marched and re-marched across the stage. Our old friends the City, the Primrose League, the anti-Socialist Union, and the Liberty and Property Defence League, have been joined by a nominally new organisation, called the Budget Protest League, with Mr. Walter Long as its President, Captain Jessel (of the anti-Progressive movement in London) as its Chairman, and Mr. Raine (of the Coal Consumers' League) as its Secretary. Finally, an Association of corporate bodies has been formed, with Mr. Douglas Pennant (of the Penrhyn family) as Secretary, to resist the land taxes. This body includes such ardent progressives as Sir William Anson, Sir Nevile Lubbock, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Lord Valentia, and Lord Rothschild, who seems subtly to pervade all these alarums and excursions of the about-to-be-impoverished rich. For convenience of reference, we hope that these bodies will adopt a common address for their very slightly differentiated activities.

* * *

On the other hand, all observers report a movement of great enthusiasm and determined support for the land clauses, on which the fate of the Budget, of the Government, and of the Liberal Party itself depends. A Hyde Park demonstration has been arranged, in which the Labor Party will probably co-operate. On Thursday next a luncheon to the Prime Minister is being organised by the Land and Housing Reform Committee, at which Sir John Brunner will preside, and a great gathering of Liberal members will take place. Mr. Asquith's speech will, of course, be an event of the first importance, in view of his firm and unhesitating support of the land clauses, as well as of the entire scheme of the Budget. We may note, by the way, that the new number of the "Economic Journal" contains a temperate approval of the Budget from the pen of so great an authority as Professor Bastable.

* * *

But the most enlightening defence of the Budget has come from one of our own Junkers, Lord Onslow, who, after exaggerating the amount of the new charges on his properties, and stating, against the obvious facts, that their value in no way arose from the efforts of the State or the local community, declared that he was about to part with a portion of his estate near Guildford. Foreseeing such legislation as the Budget, he had lately sold part of his holding on terms, he hinted, which gave him as many pounds as it had formerly yielded shillings. Now, in view of the demand for land for "residential purposes," he was going to sell more of it. In other words, having "held up" his acres against the public, he now, under pressure of the coming tax on undeveloped land, proposes to satisfy the demand for them. According to the "Daily Chronicle," two such sales to the Guildford Board of Guardians were at the rate of £250 and £300 per acre, so that the Budget would appear to be Lord Onslow's "open sesame" to untold wealth. All we can say is that if Lord Onslow is prepared to sell his land on reasonable terms we are delighted to hear it, and hope that his brother Junkers will widely follow his example.

In that case the Surrey County Council may have a chance of gratifying some of the hundreds of applications for small holdings which it has received and rebuffed. Lord Onslow further proposes to cease directly employing carpenters and other workmen for estate repairs. On which we have to remark that if this be an uneconomic use of his land, the sooner he abandons it the better, and if it be a mere political device, we can hardly conceive a meaner one.

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On Tuesday Sir Edward Grey, in answer to Mr. Morrell, said the Government assumed "full responsibility" for the Tsar's visit "to the English Channel," which would take place in August. Four Liberal members joined in questioning, and a Labor member, Mr. Thorne, called out that he hoped the Tsar "would get his deserts." We hope for nothing of the kind, but we are convinced that the great majority of British people echo the Labor Party's protest, and that if the Tsar landed on these shores they would receive him either in silence or with open disapproval. Nor, we think, would any separate vote for the expenses of his visit pass the present House of Commons. The visit exhibits the sharpest opposition between the deep historic sentiments of our people and the supposed interests of the foreign policy, with its anti-German purpose, laid down for them.

* * *

What we suppose we must call the State visit of the Colonial journalists to the capital was rounded off on Saturday by a visit to the Fleet at Spithead. The visitors, to whom Lord Rosebery appealed to witness the pitiless "pressure" put upon this "little island," were conducted through eighteen miles of battleships, occupied by 144 ships of war, a total which, we observe, is to be swollen, for the purposes of the coming manœuvres, to 350 vessels, distributed in three fleets. Of the 24 battleships in line at Spithead—which excluded the ships forming the third and fourth divisions of the Home Fleet, and most of the Mediterranean Fleet—it may briefly be said that 23 of them are heavier and probably more powerful vessels than any existing battleship in the German Navy. The same may be said of the three so-called cruisers of the "Dreadnought" type, which are more formidable engines of war than any battleship afloat. Counting these vessels, and reckoning in the two "Lord Nelsons," the fleet included nine vessels of the "Dreadnought" type, and eight "King Edwards," which alone could blow the whole German Fleet out of the water. As to our vast strength in armored cruisers only sixteen out of forty were exhibited to the eyes of our visitors. We are not surprised at the comment by Mr. Macdonald, the managing editor of the Toronto "Globe," that the sight of the fleet drove him to reflect how great must be the "uncivilised remainders" of international life in Europe.

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Meanwhile, we are bound to add a word as to the double deception practised on the colonial editors. The first deception, as to the state of our defences, was, we hope, exposed at Spithead. The second, the attempt to enlist these gentlemen in the service of tariff reform and conscription, was, we think, also defeated. But we do not think that it was to the credit of the daily press of London that the occasion was used so largely for the advertisement of two or three papers, and that the organisation of the functions was largely placed in the hands of persons closely connected with the Tariff Reform League. So intimate was this association that, to mention one fact among many, a Cabinet Minister was presented by one of these persons with a list of guests from which Liberal and Free Trade journalists here and in the colonies had been thoughtfully omitted. This is not the first time that Colonial journalists have been made the instruments of British party politics, and it will not be the last. Liberal statesmen and newspaper men are perhaps a little to blame for remissness. On a future occasion they may be earlier and better advised.

* * *

Lord Morley speaking at Oxford to the Civil Service Probationers, strongly defended the Indian deportations under the Regulation of 1818. He admitted that they were violations of *habeas corpus*, but declared the measure to have been framed under as "good a law as any on our Statute-book," said that the evidence had been examined by the Governor-General in Council, and by four Lieutenant-Governors—not, we think, satisfactory substitutes for Courts of Law, especially in the light of the recent trials—and pleaded generally for the necessity of an "emergency power" for Government. But he promised to revise the cases next month. On Thursday the Prime Minister affirmed all these positions, in language of some rigor. He admitted, in answer to Radical questioning, that the Government had not framed, or intended to frame, any charges against those who had been deported. This was inherent in the nature of the Regulation, which provided for cases in which there might not be "sufficient ground to institute any judicial proceeding." But what of the risks of condemning the wrongly accused, and of making criminals of men who merely hamper our ruling system? Mr. Asquith added that criticism of the Government in the House might revive the elements of mischief in India, and refused amendment of the Regulation.

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The Welsh Disestablishment Bill has been withdrawn for the Session, a course which we anticipated when it was introduced. But the Prime Minister has appeased an incipient revolt of the Welsh members by promising to make it the leading measure of next year—a decision which seems to promise a Dissolution in the autumn of 1910. The path of the Budget has been further cleared by an allotment of time for the Housing and Irish Land Bills. The former Bill, which has already sustained twenty-three days' debate in Grand Committee, is to have two days in Committee of the whole House and one day for report and third reading. The Irish Land Bill is to have eleven more days allotted to it—eight in Committee, two for report, and one for third reading. We confess to some sympathy with Lord Robert Cecil's complaint, made in reference to the allotment of two days to the Housing Bill, that the guillotine is destroying the efficiency of the House of Commons. It is also, we are afraid, strengthening the power of the House of Lords.

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The *referendum* in Natal has ended, as we expected, in a decisive majority for Union with the South African States, 11,121 people recording a favorable vote against 3,701 hostile suffrages. Every constituency contained a majority for Union. White South Africa will therefore soon be a united Dominion of the Crown. Sir George Farrar has stated that this great historical event was due to the war, not to the grant of self-government. But it is notorious that not one step to federation was taken, or could have been taken, until Lord Milner's bureaucratic machinery had been swept away, and free

units created in the former Dutch States. Every Dutch statesman in South Africa would have opposed union under the conditions which prevailed after the war.

* * *

The Tsar and the Kaiser met in Finnish waters on Thursday, and fears for the Tsar's safety led to the firing on a British vessel either by a guardship of his yacht or a torpedo boat. The Tsar was accompanied by M. Stolypin and M. Isvolski, the Kaiser by Herr von Schön, the Foreign Secretary, and the German Ambassador to St. Petersburg. The German Press has been sedulously pointing out that there is nothing in this meeting to distress either France or England, and that no change in European policy is aimed. The "Rossiya," which is M. Stolypin's organ, says that friendly relations with Germany are thoroughly consistent with Russia's special relations with France and England; and it takes occasion to explode once more the fable that during the Servian crisis Germany forced Russia's hand by menace. Perhaps the true meaning of the meeting is rendered by the "Novoe Vremya," which insists that in the event of an Anglo-German war, Russia's interest and duty would be to observe the strictest neutrality. One may draw the conclusion that though the meeting between the Tsar and the Kaiser will not alter the general lines of European policy, it will frustrate the efforts being made to give the Triple Entente a specifically anti-German point.

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The report of the Finance Reform Committee drafted by the Centre and the Conservatives came before the Reichstag on Wednesday. A day or two before the Government had issued its proposed substitutes for some of the rejected taxes. These include a modified form of death duty calculated to produce half the estimated revenue from the original death duty. In the course of the debate the position of the Government was made clear up to a certain point. Prince Bülow said that they would insist upon some kind of inheritance tax as the only practical form of direct taxation, and Herr von Sydow said that they would not accept the Committee's taxes on stocks and milling and exported coal. Prince Bülow urged the Conservatives to make some concession, so that the Liberals could cooperate in the finance reform. He declared that death duties were inevitable sooner or later. What impression this appeal has made is not obvious, and Prince Bülow did not commit himself to an announcement that he would resign if the Conservatives remained obdurate.

* * *

On Monday President Penna of Brazil died. The Vice-President, Senhor Nilo Pecanha, has taken office, and there has been no disturbance, but this political crisis has come at a difficult moment. In March next a new President will in the natural course of events have to be elected. The deceased President Penna had nominated Senhor Campista, the Finance Minister, as the official candidate, and he in the normal course would have been elected. General Fonseca, however, the Minister of War, tendered his resignation as a protest, and, of course, he had the Army behind him. The President refused to accept his resignation, but Senhor Campista has been put out of the running, and General Fonseca himself has come forward as a candidate. He professes to support economy in armaments—it may be remembered that Brazil has entered on an extensive naval programme—but the most important State in Brazil, Sao Paolo, is against him. If he were defeated, there would be no little danger of a military revolution, and in any case the prospect of the Army dictating the choice of a President is not very pleasing.

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On Friday evening week, at about 9.15, the South of France was shaken by an earthquake. The shock lasted a few seconds, and was most severe in the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône. The village of St. Cannat was wrecked, at least ten persons were killed, and most of the houses reduced to ruins. At Lambesc the damage was concentrated in a single quarter, but even more lives were lost, while at Rognes, the most northerly part of the region affected, eight persons were killed. Many other villages suffered heavily, and the casualties in all amount to fifty-five killed and several hundred injured. Had the shock come a few hours later and found everybody in bed, the destruction of life would have been much heavier .

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The abolition of the Senior Wranglership puts an end to a competition which was in its way almost as much of an English institution as the Derby or the University Boat Race. It is perhaps a pity that a distinction in which the popular interest has always been great should be wiped out just as the democratic ladder to the Universities was beginning to be firmly planted. Thus the last Senior Wrangler, Mr. Percy John Danfell, was a Warwick County Scholar, and Mr. G. H. Livens, who was bracketed fourth Wrangler, was a pupil in a London elementary school. Mr. C. Galton Darwin, who was also bracketed fourth, was a grandson of Charles Darwin, while the ninth Wrangler, Mr. Benegal Narsinga Rau, was a student of the Presidency College, Madras, where he won the Government of India's leaving scholarship.

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Lieutenant Shackleton, the leader of the British Antarctic Expedition, arrived in London on Monday, and, after a great popular welcome, was entertained by the Royal Societies Club and by Mr. Heinemann. His speeches in thanks were of admirable quality, full of frankness, and of a simple poetic charm, contrasting with the more purely scientific character of those of his famous predecessor in Polar adventure, Nansen. That he is a great leader of men the records of his journey amply show, and it is a singular proof of the quality of his captaincy that every member of his present expedition has pledged himself to return with him for a following attempt to capture the secret of the South Pole.

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The second test match was easily won on Wednesday by Australia at Lords by nine wickets. England, after a tolerable but not brilliant first innings of 269, found their slow or medium bowling well mastered by Australia, and against the Colonists' 350 runs broke down completely in their second trial. Playing at once with rashness and poor spirit, they only put together 121 runs, leaving Australia with 41 to win. The defeat was due to the bad judgment of the Selection Committee and the bad play of the English eleven. The former committed the two errors which it would seem easiest for them to avoid. They omitted to provide a fast bowler for a ground peculiarly suited to him, and they left out Mr. Jessop, who is perhaps the least nervous, and certainly the most adventurous, batsman in England. The Australians, on the other hand, seem to have recovered all their characteristic qualities, such as steadiness in batting and power of combination in the field. But we cannot believe that they are superior to our best English sides.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE ARGUMENT FOR THE LAND TAXES.

We do not attach overmuch importance to the resistance which is being threatened by a small number of undistinguished members of the Liberal Party to the land taxes proposed in the Budget. But it may be as well now to state briefly the reasons why these taxes have been placed in the forefront, and why, in fact, they form the core of the whole measure by which the Government must stand or fall. We have to look forward to the necessity for a considerable increase of national expenditure. The genuine needs of social reform on the one hand, the perpetual pressure for panic-armaments on the other, work in the same direction whichever party is in power and whether the progressive or the reactionary spirit dominates the public mind. New sources of revenue have, therefore, to be found, and at bottom, when we get below the tangle of controversy, we find two directions, and two only, in which they can be sought. The burden may be imposed on the necessaries and comforts of the people, on the materials, appliances, and processes of industry and commerce. That is the method, disguise it as we may, of the Tariff Reformer. Or it may be imposed on the economic surplus, on the mass of unearned wealth and of luxurious expenditure. That is the method of Mr. Lloyd George, and its most distinctive point of application is in the land taxes of the Budget. There are other elements of "surplus" besides the inflated rents of urban land, and with some of them the Budget directly or indirectly deals. Thus it imposes a moderate super-tax on all very large incomes; it reclaims for the nation a portion of the monopoly value which has been given away in the form of licences to sell intoxicating liquor. But it is in relation to the land, to the taxation of unearned increment and of undeveloped value, that the principle has its clearest application, and admits of the most useful development. Let us clearly understand what the object of these taxes is, why they are both necessary, and why they provoke such determined opposition.

We may usefully begin with the last point. The opposition is not based on the actual amount of the tax. In particular, the halfpenny in the pound on the value of undeveloped land is obviously a small affair. Be it remembered that all land valued at less than £50 an acre is excluded, and that even above this limit value due to the agricultural capabilities of the soil is not to be taken into account. What remains? On an acre of land suitable for building purposes, but undeveloped for those purposes, which is valued as worth £1,000 in the open market, the tax would amount to a little under £2. It is not the £2 that causes these searchings of heart. It is the necessity for valuation. It is the interest of the public to know accurately, and it is not the interest of landlords that it should be known accurately, what the value of the land of the country really is. It is not their interest, because on the present system they are taxed and rated on one value, but if it comes to selling, and particularly selling to the public, they proceed on quite a different value. The land clauses are disliked, not for the burden which they impose, but for the basis which they lay down for future transactions between the community and the landlord.

There are those who accept the tax on unearned increment, and reserve their opposition for the tax on undeveloped estates, though the former will in a short time bring in a large and the latter will never produce more than a small return to the Exchequer. Here again is an apparent paradox. It would seem that the landlord and his friends accept the bigger and object to the smaller burden, and here again the secret lies in the word "valuation." The taxation of the unearned increment starts from a date when enormous increments of value have avowedly passed into private hands. Except for the small portion that is recoverable by the tax on reversions, the increment which will come in for duty will be calculated from present values as zero. It will be all future increment. That being so, the obvious method of delaying the action of the tax would be to place existing values as high as possible, while it would be the interest of the valuers from Somerset House to keep them down. It is on this point that the development tax acts as a check on both sides. If the present value of land is unduly swollen by the inclusion of speculative value, it will be taxed as undeveloped land. If it is unduly depreciated, increment will soon accrue. Let us take the case of the same acre of land as before; let us suppose that it is now let to a market gardener for £3 a year, so that its capital value on that basis might be £75. Let us suppose that for building purposes it might readily find a willing purchaser at £1,000. If the landlord seeks to value it, say, at £800, he will have to pay 20 per cent. on the increment when he sells it, as he may do any day, at its full value. That is, he imposes on himself a possible tax of £40. From this point of view it will be his object to keep the value up. It will be better for him to pay the halfpenny tax on the undeveloped value, which is under £2 per annum. But if he exceeds, if, for instance, he puts the value at £1,100, he will be paying a halfpenny in the £ on a hundred pounds for which he will get no return. It is, therefore, his interest to find the true probable figure at which he can sell, and the interest of the Somerset House valuers will be the same. The case for the taxes, therefore, is simply the case for fair valuation, and taxation on real market value.

What is the strength of this case? We have only to think for a moment of the history of our great towns, we have only to form a mental picture of their existing condition and year to year expansion, to supply the answer. Stand at any point on the four mile radius from Charing Cross and consider the belt of country stretching ten or twenty miles beyond the site of the newer and greater London. Within the lifetime of middle-aged people this tract of land has been in the main converted from heath and common, marsh or plough land, into the seat of scores of prosperous suburbs, busy factories, canal wharves, railway sidings. What has effected the transformation? Not the foresight, energy, or administrative capacity of the owners of the soil as such.

Good ownership may here and there have assisted, and bad ownership retarded the process. But the mainspring has been the vital energy of the people, the whole complex mass of social causes that have given England industrial prosperity, and have made London the centre of the world's commerce. If reward went to the individual in proportion to his services, and were handed on to his descendants, what percentage of this wealth would go to the descendants of Watt and Stevenson, of Cobden and Bright, of all the discoverers and inventors, the thinkers, statesmen, and administrators, to whose efforts we owe this vast and peaceable expansion of an orderly and healthy community? We know no way of making the computation; but we are sure that the percentage so expended would be so great as to leave not much for those who have condescended to own the soil, and who have actually received the money. This vast increase has fallen into private hands, through the carelessness and want of forethought too characteristic of our public life, and the result is that we have to bear a burden that presses too heavily on the many whom our industrial progress has left poor.

It will be said—we ourselves have said—that the landlords fear the taxes not for the burden they actually impose, but for the valuation which they necessitate. We have pointed out that as the duties are arranged it will be in the interest of both sides to arrive at a fair value, and why should owners object to a fair valuation? The answer is in part that such a valuation will become, whether by custom or by statute law, the basis of price in compulsory purchases, but mainly that it will facilitate the next step in fiscal reform—that is to say, the shifting of the burden of local taxation from buildings to sites. What discourages building, what weighs upon the householder, and accentuates the housing problem at present is that our municipal finance, unable as it is to draw on the unearned increment for its revenue, is forced to impose the whole cost of the government of a town on buildings and sites indiscriminately. The result is a heavy tax on bricks and mortar, which for all social purposes it would be desirable to relieve as far as possible from all taxation. The separate valuation of the site necessitated by the Finance Bill will make it possible to lay a portion of the rate on the site, and so relieve the building. It is this change, perfectly just, and socially most desirable, which the owners of urban land anticipate with dismay. But the measure of their fears is the measure of the hope for democracy. The Budget has given new life to the Liberal Party, and brought it once more into line with those democratic forces which threatened at the close of last year to diverge from it. What is needed now is the resolution to despise timid counsels, ignore ridiculous threats, measure the opposition of unrepresentative men at its true worth, and deal drastically with any treason in the citadel. We have not always agreed with Mr. Asquith, but we rejoice to feel assured that some of his most distinguished qualities, his intellectual lucidity and directness, his powers of impressive speech, and his unflinching loyalty to his colleagues and to his declared policy, are precisely those which the present situation demands in the chief of the party in power.

## A WORD TO ADULLAMITES.

The organisers of the small "Cave" on the land taxes in the Budget may be held to have justified that title, if not by their numbers, at least by the somewhat retiring, not to say furtive, character of their movements. For our part, we hope that, whoever they are and whatever they mean, they will come into the light and enable their constituents to judge them. A very few of them are, we believe, convinced Liberals, and we should be the last to deprecate fair criticism of a Liberal Government or close examination of a new and necessarily complicated scheme of taxation. But there is no point in disguising the fact that the tidal wave of 1906 washed into the House of Commons a handful of men who feared and resisted its force and sweep, and believed that it would quickly subside. Their names duly appear, as we expected them to appear, in the list of Adullamites published by the "Daily Telegraph." With them are associated one or two independent political spirits, some large landowners, and men with special propertied interests caught in the net of a Budget thrown to cover a deficit of sixteen millions. Now, there should be no misunderstanding as to the character and consequences of action which goes beyond criticism and extends to downright hostility. The land clauses constitute that part of the Budget which is most vital to Liberalism. If they go, the Budget goes too, and the Government with it. They are the centre of the real opposition, closely parallel as it is to the war now being waged by the German Junkers on Prince Bülow's scheme of succession duties. They represent a movement of political thought which has twenty-five years of preparatory work behind it. In that work not merely Liberal partisans, but most of the great municipalities in England, Wales, and Scotland have played an active part. As the result of these diverse activities the principles of land taxation have for years been absorbed into the regular Liberal programme by the authoritative bodies and spokesmen of the party, with the full assent of the late and the present Prime Minister, until last year 250 Liberal Members of Parliament petitioned Mr. Asquith to include a scheme of land taxes in the next Budget. Those taxes constitute the main key to the scheme of fortifications which the Government have built up against the incursions of Protection and its assault on the workman's food and on the fabric of our present industrial system. Finally, they are part of a constructive scheme for raising the standard of English life, for opening out the land of England to freer use by the mass of its people, and for relieving the extreme burdens of age and social pressure. These are grave considerations. Are they present to the minds of the Adullamites? If they are ignored or despised, it is the business of the party organs and of the progressive electorate, which has received the Budget with enthusiasm, to present and enforce them with the utmost emphasis.

This task is the more necessary as we perceive where lie the true forces of opposition to the first large proposal to ensure a true "scientific" form of taxation. What has Liberalism to do with the complaints of the most petted interest in Christendom? Take the German

case. Without hesitation a Protectionist administration, which already raises £15,000,000 a year in taxes on necessaries which Free Trade sets free, claps an extra £20,000,000 out of the £25,000,000 it wants on the back of industry and labor. This fact has in no way conciliated the landed interest, who receive the greater share of the taxes on food, and to whom the Bülow scheme of taxes distributes a new host of favors in the way of special assessments and exemptions. They were originally asked to find a chief share of £5,000,000, largely raised on a scale of death duties, which never rise above three per cent. This contribution has now been cut down by nearly one-half, and the Junkers are still unconciliated. Their real objection, like that of their British brethren, is to the inventory, which, according to the open statements of the Liberal leaders, would reveal enormous under-assessments of their estates. For this cause the *bloc* has been split to pieces, the Imperial finances disorganised, and the Government driven on to the rocks.

The same motives and methods, as we have shown in our first article, pervade the anti-Budget propaganda here. But our landlords would like to smash the Budget, even when it works without injury to themselves. An English Junker, like Lord Onslow, confesses, in the face of the world, that the mere threat and prospect of the land taxes have brought about one result which the duty on undeveloped land was specially designed to accomplish—namely, the bringing of undeveloped land into the market. Hitherto, he says in effect, he has kept out of the market land desired for residential purposes in a part of the country especially suited to them. Now he proposes—not at a loss to himself, but, by his own admission, in hope of a swingeing profit—to hold up his Guildford acres no longer, but to open them to public use. Is this the kind of purpose which it is desirable to encourage, or is it not? If it is, we want no fainthearts or malingerers in the camp while the battle is being fought. If the grip of the great landlord is relaxed and the way opened for the small holder, if the economic use of land is stimulated, if building is encouraged to expand on the borders of our towns, if part of the increases of value clearly due to the labor of the community is divided between the State and the municipality, as it ought to be, what Liberal member, be his private interests what they may, is prepared to defeat these purposes and to destroy the instrument that promotes them? The issue here is not ordinary: it is one of exceptional interest and importance to the life of the community. The majority of 1906 have fulfilled part of their mandate; now there remain the general public ends, and the specific methods of taxation, associated with the Budget and its triple chain of land duties. The member of Parliament who resists them will find it hard to retain the title of Liberal, and harder still to deserve it.

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## THE ROAD TO INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

We hope that Lord Morley will not misunderstand us when we say, after reading his speech at Oxford, that in one or two passages of his notable and beneficent career at the India Office he seems to make too much of the occasional criticism by his friends of administrative acts which are only partly his, and too little of their strong support of his scheme of reforms. Both attitudes are natural to British Liberals, and both, we think, are essential to the cause which they and Lord Morley have equally at heart. For that reason we shall venture to reject Lord Morley's suggestion that Mr. Mackarness's proposal to assimilate the procedure of the Regulation of 1818 with that of the Irish Coercion Act of 1881 amounts to a vote of censure on him and Lord Minto. If Liberal members concerned about personal freedom in India—and what Liberal can fail to be concerned about repeated suspensions of *habeas corpus?*—desired to censure anybody, they would not select those two statesmen. They know that on the whole Lord Minto's Viceroyalty has been a most fortunate contrast to Lord Curzon's, and they are too grateful for Lord Morley's initiative in the way of reform to charge him with full responsibility for acts of repression where regretful acquiescence may be the Indian Secretary's true attitude of mind. They feel about the case much, we imagine, as Lord Morley felt to Mr. Gladstone during Mr. Forster's tenure of the Irish Secretaryship in the Government of 1880. They know where the pressure of the head of the administration falls, and where his sympathies lie. None the less, it would be affectation to say that they approve the Regulation of 1818, or that they do not with all their hearts desire to amend it as Mr. Mackarness would amend it, and to see deportation, if it must be used as an "emergency power," applied only to the advocacy of outrage or rebellion, and not to extreme political agitation.

Let us put the case in a concrete form with reference to two of the deported men, Aswini Kumar Dutt and Krishna Kumar Mitra. We suppose that their approval of the policy, the very unwise policy, of a boycott of British goods is beyond question. We imagine it to be equally true that they are innocent of all sympathy with physical violence. Both are religious and educational reformers, and religious and educational reform is, as we all know, closely related to the political movement in Hindu India. Aswini Kumar Dutt is the founder of the society of schoolboys and students known as the "Little Brothers of the Poor," organised to minister, by personal service, to the sick and destitute of Bengal. Krishna Kumar Mitra is a leader of the great religious movement—comparable to our own Reformation—known as the Brahmo-Samaj, and it is enough to say, not only that violence is inconsistent with his faith and ideas, but that the vernacular paper which he edited distinguished itself by prompt and uncompromising denunciation of outrage. When therefore we see men of this type hurried into banishment without a trial, or a charge, or even a public statement of the case against them, we fear that something is wrong between the people and the Government of India. We feel somehow that "reasons of State" are being set up as rivals to the old Liberal concepts of justice and personal rights. No Liberal now defends the inclusion of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon in the bands of "village ruffians" at whom Mr. Forster aimed, or accepts the conclusion that murder

and violent or unwise political propaganda are almost identical categories. We cannot accept it for India, for if we did we should be shaping a rod for the backs of future "agitators" in England or Ireland. Anarchy has not ceased since these men were deported, and no reasonable man expected that it would. But the general amelioration in the state of British India since the promulgation of the Morley reforms is a striking political fact, and its full merits may be claimed for the policy of conciliation.

But, indeed, the great case of Indian Government goes further than these incidents of an ugly but passing phase of discontent can carry us. Lord Morley recalled to the imaginations of his young hearers the rather appalling fact that one of them might soon be placed in charge of the well-being of a million souls. The conditions of our Indian service have not materially changed since Sir George Trevelyan wrote of them, more than forty years ago, in language closely recalling Lord Morley's:—

> "Here is Tom Goddard, in his 31st year, in charge of a population as numerous as that of England in the reign of Elizabeth. His Burghley is a Joint Magistrate of eight-and-twenty, and his Walsingham is an Assistant Magistrate, who took his degree at Christ Church within the past fifteen months. These—with two or three Superintendents of Police, and last, but not least, a Judge, who, in rank and amount of salary, stands to Tom in the position which the Lord Chancellor holds to the Prime Minister—are the only English officials in a province a hundred and twenty miles by seventy."

Must we assume that the inevitable alienation between a tiny group of overworked governors from overseas and the swarming millions whose lives they order will grow both with the complexity of the task and with the development of a "political * consciousness" in native India? And is our Civil Service, maintaining its noble tradition of work and personal devotion, to become fixed in its second tradition of personal aloofness from that India, and of adherence to bureaucratic forms which tend to fall by their own weight and by virtue of the changes that Lord Morley's reforms must bring about? Is adaptability never to become a virtue of the British *raj*, and will it not acknowledge in time the salient fact that at length India stands face to face with the problem of self-government?

Take one question, the character and functions of the Cabinet of India, the Viceroy's Executive Council. To-day that Cabinet is formed out of the great departments of Indian administration—police, public works, education, railways. The contrast between the distinguished specialists who thus rise to supreme power in the central government and the average Cabinet Minister in England is complete. But is the Indian type a permanent one? The Indian Minister of the future will not be able to limit himself to the drawing up of symmetrical schemes of interior policy, framed so as to keep within the bounds of the Civil Service regulations, and to pass the scrutiny of like-minded and similarly trained colleagues. He will have to defend his proposals before a semi-popular tribunal, and more or less in the public eye. That task will require qualities and capacities of a different order from those that can be effectively secured by drafting to India every year forty or fifty young men withdrawn from the ranks of the Home Civil Service. The very suggestion that England should select her Cabinet on the results of a competitive examination amongst the pupils of Wren's Academy, raises a smile; but that in effect is what at present obtains for India. The marvel of it lies in the fact that such a system has worked so well, and that its break-down has not been far more speedy and catastrophic. But as the pace of progress increases all the world over, it will be more necessary to arrange governments and administrations in such a way that vital decisions may be arrived at by the best possible brains in immediate contact with the conditions for the amelioration of which policy and statesmanship exist. It will then be necessary gradually and steadily to broaden the character of the Executive Councils, the Cabinets of India, just in proportion as they become, as they inevitably must, more amenable to the ideas of the Indian public. Here lies the true goal of Lord Morley's scheme, and, let us add, the one hope of the addition to the Empire of a great area of free and genuine political life.

* See an interesting book, "Glimpses of Hidden India," by John Law (Miss Harkness), recently published by Thacker, Spink & Co.

## A CLERICAL COALITION.

It matters very little to the general life of Europe whether a Calvinist or a Liberal Ministry rules in Holland. Secure in her neutrality, happy in her patent inability to resist aggression, she enjoys a real independence which some of the greater Powers might almost envy. No one forces her at the point of an ultimatum to dismiss her Foreign Secretary—a mishap which three years ago befell the French. She is not a factor in the balance of power; she can breathe freely amid the hush of an armed peace. Partly for this very reason her internal politics are peculiarly interesting. They show the real social conflicts which busy Europe in abstraction, as it were, and isolated from Imperial issues which deflect and complicate the fortunes of other peoples. The General Election, of which the first ballots have just been completed, presents indeed a phenomenon which it would be hard to parallel for the moment anywhere else in Europe. The Liberal-Conservative coalition which Prince Bülow created to defeat the German Socialists was a monstrous birth, and it has died—or seems likely to die—of its own inherent absurdity. But the solid coalition of Calvinists and Catholics which has won its astonishing victory in Holland is no new experiment in political hybrids, and it has proved its permanence. Yet at first sight no combination would seem more improbable. It rules a nation whose heroic history is based on the incompatibility of these two extremes. It has forged its unity out of a tradition of civil war and religious hate. It preserves its compromise in a land where every dyke and the walls of every storied town tell of the feud which once divided these two Churches. Nor has there been any approximation or fraternisation in the process. An absolute wall divides the two communities. Neither is lax, or

tolerant, or modernist. Both obey their clerical chiefs, both cling to their rigid creed. They have met simply on the common ground of their determination to maintain the sectarian standpoint against the Liberal theory of the State, and on their united fear of Socialism and the modern spirit.

The origin of this strange partnership began in the struggle to restore the sectarian schools against the State schools which the Liberals created with the Constitution of 1848. Both churches saw in the secular schools an intolerable breach with the historic past. And, indeed, the effort to maintain a neutral atmosphere in these schools must have sadly diminished their educational value. It was necessary, in order to make them acceptable to both creeds, to banish not only theology but history, and a generation grew up in them which was not even allowed to hear of the wars between Spain and the Dutch Republic. Catholics and Protestants united in the first instance to win the liberty of sectarian teachings. They have maintained their union to defend the privileges of property in a singularly orderly and prosperous community, against a Socialist party which is formidable by its intelligence, if not as yet by its numbers. Modern though they are in their concern for education, their genius for organisation, and their respect for positive science, the Dutch are none the less an essentially conservative race. Their respect and affection for the House of Orange, the influence which they allow to their old landowning families, and, above all, their patient acceptance of the authority of a clergy which preserves much of the old Calvinist rigor in its attitude to morals and dogma, give a unique character to their national life. But it would probably be a mistake to assume that the continued ascendency of the two Clerical parties at the polls accurately measures their real strength. The franchise is far from being universal, and the Socialists have many thousands of adherents unqualified to vote. But the main cause of the Clerical success lies simply in discipline and unity. They faced the divided progressive parties absolutely united. The Catholic third of the Dutch population is concentrated mainly in the South, and it was easy to arrange that only one candidate of the Catholic, Anti-Revolutionary (Calvinist), and "Christian Historical" parties should present himself in each constituency. The Liberals, on the other hand, are divided into three warring groups—Old Liberals, Liberal Unionists, and Democrats—each at issue with the other and all opposed to the Socialists. The Socialists in their turn have been in Holland peculiarly fissiparous. They long ago expelled a quasi-Anarchist wing, whose brilliant leader, Domela Nieuwenhuis, anticipated some of Gustave Hervé's positions. They quarrelled only this year with a small orthodox Marxist minority. The main body of Reformist, or, as the Germans would say, Revisionist Socialists, under their capable leader, Troelstra, has failed in the first ballots to return a single member. The forces of property, united to maintain a steady defensive strategy, have by their discipline more than held their own against progressive legions divided by half-a-dozen scruples or principles. There will be no rally until the masses are admitted to the struggle by an extension of the franchise, and the machinery of representation improved, as in Belgium, by the adoption of the proportional principle.

A certain movement there is none the less even under this continuous clerical *régime*. The narrow authoritarian tendency represented by the Ex-Pastor Dr. Kuijper, who was Premier for some four years up to 1905, is no longer supreme. A more opportunist and open-minded attitude reigns under the leadership of his successors of the Heemskerk Ministry, whose clericalism has been dubbed by the Liberal "Handelsblad" a "jovial Christianity." The churches and middle-class continue to govern, but with a certain suppleness and geniality. Property is willing to pay something for its popularity and its opportunities. It even coquets with the idea of establishing some scheme of insurance against sickness and invalidity. But under these concessions and disguises it is a class-conflict which governs the division of parties. The dominant "anti-revolutionary" group, originally drawn from the native land-owning Protestant class, which resisted the alien free-thinking Liberalism introduced by the French conquest, has become to-day, in spite of its nationalist color and its historic Calvinist clericalism, a party of capitalism, which differs in none of its essentials from other European Conservative groups. Its readiness to sink its fundamental Protestantism in a Catholic alliance, is the decisive proof that it is the economic cleavage which ultimately governs Dutch politics. That clericalism is ultimately in all countries a spiritual disguise of a defensive movement whose inner citadel is the right of property, is not a deduction which need surprise us. We have witnessed the same phenomenon nearer home.

# Life and Letters.

## A TURF FOR MANNERS.

A PENNY for learning and a turf for manners were long the customary fees for Irish hedgerow schools. It must have been a fine sight to see the children crossing mountain and bog with a penny in one hand and a turf in the other, so that every aspect of the human spirit might be harmoniously developed, if only in a ditch. No one who touches Ireland can doubt that the turf was well expended, and on returning to this country it may sometimes strike one as unfortunate that in England peat is so scarce.

To be sure, in the upper classes, we have plenty of pence, and we lavish them ungrudgingly on the learning taught at our public schools. The annual amount that a father will pay to a public school for fear lest his son should miss the highest opportunities of learning would enrich a whole Irish family for five years beyond the dreams of luxury. But for the teaching of manners we have no turfs to give. Certainly, it may be said that our boys learn manners without being taught, and grow polite by being herded together, just as young elephants grow tame. And so inscrutable are the devices of Providence that this is partly true; indeed, such learning as is bought for our money is usually acquired in the same way, and in education, as in war and business, we pride ourselves with justice on our freedom from scientific pedantry. Always suspicious of mathematical precision, we greatly prefer to muddle through, and, as at a Balaclava charge perpetually repeated, all the world wonders. But still, sometimes when we stand among our favored race on steamers or in football crowds, a vision passes before our eyes of little

boys and girls running barefoot over bog and mountain, each with a turf in one hand; and it is a pleasing vision in comparison to what we see and hear around us.

The island on the other side of the world, so like our own in nature and even in numbers, is following our example in many things—in dress, in commerce, in the building of "Dreadnoughts," and the occupation of Korea. But in neglecting to teach manners Japan does not follow us. It is true that we must lay aside nearly all our old ideas of the Japanese. Less than twenty years ago poetic travellers still told us of lovely islands rippling with innumerable laughter; philanthropic travellers still told us of a people that might become great if only they could become serious; and amorous travellers told us of Madame Chrysanthème. The alluring daintiness of a Geisha, the merry jests of a Lord High Executioner, set in a background of the flowers that bloom in the spring and adorned with the sweepings of a curiosity shop, were all we looked for from Japan, and unless we got it we were not happy. For the picture her name called up to our minds was always:—

"Happy Japan, Garden of glitter,
Flower and fan, Flutter and flitter."

It was never a true picture, and it has all gone now. The Japanese themselves rubbed it off with something of the impatience a child feels in rubbing out a sum that won't come right. When they began hewing down their ancient avenues for timber, and proposing to burn their most splendid temples as the quickest way of getting at the gold, in their zeal for emulating the ideals of Western civilisation, they swept away our false conception alike of their weakness and their charm, and with it they swept away perhaps something that was true. The notion we had formed about the courtesy of Japanese manners appears to have been less false than the rest of our old-fashioned and rather delightful imagination. There must really have been a double dose of politeness in the people who in the deepest domestic grief would smile and smile, so that a guest might not be burdened with their sorrow. The habit appears to be verified, and how finely it contrasts with the weeping and wailing, the mourning streamers, the hatbands, plumes, palls, black chargers, and funeral hearses with which we struggle to stir the envy, if not the hearts, of all beholders! Or, to take another instance of that delicate and graceful consideration for others which manners mean, we are told on trustworthy evidence that in the real Japanese theatres special rooms—called, not Tea-rooms, but Tear-rooms—are provided, to which the men and women of the audience can retire for private weeping when the pathetic horrors of the stage and the facial contortions of suffering protagonists render the expression of their emotions uncontrollable. Overcome with a passion of sympathetic lamentation, they remove themselves, so as not to inconvenience the neighboring spectators, just as an English lady has been known to remove her matinée hat.

Nor can a special grace of sympathetic power be denied to a people that in a street song can thus sing of hoary age and withered beauty:—

"Mock not the puckered
Bloom of a dried plum:
Once on its fresh spray
Nightingales wept."

The translation of the song is given by Mr. Osman Edwards in his book on Japanese plays, and may be contrasted with our popular music-hall songs, such as "Let me sing" or "Duck-billed Sue." And, for a final instance of national politeness, we may remember the well-known story of the Japanese girl who killed herself because of the disgrace brought upon her country when an attempt was made to assassinate the Tsarevitch (the present Tsar) during his visit there. The fact is authenticated, the girl's name was Yuko Hatakeyama, and all must regret that for a mere attempt so beautiful a disposition was sacrificed.

But this habit of manners, whether natural to the race or acquired by immemorial repetition, is not allowed to decline even under Western influences. In the lectures on Japanese education recently delivered by Baron Kiluchi to London University, and now published by Messrs. Murray, many of the most interesting chapters deal with the long course laid down for training in behavior. Owing to the neglect of manners in this country, we forget that, like all behavior, they are part of morality, and, indeed, the words have only recently been separated even in Europe. In Japan manners are included in the teaching of morality, and if that seems strange to us, it is perhaps only so because we have ceased to teach morality also, and a public-school master would be more likely to give four hours a week to teaching billiards than filial piety. How our public-school boys would laugh, how exult, if a master gave them an hour's instruction in the correct manner of behaving to their father and mother or sisters! Yet the knowledge would certainly be new to them, and in Japan it counts as the most vital knowledge of all, or second only to behavior to the Emperor. On the Emperor's brief rescript of nineteen years ago the whole system of education is based, and if he personally represents the excellence he there inculcates, we cannot wonder that generals and admirals attributed to his personal virtues their triumphs in the Russian war.

Step by step the Japanese child is led along the course of behavior, learning how to stand up, sit down, bow, hang its hat, and think of its parents, brothers and sisters, and the Emperor. In the next year many of these lessons are repeated with illustrations from short stories, and in the year after from actual history and the lives of the great men of all countries—Nelson, for instance, illustrating one virtue, and weary little Washington with his cherry-tree another. But all manner of new virtues and points of behavior have been introduced by the end of the third year, such as patriotism, courage, cleanliness, and (especially in the case of girls) the proper ways of advancing and retiring, offering and accepting things, sleeping and eating, visiting, congratulating and condoling, mourning, and holding public meetings. So the course continues from year to year, the elementary course lasting four years, and the secondary four years more, and leading the boys and girls up to the study of benevolence, their duty to ancestors, to other people's property, other people's honor, other people's freedom, and, finally, to self-discipline, modesty, dignity, dress, labor, the treatment of animals, and the due relations of men and women, both of whom are to be regarded as equally lords of creation. In such a summary we have not mentioned a tenth part of the lessons in virtue and behavior that have to be studied and taught, before the children come to the final course, which is called the Good Japanese. We have also omitted all mention of the ordinary subjects of knowledge—reading, language, history, mathematics, and the rest. But from end to end of the long training, behavior rather than knowledge is insisted upon, even down to the tiniest detail of what our great-grandmothers valued as deportment.

In such scrupulous minuteness of habit, such hourly devotion to the two ideals of House and State, there is perhaps something a little oppressive to the mere man, something that might bring life too close to a perpetual celebration of Empire Day. "Some men's behavior," said Bacon, "is like a verse, wherein every syllable is measured," and he warned us that manners must be like apparel, "not too strait or point device, but free for exercise or motion." It is a warning of which Bacon's countrymen have little need, but sometimes when one remembers those soldier ants of Central Africa that, in their devotion to the duty of race, march in irresistible and devouring armies, clinging to an enemy with their jaws though their bodies are torn off, bridging streams by linking themselves in myriads together, like ropes of living strands, and instantly renewing the bridge though it is cut away at both ends and sent drowning down stream with all its myriad lives, then perhaps we connect those efficient ants with the devoted people of Japan, and feel for both an admiration touched with horror.

The storming of Port Arthur was like that bridge of ants, the slaughter at Mukden was the fruit of that train-

ing in manners. Is there then no middle term between life for the swarm—the life of bees and ants—and the manners of a football crowd, the embarrassment of Kipps when he comes into society, or the insensitive self-assertion of the model "bounder" in "An Englishman's Home"? If there is none, no historian can doubt which manner of life will prevail and inherit the earth. But it is a little discouraging to think that efficiency like the Japanese may, after all, be a fearsome thing to live with.

## THE POETRY OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

Not very long ago the announcement was made of the discovery of a Syriac text of the Psalms and Odes of Solomon. The Psalms had been known before, and were accessible to the reading world. Of the Odes only a few were known, which were buried in a little-read book. These and a quotation in a fourth century writer served to identify the newly found poems. When they are published, scholars, no doubt, will discuss the many tangled questions of their origin, who was the writer, to what section of the early church he belonged—if he was a Christian at all—when he wrote, and in whose interest—what influences of book or dogma can be read in his work—and so forth. Meanwhile, some who have seen the little poems speak of their beauty and their spiritual feeling with some surprise.

The fact is that the early church produced little poetry of its own. In prose it achieved something. As the age of instinctive writing, of prose with a purpose, passed away, the Greeks wrote with more deliberate thought of form and sound in themselves and for themselves. As a consequence, the literature of the day lacks ideas, and is tedious and sterile. It has been remarked that in Paul's epistles—especially those to the Romans and the first to the Corinthians—the notes of freedom and power are again to be found. In an age full of self-conscious style, of reminiscence, alliteration, assonance, and preciousness generally, here is writing of the old and eternal kind—the real and vivid expression of powerful feeling, where style is lost sight of and reappears in its most triumphant vitality, glad and strong, re-created unconsciously in the joy of a genuine impulse acting upon the soul.

The Greek of the Apocalypse is peculiar, and this book, in a way unique among New Testament writings, shows literary dependences. But there are passages where the writer gets clear of his reminiscences and his library, and escapes into the open air of eternity, and speaks in a fresh way things that one can read for ever. The first three Gospels, too, are remarkable for their freedom from the stylistic methods of the day. Their sheer simplicity was remarked upon in the second century by some converts too familiar with the pretentious elaboration of contemporary writing, they were affected by the plain force of these natural little books—proof enough that, however badly an age may write, it may yet recognise the real thing when it meets it.

Outside the Canon, the Christian literature is inferior—though not markedly worse than what was written by other people. It had meaning, after all, and a certain intensity. When we reach the end of the second century we find two men who can write in a living way. Clement of Alexandria is in many things a true son of his age, a born dabbler in philosophy, trained in rhetoric. Often he is wearisome. His writing may be very formless and intern inable, and yet at the worst—or very near it—there is something in it that speaks of a living man, a man of charm and character. But at his best Clement has a note that might not unfairly be called lyrical. He does not use metre, of course, and to speak of rhythm might suggest the writers of his day too painfully. But the beauty and rich simplicity of Clement's best passages come from the heart, and not the school. He feels intensely, and he achieves the inevitable language, and one can read with the happiest kind of enjoyment. The mark of the "sublime," Longinus wrote (perhaps about this period) is that, when we meet it, "the soul takes wings and springs on high in exultation, is filled with joy and pride, as if she herself had given birth to what she hears." Many must have felt this in reading some of Clement's happiest passages. It is at least something that one can come back to them after years and feel the old thrill again.

The other man with a real style is Tertullian—a writer who incurred the disapproval of the church and of her enemies. Strong and true as he is at his best, he has little of the lyrical. His métier is prose, and he writes it as no one else ever wrote it. Every sentence is Tertullian, and nobody else, word and sinew unmistakably himself.

In the third century a much more remarkable work appeared. It tells a story which we meet in Christian literature over and over again, but never so well told. After some centuries it was incorporated in a larger production known as the "Gospel of Nicodemus"—a rather tedious remodelling of the Passion, dull and lawyer-like, save for the borrowed inset. It may be found in Hone's Apocryphal New Testament. The inset is the Harrowing of Hell. It is the story how Christ descended into hell, and set free its captives, and went on high with them. It is told by two of these captives. It has the naïve sincerity of a true poet, and the large and honest imagination. We find ourselves in hell, and overhear Satan and Hades talking with some anxiety as to what may follow from the crucifixion; for now "into the darkness there dawned as it were the light of the sun, and it shone and we saw one another." This sudden gleam of light brings out for us the age-long darkness of the grave with strange feeling. A voice is heard calling on the everlasting gates to open that the King of Glory may come in. Hades bids make fast the gates of brass and defend them; but the forefathers who had been with him from the beginning mock him. Again the voice sounds, and Hades asks, "Who is the King of Glory?" The answer comes, "A Lord strong and mighty, a Lord mighty in war," and at the word the gate of brass and its bars of iron are shattered, the dead are loosed from their bonds, "and we with them," as Jesus of Nazareth enters. The King of Glory stretches forth his right hand and raises up Adam and "blesses him on the brow with the sign of the cross"; and then with patriarchs, prophets and martyrs he "leaps forth" from Hades. Still holding Adam by the hand, he brings them all to Paradise, where Enoch and Elijah meet them, and then a more interesting figure. To him the fathers said, "Who art thou that hast the look of a robber, and what is the cross thou bearest on thy shoulders?" And the penitent thief tells them his story, and how, when he came to the gate of Eden, "when the fiery sword saw the sign of the cross, it opened to me, and I came in." (The expression reminds the reader how George Fox at a later day "came up through the fiery sword.") And then the story ends simply enough: "All this we two brothers saw and heard."

To choose a sentence or two from such a piece is to risk something of its impression, but a sympathetic reader can hardly fail to feel that here we have the real beginning of the great imaginative literature of Christendom.

Another great piece of Christian poetry is the Gnostic "Hymn of the Soul," in which a Syrian poet tells of the soul's descent from its heavenly home and its royal father and mother to bring back from Egypt a Pearl that a serpent guards. By a hard and dangerous journey it comes and treads at last the foreign soil; it puts on the garb of Egypt for a disguise, and then, in evil hour, eats of the food of the land, and forgets the Pearl in sleep. The Parents send a winged letter, that flies like an eagle; at its voice "I started and rose from sleep, I took it up and kissed it, and I loosed the seal. . . . Again I knew I was a son of Kings and free." The Pearl is seized, and the Letter leads the soul homeward till Babylon is past; the Heavenly Robe meets it, moving like a living thing itself, the exact heavenly

counterpart of the soul. So the Father welcomes the child home again, and gives him a place as a Prince among the Satraps.

But the great poetry of the Church was after all the Psalter. It would be interesting to imagine this book suddenly recovered—the Psalms of David as new to us as the Odes of Solomon. Where and how should we date them? Some of the pieces would almost certainly be of Christian origin. Who but Christians could have written them? we might ask. And this raises some questions as to literature. How much is a poem worth, and whose is it? No one can tell how much it is worth till it has been tested by time and by genius. The true work of art comes inevitably from its creator, not quite by choice, nor yet quite understood. It may lie long unheeded; the gifts required for its understanding may not be found for generations; and then they appear in their turn, and the masterpiece, with its growing wealth of significance and suggestion, is discovered for all time. This happened with the Psalms, when once the mind of mankind was quickened by contact with Jesus of Nazareth. St. Augustine's case may serve to illustrate this. He looked in his earlier days at the Bible, but he did not care for it—"my sight did not penetrate to what lay within it." Then a great change came in him, and he turned again to the Psalms—"the sounds of piety that exclude the proud spirit." He had found the key to what was within them, and they gave him the predestined language for the expression of a joy in God that went far out beyond anything conceived of by their writers.

What does all this literature mean, new-born and re-discovered? Surely some new and first-hand experience of the real and eternal lies behind every awakening of mankind. And whose this experience was, and how it came to work with such force among men, we know very well.

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF DIALECT.

One of the most deplorable results of universal education appears to be the impoverishment of the English language. A language learnt at school can at best be but a step-mother tongue. The sacred character of language is well expressed in that same phrase "mother tongue," "Muttersprache," "madre lingua." Language comes from the community in which the child is born, it is traditional and local, an heirloom, a heritage, belonging to his little native corner of the earth, having the sad color of its hills or the salt savor of its sea. The possession of some local speech, of Northern burr or Western drawl, the remembrance of the proverbs and phrases of a far-off countryside, is a thread which all over the world binds men to some secluded valley which for them is home. Language and land are one, as is so well expressed in the old French name of Languedoc. Out of this traditional and local language rise the great books of the world, filled with the most intimate experiences of the people's life.

Modern conditions are revolutionising this. The traditional and local language, varying in every part of England, is being displaced by an alien book language, or rather newspaper language, having no root in the soil or the people's past, utterly without color or savor, imposed upon their children from without. The Cockney accent grows and spreads. The circle of those who say "rine" for "rain" is wider every year. The accent is no doubt good enough for the language. The old writers wrote such good English because they wrote the language that the people were talking every day. Open "Tom Jones" or "Roderick Random" or "The Vicar of Wakefield," and see if it is not so. Open Boswell, and you will read that Goldsmith "couldn't say bo! to a goose." The difference is this. The old books were written in the traditional language of the English people. The English people at the present day speak a language derived from books. We all write and talk newspaper.

The writer remembers a secluded hamlet in the Yorkshire dales, far from railways, where the educational steam roller had not flattened out the local speech. He has not been there for fifteen years, but perhaps that speech may still be heard at Richmond on a market-day. A gossip or a chat was a "crack." The homely people were always ready for a "crack" at their garden gates in summer twilights, or by the fire on winter nights. To hide a thing was to "felt" it. A bag, by the way, was always called a "poke." The writer remembers that this first revealed to him the meaning of the proverb he had heard all his life, about "buying a pig in a poke." Dialect words are mostly the sound and vigorous English of an earlier day. The local rendering of "to meddle" was "to mell." "Don't mell of it," a child would be told. This is an admirably expressive word. To country people all over England a funeral is always something of a "festa," and "a strange funeral" was the consecrated expression invariably used for a funeral attended by a great concourse of people. "A vast" was used as a substantive denoting a great quantity or number. "There was a vast of people there," it would be said. "Starved" was always used in the sense of cold or frozen. To be very busy was to be very "throng." "Jannock" was a good word for "genuine." Book English has not got so good a word as "fettle" for "get ready," "prepare." These turns of speech crowd back upon one's memory as one writes. To go back part of the way with a friend was "to set him," "to set her." One remembers in particular the ever-recurring phrases of the weather. In that grey country it was always rather doubtful whether a day would "get out" or not. "I think it will get out," one would hear again and again. "Very stormy" would be the greeting on days of intense stillness when the snow lay deep. "A very soft night," you would be told under an icy downpour of drenching rain. Icicles were always spoken of as "ice shovels." The "back end" was a dreary, colorless name for the autumn, but it was the term always used.

It was, indeed, a sad-colored country, but one now sees, what perhaps one did not see then, that the friendly, homely people of that countryside were a community. They had a common tradition—no doubt a dull and grey one—a common life and speech. It is the community that we are losing to-day. A vast agglomeration cannot be a community. To belong to a community is to have, besides the things one feels with all, some things that one feels intensely with a few. It is to speak the language that is spoken at Pistoia, but not at Prato, some few miles away, to feel that there is no world outside Verona's walls, to long for Ludlow like the "Shropshire Lad." A community should have its own dialect, its own speech. In Italy they say "ogni paese, suo dialetto." It is one of the delights of going about Italy to find language in this fluid, plastic state. In the Veneto the hard "b's" and "g's" become soft "v's" and "z's." The "biglietti" of a Piedmontese railway station are "viglietti" at Verona. The names of the trades over the shops change from place to place. The "pollajuolo," the Tuscan poulterer, is a "pollivendolo" at Venice. It is delightful to see that language is not stagnant or frozen, but living and variable as the sea. Man surely was not made for language, but language for man. Dialect is language spoken in the way that the people find pleasantest and easiest. The languages of modern Europe are dialects that have become stereotyped. The Romance languages are poor, stammering, human attempts at the supernatural dignity and majesty of Latin. The country people aimed, for instance, at the sonorous "vespertilio," which is like the very stretching of the wings of night, and succeeded in making the delightful, childish word "pipistrello."

> "I like the language, that soft, bastard Latin,
> That melts like kisses from a Southern mouth,"

Byron says. The recollection of these facts should make our board school teachers and other superior persons less contemptuous of the linguistic efforts of our own poor.

The writer is fair to confess that there is nothing at which he so shudders as at the idea of "a universal language." To him there is no nightmare comparable to the idea of the whole world wrapped in one single shroud of Esperanto, Volapuk, or the English of the "Daily Mail." "At Faido we heard the pleasant Italian tongue for the last time," says Charles Dickens in "Pictures from Italy." There would be no "last time" with a universal language, no charm of the fleeting and transitory, no change as of spring or autumn, lengthening or shortening days, there would be always the sacred high eternal noon of Esperanto or the Anglo-Saxon and Colonial tongue. There would be no sense of the border, no excitement of crossing frontiers. A universal language would be the end of the charm of wander-years, the romance of travel. Stay-at-home folk no more could dream and fable of foreign lands as the old Norse saga-makers dreamed and fabled of the Rhineland and the shores of the Middle Sea. It would be the end of illusion—everything would be known in its banal reality. It would be the end of the community. One feels that an old-time community in its seclusion must have taken a new, vivid interest in the things about it, must have looked at dawn and sunset, fire and water, with fresher, clearer eyes, just because it always felt the possibility of some immense Tidings coming to it from the unknown outside lands. Thus they must have lived in expectation at the court of some far-off Celtic king, or amid that friendly company of the barbarous people who showed no little kindness to St. Paul.

The ideal surely is that all possible communities should subsist in some greater unity. Mr. Belloc would not love Sussex so much, if he did not love Europe more. The destruction of languages and dialects is the destruction of Europe. One knows the feeling with which, say, in a museum, after incredibly alien things, Babylonian, Assyrian, Carthaginian, after shapeless, monstrous forms, after obscene rites and reptile gods, the brazen images of Moloch and Beelzebub, god of flies—one knows the shock at once of salutation and surprise with which one comes on a proud and noble European face, the broad, stern brow and mobile, sensitive lips of Cæsar Augustus.

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## POCKETS OF SPRING.

It is weeks since we renewed our youth by picking the largest cowslips that grew on the ridges of our fat southern fields. Yet we have to travel a very little northwards to see the pleasant "paigles" still spangling the meadows with their unmistakable pale green. Just beyond the Humber we are still rejoicing in long purples, milkmaids, and other jewels of the field that we had thought to have seen the last of. Marsh marigolds still exhibit their fat beauty; stitchwort is scattered over acres, like rice at Spring's great wedding; the gorse bushes are one unbroken blaze of gold.

The moorland has caught the strength of the sun, and responded at length as amorously as the commons of Surrey. On the greatest heights the cloud-berry has opened its great blossoms, that remind us at once of the anemone and the blackberry; a little lower the bear-berry exhibits clusters of pink-and-white bells at the tips of its box-like foliage; the whinberry has pink blossoms like globes of fruit, each filled with a tiny drop of honey of exquisite sweetness; the bottle-like fruit is also there, though in green instead of the bloomed black that will refresh the traveller next month. The whinberry gives patches of bright green in a waste of sullen heather, for the time of the heather's glory is not yet. Tiny green fingers of fern and tormentil creep round the base of the few grey blocks of gritstone which the sea long ago carved and left on the summit of our moor, now a thousand feet removed from the eroding waves.

After the sea went down the hillside, the mists of heaven took up the work of carving and beautifying the hills. The rains found out the softer streaks, however winding they might be, and made runnels that neither sea-pink nor cistus nor heather nor whortleberry could protect. It sank gorges that widened into mile-wide valleys; formed island hills far out in the plain that now stretches twenty miles to the sea; gashed a tidal river-bed five hundred feet deep; set modern piddocks to drill holes in the fossil ammonites of ten million years ago. After the deeper slashes of time's chisel the eye rests on the more delicate work that graces the round edges of the moor. The little runnel creeps hidden under the heather stalks, then plunges down a fern-smothered trench, then loses itself for awhile in deep green moss, then, boring a deeper and wider V, brings up all manner of bushes and trees, whose vivid green rejoices in the summer that has been opened for them in the flanks of the winter-teased mountain.

The rain carves its channels where it will or where it can. Perhaps the sea-urchins' cemetery proves more soluble, or the slabs that pre-historic piddocks fretted most, or the crack that a wanton sea filled long ago with pebbles or more movable silt. At any rate, the rain may not stay on the hill-top where the clouds have delivered it. North or south or east or west, it must flow away, and where it began to flow yesterday it will flow again to-day. So our streaks of tree-decked gullies wind and straighten in all directions. In one the golden oaks are mingled with soft green rowans and silver birch, a lady among trees, though not so feathery as when she queens the lowlands. The thicket is snowed with hawthorn, silvered with sallow cotton, reddened with cornel, ink-spotted with Scotch pine. Another gulley, pointing more westerly, is all bursting with the grey-green of ash, another sparkles with sycamore, another that has reached a lower level with greater speed, has alder all along the stream and flowery meadows beyond.

A goat-path threading the wall of a precipice leads us down to a wooded table-land beneath our frowning moor. We could toss a biscuit into the tops of the feathery larches three hundred feet below, and they swim up to meet us as we pass down the steep gradient of our mountain stairs. It is on the cool side of the mountain, the compass tells us, though the sun is beating on it fiercely enough at this hour of the day. That which seemed a flat table-land is carved by incipient becks still more extravagantly than the longer slopes, and we find ourselves clambering amidst a perfect perplexity of green banks, bouldered fissures, thickets and open spaces. In one pocket of this small Switzerland the hawthorn is in full blossom, with a spray of lingering blackthorn to keep it company, another has bluebells and red campion in rich profusion, and a third is on this day of mid-June a perfect picture of rather early April. The larches, green after blossoming, stand round in a crescent that almost touches the grim and trickling walls that compass the rest of the dell; moss and tussocks corrugate its slope like an arrested avalanche, and all among their bubbles the primroses come starting forth in pale bunches. It is just so that we saw them two months ago in a Surrey coppice. The same black bee that flew then is here now; the willow wren that sang its descending scale for the first time then is silently hunting here to-day; the cuckoo calls to us as though with the opening announcement of his arrival.

Spring lingered delightfully in the south, but, once she sets forth on her northward journey she flies with summer hard on her heels. Summer even lies in wait for her, and at her coming breaks out with an accompaniment that drowns the song. Down by the waterfall, whose beauty can charm us by the hour together, the lesser celandine is starring the green rocks. But close to the falling stream the dipper has its nest, woven right in the track of the winter water, and in peril of a sudden freshet. And the dipper is feeding young just above the flower whose coming in most counties precedes even the mating of the robin. On the moor the young grouse are creeping through the heather stems like shrew mice, and lying to be trodden under foot rather than reveal their presence. In the lane we see a dozen little dots threading along under an overhanging fringe of grass. When we stand by them they stop each in some cranny or tuft, and most of them become invisible. But

two of them we pick up and admire for a moment as they sit with apparent confidence in the hand. They are young pheasants, so small that we could almost squeeze them back into their egg-shells without harming them. Further on, the plovers come wheeling and screaming round us, and by their mistaken anxiety make us see their tiny offspring cowering close beside the road. Where straggling pines dot a wild piece of heather whose tufts of cotton-grass proclaim its bogs to have been undrained, curlew fly and shriek at unwonted intrusion on their solitudes.

Only in the water does spring seem to have gone forward without regard to latitude. The trout spawned here even earlier than in Hampshire, and if we leave the lordlier domain of the beck and look into the poor scum-laden pond, we shall see that the tadpoles are of the same magnificent dimensions they have attained to in the south. In fact, they seem larger, as though they might be tadpoles that were too late last year to become frogs, and had gone over the winter into a second year. It has been so, and there are even creatures that have given up the perfect state altogether, and live, reproduce, and die as tadpoles where once they blossomed into beings apparently as superior as the butterfly is to the caterpillar. But we are assured that these tadpoles of the sub-moorland pond are the produce of this spring's eggs. Their parents slept in the pond itself, and were called betimes. The newts on the other hand hibernate on dry land, and came into this northern pond after we had bursting eggs in lowland counties. Some of them may have slept in the grotto of primroses whose inhabitants escape the cold snaps of April and May, and begin the year amid the smiles of June.

# Open Questions.

## RELIGION AND CONDUCT.

The recent curious Reminiscences of Mr. John D. Rockefeller has set some people asking a natural question. The great Trust millionaire, the Napoleonic financier, who was long the moving spirit and controlling brain of that remarkable concern the Standard Oil Company, is revealed in these pages in an unexpected light. He appears as a kindly, good-natured, and exceedingly religious person. His religion is his strong point, next to his domestic morals. He came of the old New England Puritan stock, and apparently he carried through life quite unchanged the rigorous principles of private ethics and the simple Calvinistic faith which he imbibed in the nursery and the schoolroom. In private, indeed, he seems to be an amiable man, affectionate, simple in his tastes, temperate in his habits, extraordinarily generious, and unimpeachably upright. When one looks at Mr. John D. Rockefeller's picture of himself on his own estate, quietly amusing himself with golf and tree-planting, endowing churches, founding colleges, and helping the poor, one finds it a little difficult to turn to that other picture of the money-making machine which ploughed through American finance and industry with a ruthless unity of purpose, carrying ruin and devastation in its train. The man who in his country home could not pass a beggar without relieving his wants, in his office must have reduced many thousands to beggary without giving them a thought. Whatever may be urged in defence of the operations of the Standard Oil Company, no one can say that they worked in the spirit of Christian ethics, or that Mr. John D. Rockefeller himself acted up to the tenets of a creed which bade him take no thought for the morrow, and find his treasure in incorruptible things. Like many other successful business men in the United States, he apparently kept his commercial and private morality in watertight compartments, and it puzzles some observers to understand how he managed to perform the operation. In other words, how can a deeply religious man occupy himself during his hours of activity in a manner which is often irreligious and sometimes anti-religious?

The truth, perhaps, is that religious and ethical conceptions exercise less influence upon conduct than is commonly attributed to them. Life is not so much a science as an art, a matter of practice, temperament, knowledge, and training. Men have excelled in that art, as they have in others, with all religions and with none. In any practical operation—say the driving of a motor car or the command of an army—everyone must recognise that the practitioner's conception of the universe is of less importance than his skill and expertness in his business. Even his character is of value chiefly in so far as it affects these qualities. Nobody would willingly employ a drunken chauffeur, because drunkenness would interfere with his steadiness of hand and quickness of judgment; but the man might be an atheist, a free-lover, or a gambler, and still a reasonably good chauffeur. On the other hand, he might be a saint or a philosopher, and a particularly bad one. Take the case of great military and naval leaders. Collingwood, with his lofty and intelligent devotional zeal, was assuredly not a better sailor than Nelson, who was dominated by a rather confused amalgam of sentiment, caprice, sheer personal vanity, and idealistic patriotism. Was he, all things considered, a better man? Wellington's narrow Anglicanism certainly does not seem to have done much for a character in many respects unpleasant—harsh, illiberal, grasping, and coldly self-indulgent. But the Duke had the temperament and the intellect of the soldier, developed by much practice, and he became a very good general: not, however, so good a general as Napoleon, who believed in nothing except his own strength and the weakness of others. If we carry the survey from these special pursuits to the general art of living, the result is really the same. A man may have a very bad creed and be a very good father, husband, friend, or citizen; he may be lamentably defective in each of these capacities, in spite of a high ethical and religious ideal. This is because our social activities are very little dependent on theory, but are, in fact, controlled and conditioned by character and habit. The main principles of morality, though their application varies infinitely according to custom and convention, are common to most schools of thought. I am prepared to assert that the first man who passes me as I walk down the street will be theoretically aware that he ought not to beat his wife, though he be a Calvinist, a Roman Catholic, a Swedenborgian, a Socialist, or a Tariff Reformer. Whether he does or will beat his wife I have not the slightest idea; nor would precise information upon his religious or political views help me to form an opinion. I should be better able to judge if you told me that he was addicted to alcohol, or that he had been brought up by a maiden aunt. Most of our difficulties in conduct are concerned with the choice between motives of nearly equal force or with the subordination of one set of emotions to another. And here an instinctive grasp of realities, rapidity of decision, the control of the lower appetites by the higher impulses, tact, temper, and firmness are of more avail than any synthesis of thought. After all, the chariot of life is driven, much as the motor car is driven, by knowledge of the machinery and adeptness in handling it. If you go into the bathroom and turn on the hot-water tap instead of the cold douche you will scald yourself, though you are as wise as Solomon and as virtuous as St. Francis.

What, then, is the true value of ethics and religion? Can man go through life without any synthesis at all? Surely not. Faith is needed not to make a man live better, but to make him feel better. And a theory of the universe is required not to direct his conduct, but to sanctify him in the successes and fortify him in the failures of action.

That is what one feels in reading Mr. Rockefeller's confessions. His remarkably successful and entirely absurd career has just missed being used as a text for sermons. If his mediocre talents and his exceptional luck had happened to have been displayed on a less conspicuous stage, we should have been freely invited to admire him. We should have him exhibited as a shining example of that old-fashioned Biblical Christianity

which has made America and Great Britain what they are. We might have books written about him by excellent persons like the late Mr. Samuel Smiles, holding him up for the instruction of the young, to show what can be done by industry, perseverance, and intense application, fortified by sound religion and austere morality. It would have been explained that he would not have become so great unless he had been so good. We have heard too much about Mr. Rockefeller to be able to say that about him. The millionaire-manufacturing process has been laid open too plainly to the world in his case; the Mammoth Trust is too big; we know too well what it has cost to make the fortunes of its "magnates." I do not think that even one of Mr. Rockefeller's own professors, in one of his own universities, would care to lecture on his patron from this standpoint.

I suppose many thousands or millions of people envy "John D."; I do not imagine that even in the United States there are many who venture to admire him openly. With the best will in the world it is difficult to attribute his success to high abilities and hard work based on Christian ethics. We cannot say that, because he is clearly not very able, and he tells us himself that he was not particularly industrious or persevering. He went through the greater part of his active life comfortably and easily, taking plenty of holidays, enjoying himself blamelessly, and occupying himself in his business hours in scheming, financing, borrowing, intriguing, and organising. He did very little work himself; he was clever and lucky enough to make other people work for him. He can seldom have put in as sound a day of steady labor as most of his own clerks. His puritanical New England upbringing can neither be credited with his success in money-making nor with the means by which he made it. His real achievements as an organiser of distribution and economiser of production had no relation to the teaching he received in the chapel and the schoolroom; those other exploits which have made him famous stand equally apart from the religion in which he believes. The New Testament does not suggest that it is desirable to pile up riches by the methods and devices which the Oil Trust sometimes employed. There is no relation, so far as one can see, between Mr. Rockefeller's creed and his conduct in commercial life; and the fact that out of business hours he is affectionate, moral, and lavish in giving away his plunder makes the contradiction all the more striking.

It is clear that Mr. Rockefeller's practice of what he calls "the difficult art of getting," was not determined by his religion. He would have acted much the same as he did, and probably with much the same results, if he had not been a devoted member of his church. But he would not have felt nearly so comfortable; he would have lacked that inner glow which makes him a happy man in spite of his wealth, his weariness, his narrowness, his crudity. He would not have found consolation in the thought that the world which has made John D. Rockefeller its richest inhabitant, is divinely ordered. He would not have been so sure of his own righteousness, or so callous to the sufferings of his victims. He would not have been able to decree the massacre of his enemies in much the same spirit as that which inspired Godfrey of Bouillon, or a sergeant of Cromwell's Ironsides, or Gustavus Adolphus, or any other entirely devout destroyer. Like them he had faith, which not only casts out fear, but gives its possessor power to sustain all kinds of shocks and buffets, including those of his own conscience. The Protestant religion (New England version) did not make Mr. Rockefeller a successful man, it did not make him, in any true sense of the word, a good man; but it seems to have given him that peace which the world cannot bring, and fortified him, not merely against the obloquy of his fellow-men, but also against dissatisfaction with himself. He is calm, contented, kindly, tranquil in mind and soul, at ease in his relation towards the Universe and the general scheme of things. But his success as a man of action does not spring from this source. It is due to his expertness in a difficult art—the art of financial adventure—in which he would probably have failed if he had not kept it sternly apart from his religious ideas and ideals.

SIDNEY LOW.

[Mr. Low's article opens up a question of profound interest to our times. Our readers might like to discuss it.—ED., NATION.]

# Present-Day Problems.

## ORGANISED LABOR AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.

### III.

THERE are three countries in which the Socialist movement has assumed a distinctly revolutionary character—France, Italy, and Russia. Let us first glance at France. It might seem that as regards France the statement of the hope, with which I started, that the movement is outgrowing its too revolutionary youth, was unduly optimistic. Even the Unified Socialist Party, which was formed so lately as 1905, is avowedly revolutionary and intransigeant in principles and policy. Revolutionary syndicalism goes still farther. It rejects parliamentary action as weak and futile, and advocates direct action through trade unions—direct action which expresses itself in the strike, culminating in the general strike. In this direct action we have the suggestion of force—the pressure and menace of force. Revolutionary syndicalism is simply trade unionism inspired more or less by anarchism.

The question that we really have to determine is: In what direction is French Socialism moving? Now, we must, I think, regard it as a considerable feat to have succeeded in establishing a unified party in any form. Since it began to revive after the Commune the story of French Socialism is a record of constant contention and dissension. The different sections of it began to draw together in order to maintain the Republic during the Dreyfus case. They combined to form the Unified Party under the moral pressure of the Amsterdam Congress of 1904. It is surely a material gain that the main force of French Socialism should be an organised and responsible movement under the leadership of a man like Jaurès.

If France is the country of revolution, it is also the country of clearness and good sense. We may take it as certain that all who have any feeling for reasonableness and responsibility among French Socialists will strenuously resist the spirit of anarchy which may endanger the Republic and lead to the restoration of despotism. At the recent congress at St. Etienne they have been trying to formulate an agrarian policy suitable to the peasantry. No such policy can be shaped except by serious departure from the abstract collectivism which they have hitherto maintained.

With regard to revolutionary syndicalism, we should remember that anarchism has existed among French workmen for a considerable time. Its evils and excesses can be best remedied by the spread of light, the removal of real grievances, and a more active sympathy between Government and people. We can understand the revolutionary syndicalism of France, as we can understand that of Italy, only by trying to comprehend the conditions in which it has arisen. The Socialism of Italy has had a history of about forty years. It has had a far more changeful and stormy life than that of France since the Commune. But in the main the Socialist movement of the two countries has been on similar lines. Dating from 1892, the Italian Party prefers parliamentary action, but it also has strongly revolutionary leanings, and, as in France, it is unable either to control or repudiate the trade unionism which inclines to anarchism. In both countries we see a perfervid temperament, lacking in discipline and political experience.

But in Italy we see the conditions which make for unrest operating in a very aggravated form. Italy has long been applying to naval and military preparation and to the other ambitions of a great power the atten-

tion and the resources which have been sorely needed for the regeneration of her people. The extreme misery which brutalises and crushes men in soul and body has for generations reigned over wide regions of Italy. Interminable hours of labor for the scantiest pay, the crassest ignorance, entire want of social and political guidance, sordid apathy and moral degradation have prevailed, especially in central and southern Italy and the islands, under a system of official corruption and neglect. During the last generation there has been a notable awakening, but the new life naturally bears traces of the soil from which it has sprung. It has been an excitable and turbulent life, suspicious of Government and ready to resent wrong with violence. The young and energetic have left the country in great numbers. In recent times as many as 350,000 have emigrated, chiefly to America, in a single year, while 270,000 have in the same time gone in search of temporary employment, mainly to the countries of Central Europe. Those who have stayed at home have not seldom been driven by hard work, by the want of work, and by hunger, to strike and riot, and have been shot down by the police and the soldiers.

Thus the last word between the Italian Government and its people has too often been the fusilade. We may fairly measure the greater progress of France by the willingness and even anxiety to reason with the workers which the Government now shows. A Government which truly represents the people and is responsive to their needs and wishes should not insist on the infallibility of the officials. Both Government and officials are the servants of the people, and have no divine right of exemption from error or of freedom from responsibility. We may regard both Government and people in France and Italy as at different stages of progress towards a new era, in which labor and the rewards of labor will be better adjusted. There is abundance of new life, but it is lacking in regulation and discipline, and especially in the highest form of discipline, which is self-discipline. The disorder is the necessary preparation for a new order.

In Italy we can see many promising signs of the advent of the new order. The leaders of organised labor are men of high character and capacity. Though much remains to be done, both organisation and policy are attaining to greater stability and definiteness. Socialists take an increasingly active part in the practical work of the communes. Italian Socialists now particularly claim that as regards the three classic forms of the working class movement, the General Confederation of Labor, the National League of Co-operative Societies, and the Italian Federation of Friendly Societies have come to a common understanding; all are inspired by the Socialistic ideal.

The second act of the revolutionary drama in Russia, under Nicholas II., has terminated, like the first, under Alexander II., in the suppression of the revolution. But we may be assured that the drama is not ended. The revolutionary spirit will rise again, and the fear of it remains as a very important factor in European politics. As compared with the revolutionary movement under Alexander II., that under Nicholas II. has shown a marvellous increase in strength and volume. The fear of another and more formidable rising may be regarded as a strong guarantee of European peace. Neither Germany nor Austria would desire a war in which Russia would probably be defeated and the revolution precipitated. Such a revolution might unite the entire Slav race in a movement which would upset the whole political system of the old world. The future of Austria after the passing of the present Emperor is a sufficiently obscure subject as it stands, without the tenfold complication of a great Pan-Slavic revolutionary crisis. In spite of political differences, there has always been a strong feeling of sympathy between the courts of Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. And it should be remembered to their credit that for the long space of a century and a half since the Seven Years' War there has been only one serious military struggle among them—that of 1866.

It will be seen that organised labor is now taking an active part in the politics of the world. It will also be seen that the situation contains very serious possibilities of revolution. For this—if for no higher—reason all prudent statesmen and good citizens should energetically push forward the work of reform. But if reform is to be wise and effectual it must be based on real insight into the needs and aspirations of labor. We can best find what these are by a study of the practical and constructive side of organised labor during recent years. For in that side of the movement we can see what labor has been seeking to attain under the pressure of real needs.

In Belgium and also in Denmark the Socialist parties work in harmony with the trade union and the co-operative movement. In Italy progress is still more fundamental and comprehensive; trade unionism, the co-operative movement, and the friendly society form an organic whole. The root of the whole process of progress is to be found in the friendly society; the principle of mutual aid is the germ from which the whole movement of organised labor in modern times has grown.

We should note that the working man has carried on this great movement of progress almost entirely by his own efforts. The State and its chiefs have been far too busily engaged in war and the preparation for war, in diplomacy, in party struggles, and in the concerns of courts and of society, to spare much time for understanding or satisfying the needs of labor. The working man is not even yet a full member or partner in the modern State. But it is hoped that in process of time we may see a widening development of the democratic State, in which, on the basis of the friendly society, the trade union, and the co-operative society, an effective system of insurance against accident, sickness, unemployment, and old age may be built up and the entire life of labor advanced to a higher plane. We may expect to see State and people in organic union and sympathy, and a system of social polity capable of a progressive development, to which no bounds can be set by the most active imagination. And it will, we hope, be not the least of the happy results of the development of this social polity that it will supply a solid basis for mutual understanding and goodwill among races which have so long been alien in mind, tradition, and policy.

T. Kirkup.

# The Drama.

## THE FIRST-FRUITS OF ENDOWMENT.

It was an unfortunate chance which last week made rival attractions of the Irish National Theatre Company at the Court and Miss Horniman's Manchester company at the Coronet. The coincidence, however, was not wholly to be regretted. It had the excellent effect of hammering home, stroke upon stroke, the value to theatrical art of even a very moderate endowment. I have no inside knowledge of the finances of either company. I do not even know whether, on the whole, their supporters have been out of pocket. But one thing is certain—namely, that neither of these enterprises would have been possible unless there had been people behind them who were willing, if necessary, to face a considerable loss, and who in no case looked for any personal profit. We may probably assume that in neither instance has the loss been very great; but even if it had run into tens of thousands, that would have been a moderate price to pay for the results achieved in Dublin and promised—and already partially achieved—in the much younger Manchester enterprise. I understand that in Dublin a large part, and in Manchester the whole, of the financial support comes from Miss A. E. F. Horniman. If so, I think it may safely be said that no woman in England to-day is making a better use of her money. Few forms of beneficence are so free from drawback as that

which goes to remedy the starvation and malnutrition of dramatic art.

What the Irish Theatre is to the national movement in Ireland I leave those to determine who have studied that movement from the inside. What it has meant for English literature, on the other hand, everyone knows who has seen or read "The Play-Boy of the Western World." The late J. M. Synge was a humorist, a poet, and a master of exquisite phrasing. His style was in part, no doubt, derived from observation—was, in fact, a transcript of the actual color and cadence of Irish peasant speech. But it was an idealised transcript, a concentrated essence of imagination and beauty. I know nothing quite like it in any other literature. In the speech of the English, or Scottish, or German, or Norwegian peasant, what pleases us is sometimes a racy uncouthness, sometimes a laconic shrewdness, sometimes a rugged simplicity and primitiveness of outlook; never, I think, sheer beauty either of idea or of diction. For that we must go to peasant poetry; we shall not find it in peasant prose. But the prose of Synge's plays is all poetry. The speech of his peasants thrills and throbs with imagination, and the rhythm of their phrases has a somewhat monotonous but caressing and irresistible beauty. Four of his plays were presented last week: "The Play-boy of the Western World," "The Well of the Saints," "Riders to the Sea," and "In the Shadow of the Glen." The first, and unquestionably the best, I did not see; but all the others charmed me afresh. If the Irish Theatre had produced no other writer than Synge, it would have been worth more to Ireland than can be reckoned in money. But endowment was necessary to make Synge possible.

In our admiration for his genius, however, we must not forget that the National Theatre has brought to the front a whole school of noteworthy writers. Mr. Yeats, of course, is not a product of the movement, but rather its motive power. Still, had the theatre not existed, he would probably never have given us "Kathleen ni Houlihan," "The King's Threshold," or "The Pot of Broth." The other writers represented in last week's programme are Lady Gregory, whose comic character-sketches, "Hyacinth Halvey" and "The Workhouse Ward," are full of spirit and humor, and Mr. Norreys Connell, whose "Imaginary Conversation" between Robert Emmett and Tom Moore is, as it were, "Kathleen ni Houlihan" transposed from the fantastic into the historical key. As for the acting, one may say at once that, though the loss of the Brothers Fay is doubtless felt, their place is quite ably and sufficiently supplied. Mr. Arthur Sinclair, Mr. Fred O'Donovan, and Mr. J. A. O'Rourke are good and versatile actors; Miss Sara Allgood has greatly developed; and the simplicity, sincerity, and charm of Miss Maire O'Neill are invaluable to the company. Its style remains unchanged, and is still simple, unaffected, a little constrained, a little lacking in variety. It has the charm of primitive draughtsmanship, before mechanical accomplishment has been attained. The company, somehow, has never quite acquired the freedom of the stage. But this very touch of helplessness is admirably suited to the work they do. Never in the theatre, I think, have I felt the shiver of the supernatural so irresistibly as in their rendering of "Riders to the Sea."

But the Irish Theatre is, after all, a product of peculiar conditions. It taps, so to speak, a virgin vein. What endowment can do is still more clearly manifest in the admirable and delightful company that comes to us from Manchester. When one thinks of the dramatic fare with which the provinces in general have to put up, and contrasts with it the work done by Miss Horniman's organisation, one cannot but wonder in what way Manchester proposes to show its gratitude to her. The best way would certainly be to vote her a subsidy which should enable her to enlarge the scope of her operations.

The unlucky clashing of dates prevented me from seeing "Widowers' Houses," "The Silver Box," or Sudermann's "The Vale of Content"; but I hear on very good authority that the English plays, at any rate, were excellently rendered. The plays I did see—two by Mr. Charles McEvoy and one by Mr. Edward Garnett—were all new to London. They were none of them masterpieces, but they were well worth doing and worth seeing.

Mr. McEvoy, author of "The Three Barrows" and "When the Devil Was Ill," has a pleasant, facile talent, lacking, as yet, in depth and solidity. If he does not take care, he will awake one morning to find himself popular, and will go the way of Somerset Maugham and Clyde Fitch. The faults of "The Three Barrows" are so obvious that every critic, so far as I saw, put his finger on them at once. It is a mere story, a sequence of incidents without any constructive design; and the author is far too slow in making clear to us the type of character he proposes to study. The story is like that of a novel of Turgueneff; indeed, I think there is more than one book of the Russian master in which he places a well-intentioned, weak man between a simple, devoted girl whom he really loves and a masterful woman who carries him off, in spite of himself, by sheer force of compulsive egoism. But in the Turgueneff story (or stories) the prime factor in the subjugation of the hero is a more or less morbid sensual glamor; whereas it does not appear that in "The Three Barrows" anything of the sort comes into play. In Victor Meux's passion for Anna, not only his heart but his senses are strongly engaged; yet he gives her up for Clara Ossler, whom he dislikes and despises, simply because he has not the moral courage to break off his engagement. It is not even his sense of honor that paralyses him; it is a sort of physical funk. The psychology may be all right; but there is this disadvantage about it, that we cannot feel the play to be really finished: Victor will certainly run away from Clara as soon as she ceases to hold him with her glittering eye. Moreover, his pitiful pusillanimity comes upon us quite as a surprise at the close of the scene in the barn. In the encounter with Anna's brother he is ineffectual and undignified, but acts with tolerable spirit. It would try anyone's nerves to face an infuriated rustic armed with a shot-gun. Not till Anna suggests the propriety of announcing to Clara his change of sentiment does his courage begin visibly to ooze out at his finger-tips. The character is not exactly inconsistent, but it is unskilfully developed, with insufficient art of preparation. "When the Devil Was Ill" is a lighter play, agreeable and amusing, but, like "The Three Barrows," strung together rather than constructed. Mr. McEvoy does not seem to realise that half the art of drama lies in arousing and satisfying, or outdoing, or pleasantly disappointing, anticipation. We live in his plays from moment to moment, foreseeing nothing, desiring nothing. His character-drawing is generally clever, his dialogue is always easy and vivacious; but he does not as yet know how to extract from his themes the maximum of specifically dramatic effect.

It is entirely to the credit of the Manchester management that it should have produced so serious and in some ways able a play as "The Feud," by Mr. Edward Garnett; but Mr. Garnett's ability is unfortunately not seconded by any expertness in the handling of his material. Through two-thirds of the presentation of this Icelandic family-saga, one's attention is entirely absorbed—mine was, at any rate—in trying to make out who the characters are, and in what relation they stand to each other. To this moment I am uncertain on various points that ought to have been made perfectly clear within ten minutes of the rise of the curtain. Again, though I, personally, divined at an early point that Helga's apparent hatred for Bue was in fact the mask of a half-unconscious but passionate love, my insight did not proceed from anything in the play itself, but from the fact that I was already familiar with the characters—in another play. It is quite possible that Mr. Garnett has never read "The Vikings at Helgeland," by Henrik Ibsen; it is quite possible that he simply drew upon the same material; but the fact remains that his Helga, Hordis, Anna, and Bue reproduce very closely Ibsen's Hjördis, Dagny, Gunnar, and Sigurd. In the conduct of the two plays there is little enough resem-

blance. Mr. Garnett leads up through a series of scenes of small intrinsic interest to a strong, and I suppose one ought to say a "daring," last act, which, by an odd coincidence, had been parodied in advance, only a few days earlier, in "A Merry Devil" at the Playhouse. In both plays a woman finds, bound and at her mercy, a man whom she thinks she hates; in Mr. Fagan's play she proposes to horsewhip, in Mr. Garnett's to kill him; and in both she cuts his bonds and falls into his arms. It is a good enough situation, as situations go; but there was more real dramatic originality in an earlier scene of "The Feud," in which the women of the Gudmund family watch a cavalcade of men, after a skirmish, wending their way down the distant mountain-side, and try to make out who has come alive out of the fight, and who is being carried feet-foremost. Mr. Garnett, in a word, has flashes of dramatic power; but is unskilled in the arts of exposition and development. Has he the patience to acquire them?

It is not, then, because of any startling discovery of new genius that I think the Manchester enterprise so valuable and hopeful. Manchester still awaits her Synge. None the less is it encouraging to know that in a great provincial centre a company of intelligent young actors is producing, week by week, plays of a strongly progressive tendency, is winning high local appreciation, and is, in the meantime, acquiring an invaluable variety of experience. Under these circumstances, it would only be reasonable to make allowance for a good many shortcomings in mounting and acting; but, in fact, there is no need for any such forbearance. The plays are well put on the stage, and the average of acting is more than creditable. Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Iden Payne, Mr. Basil Dean, Mr. Jules Shaw, Miss Hilda Bruce Potter, Miss Ada King, and Miss Sybil Thorndike, all do admirable work; and I cannot but single out Mr. Charles Bibby's Leatherhead in "When the Devil was Ill" as a delightful piece of quiet comedy. Beyond all question, however, the most interesting figure in the company is Miss Mona Limerick. It is many a year since such an arresting personality has appeared on the stage. With her tall, willowy figure, and her great dark eyes blazing in a face of extraordinary delicacy of outline, this young lady looks at times like an allegorical embodiment of Tragedy. Her art is as yet immature, her voice harsh and ill-governed, her enunciation defective. But if she will learn to subdue her personality to artistic ends, instead of emphasising it to the point of mannerism, Miss Mona Limerick may go far indeed.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Communications.

## TRADE UNDER TOWN-PLANNING.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Perhaps the first fruits of the Government's Housing and Town-planning Bill will be found in the recent visit to Germany of the British housing party. That some hundred public men and others interested in social service should have spent the best part of a fortnight in investigating the town-planning features of German cities may be taken as an earnest of the desire to give effect to the town-planning proposals of Mr. Burns's Bill.

One of the surprises of German cities to the British party was to find town-planning something more than the well-ordered arrangement of streets and houses and open spaces: it is an integral part of the trade policy of Germany. Town-planning has made German cities prosperous as well as stately. Town-planning is undertaken in order to capture trade. It is carried out, too, without permitting the unpleasant features of trade to obtrude themselves or to deface the city.

The apology for the ugliness and smoke of so many of our British towns is that they sprang up rapidly, before public control could assert itself, during the great industrial awakening of the early Victorian epoch. Since then Germany has experienced an industrial development as rapid and as revolutionary as was ours of fifty years ago. Her countrysides have been denuded, while her towns have doubled and trebled their populations. There is this difference. While British towns grew up haphazard, following the whim of unrestrained railway companies, of narrow manufacturers, and of jerry builders, the Germans have directed the growth of their cities on scientific lines.

One of the best examples is Dusseldorf. This thriving city on the Rhine has clothed itself with beauty. It is clean and well-ordered, with spacious tree-planted streets, rings of carefully-planned suburbs, and a river front well-nigh equal to the Thames Embankment. Yet Dusseldorf is primarily an industrial town and one of recent and rapid growth. It stands on the border of the German Black Country. Had it been left to grow in the haphazard way common to English towns, it might have become another Dudley or Wolverhampton. The municipality has encouraged trade without allowing trade to disfigure the town. As an example it offered a site worth £100,000 to the German Steel Trust as an inducement to build its central offices there. In this way the city became the headquarters of a business with an annual turnover of eleven millions. No factory is allowed to be built on the west and south-west of the city since the prevailing winds come from those quarters. Dusseldorf, in consequence, is never shrouded in smoke. "We in Dusseldorf have not allowed questions of trade to interfere with questions of public health," the British party was told by Dr. Brandt, who spoke in his dual capacity as secretary of the local Chamber of Commerce and as a member of the City Council.

More instructive is the trade town-planning features of Frankfort. A scheme is in the making there at the present time on which the municipality is spending over three million pounds. To the east of the city by the banks of the Main, several new docks are being excavated for the largest barges from the Rhine, while adjoining sites are being laid out for extensive wharves, warehouses, factories, and railway sidings. A little beyond this area, bordering on a beautiful wood acquired by the city authorities, streets are being generously laid out for dwelling-houses, interspersed with open spaces and playing fields. A new town in effect is being laid out, as a sort of industrial annex to the fair city of Frankfort. All this because the municipality sees a reasonable prospect of the city becoming the exchange centre of the carrying trade of mid-Europe.

There has been nothing like it in the whole history of municipal town-planning. Such a bold venture has only been possible because the city is its own landlord. For years the municipality has quietly been buying land on the planned-out area until to-day it owns over two-thirds of the whole, with such powers of control over the remainder as will compel the owners either to sell or to accept the town-planning principles which the city submits. Having planned out how every part of the district shall be developed, the municipality is now letting or selling its own plots to buyers who agree to utilise them within a given period for the specific purpose set out. This for wharves, that for factories, and the other site for dwellings. The city authorities assist buyers of plots by asking for no more than ten per cent. of the purchase money at the outset, the payment of the balance being spread over a period of years.

Frankfort is not alone among German cities in being a large landowner. Town-planning has only been made possible in Germany by reason of the municipalities having bought large tracts of land, both within and without the city boundaries. Such a decision as that of the London County Council the other day to sell suburban land acquired for housing purposes fills the German councillor with amazement. The systematic purchase of suburban land is part of the ordinary municipal life of Germany. Its local authorities have taken to heart the dictum laid down at Heilbronn a hundred years ago by one of the greatest of their fellow-countrymen. "A town," declares Goethe, "is prosperous through the land which it possesses more than through any other consideration; and the best token of a good administration is that a town is going on buying land."
—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HAW.

June, 1909.

## GLASTONBURY AS A CEMETERY FOR THE EMPIRE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—"The Abbey makes us we," says Mr. Kipling, meaning Westminster Abbey; but it does only in rather a lame and limited way. It was never British, for instance, nor did the Danes worship and offer there. Westminster is part of the theory of English history that wants to begin with Norman William or thereabouts, and to end where the Dean and Chapter choose. In Glastonbury we have a possible mausoleum for the great English dead all round the planet. The place has a much greater claim than Westminster to "make us we." It was an ancient Druid shrine before it was Christian, and is ringed round with Celtic names. It was the resting place of St. Patrick and the halting place of St. Bridget. It is connected with the first disciples of Christ. It contained relics of all the ancient Scottish Saints. It was the religious centre in which grew up the work of the makers of England—Alfred, St. Dunstan, Edgar, and Athelstan. It was the burial place of King Arthur and the home of his romance. Thus English, Irish, Scots, and Welsh are equally concerned in it. It is the one shrine in all the Empire where each wave and race of men has worshipped continuously at one altar. The first Christians in and of Britain, the first founders of Saxon Wessex, Canute and the Danes, William and the Normans, worshipped here. Its old Church of St. Mary was built by the first King of the united English, Henry II., and was greatly honored by the first founder, as we may call him, of the English rule, Edward I. The Benedictine Abbey, great and glorious as it was, is only a later growth of Christian Glastonbury, and lasted at the most during half only of the time of its activity.

For over three centuries and a half the sacred acres have been widowed and desolate. Now there is life stirring there once more. Something is to be done. The Bishops are laying their heads together, Churchmen have laid their purses together, and the chief plot is bought back. But the great question is: What is to be done with it? A missionary college, say some. St. Mary's evangelised the rude Germans in the eighth century, why not their equally rude descendants now? And the runic Swedes in the eleventh century, why not the Hottentots of to-day? Because there are already theological and missionary colleges as much as the generosity of folk will support, and even those are usually a little yellow for lack of gold. What we really want is what some jovial pagans of the Press call a Valhalla, what might be better described as a cemetery for the Empire, where each one of the new nations should have a portion, with power to send the bones of those she delights to honor, to lie in that holy ground, with as much faith and hope as they can muster.

That would appeal to the heart and the imagination of our people more than anything which could be suggested. It would be like a thread round which crystals cluster. It would embody and form some of that great sentiment of unity, which is not only essentially Christian and Catholic, but which is really the strong and only bond of the Empire. Imagine what it would be to visit Glastonbury and muse not only of those who have done great things and thought mighty thoughts in a remote past, but on those, whom we have seen and known and loved and obeyed—the men who led us, not only in battle and in law, but in song, in color, in witty invention, discovery, exploration, and in any great deed or thought. What a fine reminder to the new and naked lands, to breed, not millionaires, wheat kings, corn, beef, oil, or tomato kings. but men whom all the sister nations would equally delight to praise and approve! What finer reproof could be given to the inhabitants of any quarter of the Empire than to notice that their share of the plot was empty or filled only with braggarts and local nobodies?

This plan would give some real use and future history to the Abbey. There is no need for the old wealth and bigness, for the many attendants and elaborate machinery. These things did not belong to its best period, and in effect caused its downfall and ruin. There is no need for huge collections, magnificent bequests, lands in seven counties. All that is needed is to say to each one of our kingdoms, "Give us your great dead," or, if they hold these too dear, as is not unlikely, "Give us your memorial to those whom you hold closest to your heart." There would be a great response to this, and, perhaps—who knows?—another great Church might naturally arise there, built not by sudden contract, but by slow growth and much love, as it should be. But that matters less. The great Abbey Church was one hundred and nineteen years building and was adorned by the work of another two hundred and thirty, so that a good many years are likely to pass before this becomes a finished and embodied thought. In the meantime, there is no other plan proposed, and certainly none that is worthy of so splendid a past, and full of possibility for a splendid future, as this—to make Glastonbury the sleeping ground of our great dead.—Yours, &c.,

C. L. MARSON.

June 15th, 1909.

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# Letters to the Editor.

## THE INCORRIGIBLE CENSOR.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—On the plea that my previous letter was very short, will you suffer a few words further?

Like Mr. C. E. Maurice, I, too, have been pondering your question, "Is pain to be avoided, &c.?"—a far-reaching thesis, which may invite even more comprehensive handling than that of Mr. Maurice's letter, able and interesting as it is.

When the phrase is considered, one finds as usual that some further definition is required for the purposes of discussion; and it seems to me that much depends (as, indeed, Mr. Maurice recognises) upon the *character* of the pain which is produced, *i.e.*, whether it is simply a passing sensation, which will leave behind it no harm, but perhaps benefit, *or* something of a deleterious sort.

Reverting now to the main question out of which this correspondence has arisen—that of the Censorship, it is observable that some of your readers seem to favor the idea of abolishing any sort of official supervision, or, as it is sometimes put, let the public exercise the function. That may sound very well, but can we afford to ignore the practical drawbacks and dangers? What about the possible affliction of a—well, a Sir Felix Janion of Theatres? Have we not heard of indications, and more than indications, of some such controlling organisation in America? And as Mr. William Archer recently pointed out in your columns, the serious feature about this method is that the organiser can, if strong enough, gradually "make the public want what *he* wants"—"do what he wants them to do," and so forth.

But apart from any such forebodings, does the present state of matters justify the adoption of "free play"? No doubt many of our leading dramatists on various occasions deliver most admirable and edifying utterances about the mission of the theatre; how it must be kept worthy of its traditions, and of its great opportunities of influence, &c., and we rightly applaud these excellent sentiments (and with a little extra heartiness perhaps, by way of a thrust at those needlessly pernickerty people who still express some misgivings about "the theatre"); but when we

suggest, privately, to some of these same dramatic authorities, to whom we have listened with so much appreciation, that perhaps such and such a play, or such and such treatment of an episode, was not *quite* in accord with good taste and good morals, there is reason to fear that we shall sometimes be told that, although, of course, a high tone is desirable, yet sometimes "one must fill the house." Alas! but this is to give away the case for the theatre; and surely the plea is not really well founded. At any rate, some of the most successful plays are the most free from objections of the sort in view; and with a combined purpose on the part of playwrights, performers, and *critics*, what might not be attained? As to the critics, one often feels inclined to implore them not to pass by things which on moral grounds they do not approve of, with a sort of shrug of the shoulders, but to apply the lash (which they can handle so effectively) more particularly to that special defect. Surely efforts in this direction are in a paramount sense well bestowed. When one thinks of the vast multitude of persons who constantly resort to the theatre, often after a day of monotonous toil, for relaxation and amusement, one feels the cruelty of accustoming them to a diet which is sweetened, so to speak, with arsenic.

Lastly then, if some sort of, I will not say censorship, guardianship, in regard to the stage is required, at least as yet, might not this be secured by a Council or Board of a representative character, either constituted *ad hoc* or by an addition to the functions of some existing public body?

The idea, which, of course, is not new, seems to be worthy of discussion.—Yours, &c., A.

June 15th, 1909.

## A PERSIAN QUAKER.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I read with much interest your article on "The Persian Quakers," and was indeed glad to learn that "Babism" has not only survived, but that in spite of persecution its followers have gone on increasing, and that it possibly represents a third of the population.

In the account of its foundation under Mizza Ali Mohammed, "the Bab," I observe you make no mention of the band of *women* martyrs of the movement headed by Gourret-ûl-Ain" ("Consolation of the Eyes"), a beautiful and highly-educated young woman, who became deeply imbued with the spirit of the Master, protesting against the moral evils involved in polygamy, divorce, and the unequal social standard between men and women. She was one of the original band of apostles numbering nineteen (a sacred number), and one of three who became conspicuous as leaders while Mirza himself was in captivity. She carried on the mission all over the Western province, speaking, it is said, without her veil, and moving her hearers to an extraordinary degree. Many women, and even children, followed her devotedly, and endured suffering and death for the faith that was in them. She could have saved her life by denying her name. She refused, and she, too, within a very few years, joined "the noble army of martyrs," being strangled at Teheran in 1852.

Many others who went to their death sang of their way, "Truly we belong to God. We came from God, and are returning to Him."

M. le Comte de Gobineau, in his "Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale," has given the history, and a short account was published in the "Contemporary Review" several years ago.—Yours, &c.,

M. H. L. B.

June 17th, 1909.

## THE INTELLECTS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—May I venture, in the name of self-respect, to point out one or two of the most obvious flaws in the arguments which your correspondent so dogmatically dubs "sound," in a letter on the "feminist argument" in your last issue.

That women ought not to vote "because they cannot fight" is the first so designated. Surely, if that were carried to its logical outcome, numberless men, who cannot, either from entire lack of training or from physical deficiency, fight even in the direst extremity, should also be excluded from the franchise! But to lift the discussion to a higher and a saner level; suffragists, like other serious-minded people, look forward to a time when the idea of war will be much less popular and far more repugnant to the average mind than it is to-day—to a state where none would dream of judging capacity for governing or qualification for franchise by merely a physical test. Therefore, a theory which might be of temporary value in a savage tribe will scarcely hold water when applied to a civilised society. To answer with patience the second "equally sound argument respecting the inferiority of the female intellect to that of man," one needs to remind oneself that "charity suffereth long and is kind." If your correspondent would take the trouble to study the position of women from the standpoint of historical development, and take into consideration the narrow groove in which they have been compelled to move, it would perhaps be a matter of surprise that the male sex has not the monopoly of genius. Such, however, strange to say, is the case, and if indeed "the heights of the summits may . . . afford some indication of the height of the tableland beneath," it must be remembered that George Eliot's philosophy moves in much the same atmosphere as does that of Meredith, of Browning, and of Shakespeare, and considering the cloud of suffering whence issued Mrs. Browning's songs, was she, after all, so very far beneath her husband? I venture to assert that it is not fair to judge the capacity of the "tableland," until equality of educational opportunities has had time to bring forth results. "That God made man a little lower than the angels," and woman a stage lower still, it is possible to forgive Milton for believing, three hundred years ago; but to a correspondent of a newspaper to-day—and that paper the most progressive in the kingdom—it is a little difficult to extend the same magnanimity.—Yours, &c.,

Edith Hunter.

37, Angles Road, Streatham, S.W.
June 15th, 1909.

## WOMEN AND WAR

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Mr. Belfort Bax objects to your argument that one of the reasons why women ought to have the vote is that, though they do not fight, they suffer most in war. He calls this a threadbare sophism. "How do they suffer?" he asks. "Are they shot down, killed, or wounded? No; on the contrary, they enjoy the privileges of their sex in not being touched. Their sufferings, such as they are, and what there are of them, are distinctly vicarious."

That is the typical attitude of the doctrinaire—the man who thinks he knows all about war if he has sat in his study and heard the troops marching away to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." All his concern with a war seems finished when he has discovered from his atlas whether the scene of conflict is in Africa or Asia. He cannot imagine that war sometimes actually enters a country where women live, and sometimes it has even disturbed philosophers in their studies.

He has not seen, as I have seen, crowds of women, mixed up with cattle and soldiers, carrying their children on their backs or on their heads, and running for their lives from afternoon all through the night till morning. He has not seen women watching the lines of children's graves grow longer as they sat huddled together in the dust and sickness of concentration camps. Nor has he seen women shivering in the rain upon the bare patch of cinders where their home had stood, or wandering in snow-covered mountains with their children, maddened with illness, fear, and starvation; or "enjoying the privileges of their sex" while they hid in woods, terrified of outrage from hour to hour; or lying dead upon the road.

Those are some of the sufferings that war brings upon women. To me it is outrageous that they should have no voice in a question that involves for themselves horrors beyond anything that men suffer in war. But it is more outrageous still that a man who appears to know nothing

of war beyond the look of a soldier walking out with a nursemaid, should sit quietly at home and sneer at such sufferings as "distinctly vicarious."—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent,
Hampstead,
June 17th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Belfort Bax's relation to the Editor of THE NATION is surely not so sympathetic nor so intimate as that between a mother and her son who is risking his life for his country, or a wife whose whole happiness depends upon the safe return of her husband.

Women have suffered terribly in times of war, and therefore should be allowed their voice in so great a question. —Yours, &c.,

HILDA A. WALKER.

Knowle House,
Mirfield, Yorks,
June 14th, 1909.

## MINISTERS AND THE PARTY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Is there not an aptitude on the part of reformers to come to hasty decisions? "A Liberal Elector's" letter in your issue of the 12th inst., I trust, is not his expression of a carefully-considered conclusion on a matter which, after all, is not the quintessence of Liberalism. In all probability my own views on the recent hysterical outburst of "anti-Germanism" coincide with those of your correspondent, and, with him, I deplore the tactlessness of our Liberal leaders in giving any possible grounds for the suggestion that they are encouraging such a degraded conception of our modern European civilisation; but the bankruptcy of the Liberal Party has certainly not come.

The Budget is the solidification of our most cherished ideals, and the mere comments of our Ministers are, after all, words. The meeting which may have been taking place as your correspondent wrote, certainly showed the views of two other important members of the Government as being wholly hostile to the recent artificial exposition of the aims of some Continental Powers.

The Liberal Government may not be perfect in every respect, but it does deserve to be protected from those supporters who, no doubt, in perfect good faith, rush into print with the avowed intention of registering the withdrawal of their support on every occasion that a certain utterance from high quarters displeases their true Liberal feelings.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN B. MARTINDALE.

232, Great Clowes Street,
Higher Broughton, Manchester,
June 14th, 1909.

## THE TSAR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your incisive utterance on the above subject in your issue of the 12th inst. ought surely to have practical effect. You say "The Tsar of Russia is about to visit the British Court." Being myself a plebian, I may not understand correctly what is meant by "the Court." All I hope is, that the British nation will not be called upon to welcome in any shape or form the pitiful despot whose rule you describe. We, living under a happier form of government, cherish, especially in recent years, a sincere respect for our own peace-making King, who knows how to reign in accordance with the will of the people. It would be an impertinence in the true sense of the word—that is, an irrelevance—to discuss his family relationship, or the family reunions he may desire. But for his Foreign Minister to force on us an unwelcome public visit from the man, the bloody chaos of whose so-called Government you so describe, would be an intolerable insult to the whole British people. Certainly it would not pass unresented. Thanks to the victory of our seventeenth century Parliaments over the superstition of the "divine right" of kings, we have learned gradually and slowly, but surely, to rely more and more on moral force. It is not therefore for a moment to be feared that any of British breed, however much they may hate and despise the Tsar's methods of rule by bloodshed and torture, would lift a hand to hurt him, or would by open insult break the laws of hospitality. But there are legal, constitutional, and peaceful methods of making an intrusive visitor feel that he is unwelcome. And there are people enough in London sick at heart with the horrors of Russian prisons to make sure that those methods will be adopted.

Besides, though we may be sure of the peaceful behavior of our own people, even under a cruel outrage such as this rumored visit would be, who can guarantee that some Russian or Polish refugee from the maddening miseries of his country may not do a deed which would pollute our sacred land with a damning stain? It is all very well to line the streets with troops, and scatter spies in every public house; but we are too much accustomed to the habits of freedom to do this sort of thing as it is done in Russia—even there not always effectually. And if we bungled in the wretched business—God help us—we should be blackened in the opinion of all the world; and the prospects of constitutional progress would, for a time at least, be blighted, not only in Russia, but in all places where the terror of anarchism lurks. A Foreign Minister has no right to incur such unutterable risks for the sake of a petty show of triumph in diplomacy. A visit to "the Court," provided the Court be far enough off from London is, I suppose, not our business. But if "the Court" could be afloat, on board a royal yacht, so that our shores are not polluted, so much the better.—Yours, &c.,

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

Caerlyr, Penmaenmawr, North Wales,
June 13th, 1909.

[We notice that the proposed visit will be to Cowes, so that the events and possibilities which our correspondent discusses cannot arise.—ED. NATION.]

## REASON AND INSTINCT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Why should we feel, with your correspondent "T." "an element of regret" because the writer of the fine paper on "Thought and Instinct" (in your issue of the 5th inst.) expresses "some pessimism" as to the ability of science to do that which it is not the business of science alone to do? The whole paper is surely intended to show that intellect alone, artificially isolated from life, is insufficient to solve speculative problems. Far from desiring to divorce instinct from reason, as your correspondent suggests, the whole effort of the newer philosophy is to prove that the divorce already attempted by scientific dogmatism is unnatural and mistaken.

In Monsieur Bergson's words:—

"S'il est vrai en effet que notre intelligence tende invinciblement à matérialiser ses conceptions et à jouer ses rêves, on peut présumer que les habitudes contractées ainsi dans l'action, remontant jusqu'à la spéculation, viendront troubler à sa source même la connaissance immédiate que nous aurions de notre esprit, de notre corps, et de leur influence réciproque. Beaucoup de difficultés naîtraient donc peut-être de ce que nous brouillons la spéculation et la pratique, ou de ce que nous poussons une idée dans la direction de l'utile quand nous croyons l'approfondir théoriquement, ou enfin de ce que nous employons les formes de l'action à penser. En délimitant alors soigneusement l'action et la connaissance, on verrait s'éclaircir bien des obscurités, soit que certains problèmes arrivent à se résoudre, soit qu'il n'y ait plus lieu de les poser." (Matière et Mémoire Avant-propos.)

Yours, &c.,

A STUDENT OF BERGSON.

June 16th, 1909.

## THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read with some interest Mr. C. H. Norman's letter in your last week's issue. May I just say that the Minority Report was signed by Prebendary Russell-Wakefield, Mr. F. W. Chandler, Mrs. Sidney Webb, and myself. The first two are not avowed Socialists, one of

them being a prominent trade unionist, and the other a Liberal Churchman, who has given proof over and over again of his honest desire to treat unemployment not as a crime to be visited on the individuals, but as a crime for which society is responsible, and for which society must find a remedy. Mrs. Webb's record as a social reformer needs no defence from me. As for myself, I have been a Socialist for at least eighteen years of my life; or at least I have thought I was one, though apparently nowadays every Socialist who disagrees with a fellow-Socialist at once sees in the other man an anti-Socialist. In addition to being a Socialist, I have lent a hand in the practical administration of the Poor Law, and measures for the relief of unemployment. And I just put my experience of actual facts against Mr. Norman's statement, and say that if the Minority Report is studied as a whole, and judged as a whole, it will convince any impartial observer that what we aim at is to abolish the causes of destitution and poverty, and further to impose upon all of us the responsibility of not being content with the wretched miserable conditions under which so many people live. I believe that if the proposals in regard to unemployment are carried out, they will inevitably lead to the almost entire suppression of unemployment. In any case they will enable the men and women who are the victims of our commercial life to find some more ready way of relieving their need when unemployed, than the means now at hand, in the shape of the Poor Law and Distress Committees.

I therefore hope that your readers, instead of accepting the mere statement of Mr. Norman or myself, will each buy a copy of the Report, or at least get a sight of the literature being issued by the National Committee. I am certain that if they do this, they will send their names along to the secretaries, and become active agents in bringing about the destruction of the Poor Law, and the organisation of the labor market. For they will realise that the scheme put forward will not make unemployment a crime, but will make us all ashamed of the preventible destitution and misery which form so large a part of the lives of many of our fellow citizens.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE LANSBURY.

June 15th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Norman's objection to the Minority Report—that it contains proposals to deal with the unemployed punitively—is not one which need cause him a moment's uneasiness. As I understand them, the Minority Commissioners propose a re-arrangement of industrial conditions so that the unemployed man shall not be able to say, "I am unemployed because I cannot find work!" He will have to confess that he is unemployed because he does not wish to find work. At present we are totally unable to distinguish between the unemployed man who is eager to obtain employment and the unemployed man who isn't. If the Minority Commissioners' proposals are carried into effect, we shall know that the unemployed man is unemployed of his own volition; and since an unemployed man is a social evil, we must take such steps as are necessary to prevent his continuing to be a social evil. If a man, who is fit to work, will not work, then he must be made to work, for a nation cannot afford to maintain a body of consuming non-producers. That has been the cause of the downfall of the empires of the past, the maintenance of bodies of consuming non-producers. Mr. Balfour's assertion in the House of Commons recently that the rock on which all past democracies have split was the rock of the many taxing the few, was, like most of Mr. Balfour's hasty generalisations, simply untrue.

I cannot follow Mr. Norman's contention that a society which adopts punitive measures for its own protection is tending towards slavery. It seems to me that a great deal of slavery has come about through society not adopting punitive means to compel all men to perform their share in maintaining the social fabric. The error into which Mr. Norman has fallen is that he confuses the punitive measures adopted by minorities to coerce majorities into maintaining them in idleness, with the punitive measures that may be adopted by the whole society to compel service from all the members of that society. As a matter of fact, for most men, compulsion to work is unnecessary. For that very reason it is necessary, however, to reserve the power to compel men to serve, in order that you may protect the willing worker from the shirker. To call this slavery is, to my mind, an abuse of terms.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

13, Champion Park,
Denmark Hill, S.E.
June 14th, 1909.

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## A "DAILY MAIL" EXPERT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—"Daily Mail" experts are sometimes amusing. Last Saturday after the report of the field day held at Aldershot for the benefit of the Colonial Pressmen, the "Daily Mail" published an article headed:—

"A GERMAN VIEW.
"PUNGENT CRITICISMS OF CIVILIAN IGNORANCE."

The amusing thing was the display of the writer's own ignorance, joined as it was with an assumption of superior knowledge. Here is the boast of superior wisdom:—

> "The most remarkable thing of all—always speaking from a German standpoint—was the ignorance of almost all the civilians present of things military. Hardly anyone knew the names of the regiments. In Berlin every child would have known better."

And here is proof of the expert's ignorance. He writes:—

> "A thing absolutely unknown in Germany is a military police. There is no use for one. The German army would not know what to do with one if it had it."

One wonders if the writer has ever been with a German force mobilised for manœuvres. And, if so, has he failed to recognise—what, no doubt, the Berlin child would have "spotted"—certain keen-looking officers and troopers riding about and wearing green tunics, with light blue collars and cuffs? If one gets too near the front of an advancing line, one of these green coats is soon on the spot to warn one that one must get out of the way. They are the "Feld Gendarmerie" (the Army Police). Every Army Corps has its detachments. There is a specially "swagger" detachment attached to the Kaiser's headquarters, with white pants and bright cuirassier helmets, the Leibgarde Gendarmerie, an officer, and twenty-four picked men, who see to the Emperor's personal safety. In war, the Feld Gendarmerie attend to the grim duties of what we call the Provost-Marshal's department. In peace they do the work of the military police, and do it in a much more arbitrary way than our own "red-caps" ever venture upon.—Yours, &c.,

AN OLD WAR CORRESPONDENT.

June 16th, 1909.

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## FIRE BRIGADES AND FIRE INSURANCE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—"Insurance Manager" is wise in apologising to Mr. S. J. G. Hoare for his *faux pas*, but what can we think of an insurance authority who bases his attacks on paragraphs culled from the half-penny Yellow journals? I still affirm that fire insurance is "practically compulsory"—on business people, at any rate. And to prove my contention is fairly easy. "Insurance Manager" says that the certified returns in the Administrative County of London alone are only £1,055,200,172. Agreed, but he forgets that hundreds of firms have their own fire insurance funds amounting to millions. Also that the return he gives of insurances applies to British offices alone, and not to foreign and Colonial companies, whose London insurances are no small items. Nor is he including the fire insurances effected through Lloyd's underwriters, which, according to a return I have seen, cover over twelve millions. Of course, I must admit that there is considerable property non-insured, but I believe that the larger bulk of insurable property is

covered by insurance in a very great measure. I have not before me the chart he speaks of, but I have its equivalent—the "Finance Chronicle" chart for 1907-8. And I think I can justify my assertion of enormous profits. The total paid-up capital of the thirty tariff fire offices amounts to £7,311,034, and their premiums received for the year £24,727,448, the interest (less income-tax, bad debts, &c.) being £1,402,116. The net losses were £12,066,685, and the expenses of management, &c., were £8,640,838. Dividends, or amount to profit and loss account, come to £3,786,799, equivalent to half the total paid-up capital! The total funds of the tariff offices (exclusive of capital) amounted to £29,360,401. Will it be asserted that these funds have not been built up from the premiums paid by policy holders?

It is all very well for "Insurance Manager" to imitate the Tariff Reformer, and—pick a year. We know about San Francisco, Valparaiso, Jamaica, and the Canadian disasters. This was purely speculative business, and the British offices would do well if they confined their efforts to these islands, instead of going abroad for business which results on an average of 65 per cent. losses on the premiums received, leaving (after the expenses are paid) little, or nothing, as margin. The British policy-holders have to pay the piper, and are never considered by the companies. Indeed, the fire insurance business is very one-sided, the people receiving most benefit being the officials and the shareholders. Compare the £42,000 received as bonuses by the policy-holders, with the management expenses, and the dividends paid to shareholders! Here is a table of the present value of shares in eleven companies:—

| | Share. | Paid up. | Present price. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | £ | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
| Atlas ... ... ... ... | 10 | 1 4 0 | 5 8 9 |
| Alliance ... ... ... ... | 20 | 2 4 0 | 11 15 0 |
| Commercial Union ... ... | 10 | 1 0 0 | 15 15 0 |
| Liverpool, London and Globe | 2 | 2 0 0 | 41 7 6 |
| London and Lancashire ... | 25 | 2 10 0 | 21 12 0 |
| London Assurance ... ... | 25 | 12 10 0 | 48 10 0 |
| North British ... ... ... | 25 | 6 5 0 | 38 17 6 |
| Norwich Union ... ... ... | 100 | 6 0 0 | 114 0 0 |
| Phœnix ... ... ... ... | 50 | 5 0 0 | 32 0 0 |
| Royal ... ... ... ... | 10 | 1 10 0 | 24 5 0 |
| Sun ... ... ... ... | 10 | 0 10 0 | 11 13 9 |

Comparisons are, indeed, odious, especially when comparing the Royal, which has been in existence sixty-four years, has swallowed up sundry companies, and takes a re-insurance risk of £4,000,000 from a single American company, with the Municipal Mutual, which transacts only one form of business, and has only been in existence a bare six years. This is really absurd. There are now over 200 authorities insuring with the Municipal Mutual, and at its present rate of progress it will not be long before the majority join hands, and something like £50,000,000 of fire risks be covered through its agency, especially as its fire loss is only 2·7 per cent. for the year, as compared with 50 per cent. of the insurance companies' premium income. I notice "Insurance Manager" has nothing to say *re* my other assertions. He is, indeed, in for a rude awakening.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. Brown.

June 16th, 1909.

## THE DEFECTS OF THE LIBERAL PROPAGANDA.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—During the past month considerable correspondence has appeared in the columns of various Liberal journals upon the above subject. Those who have written on this topic have shown a singular unanimity upon two points. In the first place, their fears appear to be solely due to the obvious activity of the Tariff Reformers. In the second place, their letters show a remarkable lack of detailed information as to the character and extent of the work which is being done, either for or against Free Trade; and, a still more noticeable absence of practical proposals, which would tend either to extend or to improve the Free Trade propaganda.

The Free Trade Union, which is largely responsible for the organisation of the Free Trade forces on non-party lines throughout the country, will welcome any practical suggestion which may be made with the object of enlarging the field of its operations or rendering them more efficient. Nothing but good can come of a full and free consideration of any and every propaganda proposal put forward by experienced persons, who have the maintenance of Free Trade deeply at heart. I venture to suggest, however, that it is not the best form of tactics to disclose suggested plans of campaign in the sight of the enemy, or, on inadequate information, to extol their strength and proclaim our own comparative weakness. Such a process may encourage our opponents; it can scarcely cheer our friends. It is, indeed, hardly more conducive to the preparation of adequate fiscal armaments, than is a "Dreadnought" scare calculated to add to the real strength and efficiency of a navy.

Still, no capable organisation resents informed criticism; it welcomes it. In order to encourage and assist suggestions and criticisms from those who desire to see the cause of Free Trade more fully and successfully placed before the country, the Free Trade Union will be glad to give to any known Free Traders, *who are prepared to help us in our work*, a full statement of our operations during the past year, with particulars of our immediate and future plans.

Meanwhile, I would say to those Free Traders who are rightly concerned as to the safety of Free Trade, that there are two ways in which they can help us. Subscriptions to our funds will enable us to strengthen our existing agencies, while voluntary helpers in speaking, organising, and canvassing, will be welcomed, and given an immediate opportunity of rendering much-needed assistance to those who are already at work.—Yours, &c.,

G. Wallace Carter,
General Secretary, Free Trade Union.

8, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

## Poetry.

### KNITTING.

E'en though her tongue may by its force
Leave me as helpless as a horse,
When barks a saucy pup at him—
I'll love her better for that whim.
No steady summer's love for me,
But let her still uncertain be;
Like spring, whose gusts, and frowns, and showers,
Do grow us fresher, lovelier flowers.
No substances on earth can make
The joy I from her shadow take;
When first I saw her face, I could
Not help draw near her where she stood;
I felt more joy than when a Bee
Sees in a garden a Plum-tree
All blossoms and no leaves, and he
Leaps o'er the fence immediately.
I like to see her when she sits—
Not dreaming I look on—and knits;
To see her hands, with grace so light,
Stabbing the wool that's red or white,
With shining needles, sharp and long,
That never seem to go far wrong.
And that sight better pleases me
Than green hills in the Sun: to see
The beach, what time the Tide goes out
And leaves his gold spread all about.

William H. Davies.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

MR. ROOSEVELT intends to write an account of his adventures during his present hunting expedition. We believe that Mr. Murray has made arrangements for the publication of the book in this country, and that it will be issued simultaneously with the American edition. It will not make its appearance until some time after Mr. Roosevelt has returned from Africa.

* * *

WE understand that Mr. John Galsworthy has nearly finished another play. It is to be called "The Eldest Son," and the scene is laid in an English country house. The announcement is sure to awaken the liveliest expectation among playgoers, for Mr. Galsworthy's growing popularity as a playwright is one of the most promising developments of the British drama.

* * *

THE present issue of THE NATION appears on the centenary of Lord Houghton's birth. Lord Houghton is, of course, chiefly remembered by his graceful and sympathetic "Life and Remains of John Keats," though a few of his own lyrics—"Strangers Yet" is one of the best known of them—retain a place in most English anthologies. One of the Cambridge "Apostles," he had an unbounded admiration for Tennyson, whom he recommended to Peel for a pension in 1845. It was also largely through his influence that five years later Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate. To Houghton also belongs the credit of being one of the first to recognise Swinburne's genius. But catholicity of taste was his distinguishing feature. He had the faculty of bringing together men so widely disparate that Carlyle declared he ought to be "perpetual president of the heaven—and—hell amalgamation society." Disraeli painted him in "Tancred" as Mr. Vavasour. The impression that Houghton seems to have left on those who knew him best was that he was a man who might have reached high rank in any one direction if his intellectual interests had been steadier, and if he had kept them within narrower bounds. He was politician, traveller, after-dinner speaker, and philanthropist. He went up in a balloon and down in a diving-bell, in days when either feat was considered a most hazardous adventure, and he was the earliest Englishman who wrote with first-hand knowledge about the harems of the East.

* * *

AT his death, three years ago, Dr. Richard Garnett left an unfinished biography of W. J. Fox, M.P. for Oldham, Anti-Corn Law League agitator, and Radical reformer. W. J. Fox, who was perhaps the most celebrated orator of his day, and renowned for his popular addresses at South Place Chapel, the pastorate of which he held for thirty years, was a friend of John Stuart Mill and Harriet Martineau, and the discoverer of the youthful Robert Browning's talent. We understand that Dr. Garnett's biography, which has been concluded by his son, Mr. Edward Garnett, will contain some interesting Browning letters, and other documents of literary interest.

* * *

DURING the autumn Mr. Sidney Lee's lectures on "The French Renaissance in England" will be published by the Clarendon Press. Mr. Lee has made a careful study of the literary relations between England and France during the sixteenth century, and his lectures do for that period what the volumes of M. Joseph Texte and the late Professor Churton Collins do for the two succeeding centuries.

* * *

"THE ETERNAL VALUES" is the title of a book by Professor Münsterberg of Harvard, "written in the service of the search for a new philosophy," which Messrs. Constable will publish in a few weeks. Professor Münsterberg first wrote the work in German, and it appeared last year in Germany, where it had a great success. The English edition has been completely revised and contains much fresh matter.

* * *

"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A STUDY IN NATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY" is the title of a book by Mr. A. Maurice Low, which will be published in the early autumn. In his preface Mr. Low protests against the practice of the "literary journalist" who thinks that a flying visit to a foreign country gives him quite enough material to set up as an authority upon its people and customs. He has himself spent nine years upon his coming book, and thinks that to describe a foreign country without the proper qualifications "should be regarded as a violation of international comity."

* * *

UNDER the title of "Pauperism and Poverty" Mr. Thomas Jones is about to publish a summary and exposition of the results reached by the recent Poor Law Commission. Besides the two bulky reports already issued by the Commission, there are between thirty and forty volumes of appendices in course of publication. The vast bulk of this material makes it quite inaccessible to the average reader, but Mr. Jones is well qualified for his task of bringing it within reasonable dimensions, as, besides being lecturer on Social Economics at Glasgow University, he was one of the special investigators appointed by the Commission.

* * *

M. EUGENE FASQUELLE has just published the "Correspondence entre Victor Hugo et Paul Meurice." The letters, which have been brought together by Meurice's daughters and are preceded by an introduction from M. Jules Claretie, cover the period from December, 1851, when Hugo was exiled by Louis Napoleon, up to 1878, when he took possession of his house in the Avenue d'Eylau. They mostly deal with the performances of Hugo's plays and the political campaign against the Second Empire, which he carried on from Hauteville House, but there are many interesting references to his literary projects. Thus, on the 9th of June, 1873, he writes: "This morning at half-past twelve I wrote the last line of the book, 'Quatre-vingt-treize' with the pen which is writing to you now. This first work is the beginning of a great whole. Not knowing whether I shall have time to write the immense epic of which I see glimpses, I have desired to paint this first fresco. The remainder will follow, *Deo volente*." Hugo was convinced that the Franco-German War would end in the overthrow of Prussia, but he speaks of it as a "royal and imperial butchery" in which the French people had no concern. On the day that war was declared he planted an acorn which he called "The Oak of the United States of Europe."

* * *

WE have received the first number of the "inaugural issue" of the journal of the Poetry Recital Society. The founders of the new society hold that poetry is written for sound rather than sight, and has to be communicated by inflexion of voice, not by pantomime. This ought to be an obvious precept, but it has been widely forgotten, and any movement which promises to revive the almost lost art of reading aloud ought to be encouraged. The President of the Poetry Recital Society is Lady Margaret Sackville, its Director Mr. Galloway Kyle, and its Vice-Presidents Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Sir Frank Marzials, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and Mr. R. F. Benson. A number of excursions are being organised to those parts of Germany especially reminiscent of Goethe and Schiller, and to the Lake of Geneva, and scenes associated with Byron, Victor Hugo, Rousseau, and Mendelssohn.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Decoration and Furniture of English Mansions during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." By Francis Lenygon. (Werner Laurie. 31s. 6d. net.)

"The Spirit of the Downs." By Arthur Beckett. (Methuen. 10s. 6d net.)

"Rasplata (The Reckoning)." By Commander Wladimir Semenoff. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Beginnings of the Teaching of Modern Subjects in England." By Foster Watson. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Fleet Street, and Other Poems." By John Davidson. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

"Tyrol and Its People." By Clive Holland. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A Change in the Cabinet." By H. Belloc. (Methuen. 6s.)

"The Pools of Silence." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Unwin. 6s.)

"Le Socialisme et la Sociologie Réformiste." Par A. Fouillée. (Paris: Alcan. 7fr. 50.)

"Histoire Religieuse de la Révolution Française." Par Pierre de la Gorce. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7 fr. 50.)

"Les Soutiens de l'Ordre." Roman. Par Georges Le Cardonnel. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## THE PATRIOTISM OF VENICE.*

Mr. Horatio Brown's translation of the last two volumes of Molmenti's "History of Venice" is in one respect at least superior to his translation of the former volumes. It is not only a careful and scholarly translation, the former were that, it is also a complete translation. The reader who has no Italian is not exasperated by coming upon long extracts and quotations in the original. Every now and then, indeed, he is tripped up by an Italian passage, left for that purpose in the middle of the text, but this practical joke is played comparatively seldom, and does not try the temper to the breaking point. The book is one which everyone interested in Venice ought to possess. Signor Molmenti is himself a Venetian and writes of the Republic with the insight of a native. This, in the case of Venice, is a prime consideration. Between semi-Oriental Venice and the rest of Europe there existed from the first the misunderstanding which always reigns betwixt East and West. Venice has been much praised by the strangers within her gates, but she has been praised always as something exotic. She has been often feared, more often hated, almost always mistrusted, but never loved and never understood. Her Oriental manners and sympathies, her subtle Oriental diplomacy, were objects to the West of constant suspicion. She shared in no European ideals. The Western passion for liberty, the instinct for self-government and free citizenship, which was, as it were, the very root of Western civilisation and progress, never inspired her. A century before the Florentine Guilds crushed feudalism and took over the government of the city, Venice (1172) had accepted the dominion of a limited aristocracy. With a similar indifference she viewed the mental awakening of the Renaissance. None of the leaders in the great intellectual movement hail from Venice. The ferment that was shaking the rest of Italy never touched her. She listened to its eager hubbub and clamor as unconcernedly as an Eastern Rajah might listen to the chattering of a colony of monkeys among the tree tops.

And yet, for centuries after the other Italian States had forfeited their independence, Venice possessed hers. Political liberty she early threw away, if, indeed, she ever in any true sense possessed it; intellectual liberty she ignored, and these things are recognised in Europe as the very foundations of national existence. And yet, these being absent, the consciousness of her national identity and the intense pride and love of her children for their city preserved century after century the inviolability of the State. This is what, in Venetian history, is so incomprehensible. At the very moment when Venice, internally, was cowering under the rule of the Ten, she was, externally, withstanding single-handed the whole weight of the Moslem advance on Europe. Western writers sometimes fail in justice to Venice in this matter. They are fond of representing Venice in the seventeenth century as in a helpless and hopeless decadence. So, judged by all Western standards, she should have been. By the seventeenth century Venetian citizens had long been inured to political servitude. They were watched and overheard by the spies of a little band of autocrats whose will was law. In 1685 a visitor, supposed to be Goudar, burlesques, yet, allowing for the burlesque, describes, the situation. "A stranger," he says, "who comes to the Republic should leave his tongue at Fusina and reach Venice dumb. Silence is the emblem of this Government; all is secret and mysterious. Politics are enveloped in night. Talkers in Venice are buried alive in lead-covered dungeons. The man who has spoken once is condemned to eternal silence. There are some who for speaking a single word have been kept gagged these thirty years."

Moreover, accompanying this extinction of public spirit, there is apparent in Venetian life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a passion for luxury and frivolity, and an increasing corruption of manners and morals which are supposed to be equally sure signs of national degeneration. The setting Venice was able to provide for her masques and pageants and perpetual festivals must have lent a peculiar fascination even to those scenes of "madness and folly" described by Evelyn and De la Haye. The magnificence of her architecture, with its strong admixture of color, the lit up canals and darting, graceful gondolas seemed to offer opportunities for pleasure and adventure which other cities could not afford. Even to this day as one follows the mysterious windings of her canals, for the most part now deserted and lonely, where the strokes of the broad-bladed oar set the echoes flapping between the palace fronts, even now it is easy to feel how unique and wonderful a background was provided by these romantic accessories for the orgy of self-indulgence into which the city threw herself.

Such marks of decadence are obvious and they have been presented by Western writers with a vigor which has left upon the general public the impression that the latter two or three centuries of Venice's career were centuries of graceful debauchery and nothing else. But this is far from being the case. It was during the seventeenth century, that century, according to Ruskin, of furious and wanton dissipation, when every impulse of faith and patriotism had long been dried up, that the spirit and energy of Venice rose to their highest. Not even against the early rivalry of the Genoese had the Venetians displayed such courage as they now displayed against the advance of the Turk. The four and twenty years' defence of Candia by the Republic, from 1645 to 1669, is the greatest event in all Venetian history. "The century to which it belongs," as Mr. Hazlitt well says, "has no episode to offer to our consideration more striking, more patriotic, more noble." The siege of the capital alone is said to have cost the Porte 108,000 men. Mocenigo and Morosini, the successive admirals of the Venetian fleets, by a happy admixture of genius and daring, succeeded in holding in check the unlimited yet unwieldy armaments of their formidable enemy. Thanks to the dissension among the Western nations, Venice was forced to face alone a peril common to Europe, and which Europe should in justice have combined to withstand. Yet she proved, at however great loss to herself, equal to the task. Ducat by ducat and drop by drop, she spent her treasure and blood in the unequal contest. She kept her fleets manned with a body of seamen whose devotion was constantly found equal to the desperate nature of the occasion, nor is it too much to say that the annals of naval warfare contain no more glorious records than those which tell how Venice, single-handed, withstood for years the weight and pressure of Turkish conquest. The act of the commandant of San Teodoro who blew the fortress, himself, and his assailants into the air rather than surrender was typical of the spirit with which Venice fought. The defence of Tommaso Mocenigo's galley against forty-five Turkish men-of-war and his own death in the moment of rescue and victory, recall the like action of Grenville and the "Revenge." The course of the war is marked throughout by similar incidents; and when it drew to a close, Venice had done her work. If she was crippled and exhausted, so, too, was the Porte. The success of the Turks was gained "at the price of sapping the foundations of their Empire." Their appetite for slaughter was glutted and their apparently inexhaustible supplies were exhausted when they had done with Venice. Henceforth Europe had nothing to fear from a Moslem invasion.

Such were the actions of Venice in the period of her so-called decadence. During those very years of frivolity, corruption, and political servitude her citizens were fighting, at long odds, with the courage of bulldogs, and were led, as Mr. Hazlitt points out, "by a succession of men of lofty capacity and dauntless spirit worthy of the Crusades." The incongruity between what, apparently, she was and what she was doing remains to this day inexplicable. The History of which Mr. Brown has now completed the translation does not solve that mystery. The task it sets itself is to analyse and describe the internal life of Venice rather than her external actions, and it tends, perhaps, in its later volumes, to emphasise our idea of the city's corruption rather than to recall to our minds what there was strenuous and noble in her conduct. Nevertheless, even in these intimate accounts of a life in the main extravagant, careless, and dissolute, there are to be found hints which tend to a solution of the

* "Venice—The Decadence." By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown. Murray. 2 vols. 21s. net.

mystery. That the Venetians were patriotic their deeds tell us, but, as we study Molmenti's pages, it becomes clear to us that Venetian patriotism was a thing by itself, was not what we in the West are accustomed to think of as patriotism. The Venetians' love of Venice was a feminine love. It was less a matter of intellect than sentiment. It did not depend on reason. It did not involve and postulate a society and a government fulfilling the needs and satisfying the ambitions of free citizenship. A Venetian did not love his city because it was the outward expression of his own free will, because of his own share in its maintenance, because he recognised it as his own handiwork. He loved it purely emotionally and for its own sake; not with understanding, but with passion. The love of a Florentine for Florence was less love of an actual place than of the ideas it incarnated. Take away the ideas, the liberty and freedom which had built Florence up, and the love would go too. But the Venetian's love was personal, direct. It made no conditions, asked no return. It idolised its object not for what she gave but for what she was. The peculiarity of the isolated life of the lagoons, the powerful concentration of all thoughts into so strict a compass, the extraordinary beauty and fascination of the city herself—these things acting on a race by temperament sensuous were well calculated to give birth to that blind, unquestioning idolatry which seems to have been the sentiment which her children entertained for Venice. She had in their eyes no rival. Abstract ideas and enthusiasms never touched them. Their only thought in presence of the religious fervor of the Crusaders was how to use that fervor for their city's aggrandisement. Venice herself was their religion. They would not fight for the Holy Sepulchre, but they would fight to the death for a yard of Venetian territory. Such a love is durable. As it is based on no rational considerations, so it survives all rational considerations. Freedom may go, but the love stays. A trifler, a reveller, a sot, a debauchee, the Venetian was still ready, as often as not, to die for Venice. This note of tigerish Oriental passion colors Venetian patriotism to the end. We are not to forget it; it did great things. Florentine patriotism is easier for us to understand than Venetian. Nevertheless it was not so stable. Emotional patriotism outlasted intellectual patriotism, and long after the Florentines had given up fighting for freedom the Venetians went on fighting for love.

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## THE FATHER OF MODERN PROTECTIONISM.*

All who want to understand the origins of modern tariff controversies ought to read this scholarly presentment of the career and works of Friedrich List, who, more than any other, deserves the title of "Father of Protectionism." For, though Tariff Reformers in this country could hardly be expected to acknowledge as their philosopher and friend one who avowed, "If I had been an Englishman, I should have been a Free Trader," much of their economic, and still more of their political, reasoning is based upon List's National System. Not a thinker of the first order, he had that capacity for audacious generalisation which, united with enthusiasm, industry, and real literary power, enables a man to play a considerable part in history. A theorist reacting against theories, appealing from an academic oligarchy to "the plain people," he wielded some of the same power and performed some of the same intellectual functions as Paine and Cobbett, except that his full influence, unlike theirs, matured after his death.

Born in Würtemberg in the momentous year 1789, he grew to manhood in an age of uncommon perturbation and disillusionment. At the close of the Napoleonic era, he saw Germany a cluster of weakened and divided States, each State, even each considerable city, with its tax barriers against its neighbours, and incapable of friendly co-operation with one another. The manufacturing industries which had struggled into being, to browse upon the artificially inflated prices of the war, were rapidly collapsing before the inroad of English goods produced by the new industrial methods. List began as a Free Trader, accepting the dominant cosmopolitan spirit of the time. Indeed, his early enthusiasm for a national Zollverein did not carry him far towards limitation of external trade. It was not until the political difficulties of his agitation resulted in his exile to America that the protective side of his policy became prominent. He found the United States a hotbed of political ideas and experiments. Groups of powerful manufacturers in the textile industries were beginning to rally behind the protectionist banner raised as far back as 1792 by Alexander Hamilton; internal Free Trade was not enough, they must have security and assistance for their infant industries against the unfair competition of Europe. In such an atmosphere the National System of Political Economy quickly ripened; men of profitable ideas who could express them so as to influence politics were in demand, and List soon attained a considerable position. His prophetic eye saw the immense significance of railways to national life, while the new transport was yet in its infancy, and returning in 1830 to Germany he spent much of his remaining years in urging on his slower-witted countrymen these iron bands of national unity. But his busy, versatile mind occupied itself with various schemes of national and intellectual import. Settled at Leipzig as journalist and politician he pleaded incessantly with voice and pen the causes of imperial Zollverein, developing the protective scheme which found its complete shape in his important book of 1841. Miss Hirst has gathered much new information about his busy life, and gives an interesting account of his visit to England in 1846, when he heard the excited debates upon the Corn Laws and talked with Mr. Cobden.

An excellent summary of List's economic doctrines is followed by judicious selections from his writings, which are sufficient to place readers in full possession of his two main theses, that of the three stages in the evolution of national industry, and the distinction between individual, political, and cosmopolitan economy. The former doctrine is thus summarised: "In the early development of a nation Free Trade is beneficial; the exchange of raw materials for manufactures stimulates agriculture and assures higher wants. When the country has begun to manufacture for itself, the State must provide a suitable system of Protection under which, shielded from the competition of stronger rivals, the industries can develop. When they have gained sufficient strength, the Protection must be withdrawn to admit the healthy influence of competition." Most tropical countries and backward countries in the temperate zone will fall in the first category, growing industrial nations like Germany and the United States in the second, while Great Britain alone has emerged into the independence of the final stage. This elaborated theory is, of course, in substance, nothing more than the "infant industries" argument. No patriotic Protectionist is ever found admitting that the infants of his country can dispense with swaddling clothes.

The second thesis rests upon the supposition that a freedom of exchange which is profitable for individuals and for mankind at large may be injurious for a particular nation; so that it is the business of a State to interfere with processes of exchange. "*National economy* teaches by what means a certain nation, in her particular situation, may direct and regulate the economy of individuals and restrict the economy of mankind, either to prevent foreign restrictions and foreign power, or to increase the productive powers within herself."

Neither List nor our new Protectionists, who accept this doctrine, appear clearly to distinguish the two bases of their policy. It is one thing to argue that tariffs may be employed to serve the non-economic interests of the nation for purposes of defence, as Adam Smith recognises in his famous sentence, quite another to argue that such measures can increase the national productiveness. If List or our Tariff Reformers argued that true national policy consists in maintaining artificially a variety of industries within the national area, in order to maintain a more various and a more self-sufficing national life, and that for this end it is worth while reducing the aggregate production of wealth, their position would be at least intelligible. But List, like other Protectionists, will not admit this sacrifice, holding that somehow tariff legislation can increase the net productivity of the national resources measured even in terms of marketable goods.

List's career and writings well illustrate the danger of building economic theory and policy upon national or im-

* "Life of Friedrich List." By M. E. Hirst. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

perial sentiment. For national economy as an inclusive policy his Pan-Germanism served him excellently well; but as an exclusive or protective policy it has prompted a fiscal career the full folly, futility, and cost of which are becoming apparent to all disinterested students of modern Germany.

## THE HUSSITE MOVEMENT.*

The Reformation of the sixteenth century represented the average rather than the advanced standpoint; it stood for the *opinion moyenne* of the plain man. This was at once its strength and its weakness. The former, because one step must be taken at a time; we cannot realise to-day the ideas of to-morrow; the latter, because enthusiasts, of whom after all wisdom is justified, sit loose to a movement which loses sight of the ideal in the practical, and in its concentration on the part forgets the whole. A hundred years before Luther, Hus had been the spokesman of a larger Reformation idea—an idea which had taken up into itself the substance of the Waldensian, Franciscan, and Joachimist doctrines, which in Anabaptism was to be a ferment in the Reformed Churches, and which in the shape of Socialism is, not indeed as a system but as a tendency, a force in the Church of to-day.

Protestantism, as its name implies, was a protest—technically against a particular decree of the Diet of Speyer which made the foundation of Lutheran regional churches impossible; in fact, against the abuses of medieval Christianity. Had Rome met the first generation of Protestants half-way, there would have been no schism; the Confession of Augsburg took over the substance of the old theology; its compilers claimed to belong to the "ancient and visible Catholic Church." The earlier reformation movements were further reaching, and demanded not only the removal of abuses but the revision and reconstruction of ecclesiastical institutions and dogma. Their roots went far back. The echo of the Montanist protest against the suppression of charismatic by official religion had never died out; from time to time all down the middle ages, in spite of the vigorous and systematic repression which it encountered, it made itself heard. Immediate access to God through Christ, the universal priesthood of believers, the equality and brotherhood of Christian men, these were its notes. It is easy to see how inevitably they came into conflict with the fixed order which had been built up by the work of generations in Church and State. This is why heresy was esteemed the greatest of crimes; the parallel to the heretic of the middle ages is not the free thinker, but the anarchist of to-day. As such, he was an outlaw; no faith was to be kept with him; he was the enemy of his kind. This is the key to medieval sentiment and legislation on the subject; it was not faith only, or even chiefly, but property, the family, the whole social fabric that was at stake.

The Bohemian movement has been viewed by some as the precursor of the Lutheran reformation, by others as the last of the medieval uprisings in the direction of reform. It was, in fact, a link between the two. Bohemia had originally received Christianity from the East, and had been slow to assimilate or accept Latin usages. Though it had died out before the time of Hus, communion in both kinds was common up to the fourteenth century, and the celibacy of the clergy was enforced later than elsewhere. To these traditions was added the temper of a democracy singularly intolerant of privilege. The idea that the priest, as such, stood on a higher level than the layman was resented.

> "As in many cases the life of the layman was simpler, more moral, more virtuous than that of the priest, this assumption caused great animosity against the clergy. Claims such as that of receiving communion more frequently, and of partaking of the Sacrament in the two kinds—a favor not granted to laymen—were constantly brought forward. These pretensions, indeed, played a very great part in the Bohemian movement for church-reform; for the Bohemians considered them as indicating an ever-increasing endeavor on the part of the priests to raise new barriers between themselves and those who were not in holy orders. Thence sprang the fervent devotion of the Bohemians to the chalice, which has surprised many writers, and has exposed them to the ridicule both of ultramontanes and agnostics ever since the days of Hus. To the Hussites the chalice was an emblem signifying the equality of all true Christians."

As the differentia of Catholic as distinct from non-Catholic Christianity is the official priesthood, it is clear that the difference between the Bohemians and the Church was radical; it might be disguised; it could not be bridged. Of the Emperor and the Divines of Constance there can be but one opinion. "Sigismond s'était conduit comme un lâche," says M. Reinach, "et les Pères du concile comme des scélérats." But the instinct which led them to discern the incompatibility of all that they represented with the Hussite teaching was sound.

The violence of Czech and anti-Czech feeling makes it difficult to fix Hus's position in detail. He was not only a great ecclesiastic, but a great patriot—his countrymen, Catholic as well as Protestant, have taken a favorable, Germans, Protestant as well as Catholic, an unfavorable, view of his career. The merit of Count Lützow's book lies in its use of authorities not easy of access to students of another race; his account of the forerunners of Hus, Conrad Waldhauser, John Milic, Matthew of Janov, the layman Thomas of Stitny, and Jacobellus of Stribro, the father of Utraquism. covers what to the average English reader is new ground. He minimises, perhaps unduly, the connection between Hus and Wycliffe, and the divergence of the whole movement from the received teaching of the Church. Its leaders, it is true, protested their orthodoxy; but the position must be judged as a whole. Nor are positive declarations conclusive: tergiversation is the vice of oppressed minorities; injustice provokes and is met by equivocation and unconscious deceit. That the Hussite movement aimed at more than the restoration of communion in both kinds, that it was fundamentally subversive of civil and religious society as then constituted, can scarcely be questioned. It may be admitted that the transformation of this society at no distant date was inevitable, but its hour was not yet come. Nor was Europe ready for Hus's teaching. "Out of the confused mass of religious, social, national, apocalyptic, Joachimist, chiliast, and in particular Wycliffite and Waldensian tendencies, thoughts, hopes, and dreams, each man," says Harnack, "took what he would." Hence confusion and disorder. "Every shade of opinion was represented, from that of the fierce warriors of the Lord who executed judgment with fire and sword on the Church and the despisers of the law of God to that of the peaceful 'Brethren,' who, though their condemnation of the Church was as radical and their ideas of the reorganisation of society were as utopian, were quiet and bided their time." Nor must his significant warning, "When prophets appear and find hearing, forgery, and falsehood are at hand," be forgotten. Hus stood for the impracticable; with him, or at least with the movement he headed, the better was the enemy of the good. To us his standpoint appeals in many respects more than that of the later Reformers; to Germany for many generations his name was one of fear. When Luther, pressed by Eck at the Disputation of Leipzig, answered, "Dear Doctor, the Hussite opinions are not all wrong," Duke George of Saxony broke out, "The plague, God help us." In view of the bitter and prolonged strife of which the Bohemian movement was the source there was not a little to be said for this point of view.

* "The Life and Times of Master John Hus." By Count Lützow. Dent. 12s. 6d.

## SOME EXCURSIONS IN POETRY.*

Poetry, it has been said, should occupy itself with glorifying the temporal beauty, and leave the eternal beauty to religion. But the attempt to limit the scope of poetry is always dangerous; and it must be doubted whether it is ever possible for a poet to fix his eyes on finite things without regarding them as a window to the infinite. Certainly there seems to be some tendency in modern poetry to deal explicitly

* "The Immortal Hour." By Fiona Macleod. Edinburgh: Foulis.
"Undine." By Whitworth Wynne. Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d. net.
"Lyrical and Other Poems." By John Drinkwater. The Samurai Press. 2s. 6d. net.
"Day Dreams of Greece." By Charles Wharton Stork. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.
"The Story of Amaryllis." By Viola Taylor. Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.
"Shelley: A Dramatic Poem." By Claude Edward Foster. Ouseley. 2s. 6d.
"Towards the Uplands." By Lloyd Mifflin. Frowde. 5s. net. 5s. net.
"Experiences." By Katharine Tynan. A. H. Bullen.

with eternal matters; but, fortunately, poetry has not yet learnt how to deal with them except through temporal symbols and images. Fiona Macleod's last book, "The Immortal Hour" (if, indeed, it be the last), is a poem of great beauty and solemnity, though not perfectly comprehensible. The obscurity is in the substance, not in the matter, and was, no doubt, deliberate; for the intention seems to have been to produce an impression of vast shadowiness, against which impotent mortals and immortals alike act their parts, both conscious that they do not understand the significance of their parts. It is a singular and memorable drama, wherein the gods themselves "travel from one darkness to another," and, like the human kind, are "led by dreams and visions." The sense of profound, continuous, and unapproachable mystery is combined with considerable dramatic interest in a most remarkable manner. We seem to be moving on the precipitous verge of the finite world; as one of the characters says, in an image of daring actuality:—

> "We must be close upon the edge
> Of the green earth, there where the old tales say
> The bramble-bushes and the heather make
> A hollow tangle over the abyss;"

and through all the dark texture of the play is woven the presence of "that ancient dreadful Mother of the Gods, Whom men call Fear." These lines, perhaps, contain in essence the thought stuff of "The Immortal Hour":—

> "For I am son of Shadow, eldest god
> Who dreamed the passionate and terrible dreams
> We have called Fire and Light, Water and Wind,
> Air, Darkness, Death, Change, and Decay, and Birth,
> And all the infinite bitter range that is."

There you have the Celtic outlook on eternity. There are many passages, besides such visionary ones, of pure sensuous beauty, which admirably relieve the drama of too much shadowiness. The metre is, on the whole, good and well varied, but sometimes too loosely put together; there are some lyrics written with a not always successful freedom of rhythm, which, however, have occasionally a delicious movement, as here:—

> "I am a song
> In the Land of the Young,
> A sweet song;
> I am Love.
>
> "I am a bird
> With white wings
> And a breast of flame,
> Singing, singing."

We are not told when William Sharp wrote this exquisite play; but in spirit and in craftsmanship it is a wonderfully fitting conclusion to the works of Fiona Macleod.

We pass from these tremendous purposes and mysterious destinies to more earthly matters in Mr. Whitworth Wynne's four-act tragedy, "Undine," albeit the earthliness is embroidered somewhat heavily with supernatural affairs. The characters, however, are not imported from beyond the world; they are nothing more serious than Water Spirits and their King, together with sundry nymphs and mermen. The change, indeed, is something abrupt; it is like passing out of a moonless night into a magic-lantern show. Mr. Wynne's figures are prettily colored and move with some show of nature on the screen. But the tragedy will not do as poetry; it is far too much in the high poetic vein, and, for all that, far too close to undistinguished prose. Mr. John Drinkwater's "Lyrical and Other Poems" are much better work. It is easy to see that this is a poet who will not scamp the task his mistress has set him, but does it honestly and gravely, to the best of his ability; and that is no mean ability. Mr. Drinkwater finds much to dislike in his time, and has great loathing for "the spreading of the hideous town"; and this is natural, for he is one who perceives (in his own words) "joy's exceeding righteousness." Anyone who writes in the light of that perception is likely to serve the muse well. His "June Dance" is an extremely charming poem, full of delicate imagery; and there is much good in the interlude called "Graven Images." Possibly the best thing in this little volume is the poem on "Fear," in which the words are carried on quite a wind of emotional inspiration; one cannot help thinking of Collins' great ode, of course, but Mr. Drinkwater has his own say on the matter. The book is worth getting. Its author at any rate boldly faces the present, and makes a not unsuccessful attempt to turn both its good and its evil into music. Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, in "Day Dreams of Greece," is less courageous. He begins by addressing Zeus in a tolerable sonnet, the opening words of which are: "Ah, no, thou art not dead." Nevertheless, we fear that Zeus is dead; he died with Swinburne. Mr. Stork can make quite pleasing verse out of Greek mythology, but he has not enough poetry in him to make it alive. Indeed, we suspect that poetry is tired of such work; she favors now men like Mr. Drinkwater, who do not insist on her wearing antique garments. Mr. Stork, in his poems on Ganymede and Psyche, written in smooth blank verse, proves that his heart is set towards beauty; but he fails to deal adequately with such a profound human emotion as is required for "The Sculptor of Melos," which would have in any case a dangerous rival in "Porphyria's Lover."

There is much dainty and skilful writing in Miss Viola Taylor's "Story of Amaryllis." The best things in the book are the Ronsardesques about Amaryllis. Ronsard is a good poet to take as a model, and Miss Taylor makes exquisite use of him sometimes. In the main, her poetry is of the kind called light; it is certainly of the kind that makes the reader feel pleased, so deft is its workmanship both in metre and word-craft. Captain Claude Edward Foster is a serious person, however, and, as is too often the case with such persons, inclined to trust too much to seriousness and too little to labor. His dramatic poem, "Shelley," is a queer, rather confused production; the contrast between Shelley's own golden speech and the words Captain Foster puts into his mouth is extremely painful. There is some merit of earnestness and thought in the poem, but the poetry itself is slack, limping, and amateurish.

We have not read any of Mr. Lloyd Mifflin's previous books, but, judging from "Toward the Uplands," his is evidently a practised hand. It would appear that Mr. Mifflin is an American, probably of Boston; the stamp of Boston—culture and good taste—is on these poems. There is much to be said for culture and good taste, even when they call, as they do in this book, the Metropolitan Museum of Art an "immurmurous hall" and a "rich retreat." But a dozen pages or so of Mr. Mifflin's sonnetteering set one yearning for some flagrant solecism or fierce vulgarity; it is all too much of a Metropolitan Museum of Art. We have already been reminded of one of Collins' odes by Mr. Drinkwater; Mr. Mifflin has a still closer parallel to another of that fine poet's works. This is a little curious, as Collins, we had thought, is almost forgotten nowadays. Mr. Mifflin has a pleasant ode, "To the Spirit of Twilight," and, somewhat rashly, he has chosen for his medium the same unrhymed stanza that Collins invented for the "Ode to Evening," one of the most exquisite poems in the language. Comparison is unavoidable, and, needless to say, Mr. Mifflin does not come off very well. The museum-like stony atmosphere of his poems becomes in recollection more stony and more museum-like when we open Katharine Tynan's "Experiences," a book full of sweet, earthy, heart-felt lyrics. Here one can breathe deep, knowing well that the odors one will inhale are honey and flowers. We cannot describe Katharine Tynan's poetry better than by quoting two of her own verses:—

> "By the white clover we shall go,
> The very way the wild bee went;
> By honeysuckles all a-blow,
> Their horns of plenty spilling scent;
>
> "And by wild roses pink and pale,
> Campion and scabious and new hay:
> This is the way the nightingale
> Went some delicious night of May."

Yes, Katharine Tynan goes the way of the bee and the nightingale; Herrick and Keats have been in these English field-paths of hers. Her lyrical impulse is unquestionable; and the impulse is embodied in delicate fantasy, in metre that is not imposed on the matter from without, but is the true rhythmic expression of the matter, and in the preciousest of all a poet's gifts, a sense of the concealed meanings of words. We cannot, of course, say this of all the songs in "Experiences"; but the medieval naïvety of "The Servants," the beautiful and memorable conceit of "The Garden," a poem that Cowley would have delighted in, and the faith-made-music of "Planting Bulbs"—we should destine these for the anthologies.

## A FACTORY OF SHODDY.*

THE appearance of "Little Devil Doubt" is a good sign. Two recent plays, "The Earth" and "What the Public Wants," have presented and analysed the character of big newspaper proprietors who, in pursuit of money and power, pander to the public's taste for shoddy. The deluge, of course, still rolls triumphantly on its course, but Mr. Onion's novel is a fresh indication that the high water mark has been reached, and that, inch by inch, the muddy volume may go down. Public protest is now taking the shape of a critical exposure. Mr. Onions takes a wider survey of the phenomenon than Mr. Fagan or Mr. Bennett, and deals in a cool and amusing fashion with the social origin and mental outlook of the departmental staff of "The Billion," "Chiykes," "Sunny Sundays," "Love in Idleness," "The Non-Such Novels," &c., the popular periodicals by which the firm of Battye & Battye minister to the masses.

The hero, Georgie, is introduced to us as a lad of twelve, one of the hundred odd employees who "work without enthusiasm" at Mason's, a lithographic, general printers, and bookbinders in the factory town of Burlborough. Of Burlborough, a Lancashire town, we are told that "of the wedding of Trade and Technical Education had come a progeny of profits that had made Burlborough prodigiously rich." The story opens in the late 'eighties, when the leading citizens of Burlborough, such as Samuel Huddlestone, the altruistic President of several Debating Societies, a visitor of the School Board, a reader of papers to Young Men's Associations, and unpaid official of half-a-dozen Reading Circles and "Lend-a-Hand Societies," have organised popular lectures, reading unions, libraries, and a scholarship system, not without a suspicion of "a sidelong eye on the material successes of the Technical Educationalists." When Georgie leaves the Higher Grade School, his schoolmaster presents him with a little book—"Fortunate Men and How They Made Their Money," the pith of which is contained in Mr. Huddlestone's advice to the lad: "Begin at the bottom of the ladder, always work hard, and always remember that there is plenty of room at the top." And Georgie, who has a real talent for drawing and is always sketching the workpeople and the workshops at Mason's, lightens the mechanical drudgery of his days by attending the evening class of the Burlborough Art School. The workgirls at Mason's with their day-dreams modelled on the romantic department of their favorite characters in "Bailey Bells" novelettes, are cleverly hit off. A leading figure is the handsome brunette, Miss Kate Crowther, who finds time during her duties of gluing and pasting together card-board boxes, to attract to her side many masculine admirers, such as the facetious foreman, Mr. Tyers. The sketch of the factory hands' outlook, though it does not show deep intimacy, is true in its democratic tone, and one realises that the life at Mason's, which is typical of tens of thousands of factories and workshops in the big English towns, is breeding the anæmic, shallow, and cheap types of our population for which Messrs. Battye and "The Billion" cater. The disease, indeed, bred in the national bone, will out in the Press, and the merit of "Little Devil Doubt" is that the author shows us that the gospel of Messrs. Battye is only a logical extension of the commercial spirit of Burlborough. Georgie wins a National Scholarship of sixty pounds a year, and a paternal Government undertakes his training at South Kensington to fit him for the career of artist, a trade with no openings, though with an abundance of waste products. Georgie comes in contact with many types of art students, and black-and-white artists, modellers, sculptors, all, even to his inexperienced eye, seem to be working without that inner enthusiasm and belief in their future which is vital to good work. Commercialism and the competitive system between them discount the artist and destroy the basis of his power, his true function in the community. Instead of teaching the public, he has to adapt himself, like any tradesman, to its vulgar ideals, and he soon goes the way of Old Joyce, the shelved wood engraver. But Georgie, in his sublime ignorance, feeds himself on hope. "In London, of course," he argues, "there were some thousands of men—editors, readers, publishers, critics, advisers, whose sole function it was to seek out merit wherever it might be hidden, and bring it to light. What other reason for being had the vast fabric of Scholarships, Committees, Boards, Lords of the Council, Professors, Inspectors, Governors?" And the irony of Georgie's situation is that at the end of his art training at Bentwick Bridge he finds that there is only one plank between him and the degradation of drawing the noblemen and heroines of the serials in the "Non-Such" novels, and the other periodicals of Messrs. Battye, and this plank, the celebrated "Buchan's Magazine," is on the point of being extinguished by the competition of "The Billion's" proprietors. Mr. Pardoe, the editor and proprietor of "Buchan's," put the case in a nutshell when, in engaging Georgie as a draughtsman, he explains the inner significance of "The Billion's" success.

> "To-day the half-taught are despots. True knowledge is humble, and so is the ignorance of a child; but the half-taught are tyrants. They are unteachable, for nobody can consent to be taught until he knows he is ignorant. The last thing they dream of is that they are ignorant. . . . It is the only true provincialism—the ignorance that anything better than itself exists—the spirit of the village pump. Has it ever struck you that, in the sense I indicate, London is the most provincial place in England? When you have been longer in London you will find that it thinks of nothing but itself. It has its clever men; at the same time it is the home of the half-taught, and is therefore provincial. . . . You are one of us. I have fought my fight; it is almost over, and I am not defeated yet. Nobody who has ever written or drawn for 'Buchan's' will ever be asked: 'Was that in the palmy days, or at the end?' The end will be as the rest has been; that has been my fight. But I, my boy, belong to a class that is no longer effective to-day. Many of us retire from public life altogether rather than be put, cheek-by-jowl, with the class that is now dominant. I personally do not do that, but I recognise that our day is over."

Mr. Pardoe is right. "Buchan's" goes under, and after a short, sharp struggle with the indifference of Fleet Street, Georgie is forced to enter the service of the all-powerful Battye & Battye. The office life of the pushful young spirits who edit "The Billion," "Chiykes," "Sunny Sundays," "Love in Idleness," and other preposterous publications, is very cleverly drawn. The tone and spirit that prevail in these editorial sanctums, as in the "art department," nick-named the Dam, in which Georgie works, are practically on a par with the tone and spirit that prevailed in the Burlborough factory. The mental outlook is inconceivably cheap and petty, and wholly commercial. Nothing in the shape of art or literature that is true, beautiful, or original, has the slightest chance of winning favor at Battye's. The enterprising son of the real proprietor, Jack Huddlestone, engages only pushing young men, who "develop quickly," and strike out ingenious auxiliary schemes for booming the periodicals. Thus with the "Nonsuch Novels" goes the "Nonsuch Bassinette," and the "Nonsuch Free Week at Westcliffe." Readers of "Chiykes" are pledged to exchange the "Billion" grip, and this involves the purchase of the "Billion" Electric Dumb Bell. The satire is by no means overdone by Mr. Onions. It is difficult, indeed, to invent a parallel to the meretricious tricks which have floated "Sunny Sundays" and their like into vast circulations. One of the neatest effects in the novel is sprung upon us when we discover that the omnipotent Miss Carruthers, the imposingly handsome lady who is the right hand of the Editor in Chief, and manages the Society columns in the Battye publications, is none other than the irrepressible Miss Kate Crowther, late of Mason's! The chapter on "Social Reform," wherein we see the "Billion" proprietors booming a new Darkest England movement, buying a slum outright, and building "Homes for the Humble," "Cosy Corner Crèches," and "Nonsuch Nests," in order to show the Socialists and the Labor men that they have not got a monopoly of reform, is also excellent in its irony, and at this stage of Messrs. Battye's career, when prosperity is developing in them a sense of their duty to the nation at large, we may leave the novel. The proprietor of "The Billion," Sir Samuel, is, of course, raised to the peerage.

* "Little Devil Doubt." By Oliver Onions. Murray. 6s.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Dr. Paget Toynbee's bulky work, "Dante in English Literature from Chaucer to Cary" (Methuen, 2 vols., 21s. net), is rather an ordered collection of *documents pour servir* than an attempt to set in proper perspective the history of Dante's influence in England. Dr. Toynbee's plan has been to reprint in chronological order the references to Dante in writers great and small during the period he has chosen. The labor and research required by this method may be judged from the fact that the authors represented number between five and six hundred and that considerably over a thousand separate works are quoted. After each author's name there follows a short biographical note giving the main facts of his life and a list of his works. A critical survey of the whole period is furnished in the introduction, which we may note, is a reprint in slightly extended form of an article contributed by Dr. Toynbee to the "Edinburgh Review." There can be nothing but praise for the thoroughness with which Dr. Toynbee has performed his task, though one cannot but feel that he has put himself to much unnecessary labor. What, for instance, from the point of view of Dante scholarship, is the value of recording that Thomas Hood, jesting upon the "Inferno," suggested the following titles for the library door at Chatsworth: "On the Lung Arno in Consumption, By D. Cline," and "Dante's Inferno; or Description of Van Demon's Land"? Or why bother about an anonymous contributor to the "Retrospective Review" for 1820 who, writing on Sidney's "Arcadia," tells us that "His (Sidney's) province was not to pourtray the dark and horrible in nature, or the dark and horrible in man. His was not the gloomy coloring of Dante or Salvator Rosa"? And we are compelled to say that many of the extracts are of no greater value or significance than those we have quoted. Dr. Toynbee could urge in reply that he has been particularly anxious to show the degree in which Dante's influence had permeated popular thought. But we are confident that this aim would be better reached if he had left out a large portion of the extracts and made his introductory essay much longer. As it is, he has recorded everything of the slightest importance that Englishmen have had to say about Dante during the period he has covered. The fact that a scholar of Dr. Toynbee's standing has thought this worth doing is in itself no small tribute to Dante's influence.

* * *

M. Joseph Turquan's compilation which, under the title of "The Love Affairs of Napoleon" (Lane, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. J. Lewis May has translated for English readers, is an unedifying chronicle of scandals that might well have been allowed to rest in oblivion. There is evidently a public for this type of book, though we are convinced that the impression left upon the minds of most readers will be one of mixed boredom and disgust. The volume will certainly do nothing to raise our opinion of Napoleon. M. Turquan lays stress upon Josephine's infidelity and its effect upon Napoleon's attitude toward women, but when all is said, his prevailing coarseness and brutality stand out unpleasantly from his working life. A long list is paraded of women who, sometimes on very slight evidence, are supposed to have been Napoleon's mistresses. M. Turquan has searched the memoirs of the time in the endeavor to give color to his narrative, but with little success. There is hardly a gleam of romance in the whole series of sordid episodes which not even the glamor that surrounds Napoleon's career is able to redeem from tedium. There is nothing of any value in the book which was not already known, and we can discover no adequate ground for its existence, and still less for its translation into English.

* * *

Another translation from the French, "The Exile of St. Helena: The Last Phase in Fact and Fiction" (Heinemann, 10s. net), by M. Philippe Gonnard, is very different both in scope and value from M. Turquan's volume. M. Gonnard's purpose has been to determine Napoleon's share in the formation of the "Napoleonic legend," and he means by the phrase, not the facts of Napoleon's career, but its principles and motives. The conception of Bonapartism created in part by Thiers, Béranger, and Victor Hugo, and, in part, by Napoleon's own utterances at St. Helena, has had an enormous influence upon French politics, but whether it represented the Emperor's real purpose and intentions is more than doubtful. As Queen Hortense said, "He arranged his life, his defence, and his glory with the infinite care of a dramatic author, who takes great pains with his fifth act and attends to all the details for the sake of the final apotheosis." The determination to do this when practical action was denied him is characteristic of Napoleon's devouring energy and far-reaching ambition. His success was as great as he could have desired. "There is probably not one of Napoleon's declarations, when at St. Helena," says M. Gonnard, "which has not proved useful in its time and which has not served as a pretext for some political party to consider itself as upholding the principles of Napoleon." Liberals, Catholics, bourgeoisie, and militarists have all believed that they were but carrying out these principles. He understood the French mind, and, above all, the mind of the Revolution, its patriotism, its thirst for glory, and its high ideals of domestic reform. "The conclusion to which one comes," says M. Gonnard, at the close of his fresh and inspiring study, "is that the man of St. Helena equalled the man of Austerlitz. He realised there the political mistakes he had made and, so far as it was in his power, he endeavored to make up for them. The lesson he had learned from certain events was not lost upon him, and he endeavored to transform the enemies who had overthrown him into the champions of his son."

* * *

Many English students of Velasquez will remember the brilliant work on that master by the Spanish critic, Aureliano de Beruete, a translation of which, by Mr. Hugh Poynter, was published in 1906. "The School of Madrid" (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net) is a commentary on and a continuation of that work, and is translated by Mrs. Steuart Erskine from the original MSS. of its author, Señor A. de Beruete y Moret, who is the above-named writer's son. The school in question owed its efflorescence largely to the patronage of Philip IV., before whose time it can hardly be said to have existed, though we are reminded in these pages that there were Spanish primitives who were not mere imitators of their Italian, Flemish, and German contemporaries, as is very commonly supposed; and that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the two great provinces of Aragon and Castile furnished artists who, profoundly influenced as they were by the art of their neighbors—the first by Italian and the second by Flemish and German—were instrumental in preparing the way for the seventeenth-century Madrid painters who followed them. The most conspicuous figure among these painters, Velasquez himself, is very briefly dealt with here, and what is said by the writer is mainly a summary of his father's conclusions. Mazo, however, Velasquez's son-in-law and disciple, receives considerable attention, and we are inclined to think that the chapters bearing on his art form the most important section of the book. This artist copied Velasquez's technique with so much success that until quite recently several of his pictures were attributed to the greater artist. The elder de Beruete, it will be remembered, considered the National Gallery Admiral Pulido Pareja to be by Mazo, notwithstanding Palomino's circumstantial legend as to the history of the picture, and drastically revised the remaining list of Velasquez's authentic works. The present writer carries the process of apportionment to Mazo further, and, in vindication of Mazo's capacity for being original, brings out his undoubted talent as a landscape painter. His account of the rest of the Madrid School resolves itself into a dictionary of artists, only a very few of whom are dealt with at any length. Pereda, who found his forte in portraiture; the brothers Rizi; Carreno, who, in defending the dignity of art, performed a not invaluable service for a school that was essentially a school of court painters, who was himself a fine portraitist after Velasquez's death, and who helped much to develop fresco painting in Spain; Antolinez; and Claudio Coello, the last of those who fought for the Spanish art tradition before it was overwhelmed by the pernicious influence of the Italian, Luca Giordano. These are the principal names. The book, which contains reproductions of several pictures not known in this country, increases the interest of a school which too many people believe to have begun and ended with Velasquez; and the

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Mr. David Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment" (Melrose, 5s. net) might be described as an essay on some intellectual excitements of the Simple Life. The author is an American who, after a youth spent in the turmoil of a great city, took to farming as a means of livelihood, and found therein not merely the increase of bodily vigor, but the stimulus to mental activity that had before been wanting. Briefly, the argument of the book is the old and general one—that man is not as much the slave of circumstances as he thinks, and the more particular one that the occupation of a farmer specially induces the development of one's intellectual self between the periods of hard manual labor—that tilling the fields is often responsible for crops of the mind. A few character studies of his neighbors, including a farmer, a professor of botany, a book agent, a Scotch preacher, a millionaire, and a country doctor, are woven into Mr. Grayson's philosophic thread; and these are hardly enough to warm the reader's heart towards the more abstract discursions and speculations contained herein. There is, too, a touch of genius in the tale of the tramp who had grown afraid of life, because a too poignant imagination compelled him to live through events before they happened, with the result that they found him insensitive when they did. On analysis such a being becomes quite humanly possible. The style, while perhaps a trifle mannered, is not devoid of charm, and certain literary enthusiasms expressed in the chapter "An Evening at Home" possess the virtues of good taste and simple sincerity. It is not meant to be a book for the materialistic farmer; but its good commonsense, its fair measure of wit, and its spontaneous appreciation of what is really fine in man and the universe, should commend it to those followers of the plough who have a thought beyond the clods at their feet, and a vision beyond the end of their furrow, and to a very much larger class besides.

* * *

Dr. Dykes, until recently the Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge, is to be congratulated on the publication of his volume, "The Christian Minister and His Duties" (Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, price 6s.). It is the ripe product of a ministry of more than fifty years, and the wise counsels scattered up and down its pages are evidently the fruits of Dr. Dykes's own experience in the ministerial office. The book opens with several chapters on the personal character of the modern minister and the attitude which he ought to adopt in all the varied and complicated relationships of modern life. What attitude ought he, for example, to adopt towards political parties? Ought he to keep entirely aloof from party conflict on the public platform, or ought he to take his share in guiding political opinion like any other citizen? On this difficult point Dr. Dykes arrives at the conclusion that there is room for both classes of ministers. But on the whole he inclines to the belief that it is wiser to be content with laying down the principles on which all political action should be based than to enter into the actual turmoil of party strife. At the same time he insists that the clergy should make themselves acquainted with the social conditions of the population and should study the methods which have been advocated for remedying the adverse social circumstances of so many of the people. As he truly points out, the Christian faith is a religion for this world and for daily life, and must take account of the social circumstances of the age. The Christian teacher has to meet an intellectual, as well as a social, problem. He has to preach Christian truth and yet he has to preach it in a way which will not bring him into conflict with the assured results of scientific knowledge and historical inquiry. This is the most difficult of all the tasks which confront the modern preacher. The defect of most modern sermons is that they are based upon too many unverified assumptions. The mind of the listener is alienated almost as soon as the preacher has opened his mouth. Dr. Dykes's book would have gained in value if he had dealt more fully with the intellectual difficulties before the modern preacher, and the way in which these difficulties must be overcome.

# The Week in the City.

The check to speculation has immediately been reflected in the money market, where rates have grown distinctly easier. Unfortunately there does not seem to be much evidence of an industrial revival, at least so far as one can judge from the money market, and except for the prospect of an autumn demand there is nothing at present to support either money or discount rates. The foreign demand for gold is apparently passing off, and the Bank is finding very little competition for the incoming metal, while the country is still returning specie to London, and the stock of coin in the Bank has increased by over 1½ millions in one week. What is likely to happen on the Stock Exchange is much debated, and travelling round the City one gathers very different opinions. One experienced dealer tells me that he sees no reason why Kaffirs should stay at their present height, and another assures me that the big houses are certain to keep things going for some time. His argument is that these houses undoubtedly mean to use the boom for bringing about new amalgamations, new issues, &c., and that they are very unlikely to let it fizzle away before they have fulfilled their purpose. It seems quite clear that they have been selling freely in the past month, and it probably would not need much support to give the market another upward turn. For the moment, however, public interest has subsided, and unless some insider starts a fresh movement, prices are not likely to go higher. With the fall in mines, some other markets have been coming by their own and with that inconsistency which is a never-ending wonder to the critic, financial people are beginning to talk quite cheerfully about home rails. Profits made in the recent speculation are being turned into the home railway market, and the next reports due in July and August are expected to be quite good. But we must not look for the full results of the economies until the end of the year. The new issues are still pouring out, and in spite of the perpetual intrigue that surrounds these Oriental contracts, the Chinese railway loan was an instantaneous success.

### The American Market.

Americans have been flat this week, and steels have fallen from the record figures that caused so much surprise a fortnight ago. When a market is in the condition that Yankees are in at present one is tempted to hail every small decline as the beginning of an inevitable slump; but Wall Street can do almost anything it likes with prices, and, given cheap money, we need not be surprised if the market soon begins to move upwards again. The points on which speculation have turned this week are the listing of Steel Trust stocks in Paris and President Taft's message to Congress. On the first point, statement and contradiction have followed one another hour by hour, and people have been equally emphatic in asserting and denying that the Steel magnates have agreed to the stamp money required by the Government, while others are quite as certain that the stamp money has nothing to do with the case. However that may be, the uncertainty has been too much for steels, and the ordinary stock has fallen quite sharply. The second point is more important, for if Mr. Taft can really carry his scheme of a two per cent. tax on corporation incomes, he will have worked a revolution in American finance and possibly have turned the flank of the "stand-patter" protectionists. If an income-tax is imposed, the revenue case for the tariff goes, but when we remember the course of American tariff reform during the last twelve months, it is difficult to believe in the possibility of any form of income-tax. But it is most significant to find a Republican leader once more dressing himself in Democratic clothes. Governor Hughes' Committee has presented a very moderate report on the reform of the Stock Exchange, and Wall Street, whether it likes the proposed changes or not, will probably be wise to agree with its adversary while it is in the way with him.

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 13.] SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

The Honors List, which, we are glad to see, contains no peers, is not without distinction. It is pleasant to see the names of Sir William Butler and Mr. Merriman coupled together as Privy Councillors, for great political services to the Empire, remembering, as we do, the time when both were the subjects of insult and derision. Original powers of thought are honored in the person of Mr. Francis Galton, and a most attractive and suggestive historical method in Mr. Samuel Dill, whose writing, like that of Mr. Edwin Pears, has often delighted the readers of The Nation. The stage is doubly honored in the persons of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Tree, who may be regarded as the two most favored exponents of modern English drama. Journalism has an exceptionally generous share of the King's favors. "Toby, M.P.," is a household word, and we are glad to see singular competence, steadfastness, and strength in the advocacy of Liberal opinion recognised in the person of Mr. Carlaw Martin, the editor of the "Dundee Advertiser." But we shall take leave to say that a special propriety attaches to the inclusion in the list of the name of Mr. Edwin Pears, the Constantinople correspondent of the "Daily News." Mr. Pears's work for humanity and civilisation in the Near East represents a contribution to the progress of the world, now visibly embodied in the triumph of the reform party in Turkey. Mr. Pears is a scholar of note; but his service to his times has been essentially that of a good soldier of humanity, stoutly holding an outpost of its march.

* * *

The House of Commons has passed into Committee on the Budget, and has spent the whole week in discussing the increment tax. On Tuesday, after an ample discussion, the Chancellor moved the adoption of the first three lines of the first clause, and the Chairman properly accepted this moderate proposal, thus disposing of many trivial amendments, but giving Mr. Hardy the right to move an amendment of substance. This invitation he declined, and the closure was carried. The proceeding thus adopted was admirable, for, unlike the guillotine, it ensures a fair discussion of all points of material value, together with the censorship by the Chairman of frivolous or time-wasting motions. The method is also strictly within precedent. Mr. Courtney set up the practice of discrimination under the Coercion Bill of 1887, and his decision was not challenged by the Liberal leader, Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Lowther applied it to the Agricultural Rates Bill of 1896, and both Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman accepted his ruling. A third precedent was established over the Tithes Bill, and both parties are equally committed to this fair and workable method. The Opposition raised a violent and foolishly theatrical scene, no echo of which was heard on the following morning. The Chairman behaved with great dignity and firmness.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Chancellor has already foreshadowed a series of concessions to the landed interests. He has promised that the increment tax shall be divided equally between local and Imperial purposes. This is not only fair in itself, but will bring to the Budget an immense body of support from the municipalities, great and small, who have long pleaded for such a means of revenue. A second concession, of a more delicate character, was a promise to save agricultural land from taxation upon added values due not to a growing population or a demand for building land, but to the natural fluctuations of the market. These concessions did not placate either the Tories, who took, with Mr. Balfour, the ultra-Socialist line that the increase of all values, and not merely those of land, depended on the community, or the small Whig "Cave," which mustered twenty-three votes in favor of Mr. Pretyman's amendment exempting agricultural land from the increment tax. The Government majority thus fell to 105. The names of the twenty-three are as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Agar-Robartes, T. C. | Napier, Dr. |
| Beck, A. Cecil. | O'Donnell, C. J. |
| Chance, F. W. | Paulton, J. M. |
| Cory, Sir Clifford. | Pearson, W. H. |
| Dalmeny, Lord. | Raphael, H. H. |
| Davies, David. | Ridsdale, E. A. |
| Dickson-Poynder, Sir J. | Tennant, Sir E. |
| Edwards, Clement. | Waring, Walter. |
| Ferguson, Munro. | Whitbread, H. |
| Freeman-Thomas, F. | White, Sir Luke. |
| Hobart, Sir R. | Wodehouse, Lord. |
| Mason, A. E. W. | |

It will be seen that they consist mainly of members drawn from the small Imperialist or Liberal League wing, or from the sons or representatives of great landowners.

* * *

On Wednesday an anti-Budget meeting was held by a number of City bankers and merchants, nominally

non-partisan, but really consisting exclusively of Unionists and Tories. Men like Lord Avebury and Sir Felix Schuster belong to the first denomination, Lord Rothschild, who is the shining star of these gatherings of the super-rich, to both. The meeting developed no counter-suggestions, and proved to be merely a meeting of rich men who "won't pay." The speakers, whilst protesting their nominal willingness to pay for "Dreadnoughts," objected to every tax in the Budget which puts this patriotic zeal into practical shape—the licence duties, the income-tax, the super-tax, the death duties, and, of course, the land taxes. Sir J. Alexander Henderson, we notice, illustrated one of the many "hard cases" (his own?) under the Budget, that of a man of sixty who had acquired a "modest fortune" of £150,000, and whose income would be reduced from £6,000 to a pittance of £4,600. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at the Holborn Restaurant on Thursday, said, with truth and wit, of these airs of a big financier, that the nation was having "too much Rothschild"—a gentleman, it should be remembered, whose ancestor came as an alien Jew to these shores, and who, with his family, has since made many millions out of the British people.

> We are not to have temperance reform in this country. Why (said the Chancellor)? Because Lord Rothschild has sent a circular to the Peers to say so. We must have more "Dreadnoughts." Why? Because Lord Rothschild has told us so at a meeting in the City. We must not pay for them when we have got them. Why? Because Lord Rothschild says so. You must not have an estate duty and a super-tax. Why? Because Lord Rothschild has sent a protest on behalf of the bankers to say he won't stand it. You must not have a tax on reversions. Why? Because Lord Rothschild, as chairman of an insurance company, said he wouldn't stand it. You must not have a tax on undeveloped land. Why? Because Lord Rothschild is chairman of an industrial housing company. You ought not to have old age pensions. Why? Because Lord Rothschild was a member of a committee that said it could not be done. Are we really to have all ways of social and financial reform blocked by a notice-board, "No thoroughfare. By order, Nathaniel Rothschild"?

* * *

Lord Rosebery, who can never stay long out of the limelight, has written a melodramatic letter on the Budget, which he calls "a social and political revolution of the first magnitude," to be carried over the heads of the people, who will have no more control over it than if they were "Tartars or Lapps." He suggested that this situation showed "vast flaws in the Constitution," and that here was matter for a referendum. This means, we suppose, that Lord Rosebery would call for a Referendum on the Budget, but his letter is obviously a summons, not to the nation, but to the House of Lords. With much less emphasis, and probably without serious intention, Mr. Balfour has used a similar telegraphic code. On Monday he warned the Government that if they persisted in the land taxes the Bill would end in nothing but disaster. Generally, the note of the Tory Press is to incite the Peers to separate the land taxes from the rest of the Budget. This, as we point out elsewhere, would be a direct violation of the Constitution, and the beginning of the greatest and most turbulent political agitation since the Reform Bill. But it could not produce a General Election unless and until the Budget had been sent back to the Peers intact, to the last comma, and, if necessary, sent back again, and until the King had been appealed to in vain to maintain the British Constitution—in our opinion, an unthinkable contingency.

Meanwhile, the Government have decided, not a moment too soon, to send out the fiery cross. A "Budget League" has been formed, under Mr. Churchill's active direction, with an Executive Committee in the House of Commons, and the whole country is to be mapped out into centres of speech and work. On Wednesday Sir Edward Grey, speaking at the National Liberal Club, threw over Lord Rosebery, declared that he saw nothing "revolutionary" in the Budget, and that the taxation of unearned increment had long been a Liberal "commonplace," for which even Tory members had voted, and argued that all the three land taxes and the Budget as a whole stood the test of the sound principle that taxation should spring from superfluities and luxuries rather than from necessaries. On the following day the Prime Minister, speaking with the greatest force, weight, and moderation, also repudiated Lord Rosebery's description as an abuse of the English vocabulary, and pointedly reminded him that he himself had supported the taxation of land values fifteen years ago. The Prime Minister was received with the greatest warmth by a very representative gathering, under Sir John Brunner's presidency, whose spirit and fire fitly heralded the coming crusade. He claimed that the Budget held the field, and called for unanimity and enthusiasm in its defence.

* * *

We understand that during the visit of the deputation of British clergy to Germany—a visit marked by lavish hospitality and close friendliness of speech—Admiral Von Tirpitz expressed the pain he had felt that the British Government should not have accepted his explicit personal assurances, tendered this spring, that there had been no acceleration of the German naval programme. We are sure that there has been a misunderstanding on this point, and we hope the time has come when Mr. McKenna will clear it up.

* * *

Our Foreign Office has clearly decided to take no note, or the smallest possible note, of the "Woodburn" incident. The wounded fireman has been offered £20 by the Russian Government, but we did not gather from Mr. Wood's answer if they have offered an apology for firing with live shell on a British ship acting innocently under a Russian pilot's orders. The Foreign Office does not yet seem to know whether the incident occurred in territorial waters, where the Russian regulations would apply, or on the high seas, where they would not. We are glad that the incident has been taken so calmly, but we are afraid that if the offender had been German instead of Russian, the country by this time would have been ablaze.

* * *

On Saturday the German Conservative-Centre coalition permitted the Government's new taxes to go to the Finance Reform Committee, but on the same day it displayed its power by carrying in the Reichstag the second reading of its own scheme as drafted by a rump Finance Reform Committee. On Tuesday it pressed its advantage further by refusing the Government's inheritance tax in Committee, and by securing in the Reichstag the second reading of its own tax on the unearned increment of securities. On Thursday the Government's tax was thrown out on second reading by 194 votes to 186. The Socialists joined with the Liberals and Radicals in supporting Prince Bülow against the victorious Junkers. The two taxes are the crux of the situation. On the one hand, the Government regards an inheritance tax

as inevitable; on the other, it is strongly opposed to the agrarian tax on securities, which is naturally condemned by bankers and financiers. In forcing their will against the Government the Agrarians and Clericals have, therefore, taken a very decided step, which, if it is persisted in, may prove fatal to Prince Bülow and Herr von Sydow.

* * *

In the interchange of toasts at Björkö the Tsar assured the Kaiser that he cherished "the sincere and unchanging wish ever to maintain the traditional relations of hearty friendship and mutual trust which have always united our two houses, and the cultivation of which I strongly desire, not merely as a pledge of good relations between our two countries, but also of general peace." In reply the Kaiser described the meeting as "a new and valuable confirmation of the close and sincere friendship which unites our persons and our houses" and of "the traditional relations of cordial friendship and confidence which exist between our Governments." In a speech at Hamburg on Wednesday the Kaiser gave German commerce the assurance that "the Tsar and I agreed that our meeting is to be regarded as a vigorous reinforcement of the cause of peace. We feel ourselves as monarchs responsible to our God for the joys and sorrows of our peoples, whom we desire to lead forward as far as possible in the path of peace. We will therefore continually endeavor, as far as lies in our power, to work with God's help for the furtherance and maintenance of peace." Putting these declarations together with the semi-official comments, the conclusion seems to be that while the Björkö meeting leaves Russia's treaties and *ententes* untouched, it has stopped Russia from entering an anti-German alliance.

* * *

The great Powers have decided to keep the letter, if not the spirit, of their engagement to Crete. The protecting troops are to be withdrawn, but the nominal Turkish suzerainty is to be sustained, as we hinted the other week, by a guardship, or guardships, whose function will be to protect the red flag that flies over a rock in Suda Bay. To this agreement all the parties, including the Turkish Government, will probably give a nominal assent. But the difficulty will come when the Cretans send delegates to Athens, and Greece will have to decide whether or no she will receive them.

* * *

Three hundred Russian soldiers have returned from Tabriz to the Caucasus, but, on the other hand, another sotnia of Cossacks is reported to have been sent to Reshed. This reduction of the force at Tabriz is said to be the beginning of a gradual but complete withdrawal from that city, in accordance with an agreement with England; but there is no official announcement of such an agreement, and the troops at Tabriz are carrying things with so high a hand that sniping by Persians has already commenced. The new electoral law is expected to be promulgated immediately. On the other hand the Bakhtiari, after many false starts, do seem really to have begun to move against Teheran. A thousand mounted riflemen, under the Sardar-as-Sad, are on the march, and the intervention of the British and Russian Consuls General would appear not to have dissuaded them from their enterprise. The whole situation is complicated and disturbing.

* * *

The American Senate, not excluding the Democratic members, is still busy running up the rates. Among other resolutions, it was decided to limit the amount of rice, sugar, and tobacco that may come from the Philippines free, though all American produce enters the islands free. Mr. Taft is said to threaten to veto the Bill unless all reductions are maintained and no increases rise above the Dingley level, but he has made no public announcement. On the other hand, he has sent a message to Congress urging that an income-tax of 2 per cent. on Corporations should be imposed, and that a constitutional amendment should be introduced to permit a general income-tax without apportionment among the States according to population. The first of these he thinks constitutional under the Inter-State Commerce clause, and he expects more than £5,000,000 from such a tax. Many people think that a general Federal income-tax is constitutional. When one was set up by the Wilson Tariff, the Judges, by five to four, condemned it, but a similar tax imposed during the Civil War was pronounced constitutional. Inasmuch as an amendment to the Constitution must be approved by a two-thirds majority of Congress and by three-fourths of the States, it is generally thought that Mr. Taft has chosen the slowest and the less sure way of establishing his point.

* * *

On Saturday M. de Martens, the famous international lawyer, died on his way home to Livonia. Born at Pernao, in what was once a Swedish province, in 1845, he became Professor of International Law at St. Petersburg in 1873, and in the following year entered the service of the Foreign Office as its pamphleteer and its expert advocate and adviser. He secured a wide reputation by a series of treatises on international law, which were translated into German, French, and English, and by the publication of a vast collection of treaties and conventions concluded by Russia with foreign Powers. His writings were skilful, though his doctrines were colored by the necessity of putting forward the official view, and on the strength of his reputation he was frequently chosen to arbitrate in international disputes, among others in the disputes between Mexico and the United States and between France and England in 1891. He played a prominent part in negotiating the peace with Japan, and in arranging the first and second Hague Conference. At the latter he acted as President of the Committee on International Law, though with no special distinction. He rarely expressed any opinion on domestic politics, and his most notable intervention was a letter recommending the dissolution of the Second Duma. A learned, supple mind, he was a highly competent servant, lacking in fruitful originality.

* * *

We are glad to note the brilliant success of the Church Pageant, which closes to-day. Its peculiar interest derives in some respect from the fact that the Anglican Church represents a continuous thread—or at least a thread with only one break in it—in the life of the English people. This long and dramatic story has been illustrated in its most thrilling episodes with delightful and at the same time most instructive art. No stage manager in London could contrive anything touching the poetic intention and dramatic power of the closing scene in the Pageant, when the army of historic personages and symbols faded, with the instant extinction of thousands of torches and to the music of Watts's great hymn of life, into the darkness which has long covered their originals. Thus the generations pass: while great entities like the State or the Church, which embody their labors, remain.

# Politics and Affairs.

## A "REVOLUTION" INDEED.

"ALL aids and supplies and aids to his Majesty in Parliament are the sole gift of the Commons, and all Bills for the granting of any such aids and supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the ends, purposes, considerations, conditions, limitations, and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords."—*(Resolution of the House of Commons, July 3rd, 1678.)*

"The Commons have claimed that such measures (those of supply and taxation) should be simply affirmed by the Lords, and should not be amended by that House in the slightest particular. The Lords have practically acquiesced in this restriction, although they have never formally consented to it."—*(Todd's "Parliamentary Government in England.")*

"There is no distinction between the right of the Lords to reject a Bill imposing a tax and one repealing a tax. The control of the public finance by the House of Commons is a constitutional right."—*(The same.)*

"The Lords have no voice in the question of expenditure, save that of formally assenting to the Appropriation Acts. They are excluded from it by the spirit and the forms of the Constitution."—*(Erskine May's "Constitutional History of England.")*

"The House of Commons claims as within its exclusive jurisdiction all questions of finance: with the initiation of all such questions and with all their details this House exclusively deals. The House of Lords on these Bills, like the Crown on these and all other Bills, retains the general power of assent or rejection only, but not of amendment."—*(Hearn's "Government of England.")*

"The House of Commons has not only the absolute mastery over the necessary annual taxes; it has practically an absolute mastery over all questions of taxation, unless the House of Lords is prepared to throw the taxing machinery of the country out of gear."—*(Lord Courtney's "Working Constitution of the United Kingdom.")*

"The suggestion has been made in words, if not entertained as a near possibility, that the House of Commons should stop supplies. Such a threat was heard before the great Reform Bill of 1832. No one, however, can remember a suggestion that the House of Lords should refuse to assent to supplies. The power is not dead. It cannot be called living."—*(The same.)*

"The exclusive and conclusive authority of the House of Commons over expenditure has long been practically established."—*(The same.)*

"It is perfectly obvious that this house, in point of fact, has not for many years interfered by amendment with the finance of the year. The reason why this House cannot do so is that it has not the power of changing the Executive Government, and to reject a Finance Bill and leave the Executive Government in its place means TO CREATE A DEADLOCK FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE."—*(Lord Salisbury, on the Third Reading of Sir William Harcourt's Budget, July 30th, 1894.)*

WE feel that we owe an apology to our readers for even discussing, on the motion of a handful of sensational journalists, so established a matter as the "exclusive and conclusive authority" of the House of Commons over taxation. We argued the question in brief a fortnight ago, and, if we recur to it, it is not because we believe that the House of Lords either can or will tamper with the Budget, but because it is desirable to check a delusion which, if it obtains any credence, can only confuse and enfeeble the main controversy. Towards Lord Rosebery's intervention, it is hardly necessary to observe even this measure of intellectual respect. If Lord Rosebery were any longer in the habit of addressing his mind seriously and with regularity to political issues, he would know that, whatever may be the uses of a referendum, no advocate of that constitutional method ever dreamed of applying it to an elaborate scheme of taxes. It may be a suitable means of obtaining the verdict of a democracy on a simple, clear issue of principle, separable from details. But every modern State has its fixed method of taxation by representative bodies, and to call for a *plébiscite* on taxes is to bring all considered methods of government into ridicule. Equally futile is Lord Rosebery's sensational echo of the statement of the Tory Press, that the Budget is a "revolution." By this Lord Rosebery refers, we suppose, to the taxes which affect his estates, with the four or five palaces attached to them, and to the method of valuation. It is enough to say that for every one of these taxes a precedent exists in modern legislation, notably in the legislation of our own Colonies. The assessment of site value, the plan which the Budget suggests, has long been in operation in this country, and, to take a salient foreign example, in New York City, whose practice has often been quoted by British supporters of site valuation as a capital example of its practicability. The principle of this revolutionary proposal has twice been approved by a Conservative House of Commons, and notably by two statesmen who have made a common, though not equally rapid, passage from Liberalism to Toryism, namely, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery. The former declared in 1883 that "the expense of making towns habitable for the toilers who dwell in them must be thrown on the land which their toil makes valuable, and that without any effort on the part of the owners." Fifteen years ago the latter spoke with equal emphasis in favor of the taxation of land values, at a time when the people had done much for Lord Rosebery, and looked, as it happens in vain, for some slight service of gratitude in return.

This, then, is the "revolution" which the Budget proposes; what is the revolution which the landlords' friends propose? Only the abolition of the British Constitution and the wiping out of five hundred years of English history. Only that, and nothing more. We observe that the "Spectator," which makes this modest demand, constructs, out of its own imagination, a theory of the relative powers of the two Houses in regard to taxation. We give the passage as a measure of the licence of the advocates of the right of landed interest to upturn the Constitution in order to escape a set of taxes personal to themselves:—

> A word must be said as to the alleged Constitutional inability of the Peers to amend the Budget by dividing the Finance Bill into two parts, and passing one while rejecting the other. The alleged unconstitutionalism of such an act is, we believe, based upon a mistake. The principle which governs the power of the Lords in the matter of finance is a very simple one. It is

> that the Peers have no right to impose any burden upon the taxpayers of this country. The taxpayers tax themselves through the representatives they have commissioned for that purpose. But the Lords are not commissioned by the taxpayers. Therefore they cannot impose even a farthing's-worth of taxation upon the people. To extend this principle, however, so as to make it run that the Lords cannot relieve the taxpayers of this country of burdens proposed to be laid upon them by the Commons is utterly preposterous. The Lords have a clear right, and, what is more, in certain circumstances a clear duty, to reject burdens which the other House seeks to lay upon the taxpayer.

It is not too much to say that every sentence in this passage is a figment. The peers, as the quotation we give from Todd's famous work shows, have no more right to reject a tax than to impose one. If they had, the language of the resolution of 1678 would be meaningless, and the resulting Constitutional action of no effect. They could have dislocated every Budget to which they took an objection. Why have they never ventured on such a course? The answer is obvious. They would have been met with an insuperable obstacle—the historic privileges of the House of Commons—the historic right of the people of England to be taxed only by and through their elected representatives, and the sole right and custom of those representatives to initiate taxes, to appropriate taxes, to impose as well as to remit taxes. Suppose the Lords "divide" the Budget—*i.e.*, reject the land clauses—what will happen? Not, it is unnecessary to say, the General Election which the Protectionists pretend they want, for no Government would be mad enough to make the British Constitution the subject of a *plébiscite*. Some very obvious and well-known Parliamentary facts will at once come into operation. The Speaker, a loyal servant of the House, will declare the action of the peers to be a gross breach of the privileges of the Commons of England. The Bill will be sent back to the Lords. Will they repeat their lawless action? The Bill will be again remitted to them, or "tacked" to the Appropriation Bill. Will they persist? Then—the Ministry adhering to the land taxes—the whole machinery of finance will be thrown out of gear. Already millions of taxes will have been virtually legalised by the action of the Commons in regard to the annual taxes. Imposts like the income-tax and the tea duties come into operation by mere resolution of the Commons, and on the faith of it the business of collection is fully set up. How can this be retraced? How can the public recover the sums they have already been charged on their tobacco and whisky if the Lords destroy the scheme of the Budget? These are not unreal difficulties, and if they were, the Lords, with their hatred of democracy, would long ago have broken through them. It is of course true that they possess the power to reject a Budget. But this power is reduced to nothingness by the fact that finance is completely out of their sphere, and that, in their state of powerlessness, rejection, nominally allowed, means direct chaos, while amendment, constitutionally forbidden, implies a deadlock, leading to chaos. If chaos is risked, because the Lords of England deny the people of England the right to ascertain the value of the land, it can only be because the landlords think that the ancient Monarchy of England can be dragged into the position of assenting to and furthering a break-up of our ancient laws and understandings.

The moral position of the House of Lords in this controversy is equally weak with the constitutional pretensions which, after centuries of rest, are being revived in their interest. The House of Lords are, in this respect, as Bagehot pointed out long ago, "biassed revisers." They are a House of rich men, but more especially of rich and great landlords. It is a hypocritical pretence to say that they are interested in the small landowners. The small landowner is unhappily a very small class in England, and this Budget will barely touch him. On the other hand, a simple adding up of the ninety odd noble families whose reputable or disreputable origin is set forth in Mr. Howard Evans's "Our Old Nobility" reveals the fact that these gentlemen, who represent about that number of votes in the House of Lords, held, when our last "Domesday Book" was issued, namely, in 1873, 7,867,918 acres of land in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Mr. Snowden calculates, we suppose from the same source, that the total holding of members of the House of Lords is seventeen million acres, to which we may add the ownership of some of the richest industrial centres in the country, and the regular collection of "unearned increment" on their toil. What shadow of moral force attaches to the claim of such a class to divert all taxation from that part of their wealth which comes to them, as Mill said, in their sleep? We quite appreciate a process of "bluff" set up for the intimidation of the Government, and the abstraction of the pith of the land clauses. But we can promise the Lords that if they try and break the law and custom of the Constitution in such a cause, the news will bring hundreds of thousands of men into London streets in protest, and, sooner or later, millions to the ballot boxes to vote their destruction.

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## THE MODERATION OF THE BUDGET.

Inspired by those two masters of word-fencing—Mr. Balfour and Mr. Harold Cox—the Opposition is doing its best to fight the land clauses with dialectics. But dialectics, even in the hands of the most skilful, is a two-edged weapon, and the House of Commons has been amused by the spectacle of a Conservative leader and an individualist champion announcing principles which would call a blush to the cheek of the mere Socialist. At one moment we are gravely told that the State must not tax the unearned increment unless it is prepared to make good decrements of value arising from social change. The implication is that it is the function of the State to act as a kind of philanthropic banker to industry in general. If these principles were sound all the risks of industry should fall on the community. There ought to be a kind of inverted or negative income tax, a State subvention making good to all people whose incomes are declining a certain proportion of that loss in compensation for the tax that has been taken from them

in good years. If the State charges a stamp duty on the transfer of securities against those who gain by such a transaction, it ought on this view to make an equivalent present to anyone who can show that he has lost on the exchange. How the same theory would be applied to customs-duties, and how the Government would in fact acquire any revenue on the balance are details which dialecticians of Mr. Balfour's stamp do not stay to inquire. It is enough for the simple-minded squires who follow him that a concatenation of words having on the surface a meaning has been put together, for to put together any words at all in the state of incoherent emotion to which the Budget has reduced them seems to them no mean feat. Cooler minds may reflect that in transferring the burden of taxation to those whose wealth is increasing by no effort of their own, the Government is, in fact, giving the only alleviation in its power to those who are less fortunate. It is relieving them of some of the taxation which would otherwise fall on them. If, in particular, it is assigning a portion of the increment tax in relief of rural rates it is sensibly diminishing the burden which now falls equally on the poorest and richest land. It is transferring the tax from those who have gained nothing, and perhaps have lost something, by the shifting of population and the general economic changes of the time to those who have lost nothing and gained much. In this way the taxation of unearned increment does go, as far as fiscal measures ought to go, in relief of unearned decrement.

Other dialectics come in plenty, and with not less disastrous effect to those who use them. Mr. Cox repeats at every favorable opportunity, and to the unfailing delight of the Opposition, his single speech, and Mr. Balfour takes up and expands the notion that all wealth is alike in being due to the efforts of society as a whole. Mr. Balfour's Socialism belongs to a palaeolithic period. The modern Socialist is quite aware that there is a social element in all values, but he has at least reached the point at which he can clearly recognise an element due to individual effort as well. If Mr. Balfour would attend some of the easier Fabian lectures, or would invest in some leaflets of the Independent Labor Party, he would find simple reasons set forth which would moderate his ardor. The element of individual industry, ingenuity, and foresight is not to be despised, although the co-operation of society is not to be overlooked. The object of wise taxation is to reduce the burdens on individual effort to a minimum, while absorbing for State purposes as much as is necessary of the surplus created by social progress. To confuse these two factors in idea is the object of the dialectician. To separate them in practice is the object of the statesman. In the case of land the separation is easier than in other cases, because it has long been grossly palpable that a large proportion of urban rents is in no sense due to any effort on the part of landowners, but arises from the growth of towns and the expenditure of the ratepayers. The method of effecting the distinction is by valuation, and when valuation is proposed once again the only weapon of defence is dialectics. If a Valuation Bill is passed and sent up to the chamber of landowners for consideration, the reply is that valuation cannot be accepted until the taxation to which it is to lead is known. If valuation and taxation are put forward together, as in the present Budget, the argument is that they are different proposals, and ought to be separated. Is it seriously supposed that all these verbal ingenuities are going to stand against a simple demand for fiscal justice?

A more genuine plea was put forward on behalf of agricultural land. It is urged that agricultural values have been declining since the 'seventies, that they have touched bottom, and are now showing signs of gradual recovery. It is contended that this is hardly the moment for setting the increment tax to work. Existing owners have been hard hit, and it is thought harsh to deprive them of a substantial part of the recoupment which they might now expect. The argument, better set forth, perhaps, in a recent letter of Lord St. Aldwyn in the "Westminster Gazette" than by any speaker in Tuesday's debate, has apparently impressed Mr. Lloyd George, and we do not deny that it is worthy of consideration. But we have no doubt that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will very carefully weigh what has to be said on the other side before committing himself to any definite concession. In the first place the values of the 'seventies were highly inflated. Rents went up and up with the general prosperity, and it may be questioned whether the decline of the intervening years has done more than bring them back to the point at which they stood two generations ago. In the second place, all the transactions of sale and purchase which have taken place in the last quarter of a century have been based on the lower prices, and on the anticipation that they would rule in permanence. Further, the provisions already made in the Budget would seem to us sufficiently to meet the point that enhanced agricultural values are more largely due to personal effort than the corresponding urban values, for all such demands of value are to be ruled out in making a valuation, and, lastly, when Mr. Lloyd George speaks of a distinction between temporary fluctuations and a permanent rise, and hints at an exclusion of the former from taxation, we hope that he will bear in mind the fluctuations that might arise from a change in the fiscal system. If the rents of agricultural land were to be sent up to their old figure by the imposition of a duty on foreign wheat, it would be eminently just that the increment so accruing should be made an object of heavy taxation. Indeed, we may say that a sufficient tax on unearned increment would be one of the best safeguards against a change in our fiscal system. On the whole, we must consider that any special relief to agriculture beyond that already provided with no unsparing hand is of the nature of charity, and we are not sure that the methods of Mr. Loch's famous society are not needed in order to deal with petitioners for doles of this kind. If there is a danger it is that the agricultural landowner should be spoiled, not that he should be despoiled.

Mr. George's promise that half of the produce of the land taxes should go in relief of rates will add to the strength of the Budget in the country, but is also in large measure an indirect relief of the landowning class. The ordinary occupier feels the rates in the first instance,

and so far as they are levied on buildings and improvements he probably pays them in the end. But so far as they fall on land values they already come in the main out of the pockets of owners in the shape of a reduction of rents. If this is so a large part of the new taxes by reducing the rates will find their way back into the pockets of landowners. We confess that we look forward to a reform of local taxation which the present valuation proposals will render possible, and which will transfer at least a portion of the burden of the rates from buildings to sites. We regard such a reform as the natural pendant to the present Budget, as an application to local finance of the principles here set forth in the sphere of national finance. The unearned increment of land is quite fairly taxable for national purposes. Site values, which include not merely future increment but the swollen values that have already accumulated, are the natural basis of local revenue. The concession which Mr. Lloyd George foreshadows on this point is but another proof of the extreme moderation with which the hotly denounced land clauses apply the democratic principles they embody.

## THE COMING REALITY OF POLITICS.

Lord Rosebery trembles before a vision of judgment, and in characteristic fashion confides his tremors to the Press. He has read the handwriting on the wall, and shrilly warns his wealthy friends—not, indeed, to flee the wrath to come, not even to avert it, but to howl. Someone seems to have put into his hands a book in which he has read of a certain rich man and what befel him, explaining how the divine law of compensation might operate even in this world. So Lord Rosebery calls upon the rocks to cover him, a rigid Constitution with a solidly plutocratic Second Chamber such as protects Mr. Rockefeller, a bureaucracy entrenched behind a class franchise as in Germany, even an appeal to the popular vote, any sort of shelter against the storm. There is something half pathetic, half contemptible, in his cry for a Constitution to safeguard property against a "revolution." For the readjustment of the rights and duties of property that is taking place in different ways and at different paces in every modern civilised country is strictly constitutional. Indeed, a half recognition of the fact probably inspires the new fear of Lord Rosebery and his friends, who are sufficiently intelligent to see that in this country at any rate revolutionary Socialism is foredoomed to failure. The days of popular risings and the barricades are past for Western Europe: any attack upon vested interests and property that is really formidable must come through the ballot and the parliamentary lobby, and must have behind it the army and the police. It is not revolution, but constitutional development, that exposes Lord Rosebery naked to his enemies, as the quondam trustee of popular aspirations now plainly regards the people. For his feigned conviction that a plébiscite would reject this Budget, the people preferring to pay out of their poverty rather than tamper with the "rights of property," is hardly more than a rhetorical device. Why should the voter at the poll be more tender of property than the supporters of the Government in the House of Commons, many of whom are wealthy men?

But the alarms of Lord Rosebery are chiefly interesting in so far as he may be looked upon as a vocal representative of the growing timidity of wealth exposed to the tide of the modern political-economic movements. The timidity is natural enough. For the accumulation of large masses of wealth and the secure enjoyment of profuse luxury by numbers of private citizens has been a unique phenomenon of the last few generations in a few favored lands. Nothing in the earlier history of the evolution of property appeared to lead up to an era of land-ownership divorced from social obligations, which should put half this country in the possession of two thousand five hundred mainly absentee owners, or an extension of joint-stock capitalism by which a third of the entire output of wealth should pass to "sleeping partners," or a development of high finance by which a few little groups of manipulators of paper can make or unmake the history of whole provinces, carrying the happiness or misery of millions in the hollow of their hands. This immense irresponsible power is not of the essence of the institution of property; it is an abuse and a menace of a transition period for which it is the main mission of democracy to find a remedy. Democracy is not the enemy of property; she comes not to destroy, but to fulfil. In every modern industrial country the same slowly dawning consciousness of the nature of this process is perceived, the insistence that property has obligations, and that the performance of these obligations must be determined and enforced by popular government. Democracy has been very slow to face this task; she is not even yet clear-eyed in her confrontment. For the propertied classes had fenced themselves about not only with laws, but with the obfuscating arts of snobbery and mammon-worship and an ethic of personality which pretended that industry and character were the high-road to property. By the exercise of these arts they occupied two generations of the enfranchised people in minor necessary reforms that kept them "out of mischief," heading off any gathering force of deeper moment by the distractions of Imperial and foreign exploits.

The inner meaning of this procrastinating policy was to postpone the day of reckoning with property. Revolutionary Socialism and anarchism, frightful spectres on their first appearance, were soon recognised by the most intelligent defenders of privilege, not as the real enemy, but as weapons enabling them to strengthen their legal supports, and to disperse the ordered forces of constitutional democracy. So it has taken a long generation of education in non-political movements before people begin to realise the chief work which representative government has before it—viz., to reorganise and rectify the institution of property and the methods of acquiring and using it. With the arts of political evasion, conservative instincts of defence have woven various devices of definitely economic concession into the instructive subtleties of which it is impossible here to enter. To these belong a variety of more or less well-meant schemes of business philanthropy, profit-sharing, co-partnership, and the like, designed, consciously or unconsciously, to break the solidarity of working-class

organisation, and to blur the deeper issue of modern industry. The gospel of "Carnegieism" belongs to the same order; its historical significance lies in an attempt to divert the general mind from scrutiny into origins of wealth and methods of industrial control by the specious virtue of munificent expenditure. If riches can be regarded as a "trust" voluntarily executed by the rich for the commonwealth, what need of legal interference with money-making processes, or of the awkward and wasteful imposition of taxation? How much better for public-spirited millionaires to improve the condition of the people, abolish slums, provide education, recreation, religion, and all the higher needs of society! A whole sociology and ethics of benevolence have been evolved in order to support this defence of property.

But the insufficiency of this joint policy of evasion and concession is becoming apparent, and it is this recognition that alarms Lord Rosebery and the timid rich. An instructed politician is the more alarmed because he sees the new spirit of democratic policy gathering force in other countries as well as here. Though he still talks on platforms about frightening capital out of this country, he knows he cannot take it anywhere where it will be "safe." It is true that constitutional defences exist in the United States and Germany which are lacking here, but he has a feeling that these will be but flimsy barriers against the spring-tide of popular power. It is not only the mere human reluctance to pay a few millions for "Dreadnoughts," or even for pensions, out of their own pockets, that is astir in the breasts of the rich. It is the perception of a new realism in politics. It is not a century since great families were ruining themselves with the expenses of contested elections as an aristocratic sport, and politics have always retained the dominant aspect of a game among most of those engaged in them. This is only another way of saying that politics have been kept from any serious interference with business and with the acquisition and preservation of wealth. Though many minor encroachments have been made, there has been nothing that could be deemed an organised attack. The significance even of the Budget does not consist in the magnitude of the burdens it imposes, but in the new social doctrine which it directly and consciously applies to property. To impose taxation upon certain incomes and properties, upon the express ground that Society, and not their individual recipients, has "earned" them, to use taxes to compel private owners to develop and use their possessions for the public good, to assert that the State has a general "right" to a substantial share in all large incomes and properties, and that the enforcement of such a right will stimulate, not injure, national industry —it is this current of new political doctrine, passing for the first time clearly from theory into practice, that frightens the rich by making politics "real."

To Lord Rosebery and his friends "anarchy" lies near ahead. They see a predatory government taking from the rich to give to the poor, and, what is worse, having the Army and the police with them as their legal instruments. But what is actually happening is a necessary process of repair and development to the institution of property, reasserting the essential meaning of the term, securing for each what "belongs to" each, and conversely removing what does not belong either by production or by use. This repair and development proceed along two lines, according as the unearned or surplus wealth taken in taxation is applied to the better equipment of individuals for the equal opportunity of acquiring property, or as it is applied to direct purposes of a fuller, richer, nobler, public life. The first course, commonly designated "equality of opportunities," applied so as to enable "every one to secure a man's share of all that goes on in life," so far from sapping private property, will extend and strengthen it by associating it closely and obviously with individual effort. The other course, the direct application of socially earned income to the enrichment of civic and national life by well-apportioned public expenditure, restores to modern industrial society that ennobling sense of commonwealth which thrived in many ancient states, and which has only suffered a temporary eclipse during an age of industrial change which has required time to discover and to assert new forms of social control and co-operation. It is not a triumph of Socialism that lies before us, but a fresh re-adjustment of the relations between individual and society in respect of property and modern industry.

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## THE CONGO AND THE CONCERT.

The ability of any group of men to decide the questions which arise among them solely on their merits is, perhaps, as fair a test as any which a sociologist could invent of their progress in civilisation. Where clan feuds defeat civil justice, where party spirit ruins political debate, where Imperial jealousies obscure the settlement of international issues, the work of creating a reasonable and orderly society is still incomplete. The fears and divisions, which make for disunion and anarchy, may reveal themselves as clearly when some wrong is lightly condoned as when it is exaggerated by passion.

Three international police incidents have in recent years furnished a test of the real condition of Europe. The outrage on the Hull fishing fleet by Admiral Rojdestvensky's squadron, grave though it was, was aggravated unduly by the tension caused by the Japanese War. The Casablanca incident, in which French soldiers assailed, but did not injure, a Moor in German service, was magnified insanely, and all but led to war. The "Woodburn" case of last week was, on the contrary, passed over by the British Press with a quite excessive regard for Russian susceptibilities. It was, on a small scale, a repetition of the North Sea incident. The pilot who was guiding this English vessel past the Tsar's yacht may be charged with an innocent ignorance of a quite arbitrary regulation, but if he was slow to alter his course at the word of command given in an unknown tongue, the Russians, who fired live shell after allowing him some ten seconds to alter his course, were guilty of a savage or panic-stricken abuse of force. One man only was wounded, but a shell fired directly into a merchant ship at close quarters might

reasonably have been expected to kill or wound several of the crew. Yet, with few exceptions, our newspapers were either silent or abstained from censure. There has been no hint of any demand for an apology, still less for the censure or punishment of the officer who was to blame, while from the Russian side comes only a stiff assertion of the official view, coupled with a noble Imperial largess of £20 to the wounded sailor. When one recollects the national fury caused by the Hull incident, this unanimity in meekness is decidedly startling. A certain measure of stiffness, a tempered expression of indignation, was proper in both cases. Russian naval officers are clearly prone to a peculiar form of hysterical violence, and only by resenting it in due measure can we fulfil our duty to protect the lives of our fellow-subjects at sea. When we see the same whole nation in the first affair calling for war, and in the second quietly turning the other cheek, we can only conclude either that it has, in the interval, been converted to primitive Christianity, or else that it has very potent reasons for controlling its temper. There has been much less indignation in our Press at this wounding of a British sailor than there was at the truculence of the German officials in Casablanca, when no lives were endangered, and nothing had been injured save the dignity of a French officer, whose own conduct was by no means free from blame. Yet over Casablanca, if the "Temps" is well informed, not only France but this country also was prepared to go to war. The inference would seem to be that we are as ready as ever to be angry, but our anger obeys a careful calculation of interests. Russia may fire a shell, but Germany must not shake a fist. We condone a Russian offence, for the simple reason that our whole policy abroad is now subordinated to the one object of consolidating the Triple Entente against the German Alliance. It is the same order of motives which moves the "Times" to announce that it "reveres" the Tsar, and causes us to acquiesce in a prolonged occupation of Persia by a Russian army. We know that any plain speaking would have the result of driving the Russian Court into the German camp.

A document issued this week by the Congo Reform Association has directed public attention to another and more disquieting phase of our absorption in the Anglo-German rivalry. Mr. Morel has now reached the conviction that his movement has nothing further to hope from Sir Edward Grey, and he records his disappointment in an unusually outspoken attack upon the recent conduct of the Foreign Office. Sir Edward Grey, who has, like his predecessor in the Foreign Office, spoken almost as strongly as Mr. Morel himself in denunciation of King Leopold's barbarities on the Congo, now shrinks, if his speech correctly renders his thoughts, from any action which might end them, from a fear that action might light a European conflagration. To the particular suggestions which Mr. Morel favors we should not care to commit ourselves rashly. Naval intervention might, indeed, force Belgium to a diplomatic surrender, but it would discredit the Reform Party and incense the rulers of the Congo, on whose good faith we should still have to rely for the execution of any paper reforms which we might be able to impose. It might be preferable to promote an appeal to the Hague on the legality of the various monopolies which our Foreign Office declares to be a violation of treaty rights. But whatever differences of opinion there may be on methods and means, unofficial opinion in this country will be unanimous in thinking that it would be intolerable that a national campaign to end the peculiarly savage system of slavery on the Congo should end in a mere declaration of our impotence in the face of a divided Europe. How sharp these divisions are cannot be fully known to those outside the Foreign Office. Its apologists suggest that Germany would back King Leopold, as she used to back Abdul Hamid. It is much more serious that we cannot in this question reckon upon any support from France. French foreign policy is mainly controlled by finance, and French financiers are deeply implicated in King Leopold's combinations. There, rather than in any mere dread of Germany, lies the obstacle. The Triple Entente is an instrument which may be used for certain ends, but not for others. It will ensure the penetration of Morocco and the virtual partition of Persia, but it fails us when our purpose is to employ an influence in any humane service, as it failed us when we sought to advocate a reduction of armaments at the Hague.

The consequences of the struggle for predominance in Europe, in which these two groups of Powers are now engaged, are beginning at length to force themselves on the notice even of those who rarely trouble to follow the game of high politics. It compels us to weaken our initiative on behalf of Congo Reform. It renders untimely any effort to press for a standstill in the war of armaments. It makes us at least the passive spectators of a plot against Persian freedom. And all the while the combination on which we are staking our policy is fluid and uncertain. We have no security that our complacence to the Tsar, our readiness to lend money, our self-repression in Persia, will in the end assure the steadiness of the Russian alliance. Outside these diplomatic and financial combinations, the traditional confidence between the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg persists. It is impossible to know whether Russia is in or out of the alliance, because it is impossible to know at what point the personal policy of the Tsar will overrule that of his Ministers. We are therefore for ever pursuing a balance of power which is never attained, and opposing a fleeting combination, strong at sea, but weak on land, to a firm alliance which is all-powerful on land. There is by this method no rest or peace or finality to be found.

It is the method itself which is at fault. Two principles are at issue. We claimed the right in Morocco and Persia to dispose of certain spheres of influence by a bargain among our allies. The Kaiser replied in a terse phrase that nothing must happen in the world "without Germany." The manœuvre of encircling and penning in is an effort to attain freedom to act "without Germany." The answering manœuvres to break the pen are an attempt on Germany's side to vindicate her claim to be a party to every bargain among the Powers. However brutal the methods which Germany has chosen, the claim itself is not improper. In a world which

commerce has internationalised, there are now few purely local questions. The only answer to Germany's claim that nothing in the world shall happen without her participation is to generalise it, and to assert in all world questions, as we did in the Bosnian affair, that nothing must happen without the assent of the whole European Concert. It is on those lines alone that we can look for a hopeful solution of the Congo difficulty. But to the ideal of a Concert the policy of groups is a flat contradiction. While the groups exist a Conference may with difficulty be summoned or the machinery of the Hague set in motion. But the Powers would come together at present only once more to fight out their larger antagonisms on a new battle-ground. Public opinion, which is content to watch the general march of foreign policy inactive, rouses itself on occasion to demand firm action on such a seemingly isolated issue as the Congo. It meets with the answer that we are enmeshed as much by our friendships as by our enmities. It has to realise that in the present state of Europe not even this question can be considered on its merits. To achieve the smaller end it must be prepared to envisage the greater. To abandon the conscious struggle for continental predominance, and to assert the Concert against its groups, is the first step towards any fruitful use of our influence in the world.

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## AN EXPOSITION.

### HOW THE LAND SCHEME OF THE BUDGET WORKS.

THERE is much talk of the Land Taxes of the present Budget. Strictly speaking, the Budget is proposing no land taxes. It is proposing taxes, not upon land, but upon that increased value of land which is created by the energies of the people, and the expenditure and security of the State. It is proposing only to tax that part of the increment which is unearned by the present possessor, carefully exempting from the operation of the taxes all the increase which is attributable to his own activity or enterprise. And in the case of the most important of the three taxes—the "Increment tax"—the only increment which will come to the State is increment which may come to any piece of the land in the future, which to-day is unexpected and unforeseen. In all the taxes one principle prevails—where there is no "unearned" increment—to-day or to-morrow—there will be no tax.

The value from which these taxes start is the value of the land of this country on the 30th April, 1909.

As soon as possible after the passing of the Bill, all the owners of land in Great Britain are required to send in estimates of the value of their land on that date. These estimates will in each case be double. The first will be the estimate of the total value of each piece of land, *i.e.*, the selling value of the land itself, with any buildings or houses upon it. The other will be the estimate of the site value of each piece of land, *i.e.*, the value of the land as calculated without the buildings on it, and in the case of agricultural land, without the trees and growing crops.

Such estimates—of land separate from buildings, of growing things on the surface apart from the land underneath—are the products of ordinary valuation, and their reckoning presents no real difficulty to experts. Site value is estimated every day in business transactions. The value of agricultural land, apart from buildings, has been reckoned in this country since 1896, for the purposes of the Agricultural Rates Act. The value of growing things on the land, apart from the land, is estimated to-day for compensation under the Agricultural Holdings Act. In America, in Australia and New Zealand, in Ireland to-day—both rural and urban—site value is estimated and registered in the normal machinery of Government.

Ireland being already officially valued, no returns are required from owners there: though they may send in returns differing from the official valuation if they please.

From these estimates, however, the owners will be allowed to deduct two important items, which will not be charged against them in estimating increment duty. The first is that part of the site value which is attributable to permanent works executed on the land for the purpose of fitting the land as building land, or for any business, trade, or industry other than agriculture. That increment is reckoned as "earned," it is the result of expenditure or ingenuity on the part of the owner, and consequently is not part of the increment subject to the tax. A second deduction is allowed for the expense of removal of any buildings or trees, or other things necessarily removable, if the full site value is to be realised. Thus, if building land is covered with trees near a town, it is evident that its full building value cannot be realised until the trees are removed. If land near the centre of a town is covered with slum tenements, its "site value" would be greater if those slum tenements were removed. It would fetch in the market a greater value if cleared than if covered. In that case the owner is allowed to deduct cost of clearance, in order that this necessary cost shall not be charged against him in reckoning "unearned" increment.

These "owners' estimates" are only preliminary. They will form the raw material of the State valuation. They will be used as the standard from which to reckon the taxes if the taxes fall due before the State valuation is completed. But if—when that valuation is completed—in the transition time—it is found that they are incorrect, and in any case the owner has paid too much or too little, there will be later adjustments—arrears will be collected or money refunded.

But these first owners' figures will be submitted to the expert staff of valuers acting under the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. If they agree with the owners, the valuation will stand. If they disagree with the owners, these owners may appeal to independent "referees"—skilled valuers—appointed by the Crown. Their decision will be final.

The result of this process will be a completely established official record of the total value and site value of every piece of ground in separate occupation, or in smaller sub-divisions if the Commissioners or the landlord desire, built upon or unbuilt upon, calculated as on the 30th April this year.

This is the standard from which proceed the increment tax and the undeveloped land tax.

#### THE INCREMENT TAX.

The increment tax will be paid when any piece of the land is sold, when a lease is granted for more than seven years, or when the owner dies. In the case of Corporations—which do not die—it will be paid every fifteen years. On these occasions the site value of the land will be again ascertained. It will be ascertained by deducting from the total selling price of the land: (1) Value attributable to buildings on the land; (2) Value attributable to goodwill or other matter personal to the occupier or any other person interested in the land; (3) Deductions as originally made for any expenditure on development or any expenditure required to realise full site value; and (4) in the case of purely agricultural land, the value of all improvements which have been made in the land.

These deductions having been made from the selling value of the land at the time of taking the increment, there may remain an increase in value over the original registered site value of last April. That increase is, in the strictest definition, "unearned." It must be due to some cause independent of the exertions of the owner. The State then takes one-fifth of it, giving half of this

one-fifth for local expenditure and half for national expenditure. For both local causes in municipal enterprise and national causes in security of defences, increase of population and social reforms which have raised the standard of life of the people, have contributed to create this "increment" in land.

There are a few further exceptions to the general tax. Land which is occupied and used by charities and hospitals and institutions of public advantage will be exempt from paying increment so long as the land is so occupied and used. Thus St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the City will pay no increment tax upon the future increase of the value of the site of the hospital so long as it remains there. If it sells its site and migrates elsewhere, it will pay increment tax.

The same condition appears to have been promised to railways and docks holding land under statutory limitations, and to such institutions as the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Chancellor has also promised amendments which will practically exempt purely agricultural land from this increment tax until it has recovered from the great fall in value of the past thirty years. Already in the Bill there are two special provisions to protect present losers. One declares that if land has been bought during the past twenty years at higher value than it stands to-day, the site value at the time of purchase, instead of the site value to-day, shall be taken as the standard from which increment is calculated. The other, by allowing deduction for all permanent improvement—fences, roads, drains, ditches—from the selling value when the increment is to be taken, while including these improvements in the original site values, means that purely agricultural land must rise above the full value of these improvements before any increment becomes due. That allows for a rise in normal agricultural land of thirty to forty per cent. of its present value before its increase begins to fall under the increment tax.

Lastly, no increment will ever be charged twice on the same land. Having been once paid, at, say, £500, the land may sink in value, rise again, again sink, for twenty or fifty years, and it will be free from all tax or increment. Only when and if, in the courses of time, it rises above this £500, say, to £600, increment will be paid on one-fifth of the unearned portion of this increase. And so on for all future time. The estimate of the future must be uncertain. If population and wealth diminishes, the increment tax may become worthless. If here, at the heart of the Empire, the cities continue to increase, manufactures expand, more and more visitors settle within our borders, prosperity will all be reflected in an increase in the value of land, and the results in half a century may run to incalculable dimensions.

### Undeveloped Land Tax.

The same standard of value is taken for undeveloped land tax as for increment tax—the site value on April 30th, 1909.

The tax will be a halfpenny in the pound levied on the amount by which the capital value of any land which has no buildings upon it or is not used for trade or industry exceeds its value for purely agricultural purposes.

Land whose site value is less than £50 an acre is exempt.

This tax aims at obtaining contributions for local and national purposes from values which at present escape altogether from such obligations. An owner may hold land near a town which is receiving continual increase owing to the spreading of the town in the direction of his land. He may have bought it at £50 an acre. He sells it at £500 an acre. He has paid no income tax, on this increase, to the State. He has paid practically no rates to the municipality whose improvements and expenditures have largely helped to increase the value of his land.

The case for such a contribution is overwhelming. It has been recommended by Royal Commissions and Committees, by Conservative and Liberal statesmen. Bills embodying its provisions have been passed in a Conservative House of Commons. The municipalities are solid in its favor.

There are important exemptions from the undeveloped land tax:—

1. The same deductions hold generally in site value as for increment; *i.e.*, the owner can deduct all that value which is due to his own expenditure in preparing the land for building.
2. Each dwelling house is allowed an acre of garden exempt.
3. Parks, gardens, open spaces open to the public as of right, are exempt.
4. Parks, gardens, open spaces in private ownership to which reasonable access is granted to the public, contributing to the amenity of the district, are exempt.
5. Land used for games and recreations beneficial to the public or the inhabitants of the locality are exempt; provided that the agreement originally made to keep these lands for games is for not less than five years.

Thus:— A garden suburb is directly encouraged by the exemption of its gardens and open spaces from the tax. All the cricket and football grounds round London and the cities are exempt wherever the owner has given or will give five years' security. An owner of a park will be exempt if, as many owners do to-day, he will throw that park open to the public upon reasonable conditions "to let the people breathe." An owner of a park will not be exempt if the public are sedulously excluded.

The Temple Gardens, with the children of the crowded streets in Soho playing there every afternoon, will receive reward of such generous benefaction in exemption from the duty. Similar gardens which the public are only allowed to survey from the top of a motor 'bus or from the outside of high locked gates will not be exempt.

Few taxes have ever been devised which combine so happily the work of the collection of revenue with the introduction of automatic pressure for the increase of public amenity.

### Reversion Tax.

This in principle is the simplest of all the taxes. An owner lets land on a building lease for a period longer than twenty-one years. The selling value of the land and buildings which are to return to him at the end is calculated at the termination of the lease. From this is deducted the capitalised value of the consideration for the original grant of the lease. The difference represents unearned increment—the value of buildings not erected by the ground landlord, and increase in site value for which the ground landlord is not responsible. One-tenth of such increase is taken by the State and equally divided between the local and national exchequers. This tax is retrospective; *i.e.*, part of the past increment is taken on any lease ending after April 30th, 1909. But in order to provide for cases where these reversions have been bought for almost their full present value by those who did not anticipate this tax, no levy will be made on reversions purchased within the past thirty years.

### Conclusions.

Such, in outline, are the proposed taxes on the unearned increment of land. They are necessarily complicated in dealing with the land system of an old, settled, and complex civilisation. But that system will not get less complicated with time, and it is better to face these complications to-day rather than to-morrow. They are following out a broad principle already acknowledged in most civilised communities—in America, in Germany, in New Zealand, in Australia. That principle is that some proportion of the value which is heaped upon land, due to its monopoly rights and limitation of quantity, and which is altogether independent of the owner's industry and exertion, may rightly be invited to contribute a share to necessary public expenditure.

In the present proposals this broad principle is ad-

justed to meet every possible hardship due to the sudden imposition of a tax.

1. The money is only demanded by the State when it is actually in the hands of the owner or can be realised by him in sale. And the money demanded is strictly proportional to the amount thus realised or realisable.
2. Elaborate provisions are devised for protecting from the taxes all that value in the land which can be interpreted as "earned" by the owner.
3. Rebates and exemptions provide that at the time of commencement of the tax those who have lost money or who had purchased land recently without expectation of the tax, shall not be mulcted on recovery, or lose by a transaction made in genuine ignorance of coming changes in taxation.
4. Land contributing to general welfare as playgrounds, parks, and open spaces receives generous treatment, and public charities and philanthropies are recognised as requiring particular exemptions.

The Land Taxes are not (as is wildly asserted) the carrying out of the doctrine of Henry George. They realise the teaching of practically the unanimous body of political economists, from Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill (with his doctrine of "increment") to Professor Marshall (with his doctrine of "public values"). So far from being premature, they have been long overdue. They are welcomed in this country by all but the representatives of that landlord interest who, here and elsewhere, are demanding that taxes shall be laid on industry and commerce, or on the necessities of the life of the people, rather than on the unearned increase which the labor of the community has heaped on the value of land.

## Life and Letters.

### "THE ALARM OF MOTHERHOOD."

The worst injury inflicted by a wrong is that it disposes the sufferer to seek wrong remedies. The history of revolt is full of examples, and certain extremities of the woman's movement afford a recent illustration. The passionate reaction against masculine repression, and the denial of fair opportunities for individual development, have led a certain section of feminists to a repudiation and disparagement of maternal and domestic life. No one familiar with the utterances of these extreme advocates can fail to recognise that their main object is to reduce to a minimum the claims of maternity as regards the rearing and education of children, and, by entrusting to outside specialism almost the whole of what are known as domestic duties, to secure for women, married or unmarried, the liberty to take an equal part with men in every form of external activity. The fullest avowal of this policy, expressed in the writings of so outspoken a champion as Mrs. Gilman, would virtually reduce the sexual contribution of woman to the single and rare act of bearing a child, which should at once be removed from her unskilled and amateur care, and passed through various processes of nurture and education carried on by skilled specialists. Against the excessive and perverse rationalism of such appeals the mere instinct of conservatism is impotent. But we are glad to recognise inside the ranks of feminism itself a growing voice of protest. The rising study of Eugenics may restore a salutary order to the march of feminism, by the stress it lays upon the peculiar and dominating contribution to Nature's work which she requires from women.

Without acceding to the extreme demands which Dr. Saleeby makes for Eugenics as the science of human progress, in his new book, "Parenthood and Race Culture" (Cassell & Co.), we strongly favor the powerful plea which it contains for a sane interpretation of maternity. He holds, as most Eugenists do, that the greatest perils in modern civilisation are due to the refusal to face the necessity of replacing the crude and cruel forms of natural selection by rational selection, working by law or intelligent opinion. Though wide differences exist as to the possibility of applying directly Eugenic tests of parentage, thoughtful men and women are coming to an earnest agreement as to the importance of discouraging manifestly unfit unions, and, if possible, encouraging marriage and parentage of the highest types. No sophistical quibbling about standards of fitness can shake the urgency of this social policy. Now the Eugenist rightly insists that in this supreme reform woman is destined to play a more important part than man, and that the chief and avowed aim of true feminism should be to secure the best possible conditions for maternity and for the home as the nursery of racial progress. Though certain Eugenists, unduly weighted by biology, have imparted an air of mere animalism to their proposals, Dr. Saleeby liberates his art from such an imputation. He insists on the spiritual significance and values which belong to good parentage and the education of a happily-ordered home. Needless to say, these demands of Eugenics are not opposed to the truly liberative movement. Eugenics implies, and, indeed, demands, for women a freedom of choice for marriage involving important changes in their economic and social condition. Economic independence is essential in order that there may be no forced motherhood, and that the children of the next generation may be the fruit of unions to which both parties are drawn by natural affinity, not unions motived, to a large extent, by economic necessity. But such freedom involves for women an alternative mode of life and livelihood. Thus it requires for them the fullest educational and social opportunities to enter every sphere of industrial and professional work for which they can equip themselves. History teaches us that this full industrial equality is not obtainable for any race, class, or sex deprived of equal political and civil rights. Thus the claims of Eugenics but strongly reinforce all the rational claims of the emancipation movement.

At the same time it is important clearly to recognise the limitations set by Eugenics upon the extreme interpretation of women's rights. This doctrine looks to an ideal of society in which sex duties are reduced to a negligible quantity, and men and women in equal numbers are to compete and co-operate in every sort of productive activity under identical conditions. Assigning, as he does, a more central place to woman than to man, both in parentage itself and in the arts of an ideal home, the Eugenist recognises that important differences in methods of education and of industry must follow this sex specialisation. The refusal of many feminists to recognise this truth is seen in their persistent opposition to the legal limitations which every civilised State sets upon certain conditions of women's industry. This is not sex oppression, as masculine monopoly of legislation inclines them to pretend, but merely a safeguarding of maternity. So also, in the sphere of education, if it be true that the strain of severe intellectualism involves heavier risks to women than to men, Eugenics will defend a similar sex discrimination, which will be no offence against equality, but a defence of the great creative work of woman in the world. It is interesting to find that advanced women themselves are coming to face clearly this at first unpalatable truth. So the Swedish feminist, Miss Ellen Key, in her now translated work, "The Century of the Child" (Putnam), boldly states and defends the proposition that women must admit that the larger part which nature gives them in the work of racial progress implies some sacrifice of individual development in education and the intellectual life. The half perception of this opposition between the affirmation of the individual self and the perpetuation and progress of the race is, according to this writer, responsible for a growing "alarm of motherhood"—"a fear which to-day has taken possession of so many strenuous and creative women." "It is as if a secret voice in

the depths of their nature was telling these women that, by paying their tribute to their sex, they would lose that power, brilliancy, and sharpness of intellect by which they have elevated themselves above their sex."

This insistence that the creative power of woman must ever be so largely absorbed in maternity and its related duties as to preclude the likelihood of women competing successfully with the larger reserves of masculine creative energy in the arts and sciences or in most skilled industries, will not, perhaps, be easily accepted by women filled with the fierce spirit of that individual self-assertion which has been over-emphasised by recent Western civilisation. But may we not trust Nature herself in the last resort to administer the necessary corrective to that crude individualism? Of this, indeed, sexual selection will itself take care, by securing that those types of women who feel her deeper and more sacred charge shall prevail, and so moulding the type of future motherhood, and securing the well-being and the progress of the race.

## "DAMNABLE ITERATION."

He who has heard the ochingufu will comprehend the methods of a political scare. For the ochingufu of Central Africa is a drum hewn out of a solid block of wood, four foot high by three foot long, and shaped like a half-open carpet bag. To its repeated throb, dark and naked tribes are now dancing all night long beneath the moon. They stamp the earth with horny feet, they clap their hands in rhythm, now and again they raise their voices in a savage and monotonous chant. But all the while the hollow drum continues its throbbing note, blow succeeding blow, and drummer succeeding drummer, from hour to hour, without pause or break; and with each hour the souls of the dancers become more exhilarated, and their enthusiasm more akin to demoniacal possession. They writhe their backbones like snakes, they leap into the air, they utter frantic yells. Sober morning finds them prostrate with ecstasy.

As in our demoniacal panics at home, it is repetition that does it. There is no emotion in a single blow upon a drum, but let a hundred be struck, and the heart begins to vibrate in unison. Let drummer succeed drummer, let "statesman" follow "statesman" in foreboding peace, let newspaper follow newspaper in prophesying invasion, and the blood mounts, the brain is distorted from reason, the whole nature becomes possessed. All because to one sound the same sound succeeds at quick and regular intervals! If drum-taps sounded only once an hour, or papers appeared only once a month, or statesmen spoke only once a year ,no matter how monotonous their utterances, where would be the pleasure, where the intoxication of the soul? It is only repetition that does it. In journalism it is an old rule that in every leading article you ought to say the same thing three times. Let us assume that twenty newspapers utter the same note of panic every morning in England, each three times, and each with an average circulation of 200,000. We have the same note repeated twelve million times throughout the country every morning often for a week together, and even the Central African night does not vibrate to so many beats of the ochingufu as that—not by several millions.

"What I tell you three times is true," said the Bellman, and think of the amount of truth he could have impressed upon the country if he had told it twelve million times! No wonder people tremble in their beds and hate the Germans. "Wolf! wolf!" cried the little boy, and after running a time or two for hatchets, neighbors heeded him no more. But if only he had gone on crying "wolf!" to this day, we should be throwing babies out of windows to the ravening herds of our imagination. For repetition induces a kind of hypnotism, credulous of the lie, and many courtiers besides himself believed that George IV. had fought at Waterloo.

Similarly in art, it is not only the drum that beats a music out by a recurrent "da capo." Men have been elevated by the clang of a churchgoing bell, and of all the bugle calls there is none, except the cease-fire, so brief in repetition as the charge. Some take a pleasure in the repeated crash and gulp of waves, and musicians will watch for a returning phrase in opera as cats for mice. The beat of hoofs upon a frosty road is cheerful as the morning, the bumping of the locomotive sings a tune, and the blacksmith who lies buried at Little Stanmore was not more harmonious than all who strike the anvil. At the sound of repeated strokes on wires or skins we feel the Walkyrie riding down the ranks of doom, and the father gallops late through storm and wind, though Walkyrie never lived and the Erlkönig is a legend. Consider the power of the chorus in songs, how one race will maunder through a winter's night over "Auld Lang Syne," and to another it seems the height of bliss to repeat "John Peel" for hours together though they have never seen a hound, and to a third the Government forbade the singing of "Tarara" on account of the ecstatic frenzy it aroused. Hear how our own citizens love to sing a hundred times, "I'm afraid to go home in the dark," though they have never seen the dark or felt afraid of going home, when sober.

In the days of libraries our fathers delighted in a repetition of the same calf binding, and their volumes stood along the shelves like regiments dressed by the right. In the days of worship the repetition of Doric column and round or pointed arch inspired a sense of beauty or religious awe. When, even in our time, the dons restore their college, they surround the quadrangle with an unvarying battlement, though they have no desire to shoot at the undergraduates from behind it. But in architecture, as in lectures, they know the value of repetition; and so do children when from their buckets they turn out their long rows of moulded sand, and so did the builders of Bloomsbury when they turned out their long rows of bricks. Even in repeated action men find unwearied delight: the Dervish spins, the reader of the Koran sways, the Russian peasant prostrates himself incessantly, the oarsman performs the same rhythmic movements over a four-mile course, the child whom you toss to the ceiling implores you to do it again for ever, and lovers shake hands more than once.

In language the power of repetition and refrain is well known, and the Psalmist did not think it too much to repeat "His mercy endureth for ever" twenty-seven times in a hymn of twenty-seven verses. "Hear Thou in heaven thy dwelling place" was repeated by Solomon in his dedication of the temple with ever-increasing dignity, and the words of the Preacher, that "this also is vanity and vexation of spirit" recur like the sighing of mankind. "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee," cried each messenger of disaster to Job in turn, and the poet knew well that the repetition of the words redoubled the successive blows. Congregations of miserable sinners may weary of kneeling through the Litany, but saints tell us that its repetitions touch the depths of prayer. "Raise the cry, the cry of woe, but let the good prevail," said the priest once and again in the "Agamemnon" chorus, and by the repetition the poet sounds the foreboding of doom. "O charms, bring Daphnis from the city home," the Sicilian girl chanted at each weary minute of the night, and Sister Helen's recurrent burden multiplies the mystery and horror of her waxen man. There was a time when the repeated insertion of some such line as "Red rose leaves in the wan water" sufficed to give a medieval beauty to a ballad, and both Wordsworth and the maker of the "Dowie Houms" were sore put to it to secure the sorrowful repetition of Yarrow's sound. The exquisite effect of Rose Aylmer's beautiful names repeated in two successive lines has ensured for her an immortality of forty words. What perfection of sincerity in art lies in Cowper's repetition:

> "Partakers of thy sad decline,
> Thy hands their little force resign;
> Yet, gently pressed, press gently mine,
> My Mary!"

And when Milton writes:—

> "Though fall'n on evil days,
> On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues,"

it is almost comforting to escape from that proud sorrow to the criticism of culture's devotee who remarked to his lecturer, "I think that is the first time we have found Milton committing the error of repeating himself."

Children love to hear the same tale a score of times, and if a word is altered they insist on the correction. "I am a lost dog," repeated without further words by Mr. Galsworthy's beggar, secures more pity than all the investigations of the Charity Organisation Society into a most deserving case. Generations of our youth have derived an inexplicable pleasure from repeating words of no apparent meaning, such as, "Wo, Emma!" "Now we shan't be long!" "There's 'air!" "Won't you go home, Bill Bailie?" "What ho! she bumps!" and, at this present moment, "Are you well?" with a break in the voice like a milkman's or a Tyrolese peasant's. It is strange, and all the stranger because on the other side we are brought face to face with the Greek philosopher's downright assertion that "Twice is impossible." All artists know it to be true; they can never do anything twice. Driven by their own reputation and by the common belief that a man who has done one thing well should go on doing it for ever, they may try the same theme a hundred time but never recapture the splendor of that first fine venture. The curse that broods over a good teacher is that he can never teach the same lesson twice, and if it comes to sermons, the very sexton sleeps at the second time of preaching, though he may not remember a single sentence of the first.

Twice is impossible. The repetition of a lap-dog's yap, of a kitten's mew, a baby's yell, or a drawing-room song seldom redoubles our joy. Love music as we may, the fourth time that the man next door turns on the Moonlight Sonata upon his pianola, we are fit to wring his neck. Regularity in meals is all very well, but go to the same restaurant day after day, and you sicken like a sheep stale on its pasture. Fashion is a fickle jade, but dress a girl always the same and her soul turns drab as an industrial school. Children may like an old, old story, but a tale that is told is a proverb of tedium; if anyone now begins upon the cabman and the chauffeur, we flee, and many dining tables should be made of another kind of wood than mahogany. "Let the sun rise twice," said the poet, "and no one looks at him again." Philosophers talk of the uniformity of nature, as though she were a dowdy woman; but we know that she abhors repetition as much as a vacuum. No two leaves of her innumerable forests are the same, and among her innumerable sinners she distinguishes each by the marking of his thumb. It is abhorrence of repetition that makes artists turn away from machine-made goods, as all of us turn away from machine-made men, and, if we listen to lovers, undying love itself is never the same two hours together, nor can it repeat a second of its life.

Somehow, then, we are landed in a queer contradiction. We know the powers of repetition, and the beauty of habit; we know that nearly all mankind ask only for what they know already. And yet we are confronted with man's abhorrence of doing or hearing or seeing the same thing twice, and all our theories of repetition are cut across by the spirit that can do nothing a second time, that slits the threads of custom, and at the corners of all our streets is now uttering the vulgar cry, "If I hear that again, I'll shriek!" If the philosophers have found us no solution in human nature to so obvious a contradiction, it is not the only occasion on which they have failed to explain the soul.

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## BUTTERFLIES.

THE ordinary person is not disposed to take the butterfly seriously. We do not even take the trouble to keep its name pure, for one day no doubt it was boffle or baffle or bother fly, a flyer that seems to have no definite aim, but is blown hither and thither, much as a dead leaf is baffled by the wind. If that is the origin of the name, it is so thoroughly lost that now no dictionary even mentions it. So much does the insect resemble a caterpillar with wings that the ancients decided that first came the butterfly, which then shed its wings and became a caterpillar. The ancients made ludicrous mistakes about other creatures, but none quite so contemptuous as this.

There are, we know, butterflies with character—peacocks that will come again and again to the flower we would drive them from, emperors that guard the upper regions of air like eagles, Camberwell beauties that wrestle on high like gladiators, and sweep from point to point without a superfluous wing-stroke. But they always astonish us as abnormalities. They do not suffice to alter our opinion of the average butterfly as a senseless, meandering, scarcely self-conscious thing.

The painted butterfly! Far less often do we speak of the painted bird. The butterfly, we imagine, is thought to have "just growed" painted, as Topsy falsely alleged was the fact concerning herself. He is a bold man who will maintain that the beauty of the butterfly is the result of infinite selection on the part of the wooers and the wooed. On the other hand, except in a few, though well-known, instances their gaudy colors cannot be attributed to natural selection, because they are not founded on utility. Natural selection has determined the shape and color of many remarkably inconspicuous caterpillars, and has taught the butterfly to keep its bright colors on one side of the wing, its neutral tints and leaf-like markings on the other. But has it made some butterflies bright blue, some yellow, some coppery red, some white, others black, and many brilliantly chequered?

A caterpillar common on stinging nettles just now is an indistinct mottle of yellowish brown and black, and is covered with make-believe prickles almost as deterrent as the stings of its food-plant. In a week, it will throw off its prickly armour and become a soft green, legless creature, no longer with the constitution of a caterpillar, every particle and atom, as well as every cell, in a state of flux resembling annihilation. Then the material of the disintegrated caterpillar re-crystalises into a radically different being—no grub, but a flying rainbow, every grain of murky color changed for a radiant jewel, the soft trash of the skinned caterpillar moulded into new and more wonderful hairs, armour, a coiled trunk that is a marvel of construction, two great eyes, each composed of thousands of facets.

We all change, of course. Every cell in the human body will have been changed for another cell within a certain number of years. But that is nothing comparable with the changing of every cell simultaneously into something as widely different as the mandible of a caterpillar and the proboscis of a butterfly. Memory, as we conceive it, would be powerless to bridge such a revolution as that. Has the butterfly, then, forgotten that it was ever a caterpillar? Of course. Then how is it that, having sated its new-found appetite for nectar, the most delicate product of nature's alchemy, it repairs to the nectarless, repellant nettle, and there lays the eggs that shall become other caterpillars of its kind? And how, if it happens to be of so slightly varied a coloring that none but a trained naturalist can formulate the difference, it takes its eggs not to the nettle but to the elm?

These and other biological problems are too heavy for the hot summer days when the butterflies are gambolling. In the wood the fritillaries tower upward, gyrating till three of them seem to be certainly four, while four fill the whole sky with revolving pearl and amber. On the hillside, where blue-and-purple viper's bugloss is beginning to blossom, still bluer and still more purple butterflies open and tumble, then close and become triangles of silver exquisitely pencilled with tiny circles in many quiet colors. The meadow browns display rosy cheeks on their wings, with sparkling eyes set therein that we can never persuade ourselves cannot see us as we creep up to them. How many butterflies there are in our short British list whose color has run to eyes. The peacock that has them in the same brilliant design as the bird, his namesake, is perhaps the most

remarkable, while his congeners, the tortoiseshells, the red admiral, and others, seem to have been interrupted when they had no more than sketched out the same adornment. Then the wood argus, the wall, the large and small heaths, the yellows, the whites, the swallow-tail, some more and some less, are also marked with sham eyes. Perhaps this is the one useful marking that natural selection has fixed upon in the case of the butterflies. Nothing is more disconcerting to a bird, for example, than to see an eye suddenly glaring from an unexpected place. The boldest bird hesitates long before it will go to its nest under the stare of a photographic lens. Possibly the same bird would flee in dismay should a contemplated morsel open two shining eyes, even at the corners of its wings. One or two of the moths have eyes also, but usually, like the eyed hawk, on the hind wings. Defenceless caterpillardom may sometimes be saved by the same device. Our favorite of all these grubs is that of the puss moth, and we think that nothing in its triple armoury of terrifying appearance is so powerful as the two spots above its red-bordered face, that look just like very malignant eyes.

Their threat of unknown, unlimited hurt is well given in the painting of the species in Miss Janet Harvey Kelman's "Butterflies and Moths Shown to the Children," just issued by Messrs. Jack. We have seen very respectable rings of rustics and people of greater book learning drawn round a puss moth caterpillar that may have fallen in autumn from some poplar tree. The adventurous stranger who takes it up drops it hurriedly when it turns those sightless eyes towards him and shoots out from its twin tails long red threads that might hold all the poison of snakedom.

But the butterfly is entirely delightful. It has no need of safety other than its wings. The "eye" of a meadow brown has no terrors, at any rate for the child, and causes no anxiety but lest it should see the captor approaching and convey the prize out of reach. The chase of the butterfly is a rural pursuit that never palls, though its excitements are far outdone when some forlorn cabbage white strays from Covent Garden market into the dim courts of Drury Lane. Then is every small bonnet doffed, thin legs are agitated, feeble lungs raise the view halloo, and the hunt goes streaming down the street headed by the flapping, bothering fly that, seeming to be quite unaware of its danger, yet manages to top some wall just before the leading huntsman would grab it.

The white butterfly is usually one's first prize. Those that are colored imaginative youth calls "French." It is long before we discover that both white and colored are of several sorts. We have said that the pursuit of the butterfly never palls. As the schoolboy grows up he learns other methods of bringing down the same quarry. A chip-box is as good as a butterfly net on a dull day. Chrysalids can be picked up that will yield perfect specimens of uncatchable insects. The breeding from caterpillars unravels, or rather reveals, some of the mysteries of butterfly life. But, last as well as first, the ideal way of coming by a rare and coveted specimen is to run it down in fair chase. We say it who have experienced it. But now we prefer to watch the towering fritillaries and wonder whether they are really three or four.

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# Short Studies.

## SHAUN.

### I.

A YOUNG crow perched on a branch outside, barked insistently into a human habitation. Perhaps the internal conditions aroused the young crow's indignation. There were damp places on the floor, where the rain came through the thatch; in one corner there was a bed with a ragged, miscellaneous covering. The room was filled with smoke, and the occupant was eating his breakfast off the top of a chest. He was seated on a box. After a while the articulation of the crow took his interest, and he turned on the bird an eye that was remarkably like its own—a small, blue, penetrating eye. He finished his breakfast, put a cap on, and for a while surveyed the world from his doorway.

Before him were the lifeless grazing tracks of the County Meath. Formerly there had been a garden before the house, and a cherry tree still growing showed that the place had once its grace and its cultivation. But the garden had gone back to the wild, and the house was an unsightly ruin. The man at the door was short of figure, and ragged of garb. His gaze was restless, and his quick, ever-moving glances reminded one of the looks of nature's smaller creatures, the rabbits and the squirrels. The man's mind also had gone back from discipline. He looked rather ruffianly, but there was humor in his face, quick judgment, and some practical wisdom. His face was of a type seen often in the County Cavan. The cheek-bones were high, and the forehead projected. The type shows a strong imagination, joined to an active and sanguine temperament.

The tumble-down house was solitary. Once the district was inhabited, but the place had been cleared of men and women, and had been given over to store-cattle. The man at the door was a survival. He was known by the name of Shaun, and he had employment on one of the grazing ranches. Shaun closed the door, and went off on the day's mission. Near his path a shoot of briar raised itself in the air. It was fresh, slender, and green. Shaun regarded it, and spoke out of his constant meditation. "The young girl is like the shoot of the briar," he said. "For a while she's free and lightsome, and in another while she's without freshness and near enough to the ground." He picked up his stick and rambled away.

### II.

He worked to strengthen a fence, and then he brought a crowd of young cattle into a far pasture. Steadily they went through the grass while the pageant of sun, cloud, and shadow crossed the fields. Shaun lay on the ground and gave his mind to a familiar romance.

Far away there was a rocky rise with some structure upon it. The legend of the place was part of Shaun's dream. The walls were raised for the pleasure of a woman. A man had sworn that his bride would have a turret out of which she could watch the ships on the seas of Ireland. The ravens built in the tower now, but Shaun did not moralise on this. His delight was the splendor and success of Farnie's career. No woman who kissed his mouth could ever take the kiss of another man. Farnie was born without an estate, but he had the spirit and the manner of the noble. He could win any woman, for he had "a diplume for coorting." First there came to him a woman who had two-score town-lands. Then Farnie had blood horses under him, and hounds to follow and his own lands to ride across. The wife who had brought him the riches died, but Farnie was not left long to himself. A woman took his fancy and she had Cromwell's spoils for her dower. Her brother would shut Farnie out, but he brought his horse under her window at night and the woman came down to him and they rode away together. And he got five-score town-lands with this woman. Now Farnie had seven-score town-lands, and all that he willed he could do, and all that he longed for he could possess. This second woman died, and Farnie's fancy was taken by a girl. She had no riches, but she had a beauty like the beauty that went out of Ireland when the foreigners came in. It was for her delight that Farnie built the castle with the tower above. He mixed the mortar with bullock's blood and new milk, so that the walls might stand for ever. But the woman never climbed the stair, and the couple never slept inside the walls.

### III.

The cattle grazed in the direction of the slope of Tara. He knew it was connected with the royalty of his country, but the place brought no romance to

Shaun's mind. His master's cattle might feed within the ridges that marked the Banqueting House of the King, and Shaun would not remember that here the chiefs of the Fianna and the nobles of the Royal House feasted to the espousals of Grania, the King's daughter, with Fionn, the great captain. Grania drugged the ale, and while the elders slept she offered herself as a wife to each of the young men who were most spoken of—to Oscar, to Cavilte, and at last to the most expert and the most handsome, Dermott O'Duibhne. They went away together, and for long the wild and waste places of Ireland hid them from the wrath of Fionn. And the ground might hold the memory of another love story. A King of Ireland, riding through the wood, found a woman who had forgotten her state, but who was of the Immortal People. He made her his bride and his queen, and they lived happily until a stranger played a game of chess with the King, and claimed the Queen as the spoil of the game. Afterwards the stranger stood before the Queen, and reminded her of the beauty and delight of their own country, and he drew her away.

IV.

Over the fields was the sadness of the vanishing light. Shaun stole away from the farmhouse where he had his meal. He liked to draw away from the silence and the shadow. He took the road to the town, his soul lonely for some colored and wonderful experience. Near the town he encountered part of a returning hunt. He saw a few silent people on horseback, and then he was surrounded by a silent-footed pack. He shrank from the dogs, and the silent, stealthy forms slipping through the evening gave him the impression of some terror.

Outside the town there were men in groups, and Shaun went and stood amongst them. When he was in the town before he caught sight of a beauty, and he felt that the men might have some tidings of her. But they were unenlightened. After a while one of them produced a pack of cards, and they began to play. In order to preserve his secret, Shaun watched the game. When it was finished he went to the chapel.

There were few people in the chapel, and the candles on the altar were not yet lighted. He remained near the door, and kept his eyes on the organ loft. Last Sunday he heard a voice singing up there, and he saw a face and figure between the lighted candles. There was a young girl there with hair brighter and softer than the flame of the candles.

The rosary began and went on to the Litany, but there was no music to-night. The candles on the altar were quenched, and the people began to leave. The tolling of the bell made Shaun restless. He went out into the street. He shifted through the town, shy and curious. He watched a red-coated soldier go into a house where there was a dance, and then he waited to speak with a ballad-singer, who had "The Lament for Hugh Reynolds."

"By the loving of a maid,
One Catherine McCabe,
My life it was betrayed; she's a dear maid to me.

"And now my glass is run,
And my hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty.
I thought it was no harm
To embrace her in my arms,
And take her from her parents; she's a dear maid to me."

He was being drawn to a place of friendliness, but for a long time the wild shyness of his nature kept him abroad. At last he found himself at the place; a trim house at the outskirts of the town. Within, someone was playing on the violin. Shaun waited, and when the music stopped he knocked at the door. The door was opened readily, as though a visitor were expected, and Miss Nora Kavanagh, the friendly personage to whom Shaun was drawn, stood there. Nora was surprised to see the odd little figure, but she said, "Shaun, come in." She was not one of Shaun's admirations, but her friendly spirit made him devoted to her. He wanted to meet with some friendliness to-night, but he had to say, "Miss Nora, I'm ashamed to go into your nice house." "You must come in, Shaun," she said, "I'm expecting someone else, but there's no one with me yet." She brought him into the parlour and made him sit down. Nora was neat and precise, rather like one of the friendly, witty nuns one often meets in an Irish convent. She was friends with the strange creatures about the place; their sayings and doings were, for her, life's comedy.

"I found a plant with a grand flower to it," said Shaun, "and I'd have brought it to you only I thought you'd like to see it growing." His gaze roved about the room. He saw the violin that Nora had left down, and he brought his eyes to her face. "I'll bring it to you, root and all," he said, "and maybe you'll play a tune for me." She took up the violin and began to play. The music brought back the loneliness of the empty fields. There was no stir in the music at all. Yes, somebody was playing for a dance. No one could dance to that; the music was calling people out of the rath. They came out of the darkness mounted on fine horses, the Fairy Riders, and she was amongst them, the girl of the chapel. Her face was pale like a star in a lake, and her beautiful hair swept about her. The tune ended suddenly; a quick knock came to the door, and Nora went outside. Shaun, as it were, gathered himself in from the wide, silent fields.

Nora brought her companion in. She was the girl of the vision, and Shaun only recovered his sense of actuality when she turned away. She was different from the full-blown beauties that Farnie had gathered. Maybe Farnie's lost love was like her, a slender girl with the life in her face. The girl leaned forward in her chair and regarded the dreamer with friendly interest. He became shy and uneasy, because he saw himself an unkempt creature. He rose up and sidled to the door. He refused to eat, and Nora knew that he would not be pressed. "I saw you before, miss," he said to Maureen, as he was going. "I saw you before," he said, "but you were always far away." She came back to the room with Nora, feeling somehow lonely after the little creature. He went along the darkened side of the road in a state that was half satisfaction, half bewilderment. Woman had ceased to be the abstract creature, the ornament of the story, the spoil of the strong hand. Between himself and the beautiful growing girl he felt the hundred ties of race. He was the clansman who drove the swine into the woods, and she was the daughter of a prince, but still they were related, and her beauty was part of his dream and his glory.

V.

He heard the music as he crossed the fields, and then a voice that called "Shaun, Shaun!" He was under an enchantment, and the fields showed no mark nor boundary. Then a sudden wind rustled in the grass. Shaun crouched down, and a company of riders drew towards him. The heads of the riders were bare, and there was a thin band of gold across their brows. The one who rode in front had the green mantle of a King. A rider turned his face to Shaun and cried out in a clear voice: "He has seen her, the man in the grass has seen her." But the clear voice that Shaun heard did not arouse the other. With bowed head the King rode on. He took up a handful of grass and threw it across his shoulder. Then he saw the landmarks, and the way through the night to his house. Shaun crossed the silent field.

PADRAIC COLUM.

# The Drama.

## TWO PROBLEM PLAYS.

THE custom of giving plays an alternative second title has long fallen into disuse; else might Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt have aptly supplemented the name he has chosen for his very clever comedy, produced last Monday at the Court Theatre. He might have called it

"Loyalty: or, News from Nowhere." The second title, to be sure, has been used by William Morris for a Utopian romance; but that is just where its appropriateness would come in. It would somewhat break the shock of surprise with which the audience learns in the third act that the scene of the play, nominally London and its environs, is in reality a young man's Utopia. Morris's Utopia was that of a middle-aged man, who therefore recognised that even in an otherwise beautiful, and just, and rational world, there would still remain "the pangs of despised love," and perhaps an occasional crime of passion. Of course, we must not deduce from Mr. de Sélincourt's one example that he thinks all affairs of the heart without exception would straighten themselves out if people would only get over certain wholly unreasonable prejudices; but if his play means anything it means that a very large class of painful, if not tragic, complications of sentiment are in reality much ado about nothing. He goes one better than Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, whose "Modern Aspasia" was a plea for polygamy: Mr. de Sélincourt's plea is for polyandry. In Mr. Fyfe's play, moreover, the official wife had never been a real wife; whereas in Mr. de Sélincourt's play the husband who is henceforth (at his own suggestion) to be an official husband only, has been a real husband, to whom his wife has borne a child. The audience gasped with astonishment when it realised what was to be the solution of this "light domestic comedy." The sudden plunge into Utopia took its breath away. But it presently realised that it was all "news from nowhere," and laughed, not unkindly, at the ingenuous idealism of a young man sowing his literary wild oats.

Julius Verity is a man of fifty who has married a girl of half his age, fresh from Somerville and "Greats." When the play opens, Sarah is deeply attached to her husband and to her four-year-old child; but she is in the habit of picking strawberries of a morning with her husband's godson and secretary, Stephen Mann, a youth two years her junior, who talks and writes poetry to her. All is very happy and idyllic, until the intervention of a meddlesome woman of the world causes the young people to look into their own hearts, and find there—love. What are they to do? If Stephen goes away they will both be limitlessly wretched; and besides, his prospects in life depend on Mr. Verity. Sarah suggests that they should simply go on as before, on a footing of intimate comradeship; but Stephen replies, rather finely, that she might as well say to a blind man suddenly endowed with sight, "My friend, go on as if nothing had happened." They are too loyal to drift into a clandestine intrigue; and even if pecuniary conditions enabled them to run away together, the prospect has small attraction for Sarah, who clearly realises that her love for Stephen does not prevent her from loving her husband as well. "I suppose," she says, "that anything so simple as that the world calls subtle!" Stephen, on his part, is equally exasperated at the world's stupidity. "Oh," he cries, "if men were more like Prometheus, and did not cringe before opinion!" At last Sarah sees that, come what may, there is nothing for it but to tell Mr. Verity the whole truth. He takes the revelation without turning a hair, and—in a scene that strongly recalls "Divorçons!" though its issue is so different—he enrages her by ironically discussing the inconveniences of divorce and the improbability of his leaving her a widow within any reasonable time. At last, however, she understands, with an amazement only surpassed by that of the audience, that while he neither proposes to divorce her nor to hasten his arrangements for dying, he is quite sincerely adopting the "Bless you, my children" attitude, and resigning her in fact, though not in name, to his younger rival. She sends for Stephen, who has been in a paroxysm of anxiety in the next room, and, pointing to the sage and benign Verity, says, "Here is your Prometheus!" Our rude forefathers would have used another term.

There is a charming candor in the conception of this play, and a great deal of ability, not unmixed with pedantry, in the writing. But Mr. de Sélincourt must forgive me if I anticipate the smile with which he will one day look back upon it in reviewing his "œuvres de jeunesse." For it is not only "News from Nowhere," but news of very doubtful authenticity. The world will never be so sage and benign as Mr. Julius Verity; nor is it desirable that it should. Observe that, no more than "A Modern Aspasia," is "Loyalty" a plea for a humaner and more rational law of divorce. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Verity seriously complains of the King's Proctor or the other obstacles in the way of the quiet cancelling of their marriage contract. They do not want to divorce: that is the Promethean element in their case. What Julius proposes, and Sarah joyfully accepts, is a *matrimonium in matrimonio*, to be facilitated, if I understood aright, by arrangements for a more or less separate residence. So long as there is any legal bond between man and woman, and so long as the idea of the family retains any hold upon the minds of men, Mr. de Sélincourt's solution of this imbroglio will be no solution at all, either here or in Utopia. Of course, a Utopia may be imagined in which the idea of the family is exploded; but there the imbroglio would scarcely arise. As for the notion that, in this English environment of ours, the Verity solution is in any way consonant with common sense and human nature—on that point let Mr. de Sélincourt consult his own Lady Maxwell-Clark. She would tell him (in more rotund language) that when you have got over your own prejudices you have still to encounter those of the surrounding world, which are merely inflamed by any openly Promethean doings. She would hint that the trio, or rather quartette (for young Master Verity must not be forgotten) had better retire to a desert island, and there Prometheanise at leisure. So long as the world remains what it is, it is impossible for any one, by a mere act of will, at once to stay in the tangle and to lift himself out of it.

The question whether a man has the right, by an act of will, to lift himself out of it once for all, is discussed in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Modern Morality Play" at the Lyric Theatre. Less neatly, but quite as accurately, "The Fires of Fate" might have been described as a problem-melodrama. Assuredly it is a problem-play if ever there was one. It poses in good set form a question of conduct, and presents the answer in the shape of a special intervention of Providence—thus qualifying to be called a miracle-play as well. It is vigorous, interesting, picturesque, sincere, and well deserves the success which it is pretty sure to attain. The first act, in the doctor's consulting-room, is exceedingly well put together and well written. The third act, in which a picnic party in the Egyptian desert is attacked by dervishes, is quite the best scene of its kind I ever saw on the stage, presenting with ingenious and well-thought-out realism the probable incidents of such a situation. I shall undoubtedly incur the contempt of all my friends for praising a mere piece of popular drama like this. But I have never seen why, when a thing is excellent in its kind, one should be afraid to say so.

Colonel Cyril Egerton, D.S.O., having just learnt from Dr. James Roden that he is attacked by an obscure spinal complaint, and has, at most, some eighteen months to live, expresses his intention of anticipating the term, and thus avoiding the slow process of decay, painful alike to himself and to others. Dr. Roden has personally no fixed principles on the subject of suicide; but his brother, the Rev. Samuel Roden, who happens to be at hand, is very strong on the point, and appeals to the Colonel, if not as a Christian, at least as a soldier, not to turn tail and desert his post. The Rev. Samuel's discourse is, in fact, a paraphrase of that noble passage in Dryden's "Don Sebastian":—

> "Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls
> And give 'em furlough for another world;
> But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
> In starless nights, and wait the appointed hour."

Had the gallant Colonel been a logician, he might have replied that if there is any "appointed hour," he will assuredly quit his post at that hour and at no other.

But he is not a logician; he is only a simple-minded soldier, endowed with that amalgam of bravery and cowardice which keeps most of us going so long as there is any go left in us. He accordingly promises the Padre to see what life may yet have in store for him, and, in the first place, to join the brothers Roden in a pleasure-trip up the Nile. What is, in fact, in store for him is a meeting with a beautiful American girl, an encounter with wild dervishes (the date is 1894), and a blow on the head which somehow counteracts the spinal mischief and restores him to health, life, and love. As this ending is clearly foreshadowed in the first act, where the doctor cites a case in which a railway accident cured a man attacked by the Colonel's disease, the intellectual interest cannot be said to be absorbing. A miracle is no argument, for a rational theory of conduct can only be based on the normal cases in which no miracle happens. From the point of view of pure reason, it would have been much better to assume that Dr. Roden's diagnosis was mistaken. Such cases are on record—indeed, they are a good deal commoner than cases of rescue by railway accident. But neither as a doctor nor as a dramatist could Sir Arthur Doyle be expected to enforce his moral thus tamely and ineffectively. Moreover, the merit of a dramatic argument of this sort lies not in demonstration, but in suggestion. The moral of "The Fires of Fate" is good, inasmuch as it bids the over-hasty suicide hold his hand, and remember the indubitable truth that things are seldom quite so black as they seem. In so far as the argument is sophistical it will do no harm, for utter misery will easily see through it; in so far as it is sound, it can only do good. By a tragic coincidence, on the very day (if I am not mistaken) when one playwright was stating the problem from the point of view of hope, another was solving it at the prompting of despair. Had St. John Hankin seen "The Fires of Fate," he would doubtless have despised it as a work of art; but who knows but that, in spite of himself, it might have disposed him to give life another chance? Would that it had been so!

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Communications.

## THE ATTITUDE OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As I happened to be one of the deputation of clergy and laity who have just returned from visiting Germany, I should like to give the readers of THE NATION a few of the impressions which that visit has left upon my mind. In the first place I should like to say that, wherever we went, we were received with the utmost cordiality; that we were entertained both in public and private with a kind and generous hospitality, and that all sections of the German people, from the Kaiser downwards, treated us in the most friendly manner. When the visit came to an end, and we were able to compare notes with one another on board the steamer which brought us back to England, we were all of opinion that the kindness we had received during our stay in the German empire proceeded from a sincere spirit of friendliness and goodwill. The first town we visited on our arrival in Germany was the old city of Hamburg, which is connected with England by so many commercial and other associations. Here we were publicly entertained by the citizens, and the Burgermeister, Dr. Burchard, speaking in excellent English, assured us that he was expressing the sentiments of the German nation, of the Reichstag, and of the Emperor himself when he said that it was the sincere desire of all to live on the best of terms with England. Wherever we went afterwards, whether in public or in private, this assurance was repeated, and it was impossible to resist the conclusion that it was heartfelt and genuine.

While the Germans are evidently anxious to be friendly with England, one was able to gather that they regarded our foreign policy with a certain amount of suspicion. As one of them said to me, Russia and France are regarded in Germany with considerable dread. It is true that Russia for the moment is helpless and that France is just now the most pacific Power in Europe. But Russia with her vast population will ultimately recover, and France will never forget the loss of her two provinces. Germany may one day have to meet them on the field of battle, and she is afraid of the attitude of England, owing to our recent understandings with these two Powers. The Germans do not realise that these understandings of ours were made in the general interests of peace, and in no spirit of antagonism to Germany. Our statesmen have made public declarations to this effect, but the Germans are still suspicious, and it would be a step forward if we could convince them that they have nothing to fear from the growth of our good relations with other Powers. They are aware that they have the most exposed frontier in Europe. In the past they have suffered severely from invasion and foreign domination, and they are genuinely afraid of the formation of any combinations which would leave them isolated. A not uncommon feeling among them is that England has been trying to hem them in, and while they express great admiration for the King they think that he has been playing a principal part in this process. It is difficult to get them to understand the part which the King plays in our constitutional system: they attribute all his movements abroad to the highest motives of State, and I am afraid that certain sections of our own Press have accentuated this belief on the Continent.

As far as regards the increase of the German Fleet the feeling is practically universal that Germany must have a great navy. All sections of the German people appear to be at one upon this point, and we must be prepared to accept it as a fundamental part of German policy for the future. An inquiry as to the reasons for increasing the fleet always produced the reply that Germany must be in a position to protect her interests over the seas. Her population is growing at the rate of about a million a year, and the internal prosperity of Germany is becoming more and more dependent upon foreign trade. Every year Germany increases her commercial interests all over the world, and German citizens are to be found in every quarter of the globe. Germans feel that they need a powerful fleet to protect themselves and their interests wherever they may be and we must not look for any slackening of their efforts in this direction. As far as one can gather it is not their intention to have a fleet equal to our own. What they are aiming at is to have a fleet sufficiently powerful to enable them to have a voice in the decision of international questions all over the world. Many of them complain that when these questions have arisen outside Europe they have not been sufficiently consulted or not consulted at all. It is a mortification to them to feel that they are so powerful on the European continent and so comparatively powerless outside. But a world policy such as Germany now contemplates involves a vast expenditure and some Germans are beginning to say that the financial burden of a great army and a great fleet is a strain which the country will not ultimately consent to bear. All of them realise that a vast army is essential to their existence as a nation; they are in the position of having three fronts to defend; but a fleet is not essential to their existence, and it is probable that financial considerations will compel them to set a strict limit to their naval ambitions. The growth of these ambitions unfortunately has the effect of imposing fresh burdens upon us, and is undoubtedly a difficulty in the way of good relationships between the two countries.

As Professor Harnack said, we want a new political ethic in order to put the peace of the world upon an enduring foundation. It will take time, probably a long time, to create this higher order of ideas. But mutual intercourse of the friendly and intimate character which has taken place between the churches of England and Germany is bound to produce a good effect upon both nations and to create that foundation of mutual esteem and good will on which such an ethic may be based.—Yours, &c.,

W. D. MORRISON.

June 24th, 1909.

## "TRIANGULAR" CRICKET.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—So, if all goes well, we are to have "triangular cricket contests" in 1912. The South Africans alone should have come to England then, but they will be asked to forego the privilege, and to fight out a series of "test" matches in which Australia and England will be the other combatants. "If all goes well"—but is that quite the right phrase, after all? Of course, there is something to be said for Mr. Abe Bailey's "Imperial" scheme. Good as it is to see an Australian or a South African team in this country showing us new points in the game, new developments in bowling thought out by the alert Colonial mind to meet the peculiar conditions of Colonial playing pitches, the old grit in up-hill fights, and the old keenness in the field, it would be even better to see both teams here together; it would be a fairer test of the relative skill of the three countries than can be given simply by the dual combat; it would be a rare pleasure to the expert player and spectator to see, for instance, the Australians pitted on English soil against the South African "googlie"; we should get the measure of ourselves more accurately, and appreciate even more clearly than we do at present the fine athletic gifts and enterprise of the newer civilisations of our blood. Still, "if all goes well"? Is there not another side to the account?

Cricket is the national game, but it is not played by the great masses of the nation. Urbanisation means spectators but not players, large "gates" but not universal games. The growth of the big clubs—the professional organisations in football, the county clubs in cricket—the rise of a sporting Press, and the introduction of Leagues and Cup competitions, have all fostered the cult of games as a thing to be watched like any other popular spectacle of the day. The cult is in many ways unhealthy. The youthful dweller in a great city finds many temptations for his idle hours. The workers in Lads' Clubs declare that their charges need nothing so much as some wholesome outlet for their pent-up energies in the evenings of the summer and the half-holidays throughout the year. It is not enough to attend at crowded functions, which in the big cities—though the evil is largely confined to football—are associated with much secret gambling. The lads of the present day need to be encouraged to play games. Most of them, perhaps, need but little encouragement, and lack only the opportunity, the fields on which to play. In some places the movement to provide playing fields is making headway, but what is being done to help so good a cause by the leaders of the cricket world? Even the Northern Union, the professional Rugby organisation of the North, has just undertaken to help the playing fields movement, partly, no doubt, in the hope of fortifying its own "code" against the inroads of Association football, but partly, too, in a genuine endeavor to spread the playing of a healthy game. In vain does one look for anything so enlightened among the organised heads of cricket. No, we are to have "Triangular Tests." The great show-days of the summer sport are to be multiplied. County cricket and club cricket are to be thrust still further into the shade, and the attractions of an "international" will be dinned into the ears of every schoolboy who needs all the healthy, strenuous exercise which his spare moments might permit. How many "tests" are there to be? Three matches, it is understood, furnish no fair criterion of merit, for often only one, or none, is finished. So we are likely to have five between each pair of opponents, or fifteen in all. And, if the weather prove unfavorable, the cry will once again go up that each match should be played out to a finish. Every week and every great cricket centre will have its "test" match, and all the season one or other of the visiting Colonial teams, and often both, will be attracting special attention by matches with the counties or with such a combination of counties as Lancashire and Yorkshire, following the pattern of the match which the Australians are playing at Manchester this week for the first time. It is sometimes said that these impressive functions "stimulate" the game, but one sees no sign of greater or quicker vigor in the sport throughout the country. Such a result would indeed be remarkable. The attraction of great matches, played (and written about) by celebrities, "boomed" in the general and in special newspapers, is immense in its power, simple in its operation, and easy to gratify. But to multiply the playing of the game is a very different matter, demanding sacrifice of time and leisure, the collection of funds, and powers of organisation. Cricket may be more Imperial, but it will not be any the more a national game for the coming of Triangular Tests.

Nor will the year 1912, "if all goes well," improve cricket in itself. Too often already does cricket become less of a game and more of an ordeal. In the county competitions many a player is influenced by the thought of his average and the importance of the championship, yet what has either to do with the spirit of the sport? In "test" matches he is still more subjected to extraneous pressure; the criticism of the crowd and of the Press, the importance of the occasion, the incalculable significance of one mistake—these and other anxieties are in perpetual warfare against the inclination to play a natural game, to do what he would do if there were no crowd, no Press, no championship or "ashes." Do we really wish to multiply such contests? Would it not be better if we took the lighter kind of cricket a little more seriously, and made a stand against the multiplication of its high solemnities?—Yours, &c.,

LANCASTRIAN.

Manchester, June 23rd, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## RELIGION AND CONDUCT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. Sidney Low, in his highly suggestive article, very justly arrives at the conclusion that creed does not, in the majority of cases, materially affect conduct, and the arguments from which he makes the deduction are excellently set forth. But it would appear that he has failed to answer the question which he himself has propounded, by reason of his tendency to identify creed with ethical impulse, or at least to confuse these two quite separate things. The illustrations which he draws from such men as Collingwood and Nelson, Wellington and Napoleon, do not meet the case, inasmuch as the ethics of war are definitely abnormal to meet an abnormal state of affairs. In other words, ethical morality, in the common meaning of the term, does not enter into the soldier's scheme at all. His sole purpose is victory, and his victory of necessity implies another man's loss. With commerce, on the other hand, the case is different. The commercial man's purpose is also gain for himself; but, properly speaking, his gain implies gain, and not loss, to his co-transactor. Whilst, therefore, the soldier may have a high code of ethics, and yet violate this in the following of his particular calling, the trader is not allowed this peculiar and wholly absurd latitude.

Mr. Low further states that "A man may have a very bad creed, and be a very good father, husband, friend, or citizen," and in this statement lies his chief weakness. It is almost impossible to call any creed bad. If a man has a creed at all, that is, a belief as to the supreme dispensation being beneficent or otherwise, he holds it by conviction and necessity, arising from his intellectual temperament, and not by choice. If it be a stimulating and inspiring creed, he is to be envied; if it be a desolating one, he is to be pitied but certainly not blamed, for his creed, although it be an unhappy one, is not a bad one, not in any sense a thing of deliberate viciousness. It may be admitted at once that a man in so sorry a position might still be, and frequently is, endowed with the virtue of high citizenship, and so forth; but if Mr. Low means the terms "creed" and "ethics" to be interchangeable, as would appear from the general tone of his article, then his contention seems to call for flat contradiction. A man whose ethical code is bad will be neither a good husband, nor father, nor friend, nor citizen; and here we come to the phase of the question that affects Mr. Rockefeller, or any other man in his position. Such a man's creed, indeed

any man's creed, is of no importance whatever to anyone but himself. It wears no badge, and may be a closely guarded and permanent secret. But his ideas of responsibility in conduct show themselves to the world every day. Now the highest ideal of conduct has for its chief characteristic altruism, and altruism cannot bear its finest fruit in a mind devoid of imagination.

Mr. Rockefeller's mind is precisely of the type in which imagination has no place. The direct relief of suffering is a plain matter-of-fact proceeding, totally unimaginative and totally egotistical. I do not mean that it is a bad thing to do, but it certainly is not greatly good. To refrain from relieving deep and obvious distress with the means ready to hand is a less pleasant thing to do than to relieve the distress. Only very occasionally does such a course entail any act of real self-sacrifice. We hand our penny or our five-pound note to the beggar, careful that the alms is strictly within our means, with a genuine sense of pleasure and a vague but comfortable feeling that we are laying up treasure in heaven. We indulge the wishes of our intimates, reaping immediate reward in happy faces which are so much more agreeable to live with than sour and disappointed ones. And in doing these things we do well, but we do nothing to prove that our ethical ideals are so constituted as to withstand any severe test. We give no proof that our ideal has that saving grace of imagination, and it is at this point that the commercial morality of the day is lamentably deficient. To drive a good bargain has come to be accounted as a virtue in business, and, our imagination being dull, we do not realise that our astuteness too often spells distress if not disaster for the beaten. We may apply to an importunate conscience the reflection that "business is business," until such time as conscience plays no part in such things, but in so stifling the imagination we give incontrovertible testimony, be our creed as soothing and our reputation in the seclusion of our own circle as immaculate as they may, that our ethical build is lacking in its loftiest and most vital attribute.

The man who cannot see beyond his nose in matters of conduct can lay no claim to true and instinctive nobility of purpose, and it will not avail him to protest that he only fell through blindness. He must, for his salvation, acquire imaginative vision.—Yours, &c., JOHN DRINKWATER.

King's Heath, Birmingham,
June 23rd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In accordance with your general invitation appended to your most interesting article on the above subject, I desire, as briefly as possible, to offer a suggestion. The puzzle seems to be that people with the most diverse supernatural beliefs and unbeliefs may be equally virtuous or equally vicious. By way of solution you say, "Life is not so much a science as an art." I fancy science is necessary to art. But reserving that point, I agree with you—that is to say, the "art" is most prominent—the "science" is implied. Now Spinoza in his fine way endorses, while he transforms and elevates, the vulgar maxim that "self-preservation is the first law of nature." But what he means by self-preservation is making the most and best of ourselves as "parts and proportions of one wondrous whole." The office of religions is to show us how to do this. They all have a try at it, and it must be conceded that some succeed better than others. Some have said the main thing is to "save your soul"—that is, from hell—others have said, like the Buddha, the main thing is to get rid of all desire, a religion in its ultimate moral nihilism not very different from that of the Stoics. Others have said, like the Mahommedans, the main thing is to be the soldiers of a dogma even unto death. In all these and many other ways, religions act upon and modify the innate and inexpugnable *nisus* to be one's self, and make the most—I mean the best and highest—of one's self. Whatever religion ultimately succeeds in teaching all humanity to do this will justify itself. But it will not be the religion of Mr. John D. Rockefeller. If I might venture to prophesy, it will be—say, somewhere about the twenty-fifth century—that of the Spanish-Dutch Jew, Benedict de Spinoza.—Yours, &c., J. ALLANSON PICTON.

Caerlyr, Penmaenmawr,
June 21st, 1909

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—"The intense concentration of the mind on mechanical effects appears often to render it incapable of perceiving anything that is not mechanical." And, as Richard Jefferies adds further on, in this last chapter of "The Story of My Heart," "To shut out the soul is to put us back more than twelve thousand years."

Mr. Sidney Low gives a very painful example of this "shutting out the soul" or "Bulstrodeism" in his article, and I cordially agree with it.

In the "Spectator" of the same date as your issue, among the "Correspondence" there was this most candid statement of our modern business morality: "An influential and cultivated Portuguese at Lorenzo Marques assured me that all the educated Portuguese, with *the exception of those who were financially interested*, were opposed to forcing laborers from Angola to San Thomé."

Do we realise how strong a grip "financial interests" have? How our judgment is biassed and vitiated thereby? That the increase of vested interests are the decrease of individual rights?

"To be paid, and not to do business, is rank oppression" was a maxim of Penn's, and applies to conduct; while for religion surely this is excellent: "The devils also believe and know abundance, but in this is the difference, their Faith works not by Love, nor their Knowledge by Obedience, and therefore are they never the better for them. And if ours be such we shall be of their Church."

I am continually noticing how the active, or male, side of life is given, to the exclusion of the passive or female, and that even such a subject as "Female Suffrage" is never argued from the right that the passive side of human nature should at least be given equal encouragement to the active.

"We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love" psychic forces, wrested by modern business methods to their own destruction, for they each and all are opposed to material gain. It has been said of war, and it can be of modern business, "the most barbaric tendencies of men come to life again, and for its uses they are incommensurably good." Religion and conduct, thus forced into watertight compartments, cease to be reciprocating forces. Surely we must pay more attention to feeling, sentiment, imagination, the motor power, so to say, of the objective, admiration, hope and love.

> "For ever as spirit more spiritual is,
> It craves in its essence yet more to combine
> Innermost weldings of the sweet sanctities
> Of humanity."

Would it not be well in these days of "millionaires" to remember that all the great religions have held up "poverty" as a virtue? William James has put this idea very forceably in his "Gifford" lectures of eight years ago. "Poverty is, indeed, the strenuous life, without brass bands or uniforms or hysteric popular applause, or lies, or circumlocutions, and when one sees the way in which wealth-getting enters as an ideal into the very bone and marrow of our generation, one wonders whether a revival of the belief that poverty is a worthy religious vocation may not be 'the transformation of military courage' and the spiritual reform which our time stands most in need of." . . "I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our modern civilisation suffers."

Sir Thomas More, three hundred years before, had the same thought. "For who knoweth not the fraud, theft, ravine, brawling, quarrelling, brabling, striffe, chiding, contention, murder, treason, poisoning, which by daily punishments are rather revenged then refrained, *do dye when money dyeth?*"

One is glad that the echo of this teaching is yet heard. St. Francis from his pulpit in Assisi, Sir Thomas More in his immortal book, William James in his "Gifford" lectures: I rather wonder if THE NATION will help to voice it once again?—Yours, &c.,

V. P.

June 21st, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—One seems to have heard an anticipation of Mr. Low's excellent article in the saying, "It is easy to be religious on a pound a week." Under such auspices I should suspect that the converse would be equally true. Take away the pound a week, and religion, like love under similar circumstances, would fly "out of the window." But would either the religion or the love be worthy of the name in such an event? I fancy that with the sharp tooth of adversity those water-tight barriers of which Mr. Low speaks would be broken down, and then the real character would be displayed. Is it not the case, sir, that we have largely ceased to make religion the mainspring of action. Creeds, dogmas, church-going, and outward philanthropy, which is a long way from real charity, have taken the place of the Sermon on the Mount. Until that sermon or its equivalent becomes the basis of social life, J. D. R.'s will abound and the mind of the plain man will continue to be confused. —Yours, &c.,

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

Foxlease, Southbourne, Christchurch.
June 23rd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read Mr. Low's article with much interest, but think that the various meanings which the word "religion" connotes have led him into some confusion of thought. Although he may not formally do so, yet the line of his argument restricts it to theology and philosophy, as when he refers to it as a "theory of the universe." But surely "religion" stands for the devotion of the heart and the consecration of the will, as well as the illumination of the mind. Otherwise it is but "a form of godliness without the power." In Christianity "the end of the commandment" is holy character without which mere "religiosity" (*θησκεία*) is vain.

The imperfections of Christians cannot fairly be charged to religion, but rather to the intractability of the original material. Moreover, the religion itself is often of too purely a speculative character, a mere opinion which has not penetrated into the deeper strata of feeling or commanded the allegiance of the will. Hence it has little dynamic power.

It has been said that with most of us "there is a side turned to the cold north, which the sun of grace has scarcely touched"; but when the major activities of a life are so turned, it is difficult for the most generous charity to recognise the presence of any religion which is worthy of the name.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH FLETCHER.

17, Fairfield Road, Croydon,
June 23rd, 1909.

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## THE FIGHT FOR THE BUDGET.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Surely there is another reason for fighting for this Budget beyond even those which you give? What has agriculture and rural life done to be left out of count? I thought we all agreed that the health of the nation depended on rural vitality and development, as the most natural means of stopping urban congestion.

Now if we can once get the universal valuation of site and soil, apart from buildings and farming improvements, then, another year, we can hope for a tax of 1d. or 1½d. on land values *universally*; and with the proceeds repeal Sch. A, which falls on improvement values as much as on land values; and we could also make a beginning of shifting of local rates from land and improvements to land only. Then only will good farming and improvements be stimulated by abolition of the present fines on them. At present if a landlord or tenant improves the property, assessment for taxes and rates goes up, while men with no enterprise or industry are relieved, or, at any rate, let alone. Can there be worse fiscal folly and robbery?

Till we propose this, land values taxation is easily misrepresented as *adding* to the burdens of agriculture. If we are bold enough to show our full hand, we can then be seen by the farmer and the good landlord to be proposing the only real method of relief.—Yours, &c.,

TH. HILL.

The Vicarage,
North Somercotes, Lincolnshire,
June 23rd, 1909.

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## THE SERVICES OF MISS COLENSO.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Some time ago, you may remember, a Committee was formed to "receive subscriptions . . . to compensate Miss Colenso and her sister in some measure for the great pecuniary sacrifices they have made in defence of the Zulus and their chief." It might have been hoped that the names appended to this appeal, the strong feeling which exists in this country as to the injustice which the Zulus have suffered and are suffering, the reverence which everyone who has met Miss Colenso (and there must be many who have heard her speak during her two visits to this country, in 1890-93 and 1895-97), must feel for her character and her self-sacrificing work—and an appreciation of the late Bishop's services to the cause of humanity and of truth—that all these factors would have co-operated in producing a hearty response to this appeal. I am distressed to find that this is only the case to a limited extent. The sum in hand has now reached £1,300—largely through generous gifts from people who have already given to the same or similar causes, and who have many other calls upon them. £6,000 is the sum needed to buy an annuity, which, as Miss Colenso's friends are agreed, is the most effectual form of help. We wish to make this appeal known beyond the circle of those who, from their willingness to give, are apt to have more than their just share of the world's burdens laid on them. It would, indeed, be a national disgrace if the women to whom thousands of the distressed look as their only friends, who have done more than any other human beings to keep alive in the Zulu mind the belief in the essential justice of England, should be driven—if we may borrow the true word spoken in jest by one of them, "to retire into some friendly kraal—room would hardly be found in the almshouses here!"

If any words of mine could convey the feeling which the Zulu people entertain towards Harriette and Agnes Colenso, I could also convey some idea of the effect which would be produced on the Zulus by the knowledge that the nation whose righteousness they have so long and so persistently believed in, is leaving the "Amakosazana ka' Sobantu" to want! I may, perhaps, remind your readers that contributions may be sent to Lady Schwann, 4, Prince's Gardens, S.W., who is Honorary Treasurer of the fund.—Yours, &c.,

A. WERNER.

8, Mill Lane, N.W.
June 22nd, 1909.

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## ESPERANTO.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The article on "The Destruction of Dialect" in your last week's issue alludes to Esperanto as "a universal language" in terms liable to give rise to misapprehension such as it is desirable to avoid. Permit me to point out that Esperanto does not aim to be a universal language. The idea of its author, and of all interested in its progress, is that it should be the international auxiliary language—a very different thing. It is not intended to supersede or displace any national tongue, but that it should be adopted as a second language for all, each nation using its own mother tongue as heretofore for its own internal requirements, and Esperanto as its medium of communication with people of other lands. The writer of your article, therefore, need not fearfully anticipate the nightmare "of the whole world wrapped in one single shroud of Esperanto."

In the last paragraph he says: "The ideal surely is that all possible communities should subsist in some greater unity." Yes, and Esperanto will help—is helping —to realise that ideal.

Trusting you will give publicity to this brief explanation.—Yours, &c.,

J. GOURLAY.

## "THE DESTRUCTION OF DIALECT."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I wish to express my agreement with the writer of the fine article on the "Destruction of Dialect." After a little thought, one looks with horror upon the bare possibility of a universal Esperanto or Volapuk. Imagine a guide availing himself of Esperanto to describe the beauties of the Alhambra or St. Mark's—a salad of incongruous sounds would have a difficulty in harmonising with the environment. And to see "English Spoken Here" placarded over the whole world would only make life a little more dreary and uninteresting. The romance of life is fast dwindling into thin air without the aid of a universal tongue to dissipate it. Tradition, custom, and individualism are being brought under the influence of commercialism more and more every day—a universal language would effectively strangle the last vestige. One can imagine a conversation on the subject by George Borrow or Walter Scott.

The belief is fast gaining ground that unity of language makes for unity of race. Are the Finnish people any more in agreement with the Russian because they are compelled to learn the Russian tongue? Is the French-Canadian, the Channel Islander, or the Gael any less a British patriot because he has a language other than English?

An Englishman does not think of Canada with its magnificent scenery, modern convenience of travel, and similarity of language, with the same feeling of wander-travel as he thinks of Italy or Spain where there is history and a foreign tongue; and what would become of history if language were torn away? A colorless, Gibbonised register only, would be left.—Yours, &c.,

NEAL GREEN.

Humberstone, Grimsby,
June 22nd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your article on this subject is very interesting to a Scot like me, who recalls, across the long interval of fifty years, the word "crack" as in constant use in Lowland Scotland, where "chat" would be used in England. "Come awa in and gie's yer crack," was a common invitation to a passing friend or acquaintance, who might be supposed to be the possessor of the latest news, or of the current gossip of the neighboring town. "Poke," too, was generally used instead of "bag," although pronounced more as though spelled "pock," and what the beggars carried as a receptacle for broken food was always called the "meal pock." "Starved" is another word which was used in the same sense as described in your article, a common expression in cold weather being, "I'm sterving o' cauld." "Throng," again, is another; generally pronounced "thrang," and when people were very busy they would describe themselves as being "as thrang as three in a bed." I have even heard the expression, "A great thrangity," as applied to an excessive rush of business. That delightful word "fettle" was so common in Scotland in my day that I have always thought it was purely Scotch. But it was not used in the sense described by you, but rather as indicating the condition of a person, or thing, as though you should say to a friend: "I hope you're in good fettle," or speak of a piece of machinery as being "out of fettle," or "out of gear," to put it politely. "Soft" is a common expression applied to wet weather in Scotland, and a pouring wet day would be described as "a wee saft" by your meteorological optimist. It is related—I think, by Dr. John Brown—that the Duke of Buccleuch once asked one of his farmers what kind of a day it was going to be, and was answered as follows:—

> "Weel, your grace, it's like it'll be shoors,
> Langtailed shoors,
> Wi' rain atween,
> And it'll be kittle tae plump,
> But it'll no' be a wecht o' weet"

Surely the force of optimism could no further go.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

June 22nd, 1909

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I was gratified to notice the regret, so sympathetically expressed by your contributor, at the "destruction of dialect" that is taking place around us. Your article will draw attention to a form of English that is so surely passing from among us, to the undoubted impoverishment of the language. Its destruction can probably be traced to the impression that to speak in company other ways than in "Book English," is to be stigmatised as an illiterate person.

We, in Scotland, have, I think, clung longer to our dialects than our Southern kinsfolk, perhaps owing to Burns having enshrined in his poetry so many words of the mother tongue. But there is cause for alarm even here. Within recent years the children of the middle and upper classes, on completion of their scholastic studies would be, I am sure, unable to read Burns without recourse to a glossary. Now this is a grave defect of our educational apparatus, and should receive some recognition from those in authority. It is agreed on every hand that a nation's life is reflected in its language, and its growth can be traced in the words that compose it. Would not the formation of societies for the preservation of dialect words be worth considering? These words, unless effort is forthcoming, will pass beyond our ken, save in the isolated cases of a few writers, who have made particular districts the bases of their narrations.

Some of the words given by your contributor are also in use in the North. A "crack" is the usual word for a chat, though it is more often associated with two persons only, and called a "twa-handed crack." "Poke" (bag). "Throng" is "thrang" here—notice the change of vowel—and means busily occupied. "A very soft night" is the customary passing greeting under extremely wet conditions. The "back end" signifies to us the last weeks of the year. The difference between that and the autumn is, of course, very slight. It would both be interesting and instructive to gather a list of dialect words common to both countries. Could it be done?

Might I be allowed, if space permits, to pass on a few words, the oral use of which narrows each year, and as the older generation passes out, will pass into the silence of books? "Lippen" is more than trust, its nearest English equivalent. "To thole" is another of our expressive words, gathering into itself the significance of a quadrupled "to bear." "Sconner'd" or "scunner'd," to a Scot, is wonderfully strong; used in the phrase: "I am fair scunner'd wi' ye," is the quintessence of loathing and contempt, and is sufficient to shrivel up the object of its expression. "To threap" is to contradict, but in a profounder sense. "To 'threap' down one's throat" has the force as of a clenched fist emphasising with constant reiteration. "To ettle" is to purpose. Another word, "dreich," meaning a sauntering slowness of action or gait, is most expressive. This Scottish dialect, spoken in the drawing-rooms in the time of Burns, is now but rarely heard, and what little is voiced is quickly becoming a thing of the past. I fear it is "rattling" to its death. Yet there is still heard in rural haunts, the chance phrase forgotten long ago; but its recurrence strikes a chord that vibrates again and recalls vividly "that secluded valley which for us is home."—Yours, &c.,

DAVID WILSON.

Glasgow,
June 24th, 1909.

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## "THE FEUD."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In view of Mr. William Archer's remark in his criticism of "The Feud" that the characters "Helga, Hordis, Arnor, and Bue reproduce very closely Ibsen's Hjördis, Dagny, Gunnar, and Sigurd," it may interest him to know that what he thinks possible is true—viz., that I had not read "The Vikings in Helgeland" when I wrote "The Feud," three years ago. Literary parallels are often curious and often deceptive. My heroine, Helga, has, of course, a lay line of prototypes in old Teutonic literature, but her passion for Bue bears no resemblance to the relations of Hjördis (Brynnhylde) with Sigurd. The

contrast between the sweet and lovable sister and the imperious sister is not confined to Ibsen or to Norse saga, but is to be found in the literature of every race and every epoch. Helga's relations with Arnor and Hordis could probably be closely paralleled in literatures as far apart, racially, as the Celtic and the Japanese. I may add, in conclusion, that while Ibsen's aim would appear to have been to give a dramatic variation of the Volsunga Saga, my aim was to present dramatically the psychology of a woman whose hatred of a man springs from her proud repression of her longing. The atmosphere of my play belongs to a degenerate period of Icelandic history—the thirteenth century, a period with which the heroic characters of the Volsunga Saga have nothing to do.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GARNETT.

The Cearne, near Edenbridge,
June 19th, 1909.

## "THE INTELLECTS OF MEN AND WOMEN."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondents both fall into the error, now grown tiresome, of implying that the assumed difference in regard to intellectuality, as between men and women, is a matter of historical development.

One correspondent (the lady) says that if one "would . . . . take into consideration the narrow groove in which (women) have been compelled to move, it would, perhaps, be a matter of surprise that the male sex has not the monopoly of genius." It would be more pertinent to "take into consideration" that men and women are of one and the same species, and that each consequently inherits from the other sex as well as from his or her own.

Another thing that has become tiresome is to hear grown-up men and women arguing as to the respective general merits of the sexes; they are equally good and equally efficient. Why quarrel about each other's brains?

The difference is not of heredity, but of sex; not of degree, but of direction; both have their value in and to the race. To reason along this line makes for balance of privilege; to contend as though the sexes were distinct species makes for sex rivalry, under which the weaker should be expected to go to the wall.—Yours, &c.,

E. SYKES.

Eynsford, Kent,
June 22nd, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. or Miss Hunter, reminds me of a friend who, on being shown the portfolio of sketches of a great artist, innocently remarked, "Now why are we not all taught to paint like that?" She seems equally to believe that education can not only develop, but confer gifts. Only put women into the same educational mould as men, and they will prove themselves more than their equals. Nevertheless, I venture to assert that no education can alter Nature's laws, and that the bulk of men will in the future as in the past, produce greater and more original work than the bulk of women, just because they are men. This virility, consisting as it does in greater strength, more stable health, combativeness, tenacity, spirit of adventure, and true independence, can never be achieved by the bulk of women, however much, and unwisely, they may try to sacrifice their highest characteristics, by planning their education and experience on the lines of those of the opposite sex.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) F. TRAVERS.

Tortington House, Arundel, Sussex,
June 22nd, 1909.

## FEMINIST ARGUMENTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Had we as yet definitely passed out of the stage of society in which war is a possible and not always highly improbable eventuality, and where all men are, potentially or actually, liable to undergo compulsory military training with a view to active service, then the "higher and saner level" argument of your correspondent, Edith Hunter, might have some claim to consideration, but for that to be the case, we must, I submit, have reached the "higher and saner level" of social fact first. Until we have attained this new society (as one day we undoubtedly shall), the argument appears to me totally irrelevant. For the rest, I can assure your correspondent that it is precisely because I *have* studied "the position of women from the standpoint of historical development" that I am driven to the conclusions to which she objects. Otherwise I dare say I might have been found shouting with the Feminist crowd, few of whom, in my experience, are strong on this very "standpoint of historical development." Although women may have in some respects been confined to a "narrow groove" in many periods of history, there have been others in which this has by no means been the case—*e.g.*, Ancient Egypt, Rome of the Augustan period, the Italian Renaissance, &c. In no period that I can recall has there been any serious handicap to women exercising their talents in poetry, painting, or music. Yet what have they achieved in their departments in comparison with men? George Eliot's philosophy was acquired directly from Comte, Lewis, and Spencer. As to Mrs. Browning, with regard to her equality with Robert Browning, I will leave that to be answered by the many students and admirers of that great man. Moreover, for how much in her poetic thought was not her husband responsible directly or indirectly? It will be generally found that clever women have been little more than the *facile* absorbants of the ideas of some man or men with whom they have been in close personal contact. The attempt, too common in current controversy, to "bluff" the issue by insinuations of belatedness—in this case by allusions to Milton—leave me unmoved. Milton, perhaps, expressed, in the Biblical and theological language of his day, a truth; for it has certainly never been refuted, though it may be fashionable in current "advanced" circles to sneer at, or conveniently ignore, it, but it may remain a truth for all that.

With regard to Mr. Nevinson's pathetic descriptions of his eye-witnessing of the suffering women in some cases endure through war, they are surely utterly beside the issue of the present controversy. I have never denied that women sometimes suffer in war. What I deny is that they ever suffer *more* than men, or, even in the majority of cases, in any intelligible sense as much as men. Take the worst instances imaginable, such as those given by Mr. Nevinson! By what right does he assume that the women suffered *more* than the soldiers who accompanied them? In the majority of cases in modern warfare, as I have said, their sufferings are altogether vicarious. To say that those who stay at home suffer more than those who bear the brunt of a campaign, is, I still contend, an egregious absurdity, such as would be at once laughed out of court, did it affect any class of the community other than the sacred and privileged sex. If Mr. Nevinson thinks it is equitable that women who are absolved by privilege or sex from fighting, should have the right by their votes to decree a war which men have to wage, I can only say I do not.—Yours, &c.,

E. BELFORT BAX.

June 23rd, 1909.

## FIRE BRIGADES AND FIRE INSURANCE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. A. E. Brown shall be convicted out of his own mouth. In his letter to you of the 16th inst. he stated "I must admit that there is considerable property non-insured," and he also stated "that hundreds of firms have their own fire insurance funds, amounting to millions." Here, in a nutshell, is the answer to my contention that it is wrong in principle to tax the insured for the non-insured. The Government, railway companies, and "hundreds of uninsured firms with millions" at their back only contribute to the support of the Fire Brigades through the rates, but the insured have to do so twice over. This has been my contention from first to last. I am indebted to Mr. A. E. Brown for saving me further controversy, as I am leaving town for some weeks.—Yours, &c.,

INSURANCE MANAGER.

June 19th, 1909.

## THE INCORRIGIBLE CENSOR.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I feel grateful, both on personal and public grounds, to "A." for turning the discussion from the special point of Mr. Shaw's play to the more general question of the Censorship.

In the matter of *that* reform, I am inclined to go further than "A." Unless I have read the Areopagitica to no purpose, I gather that it was a Council or Board of Licensers against which Milton protested, and, as that Board was under the control (probably appointed by) Parliament, it must have had an indirectly representative character.

Nor do I quite like to trust, like another of your correspondents, to the effect of hisses. That is a disorderly proceeding, at best, and it may be inspired by quite as narrow a prejudice as any action of the Lord Chamberlain.

My own belief is that the reform must come from the playwright and the actor, not from the public or some external official body.

The average playwright or actor is, at lowest, a hard-working person, trying to carry out a difficult task. The average playgoer is, at best, a searcher for innocent amusement. Surely the former classes must supply the higher average of morality and intelligence? But while they are in danger of being exploited by wealthy capitalists who may be at the feet of the mob, and who judge of the public by their coarsest outcomes, what can we hope for, except in accidental cases? A co-operative society of actors and playwrights, with a genuine belief in their art, might produce an *esprit de corps*, which would enable them to resist capitalist theories and rude terrorism. For my part, I should not object to unite stage painters in such a society.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead, June 22nd, 1909.

## THE ALLEGED "CAVE."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I trust that one of your regular subscribers and readers may be allowed to enter a protest against the violence of the attack made in your last number on a considerable section of the Liberal members of Parliament, although I have no right to speak for anyone but myself. First you describe them as forming a "Cave," then you separate them into groups and individuals and make the imputation that each has been guided by personal rather than public motives, and, finally, you devote one, if not two, articles to the suggestion that the party should take violent measures to prevent free discussion, if necessary going to the length of undermining the influence of its own supporters in their several constituencies. I feel the more confidence in asking you to adopt a more reasonable attitude because the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and others who are entitled to speak for the Ministry, entirely disclaim any desire to countenance the course you have advocated. The Liberal members who waited on the Prime Minister at his own request with regard to the Budget had their case most ably explained by Sir Thomas Whittaker, who, like many others present, was never understood to have any great personal interests in land; nor has there been anything "furtive" in the proceedings. I, more fortunate than many, was able to explain my criticisms on the Budget in the debate on the second reading. There has been and there is no concealment whatever, and the whole pother has been worked up to supply "copy" for newspapers, mainly, I regret to say, Liberal. There are no more loyal supporters of the Government than those who think that in certain of its aspects the Budget is extravagant, and that the Land Clauses run absolutely contrary to all the teachings of Liberalism, with regard to the taxation of land. So far as I know, all of them support the Budget in its main features, recognise the necessity of the State for increased financial assistance, and assent to the taxation of land. Progressive and Liberal teaching, founded on Royal Commissions and other inquiries, have laid down perfectly clearly during the last twenty-five years that urban land should be taxed apart from houses by the medium of rates, and that the whole produce of the tax should go to the local and not Imperial funds.

So far as I am concerned, this point presented much difficulty. Now, however, it has, to a large extent, been met by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has agreed to return half of the money to the Local Authorities. Other aspects of the Finance Bill suggest grave difficulties to Liberals, who have been trained to principles of economy and pledged to the reduction of armaments. Everyone appears to agree that between presenting estimates, some £3,000,000 under what seems likely to be produced by existing taxes, and proposing new imposts which will bring in £6,000,000 more than they are required to produce, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is imposing a far heavier burden than is necessary on the nation. You defend this on the ground of the "genuine needs of social reform and the perpetual pressure for panic armaments," but the sums I have mentioned are to be provided, after paying for every proposal of social reform that has yet been brought forward. There seems to be no recognition in your articles of the constitutional principle that taxes should only be raised for one year, and that Parliament has really no right to grant any supplies beyond that which are necessary for the period which will end on March 31st next. The difficulty that many feel is that while the coming social reforms are vague, the intention to spend vast sums in increased armaments is quite clearly laid down. We have not only the £3,000,000 extra for the Navy this year, but a prospect of laying down four other "Dreadnoughts," and all this to be only the prelude to further vast outlay in the immediate future. I had better quote the Chancellor's words:—

> "The Navy Bill for this year will take very serious and grave dimensions. Indeed, it will make the taxpayers shudder, and next year the Navy Bill will show an increase which will be something gigantic."

Thus the Finance Bill almost appears to be a War Budget. The recent Colonial Press Conference was turned into a demonstration for increased armaments. A naval review was arranged for these messengers of peace. That fiery spirit, Lord Charles Beresford, is working with some vague Defence Committee of the Cabinet, and it is understood that he is shortly to present a report to Parliament. Another naval review is being organised, and in many ways our Liberal Ministers are appealing to the martial spirit of the people.

Has it become a crime for Liberals to protest against these things?—Yours, &c., THOMAS LOUGH.

14, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.
June 24th, 1909.

[Mr. Lough's defence must speak for itself, though it would seem to suggest that if he has left the "Cave" he has not yet reached the Penitent Form. But it is contrary to the fact to suggest that we declared each group or individual forming the "Cave" to be "guided by personal rather than public motives." On the contrary, we stated that some of them were clearly honest critics on points of detail.—ED., NATION.]

# Poetry.

## VICTORIA STREET.

To-day I spake with souls that journeyed by,
Here in the street they touched me as they passed.
Sorrow and Hope and Terror flying fast,
Life soon to bud, or, withering, soon to die.

And many more with troubled, wistful eye
Into my heart their timeless question cast.
To-day I spake with souls that journeyed by,
Here in the street they touched me as they passed.

The spires consumed in sunset, ceaselessly
The traffic surged with sob and trumpet blast.
Dusty, ensnared, immortal, driven fast,
They raised their faces to the evening sky—
To-day I spake with souls that journeyed by.

LUCY LYTTELTON.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE coming autumn is to see the publication of several interesting memoirs. Mr. John Bigelow, who was American Minister to France during the last two years of the Civil War, has finished a work called "Retrospections of an Active Life," which will be published in three volumes during September. According to the "New York Times," it will give the first full account of the "Trent" affair and of Maxmilian's occupation of Mexico, both from authoritative sources and with original documents. There are also promised many anecdotes of Lincoln, Sumner, Cobden, Bright, Thackeray, and Queen Victoria.

* * *

ANOTHER autobiography of some political interest is Mr. N. H. Dole's translation of the Baroness von Suttner's "Memoirs," which is announced by Messrs. Ginn. Although her father and her two brothers were generals in the Austrian Army, Baroness von Suttner has long been a dramatic and interesting figure in the European movement against militarism. It was through her influence that Nobel founded his famous prize for the most notable service to the cause of International Peace, and this prize was very appropriately awarded to her in 1905. She is the author of several novels, all written with an anti-militarist point. "Lay Down Your Arms (Die Waffen Nieder)" has had an immense circulation, and been translated into every European language.

* * *

YET a third autobiography to appear in the early autumn is that of Sir Henry M. Stanley, which has been edited by the explorer's wife, and will be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low. The book is bound to contain much interesting, and also much disputable, matter. Stanley's character and achievements should perhaps be viewed in a somewhat drier light than Lady Stanley's memorial can possibly place them, accomplished as its workmanship is likely to be.

* * *

AMONG Mr. Eveleigh Nash's autumn books will be a volume of reminiscences by Lady Cardigan, the widow of the Earl of Cardigan who led the Light Brigade at the Balaklava charge. Lady Cardigan was one of the best known leaders of society during the mid-Victorian period and afterwards, and her revelations are said to lack neither frankness nor piquancy. Most of the famous people of the time figure in her pages, which abound in characteristic anecdotes. It may not be generally known that Beaconsfield once made a proposal of marriage to Lady Cardigan.

* * *

WE learn that a collection of posthumous essays by Richard Jefferies, including some that have not hitherto been published, will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Duckworth. Before his death Jefferies had planned and partly written a book on shooting in England. Some portions of this, and, in particular, a paper on "The Art of Choosing a Gun," will appear in the coming volume.

* * *

THE same publishers announce for immediate publication "The Cliffs," a patriotic poem by Mr. C. M. Doughty, the author of "Arabia Deserta." The subject—the attempted invasion of England by a Continental Power—is said to be treated with extraordinary force of imagination and the most daring imagery. For one scene in especial, in which Truth and her elves hold a midnight court and weigh the souls of politicians, permanent officials, fashionable ladies, clubmen, soldiers, and sailors, and poor laboring folk, it is claimed that the author shows an originality equal to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt."

* * *

A BOOK which promises to throw valuable light on England's rural conditions is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title "Life in a Country Village." The author, Miss Maud F. Davies, has been a student at the London School of Economics, and the coming volume is due to the suggestion of Mr. Sidney Webb. It aims at doing for a country parish what Mr. Rowntree's "Poverty, a Study of Town Life" has done for the working-class districts of York, and with this object Miss Davies has chosen a scattered village of 800 inhabitants, whose social, economic, and domestic conditions she has closely observed and analysed. The first part of the book is an historical account of the development of the village, relating the changes which it underwent by the coming and going of the cloth trade and the enclosure of its waste lands and common fields. This is followed by an examination of its present state, and an attempt has been made to trace the migrations of its inhabitants during four generations. Miss Davies' inquiry promises to be a most useful piece of work, especially timely just now, when the land question is coming so much to the front.

* * *

AT the annual dinner of the Associated Booksellers on Saturday last, the two main topics of discussion were the decline in the book trade and the decadence of literature. As regards the former, the flooding of the market with inferior novels and the coming of the cheap reprint have undoubtedly caused a good deal of unsettlement. In preparing their lists publishers have often sacrificed quality to quantity. They have also neglected the machinery by which books are placed upon the market. Of course, it may be answered that a publisher's business is to publish, and nothing more. But the passing of the old-fashioned bookseller, who could talk about books and promote an interest in them as well as sell them, is to be regretted by publishers and public alike. Mr. Heinemann was not far out when he said that 75 per cent. of novels published were now sold to the libraries, and only the remaining 25 per cent. to the public. That this is a bad sign no publisher will deny, but in part the fault lies with the failure of the publishers themselves to foster the booksellers' business. However, there are already some signs of improvement, and we may hope that the report of the passing of the old-fashioned bookseller is, like that of Mark Twain's death, "greatly exaggerated." We may say the same, too, of the decadence of literature. The dearth of genius is a cry common to all ages. Did not Macaulay, writing in 1850, lament the total absence of great writing, and discern no prospect of a revival of letters? Yet, at the time he wrote, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Newman, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, George Eliot, and Clough were all in the field, or about to occupy it.

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Foundations of the Origin of Species." A Sketch written in 1842. By Charles Darwin. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

"A Literary History of Rome from the Origins to the Close of the Golden Age." By J. Wight Duff. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Contemporary France." By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated by E. Sparvel-Bayly. Vol. IV. (1877-1882). (Constable. 15s. net.)

"The Making of Species." By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Hanoverian Queens of England." By A. D. Greenwood. Vol. I. Sophia Dorothea of Celle and Caroline of Ansbach. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Laurus Nobilis." By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Australian Socialism: An Historical Sketch of its Origin and Developments." By A. St. Ledger. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

"Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era." By John Fyvie. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Poems and Translations." By J. M. Synge. (The Cuala Press. 10s. 6d.)

"Explorers in the New World Before and After Columbus." By M. M. Mulhall. (Longmans. 6s 6d. net.)

"George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism." By J. A. Hamerton. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Grieg and His Music." By H. F. Finck. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Asmus Semper." By Otto Ernst. (Griffiths. 6s.)

"Everybody's Secret." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Alston Rivers. 6s.)

"Le Prestige de Jean-Jacques Rousseau." Par Hippolyte Buffenoir. (Paris: Paul. 7fr. 50.)

"Le Théâtre Français des Origines jusqu'à nos Jours." Par Francisque d'Armade. (Paris: Delagrave. 6fr.)

"Le Dix-huitième Siècle." Par Casimir Stryienski. (Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.)

"Bismark in der französischen Literatur." Von A. Singer. (Würzburg: Kabitsch. M.10.)

# Reviews.

## THE GENIUS OF METHODISM.*

"Do not meddle with the Church of England," is a saying recorded of Charles Austin; "it is the one thing that stands between us and Christianity." The sentiment was belated; but a hundred years before it would have had point. The Georgian Church was singularly wanting in enthusiasm; this quality was denounced by so excellent a man as Butler as "a horrid thing." Yet it was enthusiasm on which Christianity was built and by which it was propagated; which is the sap in virtue of which it lives and in whose absence it decays. That enthusiasm is a danger to order and at least connotes superstition is true. It is equally true that it is indispensable to religion; that it gives the driving power by which movements of men on a large scale are brought about. Is it impossible to unite it with sanity? Is an enthusiasm for reason not in the nature of things? It is difficult to say that it is not. But "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence"; it is the violent—Luther, not Erasmus—who bear it away.

These volumes give us a popular and comprehensive view of the Foundation of Methodism; of Methodism at home, in America, and the Colonies; of its missionary enterprise; of the condition and prosperity of the Methodist Churches to-day. It is a great record. "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." If "every communion of thinkers, every phase of faith, has its place and its relation to the great whole, and plays some part, possibly protestant and transient merely, in the progress and development of the one Holy Catholic Church," then "a Church which comprises some thirty million adherents, which is to-day the largest Protestant Church in the world, which has established itself in every quarter of the globe, must have a meaning and place." John Wesley was "grossly superstitious," says a recent writer. He was. But to take this as his salient point is as if we were to see no more in Mr. Gladstone than the size of his collars: these things are not the man. Wesley's genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu, says Macaulay. Buckle speaks of him as "the first of theological statesmen," and of Methodism as "a second spiritual Reformation," "a great system of religion which bore the same relation to the Church of England that the Church of England bore to the Church of Rome." Let the founder be judged by the foundation:—

> "These are imperial works, and worthy kings."

The scepticism of the eighteen century was skin deep. The masses of the people were untouched by it. They lived on things, not on names; they were natural; their primitive passions—wonder, love, fear—lay near the surface, and were easily roused. The Church had never spoken to them in their own tongue; hence their indifference to her. Wesley did, and they responded instinctively to his appeal. He gathered round him men likeminded with himself, often from the humblest classes. A fire was kindled in every corner of the land.

> "Their voice was heard among the black moors of Northumberland, in the dens of London, and in the long galleries where, in the pauses of his labour, the Cornish miner would listen to the sobbing of the sea. Whitfield's preaching was such as England had never heard before; theatrical, extravagant, often commonplace, but hushing all criticism by its intense reality, its earnestness of belief, its deep tremulous sympathy with the sin and sorrow of mankind. It was no common enthusiast who could . . look down from the top of a green knoll at Kingwood on twenty thousand colliers, grimy from the Bristol coalpits, and see as he preached 'the tears making white channels down their blackened cheeks.'"

Of the hysteria which accompanied such preaching too much has been made. The physical and psychic phenomena of "conversion" are matter for the pathologist; their root lies in the nervous system, and in its imperfectly explored connection with consciousness. Medically they call for careful supervision; morally they are neither good nor evil, but of a neutral zone. The other criticism which suggests itself—that of the individualism of the movement—the stress laid not on a common, but a personal, good, is one of time and accent rather than of substance. "First the blade." Wesley preached a universal salvation; and the reproach of slackness in promoting the welfare of others is the last that can be brought against either the Methodists or the early Evangelicals—Evangelicalism was pre-eminently the party of good works.

Wesley's relation to the Church of England, if not debatable, is debated ground. That he was unwilling to separate from it is certain. But he did separate from it. Three years before his death he wrote "a separation has already taken place, and will inevitably spread, though by slow degrees," and the effort to represent him as occupying the distinctively Anglican standpoint breaks down not only on this fact, but over the record of the growth of his mind. He began life as a High Churchman of a doctrinaire and authoritative type. This was the rock on which he made shipwreck in Georgia. "The people say they are Protestants, but as for you (wrote a candid friend), they cannot tell what religion you are of. They never heard of such a religion before, and they do not know what to make of it." Anglicanism of this type exists on paper, not in real life. But his mind was too concrete to rest in abstractions. The Moravians were a revelation to him; he associated with members of non-episcopalian churches; he attended prayer meetings; he prayed without book. It was at one of these gatherings, listening to Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans, that the great peace came. Thus was the Evangelical Revival linked to the Reformation. "On that day Methodism, as history knows it, was born."

In a sense it is true that personally he did not leave the Church. But, like a strong rower, he looked one way while every stroke of the oar took him further in the opposite direction. The relation of the first Christians to the Jewish Synagogue is a parallel. They "continued daily in the temple"; and, had the temple passed over into the Church, there need have been no break with the past. But the two looked different ways. The Temple would not tolerate St. Paul, nor the Church Wesley. Like the Mother Country and the American Colonies, the respective laws of their being drove them apart. It is doubtful whether it is matter for regret that this was so. A strong feeling against dissent by no means implies a sacerdotalist view of religion—witness the controversies, not yet extinct, occasioned by the Scottish disruption. Separation as such is an evil: to justify it a grave cause is required. But what theologians call the sin of schism consists not in material separation—this is a thing of secondary moment—but in the schismatical temper; and this is found less in the seceders than in those whose high-handedness forces them to secede. In Wesley's case, he and his preachers were doing a work which the Church would not, and probably could not do. To the dog-in-the-manger policy of prohibition, one answer only was possible: we ought to obey God rather than men. A larger view of the Church is now possible, which claims for the Methodist societies their place at once in Catholicism and in the National Church.

The keynote of his life was the apostle's "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." "Remember that you cannot serve God alone: the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." But to enthusiasm he added common sense and a surprising gift for administration. He was autocratic enough. "If by arbitrary power you mean a power which I exercise simply without any colleagues therein, this is certainly true," was his reply to cavillers; "but I see no hurt in it." His instructions to his preachers are refreshingly direct:—

> "Converse sparingly and cautiously with women; particularly with young women.
>
> "Take no step towards marriage without first consulting your brethren.
>
> "Do not affect the gentleman. You have no more to do with this character than with that of a dancing master. A preacher of the Gospel is the servant of all."

Nor were the preachers backward in similar directness. A clergyman who told one of them that he was not qualified to preach, was met by the retort: "Qualified! *You* say that? Why, without your gown you *dare* na, and without your book you *could* na, and without your pay you *would* na, *and I do without all three.*" The practical questions that

* "A New History of Methodism." Edited by W. J. Townsend, D.D.; H. B. Workman, M.A., D.Lit.; and G. Eayrs, F.R.Hist.Sc. Hodder & Stoughton. Two Vols. 30s. net.

the progress of the movement brought with it were decided by him in the larger sense. He believed that women had, in certain cases, a call to the work of preaching. "God owns women in the conversion of sinners, and who am I that I should withstand God?"

The American ordinations, the first step towards definite separation from the Church, was forced upon him by the circumstances in which the Methodists in the colonies found themselves after the War of Independence. Like the Continental chaplaincies up to a recent date, the Episcopalian Churches in America had been, legally, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. During the hostilities the bulk of the clergy had left the country; the Methodists, now numbering fifteen thousand, who had hitherto received the sacraments from them, sought his advice. He appealed in vain to Bishop Lowth to ordain at least one of his preachers, and, on his refusal, came to the conclusion expressed later in a circular letter:—

> "As our American brethren are now totally disentangled both from the State and from the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again with either the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the Primitive Church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely made them free."

He ordained Coke, September 1st, 1784. In the same year Thomas Seabury was consecrated by Scottish bishops as the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

"John Wesley's chapels," says Mr. Birrell, "lie a little heavily on John Wesley. It has, perhaps, to be admitted that to found great organisations is to build your tomb." Yet it was from a tomb that the Christian life issued.

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## THINGS AS THEY ARE.*

The title first chosen for this book and abandoned by the author because he found himself forestalled, viz., "Things as They Are," would have been far better than one which openly professes heresy. For there is an air of affectation in pretending to rebel against an orthodoxy which has no real existence. There was a classical political economy from Ricardo's day to that of J. S. Mill, which might have claimed to be in some sense orthodox, but since Jevons broke up what Mill regarded as a settled central doctrine of value the orthodoxy has quite gone to pieces; for though in this country Professor Marshall's important book ranks as authoritative, its author would hardly assert that it contained an orthodox system of economic teaching, nor, if he did, would he find many to accept the claim. But though it is not possible to say that any of the particular positions taken by Sir Nathaniel Nathan is heretical, one general heresy he may be said to have committed himself to, viz., a denial that there is or can be an economic science. And this heresy is incidental and implicit rather than openly avowed: it comes out in frequent disparagement of "your theorist," who evolves from his inner conscience generalisations that do not fit the facts, and is ever seeking to "reduce all things to the workings of one universal cause on which alone he concentrates his mind." That this repudiation of theory really amounts to a denial of economic law is made particularly apparent in the treatment of taxation. In considering the incidence of taxes "each article will have to be judged by itself. What is found true of wheat, for example, does not necessarily apply to hops or fruit or butcher's meat or eggs or butter, or even oats or barley; and any attempt at generalisation or the application of 'first principles' is false." If Sir Nathaniel means anything more than that circumstances alter cases, he is an intellectual anarchist: if he means just this, then there is no such being as the "theorist" against whom he tilts. In dealing, for example, with tariffs, which occupy much space in this volume, where are the orthodox economists, the "theorists," who say that the producer or the consumer always pays or pays all the tax even for a single class of articles? Sir Nathaniel invents a theorist for a punching-bag, conceiving himself as a severely practical man conducting sound processes of reasoning among real things. Now far be it from us to deny that Sir Nathaniel is a practical man; a successful legal career in the Colonies, and a large visiting acquaintance with many lands and many sorts of men have given him a very wide knowledge of commerce and politics, and a keenly observant mind has enabled him to accumulate for use a large variety of facts. Moreover, he exhibits a good general acquaintance with recent economic literature of the more popular sort, and brings to bear upon many English questions the detached and liberal judgment which is a characteristic of the abler type of Colonial statesman or official.

Turning to the great fundamental issues of the time—Socialism versus Individualism, Free Trade and Protection—he does not show himself an indiscriminate partisan; indeed, to do so would be a dangerous approach towards "theory," and might entangle him in the acceptance of some general law. His method of deciding each case on its particular merits compels him to be constantly tacking and doubling on his tracks. Thus, though he accepts the name of Tariff Reformer, he gives away most of the positions which the main body of adherents of that faith hold most dear. The incidence of taxation is to him a mere rough and tumble business, in which no one can predict how any one will come out until it is over, a doctrine not particularly comforting to those who claim to possess an infallible specific for "taxing the foreigner."

Now disbelief in theory generally implies in the disbeliever a poor capacity for accurate reasoning. So it is here. Of course, no one can discourse argumentatively for four hundred pages upon "things as they are" without a large quantity of theorising, and, as might be expected, much of it is weak. Thus, while he sees clearly and denounces unsparingly the folly of tariffs for negotiation and imperial preference, he argues persistently in favor of taxing and keeping out foreign manufactured goods of sorts which we produce at home. He is convinced that by this means the volume of employment within this country can be increased. This is, perhaps, the central fallacy of Protectionism. Sir Nathaniel commits it, so to speak, with his eyes open, for he expressly repudiates the plain truth enunciated by Mr. Marshall, "If goods which can be produced at home are yet imported freely from abroad, that shows that they can be got 'generally' at less cost by making other things with which to buy them from abroad, than by the direct method of making them at home." Sir Nathaniel thinks the following a clinching refutation: "You *cannot* 'make other things with which to buy them from abroad' except there is the effective demand from abroad for the things which you propose to make, and it is precisely the cessation of that demand, the results of which you are at present struggling against in vain" (p. 318). Now, neither "facts" nor theory support the hypothesis of this cessation of demand. Sir Nathaniel's confident assertion (p. 202) that "Protection . . . . must clearly have the result of increasing the employment of British capital and energy to the extent to which it succeeds in checking the importation of competing goods," is based upon a refusal to follow out the indirect results of an action whose first effect is to raise the price of a class of commodities. There is no possibility of increasing the aggregate employment of native capital and labor or the aggregate product by checking freedom of exchange. The only way by which such a contention can be made plausible is by illicitly confining inquiry to the effect upon single trades.

The writer is at his best in some concluding chapters on Socialism and Land Nationalisation. He has no strong sympathy with the hard conservative doctrines of vested interests, and recognises that the modern State must supply its needs largely out of land values and succession to other forms of property. He stands with Mr. Carnegie in holding that stricter limits should be set upon the testamentary disposition of property and that "no testator should be allowed to deprive the State of property, to succeed to which there is no individual whom he reasonably desires to benefit or who may be adjudged to have a reasonably meritorious claim." Though abjuring the doctrines of Henry George, he commits himself to the somewhat revolutionary proposal of "abolishing the idea of 'freehold land' altogether and converting all existing tenures into 'leasehold' property" which should revert to the State in due time.

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* "Economic Heresies." By Sir Nathaniel Nathan. Constable.

On what may be termed general Socialism his attitude is more conservative; he distrusts the selective capacity of the State in obtaining the requisite energy and ability for administering public enterprises, and urges that the acquisition of private businesses without compensation, or by the sham-compensation of taxing the expropriated interests to compensate themselves, will turn out to be as impracticable as it is unjust.

Though acknowledging quasi-socialistic sympathies, he fears lest moderate reformers should be impelled by pressure from behind to adopt measures which by checking the production of capital may hamper industry and damage the creation of wealth.

There is a good deal of ability in this queer blend of Conservatism and Socialism.

## A GENTLE LIFE.*

Very much mourned was the death of Mrs. Brightwen, that gentle naturalist, whose notes on "Nature Won by Kindness," and introductions to the wonderful side of creation, have had more to do than we shall ever know with the rearing of a kindlier generation. Not everyone who reads of her wonderful Stanmore garden and sanctuary, nor yet all of those whom she received there and introduced to her feathered and other dumb friends, knew the effort that her courtesies cost her. This she confided only to her diary: the troubles of sleeplessness, the physical pain sometimes entailed in walking round her museum, how much she disliked repeating the same description of its exhibits, the boredom of chatter. "I don't get half enough solitude," she writes. "My life is far too much spent in enduring chatter, which, at last, makes me feel wild and as if I must get away, or scream, or say something sharp to stop it."

This was towards the end. But if we turn back the leaves of Mrs. Brightwen's account of her youth, we see how ingrained was her naturalist's love of solitude. She made for herself a perch in the branches of a tree, to which she went by means of a rough ladder nailed to the trunk. "I dreaded having to speak to strangers," she writes. "I came if I was called, but at the first opportunity I would flit away to one of my retreats behind the thick masses of evergreens, where I had a secret path which led back to my own garden."

Yet, as is, of course, known, Mrs. Brightwen had an intense sympathy for her fellow human beings. Quoting Kingsley's verse, she confides to her diary that "a great many lame dogs seem to come my way." At one time she pities a poor boy whom she washes, feeds, and clothes, and then sends on to someone who can do yet more for him. Or it is a man suffering from eczema whom she has to teach with great tact the advantage and the luxury of a daily wash. She buys a bale of flannel for the double purpose of finding employment for needlewomen and garments for the very poor, and she writes humorously of one Mrs. Kite who is continually swooping on her for more work.

As a naturalist, Mrs. Brightwen was old-fashioned. She read apparently in an obsolete library, and she seems to have been shut out from half the wonders of creation by imagining that the Bible forbade belief in the truths of Darwinism. She is moved to admiration by the obedience of all things under most adverse conditions to "increase and multiply," but rebels against the corollary of hawks and beasts of prey. Yet in due time we find her enacting the hawk by destroying queen wasps, and justifying the proceeding on grounds of mercy. Mrs. Brightwen also was not a faultless observer. A curious example of this is found in what she says concerning the habit of the nuthatch in plastering the entrance to its nest with clay. She proceeds as though one were writing of the hornbill instead: "The mate will plaster up the hole with clay, through which the male bird will feed the little mother until her eggs are hatched."

On the other hand, Mrs. Brightwen was more than a naturalist. We can find exact observers, though not too many of them, while we cannot find enough lovers like her to take humanity in one hand and wild nature in the other, and make, as it were, a personal introduction. Her love for the lower orders won for her a marvellous success in getting their confidence. There are the doves that came to her for help in their difficulties, the fox safely lying up in her garden while the hounds are drawing the country for him, a party of drones kept through the winter and made the subject of a paper read to the local Selborne Society, flying ants certified as interesting and intelligent pets, and many other striking cases to be found in her many books.

On the whole, we like her sweet personality best in the early Victorian frame. It is her description of her own girlhood and young womanhood that we shall read again with greatest pleasure. That, and the full and appreciative introduction that Mr. Edmund Gosse has contributed to this interesting book.

* "Eliza Brightwen: The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist." Edited by W. H. Chesson. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

## A POLITICAL SATIRE.*

"A Change in the Cabinet" is amusing, and is worth reading, but the best advice we can give to Mr. Belloc is that in his next political satire he should cast back to the cool, sustained, ironical method he adopted in "Mr. Burden." The truth is that Mr. Belloc's dangerous passion for telling the truth as he perceives it should give him a position as unique in one field of literary activity as Mr. Bernard Shaw has attained in another. But since the whole world is, and always has been, in a conspiracy to suppress those simple facts, or those aspects of simple facts, the open declaration of which would undermine public belief in the powers that be, the truth-teller must forge for himself an artistic weapon of the finest edge. In "Mr. Burden" our author used with precision the rapier; in "A Change in the Cabinet" he betakes himself to a coal-hammer. The coal-hammer is, of course, a formidable instrument in the hands of an active assailant, but it is an exhausting exercise to swing it again and again, and in an encounter its use can give but little æsthetic pleasure to the impartial spectator. We have, in fact, too high an opinion of Mr. Belloc's powers as a satirist to be satisfied with the artistic effects of his last novel.

In the first third of "A Change in the Cabinet" Mr. Belloc draws a skilful portrait of the successful politician, Sir Charles Repton, and of the series of family manœuvres by which Mary Smith, "the friend, the confidant, the cousin, the sister-in-law, or the aunt of at least three-quarters of what counts in England," forces the young and popular Prime Minister, "Dolly," to give the impecunious and incompetent young man, "Dimmy," a seat in the Cabinet, a step which necessitates Sir Charles Repton's resignation of his Wardership of the Court of Dowry, and his taking a peerage. This section of the novel is kept within the legitimate bounds of satire, and, though a little blunt and emphatic, is convincing enough. But the artistic mechanism which Mr. Belloc has adopted to bring his situation to a climax is over-obvious, and, what is more unfortunate, the dramatic sequel degenerates into farce. That Sir Charles Repton, the astute statesman and man of the world, through the agency of a chance blow behind the ears, should lose entirely the faculty of self-restraint and caution, and forthwith give utterance in the House of Commons, on Boards of Directors, and elsewhere in public and private, to brazenly cynical and most unpalatable home-truths is within the bounds of probability. Whether Caryll's Ganglia is a figment of the author's fancy we do not know, but there are many well-authenticated cases of a blow on the head being followed by the series of symptoms in the recipient which Mr. Belloc sums up as "an attack of Veracitatis." But the scheme needs very deft artistic handling, and it is precisely at this point that Mr. Belloc's coal-hammer is brought into play. It descends with violence when Sir Charles gets up to address the directors and shareholders at the Van Diemens Board meeting; it descends again when the Warden of the Court of Dowry is answering questions in the House; and it is plied with vigor when the politician is

* "A Change in the Cabinet" By H. Belloc. Methuen. 6s.

entertaining guests at dinner, talking to his domestics, and traversing the London streets. But the grave disadvantage attending its use is that one blow is very like another, and that, after a very short time, this downright method palls. The finesse that is essential to a mastery of irony, on the other hand, would stand our author in good stead by forcing him to pause and measure his opponent, and so act by diminishing the impetuosity of his satire. This is especially apparent when we come to the series of chapters that deal with the misfortunes of the incompetent young politician, George Mulross Demaine, *alias* Dimmy. On the day that the Warden is attacked by the mania of Veracitatis, his successor disappears mysteriously, and the contents bill of the newspapers show in large letters, "Disappearance of a Minister Elect." Dimmy has inadvertently lost himself in the East End, been garotted, assaulted by the police, has blundered into the docks, hidden himself on a tramp steamer, and got ashore on the Sussex coast at Parham. This little series of adventures, which would be in place in the pages of Smollett, is really far too farcical in tone and too facile in expression to do Mr. Belloc credit. The author at this stage of his story has, apparently, grown careless of its quality, and it is only his firmness of touch that carries him, one way or another, through transparent absurdities. It is true that in many pages there are excellent things, and Mr. Belloc's audacity is justified when we reach the account of how Mr. Evans, the Prime Minister's private secretary, succeeded in keeping the particulars of Sir Charles Repton's outbreak out of the Press:—

> "Well knowing that Davis' house lay in the extreme of the suburbs, and that he himself was going into the heart of Fleet Street, Evans offered to give his companion a lift. To his disgust it was accepted, and he was constrained to drive the editor of the "Capon" to St. Paul's Station; it lost him ten minutes, and those ten minutes were nearly fatal. For when he had got back at full speed to the offices of the "Moon," the paper had gone to press. The machines were shaking and thundering away in the basement, and mile after mile of diffused culture was pouring out in a cataract to feed the divine thirst for knowledge.
>
> It seemed too late, but Evans went boldly through it all the same. The editor was gone, but to the sub-editor he sent in his card and wrote upon it, "From the Prime Minister." It was a time needing heroic measures.
>
> He asked to see an advance copy. The leader was Repton—Repton—Repton, nothing but Repton. . . . Repton had given away the wickedness of modern finance; Repton, for purposes of his own, was prepared to expose the mockery of our politics. Repton would tell them the truth about the Concessions; they had a promise of an interview with Repton. What motives might have caused Repton to act as he had done they could not determine. It was sufficient for them that Repton, &c. . . .
>
> The leader had a title, and the title of the leader was Repton. It had coined a new word: the word was to "Reptonize," upon the model of "to peptonize." The "Moon" threatened to reptonize the whole of our public life. Evans spent about thirty seconds looking at the floor.
>
> "Can they stop the machines, Mr. Price?" he asked, for Price was the sub-editor's name.
>
> "Yes," said the sub-editor. "Why?"
>
> Evans walked to the window and looked out into the City street, and said, without showing his face:—
>
> "Mr. Price, your proprietor is a very valued member of our party."
>
> At the word "proprietor" Mr. Price changed colour. Yet Evans had not meant the proprietor of Mr. Price, he had merely meant the proprietor of the "Moon."
>
> "Mr. Price, I will tell you all!" (and he told him more than all!) "Your proprietor left for Canada during the Easter Recess; he was taken ill in Montreal; he is on his way back, and he will be home next week."
>
> Mr. Price nodded, and at the same time inwardly admired the omniscience of the Government.
>
> "Now, Mr. Price," continued Evans, still gazing at the street opposite, "there is the promise of a peerage. These things are hardly ever mentioned, and I tell it you quite frankly. If that leader appears," turning round sharply, "the peerage will not be conferred, and your proprietor shall be told that that leader was the cause of it."
>
> "But, Mr. Evans," began the sub-editor blankly. Evans was suddenly determined. It was astonishing to see the change in the man. His conduct and attitude would have seemed remarkable to the most indifferent observer: to one who knew that the proprietor of the "Moon" had never been, until that moment, within five hundred miles of a peerage, it would have seemed amazing.
>
> "Mr. Price," said Evans, rapidly and very clearly, "you are in a cleft stick. If you don't print your present issue, if you must delay it, it will cost your proprietor a heavy sum directly and indirectly. I know that. But if you *do* print it, it will cost him no money, but . . ."
>
> Mr. Price thought of the little home at Peckham; of the three young Prices, of Mrs. Price, and of sundry affections that grow up in the most arid and most unexpected soils; he was in an agony as to which course would least destroy him: he made one last appeal:—
>
> "May I have it in writing?"
>
> "Certainly not!" said Evans.
>
> "Very well, Mr. Evans," said the sub-editor, humbly; "I'll stop the machines," and with a heavy heart he rang the bell.
>
> Thus it was that the "Moon" came out an hour later than usual, and that the leader dealt in so singular a moment with the pestilent vices of the King of Bohemia, and of his gross maladministration of Spitzbergen, which it summoned to the bar of European opinion."

This is not particularly subtle, but it is good satire, and quite to the point. Perhaps better are the pages that deal with Sir Charles's utterances before his own servants, and the perfect demeanor of those admirable menials. But the central idea of "A Change in the Cabinet" is so superior to its artistic execution that we beg Mr. Belloc, in his next satire, to return to the ironical method he employed so brilliantly in "Dr. Caliban's Guide to Letters" and "Mr. Burden." An *enfant terrible* in literature is simply invaluable in these days of solemn pose and Press platitude, but an ironical *enfant terrible* is a far more disturbing force. There is danger, we fear, that our author may content himself with reiterating his fixed ideas, in which case the freshness and value of his satire will disappear together. But, should he take to the rapier again, concentrate his forces, and practise a little self-restraint, he might revive the art, now nigh lost, of satire—a literary instrument that, in the eighteenth century, was feared by politicians far more than our public men fear the Press. It is to the public advantage that talented men of uncompromising temperament should utter the very things which interested parties make it their daily business to conceal. The dulness of English public life arises in no little degree from its surface stream not being seen in relation to the current of human motive working beneath. It is the political satirist's function to expose official Tartufferie, but the more savage or biting is the satire, the greater necessity is there for the artist's self-restraint and expertness with his weapons, and in "A Change in the Cabinet" we certainly miss Mr. Belloc's fine deftness of hand.

## ARISTOTLE'S METAPHYSICS.*

There was a touch of half-conscious malice in Jowett's idea of making Plato pay for Aristotle. He bequeathed the copyright of his works to Balliol College with the direction that the proceeds derived from their sale should be used to defray the cost of other translations, and in the first instance to subsidise a rendering of Aristotle. The first volume of this translation, which appears under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Smith and Mr. W. D. Ross, has now been published. It is the "Metaphysics," and comes from Mr. Ross's pen. Much has been written about the art of translating Plato. But the scholar who attempts a version of Aristotle has an even harder problem to solve. Whatever literary skill he may display, he will never enjoy the pleasure of reproducing a great style or giving to an immortal personality a new incarnation. The result of his work, however skilful, must needs be crabbed and bald and difficult. Yet every phrase and every particle sets a problem in lucidity, and can be surmounted only by a master of idiom. The "Metaphysics" involves a severer test of this rare skill than the ethics, the politics, or the logical books, and the ground is occupied at present by no standard translation.

We have subjected Mr. Ross's work to two tests—a straightforward reading, and a minute comparison of selected chapters with the original. It has been constructed with equal tact and conscience. It possesses in a high degree what is the hardest of all qualities to secure in a translation of Aristotle, a sense of continuity, an even flow of argument through the condensed sentences, and the packed reasoning where illustration jostles so rudely with the statement of

*"The Works of Aristotle translated into English." Vol. VIII. "Metaphysica." The Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

principles. Smoothness has involved, however, no sacrifice of the minuter accuracy which attempts to render every shade and implication of meaning in the crowded particles and qualifications of the original. The terminology is, on the whole, that which has come to be in England the accepted rendering of Aristotle's carefully selected scientific vocabulary, and the text that of Christ's familiar edition. A better translation neither the scholar nor the philosopher need desire. This volume should assure a welcome to the promised series.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

No better subject than "The Inns of Court" (A. & C. Black, 7s. 6d. net), could have been chosen for a popular color book, so far, at any rate, as the London reader is concerned, and both Mr. Cecil Headlam's description and Mr. Gordon Home's illustrations should be potent agencies for reviving the interest in what remains of those historic establishments. Several of the Inns have, of course, disappeared, some within the memory of the present generation, while at least one—Clifford's Inn—is under sentence of demolition; but the four original ones remain—namely, Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn, and the Middle and Inner Temples—and there is still sufficient antiquity about their architecture to endear them to the student of medievalism as precious relics. The story of their origin and development is told by Mr. Headlam with genuine feeling. In the beginning they were the property of the Knights Templars, and thus, as it were, an emanation from the Crusades. Thence they passed into the hands of the rival body, the Knights Hospitallers, and thence again, about the time of Edward I., they were acquired by the societies of lawyers whose professional descendants occupy them still. A significant fact in their evolution was the long retention of their aristocratic character. Organised on the university system, they were reserved for persons of gentle blood, being exclusive in a sense that Oxford and Cambridge never knew. In the seventeenth century the university character disappeared, to a great extent, with the abolition of official instruction and certain other customs, since when, though some of the latter were revived in the nineteenth century, they have steadily become more democratic, until to-day there is little except the dinner-eating and a few ceremonial occasions to connect them with what they were under the ancient order. However, the fascination of the Inns, those both of Court and of Chancery, derives, as Mr. Headlam has clearly felt, less from their constitutions than from the people who have dwelt within their walls. They were as much the headquarters of literature as of law. It was the Middle Temple students who gave the first recorded performance of "Twelfth Night" in their Hall. Gray's Inn, where Ben Jonson worked as a bricklayer, can claim a similar honor, since it was here that the masque of "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given in Elizabeth's reign, probably under Shakespeare's stage-management. Cowper lodged in the Middle Temple, and had chambers in the Inner. In the latter, too, Dr. Johnson received Madame de Boufflers with his ungainly gallantries, while the same Inn during the nineteenth century is famous in having housed quite a line of Premiers, from Canning to Mr. Asquith. The book is a sincere and successful endeavor to give the whole history of the Inns in brief. It is illuminated, moreover, by some poignant criticism of vandalism committed on the architecture in the name of restoration, and it does well to call attention to buildings within the purlieus—buildings such as the Soane Museum—the character and contents of which are in this unseeing age but little appreciated. Mr. Home's drawings of exteriors represent, perhaps, the very best side of the London climate, and—since we see that side so rarely—are a little wanting in intimacy, a little artificial; but many of his interior scenes are, while wrought to a painstaking finish, redolent of the atmosphere and spirit of the places they picture, and, on the whole, his art is well up to the level achieved in previous volumes.

* * *

In "Lola Montez: An Adventuress of the 'Forties" (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net), Mr. Edmund B. d'Auvergne gives us a good account of the career of the most famous of nineteenth century adventuresses. Of mixed Spanish and Irish blood, Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert was born at Limerick in 1818. Her father, an army officer who had risen from the ranks, died in India before she was seven. Her mother soon married again, and sent Lola back to England, where she began her adventures by running away with a Lieutenant James in order to avoid marrying Sir Abraham Lumley, a Judge of the Supreme Court in India. A few years later she was divorced by James, and thenceforward her career was more notorious than famous. She fascinated Liszt, the elder Dumas, and that famous journalist, Dujarier, while, as everybody knows, she became a Baroness and Countess of Bavaria, and ruled both King Louis and his people. Her influence upon nearly all those who knew her presents a remarkable psychological puzzle. She was gifted, it is true, with more than average beauty, and with great courage, but she failed both as actress and as dancer, and her attraction was due less to talent or even beauty than to some indefinable quality of personality. "Equipped," says M. d'Auvergne, "only with the education of a pre-Victorian schoolgirl, she overthrew the ablest plotters and intriguers in Europe, foiled the policy of Metternich, and hoisted the standard of freedom in the very stronghold of Ultramontane and reactionary Germany." Like many women who have made light of the conventions, Lola Montez had a vein of religiosity, and ended her days as an adherent of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. M. d'Auvergne is inclined to whitewash his heroine wherever possible, but he can write, and has a good knowledge of the European history of the period. His chief source of information is the "Autobiography and Lectures of Lola Montez," but he supplements it by a judicious use of contemporary newspapers and memoirs.

* * *

Sir Henry W. Lucy's "Sixty Years in the Wilderness" (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net), is a lively and diverting series of reminiscences of the people famous in politics, art, and literature whom he has known. The thirty-six years during which Mr. Lucy has watched the doings of the House of Commons from the Press Gallery have supplied him with a great store of material, which, though he draws on it copiously for the present volume, is yet, we trust, far from exhaustion. The most interesting chapter in the book is that called "A Page of Secret History," which tells the story of the split in the Liberal ranks over Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Mr. Labouchere has already written upon this subject, and Mr. Lucy quotes a long letter from him here, together with another from Mr. W. S. Caine. It seems that if the Bill had been modified in its financial clauses, and a provision inserted that the Irish members should still sit at Westminster, Mr. Chamberlain would have supported the measure. Gladstone was willing to modify his proposals in the direction required, but Mr. Chamberlain sent a telegram to his colleagues containing the words, "Absolute surrender," which was shown to Gladstone. As a result, the surrender was not so absolute as Mr. Chamberlain had anticipated, and the split took place. There are many entertaining anecdotes in the reminiscences, and the book is written with all the freshness and vivacity that we expect from "Toby, M.P."

* * *

The second volume of Dr. G. Carotti's "History of Art" (Duckworth, 5s. net) confirms the impression, produced by the first, of great erudition and systematic compilation. As in the previous instance, the text has been revised by Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, who has also edited the exhaustive bibliography at the end, with a view to the needs of English readers; we note, however, that the translation is by a different hand, namely, that of Beryl de Zoete. The three principal sections of the present volume deal with Early Christian Art, Neo-Oriental Art, and European Art, and, as before, the art discussed is very largely architecture, though the wall-paintings of the Catacombs and the decorative arts connected with the embellishment of buildings are treated in their relationship to the rest. According to the author's scheme of construction, the continuity of artistic development from the Early Christian Era to the beginnings of the Renaissance is preserved unbroken. In the West the

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brilliant growth of Byzantine art, having spread from Constantinople, kept alive the instinct that might otherwise have been destroyed by the barbarian invasion from the North; while Arab Art with its several ramifications may be traced also to Byzantine stock. What is known as Carolingian Art in the West is treated by Dr. Carotti in considerable detail, and the rise of the Gothic Art of the Romanesque, especially in central France, receives close attention. The numberless small blocks that illustrate this volume help to make it fully as interesting and as valuable as a work of reference as its predecessors.

# The Week in the City.

The approaching end of the half-year has been felt rather earlier than usual, and, somewhat unexpectedly, the market went to the Bank for help on Thursday afternoon, borrowing for a week and taking money on discounts for half a month. It does not seem likely, however, that there will be any serious stringency next week, for the Bank's reserve is remarkably strong, and the foreign exchanges firm. The strength of the Paris cheque is especially notable because the speculation in Kaffirs, which three weeks ago was bringing French money to London is for the moment less active. The settlement was fairly heavy, but it is impossible to say how long public interest in the market will last. Opinions still vary enormously, but there is a general impression that Americans are far too high, and on this side people are keeping clear of them, whatever may be happening in America.

### The Position of the Railways.

It is a long time since English railways attracted as much departmental and Parliamentary attention as they have received during the last year. First we had the Conference that reported the other day on amalgamations and a number of other subjects; then the report of the Committee on railway accounts; then the White Paper on the Midland-North-Western-L. & Y. agreement, and lastly the appointment of a committee to consider the legal aspect of amalgamation. It is to be hoped that something worth having will result from all these deliberations; but, quite frankly, the tone adopted by the railway managers on the railway accounts committee does not bode well for the future. Men appointed to serve on a committee ought to treat their fellow-members with a certain amount of courtesy, and even if you happen to be an expert you need not regard your less fortunate neighbors with open contempt. Meanwhile the Railway market is fairly strong, and those best qualified to judge are decidedly hopeful.

### The Hudson's Bay Report.

The Hudson's Bay report was certain to be a bad one, and it turns out to be quite as bad as was expected. The land receipts which are still being swollen by the record sale of two and three years ago have fallen off only by £5,000, but the fur and trading profits are reduced by over £61,000, or 43 per cent. In fact, the net profits from this source are not half as large as they were two years ago, but it is scarcely likely that there will be another bad season this year, and as the prices obtained have been satisfactory the accounts twelve months hence ought in this respect to be a good deal better. The weak spot in the next few years is likely to be the land receipts which will suffer from the great reduction that has taken place in the sale since 1907. The farm land sold in 1906-7 was 140,089 acres; in 1907-8 it was only 21,214 acres, and last year only 25,449 acres, so that the instalments paid in on account of recent sales will be remarkably small for at least another three or four years. The sales of town lots amounted to £69,022 last year, against £334,312 in 1906-7, and £401,495 in 1905-6. This severe slump proves how speculative the land business of the Company really is, and how dangerous it is to buy the shares at high prices in a boom. In the long run, however, the value of the property should be safe enough, though exact calculations are not altogether to be trusted.

### The Honduras Railway.

The credit of Honduras stands deservedly low, and a correspondent who has just returned from Central America tells me that it is impossible to regard the prospects of the foreign bondholders of Honduras in an optimistic light. The Honduras debt, he writes, on which no payment has been made since 1870, now amounts, interest and principal, to over £20,000,000—a sum which cannot be deemed extraordinary, seeing that the money was originally borrowed at 10 per cent. All that the Honduras nation and bondholders have to show for this is a railway fifty-six miles inland from Puerto Cortes. With a view to extinguishing this debt, the Honduras Government proposed to hand over to the bondholders this railway and the wharf of Puerto Cortes, and also to pay to an American gentleman, Mr. Washington Valentine, the sum of 70,000 dols. gold in lieu of certain rights which he had on the two properties. The transaction was to be effected on April 30th last. However, at the stipulated date the Honduras Government failed to produce the dollars, the transaction fell through, and matters are at a deadlock. The Honduras Government is trying to get the United Fruit Company to come to the rescue, but facilities for shipping bananas are frequent upon the Central American and Colombian coast, and it is doubtful whether Honduras could make it worth the while of that astute company to engage in a transaction which certainly has been the reverse of remunerative during the last generation. The Consul of Honduras remarks: "The only public railway in the country, consisting of fifty-six miles inland from Puerto Cortes, is much in need of repair, its present condition being such as to cause constant derailment, the result being to bruise the fruit carried and seriously to affect the selling price it can command in the market of New Orleans." We have been informed by a prominent gentleman in the legal profession of Honduras that the railway was leased to Mr. Washington Valentine for a term of years at 25,000 dols. per annum. Considering that the receipts were estimated for the year 1906 at 500,000 Honduras dollars, Mr. Valentine cannot be said to have made a bad bargain; but, our informant says, the Government was preparing for war, and, urgently desiring cash, could not afford to look into the future. The foreign bondholders will still have to wait. It is said that the loans were originally raised on exorbitant terms, and ought to be scaled down. In any case, the railway, in its present condition, is not a very hopeful asset, until a considerable amount has been laid out upon it. The "Picayune" observes: "The road is in a worse condition, and wrecks are of weekly occurrence. For the most part, the rails now in use are of the lightest type used in 1870 when laid. Repairs have been made here and there, but for the most part the entire line is laid with those old iron rails of the type of 1870. The banana growers have a fine prospect for a good harvest, but their dependence on the railroad for transportation in its poor condition renders their position absolutely hazardous." The record of Honduras, from a financial point of view, is very evil, nor is it improved by the subserviency of the Government to Nicaragua. It is only through the knowledge that coercion would be applied by the United States fleet that Honduras was induced to accept the first award of the new Peace Court. If it be found possible to suppress the incessant revolutionary tendencies which are constantly perturbing Central America and embroiling one Republic with another, there would be a chance of prosperity, but until political conditions in Honduras, Nicaragua, and Guatemala are improved, the prospects of peace and financial regeneration are not bright.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 14.] SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909. [Price 6d.
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## Diary of the Week.

The *personnel* of the Government has been slightly changed during the week. Lord Fitzmaurice has resigned the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, owing purely to reasons of health, and his place in the Cabinet has been taken by Mr. Herbert Samuel, lately Under-Secretary for the Home Department. There are few better-informed men in England than Lord Fitzmaurice, and, as knowledge and judgment are valuable qualities in government, his retirement is greatly to be regretted. But there can be no doubt that, in mental energy and in power of work and debate, the Cabinet will gain by the inclusion of Mr. Samuel. He is not a politician of genius, and there are limits to his highly trained capacities, but a young man who is able to measure swords with Mr. Balfour without disadvantage is no slight addition even to a Cabinet of gifted men. The Government suffers a second loss in Mr. Buchanan's retirement from the Indian Under-Secretaryship, which he has filled with real distinction and usefulness. His successor is to be the Master of Elibank, an agreeable politician, who at present acts as Whip to the Scottish Liberal Members. The resulting vacancy has not yet been filled. It is hoped that Mr. Gulland, a very able Scottish member, will occupy it. It is, we think, important, considering the character of the majority, that the Radical side of the Whips' Office should be strengthened.

* * *

Meanwhile we congratulate the Liberal managers, central and local, on the tactic which has secured a union of Liberal and Labor forces in Mid-Derbyshire, where Sir Alfred Jacoby's death has created a vacancy. Mr. Hancock, the miners' agent, has been chosen as the representative of these two bodies of opinion, and the constituency is likely to accept the decision, which will have an excellent effect in the Cleveland Division. We hope that this event may be taken as a sign that Mr. Gladstone's carefully prepared and admirably executed policy of understandings between Liberal and Labor candidates, which bore its full fruit three years ago, is to be resumed. Without it there can be little hope of a Liberal return to power. The Budget forms the proper basis of such an understanding, and, though the present Parliament has revealed sources of difference and friction, the motives and the advantages of an agreement are fully as strong as they were in 1906. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Pease is thought to entertain different views from Mr. Gladstone's on these important questions of principle and strategy. We should have thought that the precedent of 1906 could not be bettered.

* * *

After six days' debate, Clause One of the Finance Bill, which imposed the increment duty, has been carried by 296 votes to 112, a highly satisfactory majority. The discussion in the House was less interesting than the attempt of the super-rich to suggest counter-proposals to the Chancellor. The first of these alternative Budgets was Lord Avebury's. It accepted all the indirect taxes, as well as the increased duties on stamps and the revised death duties, and objected only to the land taxes and the super-tax. Unfortunately Lord Avebury made a very obvious confusion between the full yield of the taxes and their estimated yield for the financial year. Thus he over-estimated the results of the income-tax by nearly a million and three-quarters, and those from stamps by £800,000, while he took the Morrison windfall of a million as a proper basis for estimating the yield of the death duties. The effect of these errors was that he left Mr. Lloyd George the task of filling a trifling gap of four millions. The second amateur Chancellor has been Lord Cromer, who, on Tuesday, proposed to the Unionist Free Traders a reduction of the estimates—under what head?—the re-imposition of the sugar duties, the graduation of income-tax down to the smallest incomes, and a loan for the Navy. Thus German and British finance would be assimilated on the double lines of bankrupt borrowing and the oppressive taxation of trade and the poor. The admission is a valuable one, for it exactly fulfils Liberal prophecies of what these "alternative Budgets" must be.

* * *

The substantial form of this "penguin policy," as the "Westminster Gazette" well calls it, is best illustrated by reference to the actual scheme of taxation passed by the Protectionist and reactionary Reichstag, which we reproduce from Mr. Bernstein's article on another page. The figures are in millions of marks.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Increased tax on | beer | ... | 100 |
| ,, ,, | spirits | ... | 83 |
| ,, ,, | tobacco | ... | 43 |
| ,, ,, | tea and coffee | ... | 37 |
| ,, ,, | sparkling wine | ... | 5 |
| New ,, | incandescent lamps | ... | 20 |
| ,, ,, | matches, &c. | ... | 25 |
| Increased ,, | railway tickets | ... | 20 |
| ,, ,, | bills of change | ... | 5 |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Increased tax on stocks ... | ... | ... | ... | | 15 |
| New ,, cheques | ... | ... | ... | | 7 |
| ,, ,, transfers of land, part sites | | | | | 20 |
| | | | | | 380 |

It will be seen that when the Protectionist comes to business he taxes not the foreigner but his own people, precisely as his British brethren will do when they get their chance.

* * *

Meanwhile, there is every sign that an agitation mainly conducted by men who either have over £5,000 a year, or wish to give the impression that they have it, is already breaking down. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain has made an uncompromising defence of the Budget, declaring it to be a "great" instrument of justice and relief for trade and labor, and exhorting the Government to pay no heed to the outcries of a few millionaires. At the Conference of the National Liberal Federation at Southport the Chancellor's name, on a reference by Mr. Masterman, was received with an enthusiasm which, according to the "Manchester Guardian's" correspondent, recalls the days of Gladstone, and a resolution of fervid and uncompromising support was passed by acclamation. The half-formed "Cave" in the House is also breaking up, only two Liberals voting against the first clause of the Bill. Sir John Dickson-Poynder's position, however, strikes us as somewhat equivocal. He has joined the Executive Committee of the Budget League, but he continues in and out of the House an active critic and opponent of the Bill.

* * *

On Friday week the Prime Minister declined to receive personally, from representatives of over 200 head mistresses of girls' secondary schools, a memorial in favor of women's suffrage, and he also declined to receive on Tuesday a deputation from the Women's Social and Political Union. We regret especially the first of these decisions, for no one who has any acquaintance with the history of higher education for women in this country will fail to be struck with the highly representative character of the signatories. Surely the extreme pre-occupation of Parliament with a few questions is a reason why Ministers should give the broadest possible reading to the right of petition. On Tuesday Mrs. Pankhurst and her friends practically resolved to dispute the Prime Minister's decision by force. Their deputation to the House of Commons attracted a crowd of about 50,000 people, which is said to have been on the whole sympathetic. The way was, of course, barred by the police, who handed Mr. Asquith's refusal to the women's leader. She then attempted to force a passage, and is reported, we hope wrongly, to have struck either Inspector Scantlebury or Inspector Jarvis. She was then arrested, with over 100 other women, while another band of suffragettes threw stones, wrapped in paper, at Mr. Asquith's windows. We have only to repeat our conviction that every one of these incidents adds, in the present state of politics, to the practical obstacles to women's suffrage.

* * *

On Saturday the Labor Party published a manifesto passing in review the characteristic acts of tyranny of the Tsar and his Government—all the allegations, by the way, have been suppressed by the "Times"—and protesting against his reception as an insult to national good fame. On Wednesday a not dissimilar letter was signed by Dr. Clifford, Dr. Monro Gibson, Mr. Jowett, and other Nonconformist ministers, calling on their colleagues to bring the condition of Russian prisons before their congregations, and to pray for the prisoners. On the other hand, M. Homyakoff, the President of the Duma, writes identifying the deputation now in this country with the Monarch, and stating, we think mistakenly, that the Labor manifesto does not reflect the general opinion of the British people. M. Homyakoff's action is endorsed by the leader of the Cadets, who declares that everything has been changed in Russia since the things of which the manifesto complains were possible.

* * *

As a result of his defeat in the matter of finance Prince Bülow on Saturday offered his resignation to the Kaiser, who refused it "until the labors for the reform of the Imperial finances should have produced a result of a positive kind which the Federal Governments could accept." Prince Bülow has lost no time in explaining this *communiqué*. He means to retire as soon as some kind of financial reform has been settled by arrangement with the Conservative-Clerical majority, a business which should take only a few weeks. The policy of dissolution urged by the Radicals and Liberals has been rejected, and although the "Kölnische Zeitung" suggests that this is because Prince Bülow was thrown over by the Federal Council, it is highly improbable that the Chancellor himself would have recommended so risky a step. The restoration of the Centre to authority, of course, means the end of the *bloc* as well as of Prince Bülow. No official hint has appeared as to Prince Bülow's successor, but Count Wedel, the Governor of Alsace, is one of the newspaper favorites.

* * *

The Persian Nationalists are reported to be advancing on Teheran in two bodies, the united Bakhtiaris from the south and the "Constitutionalists"—promptly re-christened "revolutionaries" by the "Times"—from Kazvin in the north. They declare loyalty to the Shah, but they naturally object to the advisers who with him have broken the Constitution. The Russians now openly advocate an expedition in force to Teheran, the moderate papers joining with the reactionary organs in pressing this course. The "Times" has the audacity to excuse and recommend it, though it involves a Russian occupation and eventually annexation of Northern Persia, with our co-operation in the destruction of Persian Constitutionalism. This can hardly be the view of our Foreign Office.

* * *

On Wednesday Lord Charles Beresford made an important speech on the naval question before the London Chamber of Commerce assembled in Merchant Taylors' Hall. On the whole, the address was on the lines of good sense and statesmanship. Lord Charles criticised both the tone and substance of our complaints of Germany, rebuked the sensationalism which started the race in "Dreadnoughts," and poured scorn on the "wild men" who proposed two British keels to Germany's one, and would thus "bankrupt the country." On naval policy he opposed the undue concentration of the Fleet in home waters, complained of the absence of a General Staff for the Navy, that is to say of a Department constructing plans of war, and then proposed his own naval programme. Its chief features were the laying down of ten more "Dreadnoughts" by 1914, which would give us twenty-six to Germany's twenty-one, or sixty-six powerful battleships to Germany's forty-one, a preponderance which he thought "sufficient." These ten ships were to be supported by eighteen second-class cruisers, eighteen cruisers for the protection of commerce, twenty-four large "anti-destroyers," and fifty-two torpedo boat

destroyers—hardly a reinforcement of the fighting fleet. These additions would require 16,000 more men by the spring of 1914, while the maximum cost of the programme would be sixty millions, spread over five years. The meeting passed the usual parrot motion for more "Dreadnoughts" at once, though Lord Charles's battleship programme is quite compatible with the maintenance of our normal rates of construction.

* * *

Francis Joseph has appointed Dr. von Lukacs his *homo regius* or special Commissioner to negotiate with the Independence party a solution of the Hungarian crisis. The Wekerle Ministry was wrecked two months ago by its failure to carry through the Universal Suffrage Bill or to settle the Bank question. Herr Kossuth could not form a Ministry because the section of the Independence party, led by Herr Justh, objected to a Coalition Government, and because it insisted that in place of the joint Austro-Hungarian Bank two independent banks should be set up—a demand rejected by the Emperor. The Independence party is in the majority in the Hungarian Chamber, and Dr. von Lukacs is instructed to offer its leaders an entire Independence Cabinet but for the presence of some official members, on condition that the Universal Suffrage Bill is pushed through and the Bank question postponed. It is believed that the Independence Party will consent. The alternative is the appointment of an official Ministry, the temporary suspension of Parliamentary Government, and the resumption of the struggle between the Crown and the Independence party.

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The United States Senate has polished off the coal, iron, and wood pulp schedules, and is practically through with the draft. It is expected that the amendment imposing an income-tax on corporations, and the Conference with the House, will take another three weeks in all, so that Congress may escape from the heat of Washington by July 20th. A feature of the Senate's later activities is the affixing to the wood-pulp schedule of a retaliatory clause aimed against Canada. The income-tax on corporations turns out to be a modest 2 per cent., with ample allowances and exemption up to £1,000. Mr. Aldrich has revealed its true meaning by saying that he supported it as a way of defeating a general Federal income-tax, and that, in any case, it would probably be repealed in two years. The chance, therefore, of the Constitutional amendment passing to permit a Federal income-tax is hardly worth considering, and Mr. Taft's sincerity in suggesting it takes an ugly look.

* * *

The new French tariff drafted by the Customs Committee is now before the Chamber, and has been under general discussion for several days. In its present form it reveals some slight concessions to British representations, and the Government may advocate more. The only strong attack on the draft tariff so far has come from the Socialists, though one member pointed out the danger of reprisals upon the wine trade, which maintains 19,000,000 Frenchmen. M. Morel, the reporter to the Committee, scouts these apprehensions, and, in the same breath, argues that the 1892 tariff has broken down completely, but, on the other hand, the new tariff, from which everything is to be expected, is really only a slight accentuation of the 1892 tariff. The Marseilles shipping strike shows how Protection really works. The 1892 tariff gave French shipping a monopoly of the colonial trade. As a result the number of French ships trading with Algeria has dropped from seventy-four to fifty, the traffic has got into the hands of a ring, the freights on Algerian goods are several times as high as on goods imported from abroad, so that the surcharge for the benefit of the monopolists wipes out the preference on colonial products, and every now and then a strike deprives Algeria of all means of transport.

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The Imperial Press Conference has come to an end, and, although we regret the attempt of agents of Tariff Reform and Conscription to manipulate it in the interests of sensational journalism, we may well congratulate its members on the general fairness and good sense of its decisions. The Government has done the bulk of the Australian press the service of assisting the reduction by the Pacific Cable Board of the cable press rates to Australia and New Zealand from 1s. to 9d. and 9½d. a word. The Atlantic rates remain unrevised. The Prime Minister seemed to think that something might be done on the Atlantic rates, but he did not directly answer the appeal for a mixed Imperial and Colonial service. On this point the Government may do well to wait until they see what comes of the promised developments of the Marconi system. The events of the last few years have shown how strong is the necessity of securing an accurate cable service between the home country and her daughter nations.

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The correspondents in Fez were reporting last week the imminent downfall of Mulai Hafid. The Sultan was said to be at daggers drawn with El Glawi and the other great feudal chiefs who are his viziers, while Bu Hamara, the Pretender, was burning and killing within a few miles of the capital. Mulai Hafid, however, remained undisturbed, his viziers seem to have changed their minds, and Bu Hamara has turned away from Fez. It is difficult, owing to the channels through which Moroccan news comes, to know what is the real truth, but one may safely attribute these pessimistic rumors, the activity of the Pretender and the coldness of the viziers, to foreign intrigues. In his interviews with envoys of the Powers, in particular the French and Spanish envoys, Mulai Hafid, who is a man of iron will and distinguished ability, insisted that the evacuation of Moorish territory should be part of any settlement. The French have always had relations with Bu Hamara and agents in the Maghzen, and they may have used these as instruments to weaken the Sultan's resolution. Spain has taken the more open way of sending 17,000 troops to Melilla to "police," in other words to occupy, the Riff country.

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We have received a number of letters from Holland, and also a copy of the "Handelsblad," which seem to show that one or two phrases in our recent article on Dutch politics have given some pain. We can assure the writer in the "Handelsblad" and our friends in Holland that nothing was further from our intention than to wound the proper national pride of the Dutch. We referred to their "heroic past"; there is no phrase in our article which conveys a suggestion that they are "decadent." Were they attacked, it is certain that they would make a gallant resistance. But against a great Land Power would this resistance avail them more to-day than in the Napoleonic period? Holland, like Switzerland and Belgium, is secure, less by her own strength than by the respect for her rights which jealous and rival Powers enforce upon each other. There is no "taunt" involved in stating that patent fact.

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[*The next issue of "The Nation" will be an enlarged Number, dealing specially with fiction.*]

# Politics and Affairs.

## IF IT BE TRUE!

What we admire most in the lamentations of the land-owner over the Budget is their disinterestedness. The owner of many acres is never found grieving for himself. It is not that he minds how the tax hits him. It is that through him it deals a blow at the vast public interests committed to his charge. Here is one man who is positively compelled to sell his land at a very high figure. One might think that there was profit here, hard cash and plenty of it for the seller, work for the builder, space for those who need houses and gardens, and who have hitherto been cramped because the land was held up. But this is entirely to miss the point of view of such men as Lord Onslow. The mere outsider sees only that the land is made available for those who need it. What Lord Onslow sees is mainly so much diminution of his authority as land-owner, so much loss to the nation of the inestimable value of his overlordship. Here again is a philanthropist mourning over the charities which he can no longer dispense, the hospitals which must decay without his aid, the poor at his gate who exchange his weekly dole for the mess of pottage of a State pension and the coldness of public support. The mere outsider might think that it was better for the public as a whole to face its collective responsibility for the sick and aged, and better for the sick and aged to rely on a legal right to support than on the arbitrary dispensation of their more fortunate neighbors. But this is Radicalism indeed. This is deadly ignorance of the function of a governing class. That there should be among them those who have all the wealth and all the power and all the land, and who practise in perfection the virtues of benevolence and condescension and wise, unselfish governance, is the social ideal to be understanded not of the vulgar, but only of those born in the purple.

Here again is the ducal sufferer who, contemplating increment taxes and super-taxes, sees no resource but to jump out of the window, and is restrained only by the timely remembrance of the death duties—an attitude of mind to be paralleled only by that of the promoters of the American Coffin Trust, who sedulously kept their doings dark for fear of discouraging mortality. How many millions of humble lives, we wonder, are lived cheerfully enough on five per cent. of the fortune remaining in ducal hands after the Inland Revenue has done its worst. We may even ask how much, when the whole effect of indirect taxation is reckoned up, after the duties on tea, tobacco, beer, have been paid, and the rates on the cottage reckoned in, does the proportion which the poor contribute fall behind that of the rich? If taxation develops in the poor no suicidal tendencies, it is, be sure, because they have not the same sense of their social importance.

It is indeed a pleasing trait in a governing class that it takes all its privileges as duties, we may almost say as sacrifices. In its own mind it owns land not to draw rents from it, but to order the life of those that dwell thereon. The rents are a necessary detail, but, considered as a remuneration to the owner for the example which he sets in the art of living well, they are already most inadequate. The squire supports the hunt from a sense of duty to the county. He and he alone is definitely above such base considerations as the destruction of poultry-farming by the preservation of the fox. The rich man motors that he may support a chauffeur and raise up a new industry. Without his luxuries—of which, heaven knows, he appreciates the utter necessity to himself—where, he demands, would be the employment of all the hands that now labor for his service? Without his charity, where would be the support for these same hands in sickness, unemployment, and old age? Without his guidance, where would be the control of affairs? To him his property is a trust, and the little enjoyment that he gets from it—how little it is sages have testified, and experience supports them—is a miserly recompense for the benefit which he confers upon the world by condescending to own it. Tax him a little more, and he will do what vulgar people do when the load is piled up beyond endurance. He will go on strike. He will sell, and where shall we all be then? He will put down his fourth motor-car. He will stop his charities. Last, and worst, almost beyond contemplation, he will withdraw his presence. He will carry off the capital piled up by English labor or realised by the sale of English land to more equable climates, where taxes fall on the mere bread and clothing of common folk, and the clamor for eight "Dreadnoughts" is not heard.

It seems almost profane to say it, but some of us can contemplate all these alternatives, even the last, without loss of equanimity. It occurs to us that Lord Onslow's and Lord Clinton's land is, socially speaking, more important than their ownership of it. The calamity of the severance does not loom so large in our minds as it seems to do with these noblemen. The truth, if we must confess it, is that quite a different vista of the future is opened up for our mind. If it is really true that the Budget will cause the break-up of the great estates, if there is to be at last a free market for land, if there is a fair prospect of openings for the small holder, and a general tendency to the use of the soil on an economic basis, then we may indeed hope that the Budget will prove a turning point in our social history. The net effect of our land system in the last century and a-half is, as we read it, to be seen in the depopulation of the rural districts and the crowding of the city slums. By the long series of enclosures between the middle of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries the English peasantry were finally divorced from the soil. By clearings in the interests of sport the Scottish peasantry were still more ruthlessly expelled. By the absorption of the unearned increment in private pockets, and the consequent weight of taxation on building, the house famine in the growing towns was brought about, and the peasant, driven into the cities, was forced to crowd into dwellings where room was insufficient, and rent skimmed off the slow increase of wages. We think we can do without this system. We think we can do better if we take a toll of the unearned increment from the common purse, and meet

out of the funds which it provides the responsibilities of social progress. If lowered incomes induce owners to part with their land to those who want to live on it, or to put it to more economical uses, to prefer poultry to foxes, or a race of relatively independent small holders to cap-touching laborers, we think it will be so much the better for the country. And if it be true that the Budget means all this, we know no better argument for the Budget.

Again, if it be true that luxurious expenditure will be diminished, we may fairly ask whether this does not mean that the sum total of necessary expenditure will be increased. If the millionaire is spending less on wines or on motor cars because he has a thousand pounds to pay in increased taxation, what, we have to ask, is the ultimate destiny of this thousand pounds? It is not thrown into the sea. It finds its way through the National Exchequer into other channels of expenditure. If it goes in old age pensions, it means just so much of increased expenditure on the part of aged people and so much more in the grocer's bill, in the baker's bill, and possibly even in the butcher's bill, so much more demand for bread, and butter, and tea, and so much more employment of the labor by which bread and butter and tea are produced. There is no theoretical reason why one penny less should be expended in the employment of labor because of this change in the form of demand. Whether in the end there is net gain or not depends on the wisdom of public expenditure, not on any such question as that which is suggested in the economics of luxury.

Finally, as to charity, some bluntness of speech must be excused. There is a beautiful beneficence and an unbeautiful, and it is a sad fact that the one too often passes unconsciously into the other. Those who give to the poor do not mean to make them dependent, but too often succeed in doing so. As our social life is organised, dependence and charity have become two sides of the same shield, and it is a fundamental part of the problem of freedom to separate them, so that charity may once again become a virtue, and dependence something unknown except for the physically unable or the mentally deficient. The road to this liberation is through the fuller assumption by the State of collective responsibilities now inadequately discharged by private individuals. When the rich man tells us that what he pays in taxes he will withhold in gifts, he is merely assuring us that this beneficent process is under weigh. If it is all true, how great may be our hopes! Our only fear is that the spokesmen of wealth exaggerate.

## A PLEA OF MODERATION.

As it is permissible to be taught by an enemy, we shall take leave to say that Lord Charles Beresford's speech before the London Chamber of Commerce puts fresh heart into the party of peace and of moderation in naval expenditure. We quite understand Lord Charles's position, and we shall take no unfair advantage of it. He represents an unpopular type of naval strategy. He dislikes Sir John Fisher and his school, a view, be it remembered, which he shares with distinguished seamen and experts like Sir Frederick Richards, Sir Cyprian Bridge, and Sir William White. He has carried his feeling while in active command much further, we think, than he should have carried it. But we must recall the fact that his opposition is not merely personal, and that it concerns two vital points of naval policy and administration. The first is the concentration of the Fleet in home waters, with its "point" towards the North Sea, the withdrawal, as Admiral Richards puts it, of the "flag from oversea." Let us assume that it was wise to correct the extreme dispersion of our naval forces. But let us also remember first that that action involved a certain loss of spectacular and even of moral power, of which the visit of the American Fleet to Australia, and its brilliant reception there, was a sign, and, secondly, that it intensified and embittered the Anglo-German controversy. Far less open to question was the impropriety of the advertisement given by Sir John Fisher to the first appearance of the "Dreadnought." We have already paid in tens of millions of pounds the price of Sir John's glowing announcements of his discovery of a ship that made the British Navy all but obsolete, and enabled its competitors, who thought that they were toiling hopelessly in the rear, to start level with it. Lord Charles Beresford fairly enough described the effect of that great misadventure:—

> "We started talking about the ship, the press was full of it, and our public men were full of it. They were saying, 'Look at our "Dreadnought"; look what Britain has done; no other nation can do it,' and they said these things to a neighboring nation. They said them to a nation which is a thoroughly business nation—a nation which thoroughly understands war, and I say that it is our fault that the other nations of the world have taken up 'Dreadnoughts' and have put us back to scratch. By this advertising we have led them to consider the 'Dreadnought' theory, and it is our fault that we have got to build these large ships in order to keep up in the race which we have created by our own fault and by our arrogant nonsense."

It is pertinent to ask with what justice the starters in the "Dreadnought" race can turn round on Germany and treat her own later adoption of this type as a deliberately planned assault on British supremacy in war-vessels? This is no idle question. At every point of the Anglo-German differences we come upon a state of the national mind, or of a section of it, which continually modifies to our disadvantage the material difficulties we have to meet. Which, for example, is the better issue for this country—that the German Navy League's demand for an expansion of the revised programme after 1911 (when it drops to almost trifling proportions) should be defeated, or that our Roseberys, and Lees, and our Councils of War with the Colonies, should frighten and irritate Germany into a further waste of her money and ours, a fresh heating of the international air? At no point, then, are temper and policy negligeable questions. They are vital; they are ever-present; they control the whole situation, and if we are to choose well our ships and the men who fight them, more watchful still should we be against those errors of heart and intellect for which nations pay as dear as individuals.

Now, both on the moral and the material side of our relations with Germany we have arrived at a very critical

issue. On the material point Lord Charles Beresford does not give the Government a bad lead, as far as the building of battleships is concerned. Lord Charles has been a man of war from his youth upwards; we do not know whether he would even object to our calling him a Jingo. He has been for many years in active command of a British fleet, so that in practical experience he has more to tell us than his able rival at the Admiralty. But he does not ask the Prime Minister and his colleagues to build more than ten "Dreadnoughts" between 1910 and 1914, which is his critical year. By that date, he says, Germany will have twenty-one "Dreadnoughts." We cannot see how she can possibly have more than eighteen, and she is much more likely to have sixteen. But counting the four ordered for this year, Lord Charles professes his content with a British strength of twenty-six "Dreadnoughts" five years hence, or twenty-eight with the addition of the two "Lord Nelsons," while he laughs to scorn Mr. Stead's formula of two keels to one. Now, we must point out that this end is compatible not only with the postponement of the four "Dreadnoughts" till next year, but with a reduced rate of production either in 1911 or in 1912. We can build four early in 1910, four in 1911, and two in 1912, and yet maintain, five years hence, with the aid of the "King Edwards" and other powerful and non-obsolete types of battleships, a superiority over the German Navy of at least three to two. Such a situation can be developed with the utmost calm, without a word of provocation or a sign of panic. If we must administer a dose of soothing syrup to our neurotics, we can put the construction of our second four "Dreadnoughts" into the spring months of 1910. Beyond this, on Lord Charles Beresford's calculation, we need not go. We may or may not endorse his demand for a large force of second-rate cruisers and "commerce-protectors," for that appears to raise afresh the concluded question of the concentration of the navy. Such a disposition would not greatly assist the offensive capacity of the fleet, on which the issue with a rival Power would depend. But here, in black and white, a great authority on naval war, a mighty stickler for our naval supremacy, lays down a standard of strength compatible with reasonable pleas for economy and peace. Does a Liberal Government propose to over-trump Lord Charles Beresford?

There is another consideration. An incident of note occurred during the late mission of British ministers of religion to Germany. Admiral von Tirpitz expressed informally the pain he had felt because our own First Lord of the Admiralty had not accepted his statements denying an acceleration of the German programme. Has there been any such acceleration? The German Admiralty denies it point-blank, months after the original statement was made. That denial is open to absolute proof of its good or bad faith. Some months have passed since it was first tendered. Where is the evidence of the surreptitious pressing forward of the two or the four ships—on this point of numbers we do not seem to have made up our minds—of the 1909-10 programme? It may possibly exist. But by this time it must be fully known. If Admiral von Tirpitz and the German Ambassador in London have lied to our Government, then an exemplary exposure awaits them before the public opinion of Europe. If they have somehow concealed a "Dreadnought" or two beneath the skirts of a deceiving diplomacy, the debate on the question of the four extra "Dreadnoughts" will automatically cease. But supposing this is not true, and that we have only to deal with the normal evolution of a programme whose outlines are before the world—supposing that our whole discovery was that German methods of ship-building were on one or two points a little more business-like than our own—we owe Germany an apology, and our countrymen a distinct and authoritative warning against naval scares. We have to acknowledge that we shall have to meet not twenty-one, or seventeen, "Dreadnoughts" in 1912, but thirteen, that it is conceivable we may only have to deal with eleven, and that our resources are fully equal to either emergency.

Evidence is not wanting that many of the Ministerial statements of March last were made under a misapprehension. Mr. McKenna then seemed to think that, so far as building ships and the fitting up of the new type of war vessels were concerned, Germany was almost on an equality with ourselves. But on Monday last he made a much more qualified statement of German progress. He stated that, while we had thirteen graving docks fitted for "Dreadnoughts" in existence and six building, Germany had only five and one building, and one floating dock and two building against our two building. These figures exhibit no parity of building strength between the two nations on Germany's part, and no intention to create it. We have further to envisage a real appeasement of the Anglo-German situation, and a vivid and most significant growth of the immense, and, as yet, insuperable, financial difficulties which bar the way to the ambitions of the German Navy League. In Germany, as with us, the shriekers are also the shirkers. There, as here, the workmen and the industrials, who declare for peace, silently shoulder the burden for which they have *not* called; there, as here, the powerful classes that fasten these pledges of ill-will on the people's backs refuse them for their own. The moral force of the war-party is broken when the war-makers proclaim themselves ready to smash their Governments rather than subscribe to war budgets.

## THE DUMA AND THE TSAR.

The visit of a distinguished deputation from the Third Duma has been in itself a pleasant and gracious episode. To bring two nations together and obliterate the rivalries of an angry past is to serve the cause of both. These courtesies, however, have more than a social meaning. We have been telling the Russians how much we have learned from their literature, which is to our generation what French letters were to the eighteenth and German thinking to the early nineteenth century, the chief among the humanising influences in Europe; they have replied by affirming their debt to Mill and Spencer and Darwin. But it is not of literature or human sympathies that our official class is thinking. This visit

has been cleverly designed to prepare the way for the Tsar's coming in August, and that, in its turn, is an affirmation of a political understanding which verges on an alliance. In the end, our verdict on this episode must depend mainly on our attitude towards the European policy of which it is a necessary detail. To us the risks of this entry into the struggle for predominance in Europe are more apparent than its benefits. It shatters the Concert, challenges Germany, and accentuates the competition in armaments. One desires in a partner loyalty and strength; official Russia possesses neither. The connection has little value in the struggle to achieve a balance of power favorable to ourselves, unless we can be certain that Russia, if forced to choose, will prefer our friendship to that of Germany. There lies the permanent element of doubt. It is irrelevant to emphasise the sympathies of the Russian people. The Duma has no control whatever, even in theory, over foreign policy, which continues to be an unchallenged province of the Tsar's personal authority. He will accept from us what we can offer—a free hand to occupy Persia. He will take from France what she can give—her financial support. But he dare not break with his German neighbor. Poland is worth a score of Persias. Nor have we anything tangible to offer him comparable to the subtle flattery of the Kaiser's public recognition of his claims to rule by right divine. The connection, in short, seems to us a deviation from a Liberal policy in Europe, and, moral judgments apart, we doubt its value as a factor in any stable or efficient diplomacy.

The debate on the ethics of this connection has turned, in this country, mainly on the bearing which it may have upon the internal situation in Russia. In the early years of the Constitutional struggle, in 1905 and 1906, this was a vital question. We were clear then, and the Russian Liberals at that time agreed with us, that a refusal to assist the autocracy with loans, or to enhance its prestige by diplomatic support, would have aided the popular cause. Russia was then in a period of revolution, and even the Liberal Cadets (Constitutional Democrats) supported, first, the general strike, and then the idea of passive resistance. Clearly, if they were going to refuse to pay taxes, we ought also to have refused to subscribe to loans. The revolutionary period, however, came to an end with the destruction of the second Duma, not because liberty had been won, but because the opposition has been outmanœuvred. The Liberals have completely revised their strategy; the Socialists, who have refused to compromise, have been utterly crushed. Even men so sanguine as M. Miliukoff have jettisoned most of their hopes. In 1906 they thought they could secure responsible party government on the British or French model. To-day their dream is to attain, in the course of some years or even decades, a measure of liberty comparable to that which Prussia enjoys. The doctored franchise ensures a permanent Conservative and land-owning majority in the Duma; their utmost expectation is slowly to emerge from the system of martial law and arbitrary administration which prevails at present, into a condition in which personal liberty, toleration, and free speech will be nearly so secure as they are in the German Empire. They cannot win these ends by force. They are busy, therefore, in magnifying every simulacrum of a Constitutional right, hoping pathetically to placate the Tsar, to mollify the Ministry, and to influence the Conservative Octobrists. Merely to keep the Duma in being as a nucleus for future growth seems to them an immense achievement. Its bare survival is a sort of victory; at the worst it is the only free platform that remains. Their tactics have been transformed, and even when they venture to denounce the Black Hundreds they are careful to abstain in public from mentioning the fact that the Tsar is their patron and protector. They affect to treat him as a Constitutional monarch, much as the ancient Greeks called the Furies the Well-Disposed Spirits, in the hope that they would try to earn their name. These may be wise tactics, but we have our doubts. The Duma survives only because it is nearly impotent; if, some years hence, it tried to assert itself its fate would still be uncertain. Moreover, in every village, with the gradual destruction of the Mir (the village commune), aided by famine and over-taxation, a proletariat is being created which may, in the end, defeat, by its angry despair, these hopes of a pacific evolution towards legality.

In what way can British sympathy aid the Russian Liberals? Their own advice is clear. They ask us to consolidate the understanding, and if we cannot bring ourselves, as the "Times" does, to flatter their unspeakable Tsar, at least to give him a civil welcome. By so doing, they tell us, we may not exactly soften his heart, but at least we may prevent him from cementing his connection with the Kaiser, which would in their view be disastrous to their prospects. It is an ungracious duty to question the advice of men whom we respect, particularly when they face such appalling dangers. But, frankly, we do not follow their calculations. We doubt the ability either of King or Kaiser greatly to influence such a situation as this. In a civil war a foreign Power may throw its weight into one of two scales. But in Russia there is hardly an overt struggle in progress. Let us suppose that amid the general European game of chess, the crisis in Russia became acute, and the Tsar was about to destroy the Duma. Is it probable that either Sir Edward Grey or Lord Lansdowne, relying in their diplomacy on the support of official Russia, without which they cannot have the full backing of official France, would be prepared suddenly to face isolation by giving the Tsar unpalatable advice? Would either of them threaten to break off the understanding in order to save the Duma or avenge its fate? To ask that question is to answer it. Our ruling class makes no pretence to such chivalry as this. The "Spectator" and the "Standard" and the rest of the ultra-Tory Press began to urge a Russian understanding while the Tsar was still a pure autocrat. They wanted his aid against Germany. His aid would still be valuable, even if he imprisoned two hundred members of the Third, as he did of the First and Second Dumas. It is not democratic sympathy but a Bismarckian calculation which has made this understanding. The minority, consisting of Labor and the Radical Wing, which alone in this country steadily opposes an Imperialist foreign policy, would be impotent

to force a more human standpoint upon the Foreign Office. The Tsar will always oscillate between the British and the German groups of Powers, guided solely by self-interest. Our diplomacy will have enough to do to keep him loyal in external affairs, without attempting to influence his internal policy.

In this complicated situation, we must, it seems to us, be the judges of our own conduct to the Tsar. Treaties are mortal, and even rivalries fleeting. Five or ten years hence our Jingoes will have found new allies and new enemies in Europe. But while they rearrange their diplomatic pawns, we have a permanent principle to guard. To flatter or even to welcome the Tsar is to obliterate the tradition which has taught us to welcome the exile and to execrate the despot. We cannot for the sake of marking a score against Germany befriend the Tsar, without sinking to the level at which she courted Abdul Hamid. He is for us the man who dragooned his dissenters; he is the man who gave the order to slaughter a peaceful crowd on Vladimir's Day; he is the man who subsidised and encouraged the Black Hundreds while they massacred the Jews; he is the man by whose will martial law is maintained, the prisons crowded with political suspects, and Siberia peopled with untried exiles; he is also the man who made a war to further a financial speculation in which he and his Court were involved. To the faults of the weakling he has added the crimes of the despot and the persecutor. No flattery will make him a loyal ally. Our silence will not make him a constitutional ruler. But to call him our friend is to besmirch our own escutcheon, and to surrender every principle for which free men contend. Whatever else we gain or lose, let us at least preserve our self-respect.

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## THE FATE OF THE CENSORSHIP.

The Government has, we hope, taken the first step to the abolition of the censorship of the drama through the office of the Lord Chamberlain. On the initiative of Mr. Robert Harcourt, the Prime Minister has appointed a Joint Committee of the two Houses of Parliament, and the whole case is now open to the judgment, not only of this body, but of the nation. The enemies of the censorship have undoubtedly been fortified by the refusal of the Censor to license a second play by Mr. Bernard Shaw, entitled "Press Cuttings," on the ground that it contains "personalities," which, we suppose, means reflections on living people, or caricatures of them. If this is the reason actually prevailing with Mr. Redford or Lord Althorp, or both, we can only say it is not a true reason. The play, which we have read, contains no such personalities. Mr. Shaw has, it is true, introduced two characters, a Prime Minister, whom he calls "Balsquith," and a Minister of War, whom he calls "Mitchener." But neither bears the smallest resemblance to Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour or Lord Kitchener, and both are clearly intended not to satirise individuals, but to illustrate certain current tendencies in British politics. The most moderate intelligence applied to the play's dialogue and intention would have revealed this fact, and convinced even the Censor that "Press Cuttings," the title of Mr. Shaw's play, has nothing in common with the deliberate caricature of individuals, such as the music-halls continually practise, or—to go farther back in the history of the drama—Aristophanes used at the expense of Socrates and his friends. The play turns, in the main, on the conflict of opinion and strategy about women's suffrage which women are now maintaining with the accustomed vigor of their sex, and, incidentally, administers the antidote to the social doctrines of "An Englishman's Home." It may involve too heavy a strain on the intelligence of the Censor to ask him why he should raise these latter ideas to the level of inspiration, of which no disrespectful word may be spoken, while a free country is denied the right to laugh at conscription through the mouth of its best living comedian, or even, in face of the Japanese Alliance, to witness an old fabular presentment of Japanese life, intended for the instruction and amusement, not of Japan, but of England.

We fancy, however, that we discern in the dim depths of the official mind the stirring of the instinct which equally provokes its acts of licence and of repression. It is determined to keep the theatre "in its place"—as an entertainer rather than a critic of life. The British drama is set free to wear the fool's cap and bells or the frocks of Mayfair, but not the sober livery of truth. It may use neither the looking-glass to show the age what it is like, nor the scalpel to excise its ulcers. While the stage lies under this bond to triviality, it is equally impossible to conceive the Censor permitting us to see "Ghosts" or staying such a revival of the drama of the Restoration as "Dear Old Charlie." Pursuing this line it has, therefore, contrived, with some cleverness, to plant the literary and managerial worlds in opposite camps. The literary conscience of England, applying its mind to the drama as a powerful instrument for conveying ideas about modern life, no longer accepts its exclusion from the sphere of morals and criticism which it freely enters through the world of books. The managers, finding that, in Mr. George Alexander's phrase, they are "safe" so long as they range within the wide bounds of frivolity and convention assigned them, discourage the serious drama, and ring the changes on every type of false, broadly suggestive, or merely imitative work, provided by the ingenuity of the commercial play-maker. Relieved of responsibility for a true moral and intellectual choice of plays, they cling to the censorship, which saves them trouble and, they think, fills the stalls and costlier seats of their play-houses. But here they are in error, for they have forgotten the music-halls. The "hall" can beat the theatre both in its appeal to the average sensual, non-intellectual man, and in the closer touch with life which artists of the type of "Harry Lauder" or "Dan Leno" maintain. The managers having settled among themselves that they will run not the true, the historic, the living theatre, but a showman's booth or a beauty show, declare, in effect, that they want neither the Puritans nor the intellectuals. And having thus sold their birthright, they conclude, like other sophisticated slaves, that their service is perfect freedom. They are

mistaken in their judgment of the moral and of the commercial issue. The broad fact is that the theatre, on its present lines, does not prosper.

It is at this pass that the Government has rightly intervened and decided to review the whole situation as between the play and the British public. We need not speculate over-much on what the decision of the Joint Committee will be. It must, we think, be fatal to the Censorship. No one acquainted with modern drama can defend it. It is possible to say that world-poetry and the truthful criticism of social disorders are too painful, too embarrassing, for the mixed audiences in British theatres. But Mr. Redford cannot get a body even of representative politicians to say that no Englishman or Englishwoman shall see the "Ædipus Tyrannus" on the stage, but that they and their boys and girls are free to witness "The Giddy Goat" or "The Spring Chicken." The Committee may feel less certainty when they proceed to consider whom they shall put in Lord Althorp's and Mr. Redford's place. They may choose to rest the censorship of the drama, as they rest the censorship of literature, on the ground which Milton found strong enough, the good sense of common opinion, corrected by the law. This, we imagine, would act through the public prosecutor, who would not possess the power of arbitrary closure. Or they may set up (*a*) a special central body, with a representative element, or (*b*) the local authorities. Against this latter device the managers might have a reasonable objection. Unless the power of the local councils were very carefully guarded, it would expose them to refusals by provincial bodies to license plays that had passed the more instructed opinion of the capital. No one would say that Manchester or Liverpool were behind London in the capacity to criticise drama. But we should not think it fair to open the work of Ibsen and Brieux to the kind of revision that it *might* encounter from the rulers of Little Pedlington or even of Pedlington Major. Truth in new forms is often accepted by the people if they can be prevented from crucifying it, but a few sympathetic or instructed intelligences usually grasp it first and pass their discovery on to the rest. If, therefore, the Committee decide in favor of any kind of licensing authority, it will probably be a central one. Such an authority, it must be clearly understood, could not be the Censor in a new dress. Both the common informer, and the power of revising plays and banning them on moral or literary or political grounds, would have to go. The licensing body should only be invoked after fair notice to the managers of complaints brought against them, managers or lessees should have the power of appearance before it, it should possess no preliminary right of censorship of literature and morals—a function that we dispense with in the case of the music-halls. We should certainly hope that a free British drama would resemble neither that of Elizabeth nor of the restoration, and that, like modern British literature, it would retain a measure of proportion, good humor, and reticence. But it is essential to create or to restore the conditions under which it may again become a living power, able to correct the conscience and to exalt the mind, no less than to reconcile man to his lot.

# Life and Letters.

## CALVIN.

By the Dean of Ripon.

To-morrow the City of Geneva will celebrate the 400th anniversary of the birth of Calvin, the founder of its constitution, ecclesiastical and civil, the man who made its name a power throughout the civilised world. It will call upon all who sympathise with the Reformation to join in honoring his memory. A monument is to be placed against the remaining portion of the old city walls, with statues of Calvin and the principal reformers, facing a fine promenade. On Sunday there will be special services, and on the following days receptions and expeditions on the lake, the whole centring round the laying of the first stone of the monument on Tuesday, and a commemorative visit to the University founded as a college by Calvin. Deputations have been sent from all parts of the world, that from England having been organised by a committee presided over by the Dean of Canterbury. But, though the size and composition of this Committee, which includes bishops and representatives of the various churches and members of both houses of Parliament, prove that there are many eminent men amongst us by whom the memory of the Reformer is honored, yet Calvin is not, we imagine, appreciated by us as regards the most important and enduring parts of his work. He is known to most men either simply in connection with the doctrine which bears his name, and which is taken abstractedly and in its harshest sense, apart from its historical position, or else as the author of the prosecution of Servetus, the eminent physicist, which led to his condemnation as an Arian and to his death by burning. It may be as well, therefore, to touch at once upon these two points.

No one would, at the present day, seek to justify the burning of heretics; but in the 15th and 16th centuries it was not only the established custom, as the English Statute *De Hæretico Comburendo* shows, but an Act of Faith, as it was called in Spain. Calvin, who was bound by law, as the head of the Company of Pastors, to bring before the magistrates of Geneva a man who had already been condemned in France, pleaded before judges who had less inclination to leniency, and could not even prevail on them to substitute decapitation for burning. It would be useless to deny Calvin's complicity; but the strange thing is that, while in the case of other great men such things as this are overlooked, this one act of Calvin's has been allowed to besmirch his whole character. No one remembers against Sir Thomas More that he brought heretics without number to their doom, or thinks of Cranmer as writing of Frith, on whom he had sat in judgment, and who was condemned merely on the question of Transubstantiation, that "he would go in a few days to the fire." Surely in Calvin's case we may blame the age rather than the man: the time of toleration was not yet. But those who are now honoring Calvin have honored Servetus also, and have set up an expiatory monument on the place where he was burned.

It may be said truly that this act followed naturally from the extreme manner in which Calvin asserted the doctrine of Predestination. But here also he should be judged as we judge of St. Augustin, whose influence is largely responsible for these extreme views: and, what is more important, we must consider what gave so much importance to the doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty at the time of the Reformation. The Reformers were engaged in a life-and-death struggle against such things as indulgence and the worship of relics and of saints. For resisting these Huss had been burned and Luther banned. Here, they said, are inventions of men, by which the Christian conscience has been perverted, but which are enforced as necessary truth. We demand, they said, that "the whole of this rubbish should be carted away," and that there should be a return to the teaching of the New Testament: neither the Pope nor any other human power

can we obey: God, not man, must be supreme. This great conviction was the strength of their position. It is true that, when translated into predestination, the doctrine was urged to the point of extravagance, though hardly further than it had been urged by St. Augustin, and that the idea of Reprobation, at which Calvin himself stood aghast, and spoke of it as a *Decretum horribile* (meaning, however, an awful, not horrible, decree) is a monstrous one, although the reformed churches in Holland, Scotland, and America have only of late years struggled out of it. It is true also that the more modified form of Predestination—that of Election—was misunderstood, being taken as a blessing to the person elected instead of as a call, as St. Paul expressed it, "to be conformed to the image of the Son" —that is, a call to pre-eminence in work and in suffering for the good of mankind. But the consciousness of God's Sovereignty has always been a fortifying power to those who have received it. Look at Coligny in France, or Maurice in the Netherlands, or the best of the Puritans in England, or Jonathan Edwards in America, and you will feel that Calvinism has been the parent of strong men.

And Calvin himself was emphatically a strong man, strong through the wisdom and courage which result from faith and righteousness. Renan said of him that he was the most Christian man of his generation. Hooker, while opposing some of the deductions of the Puritans from his system, says: "For my part, I think him incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church hath enjoyed since she enjoyed him." He found Geneva a small, weak commonwealth, which had just freed itself from the power of a Prince Bishop and had embraced the Reformation, but turbulent, fickle, and corrupt. He left it, at his death, after little more than twenty years' work, a well-ordered city, with institutions which lasted almost down to the present time, and described by those who visited it as a City of God.

The centre of all his authority was the enforcement of Christian morality, and his weapon of discipline was excommunication. He would rather die than admit evil livers to the Communion. This was resented at first, and Geneva, with its party of Libertines, was in the condition of Florence when Savonarola was opposed by the Arrabbiati. Calvin was exiled to Strasburg; but, after two years, he was entreated to return to Geneva, and he returned to reign. He settled the constitution, with its Greater and Lesser Council and its governing Cabinet, but at their side he placed the Consistory and the Company of Pastors, who had a right to be heard when any law was proposed. He divided the City into districts for the care of the poor, under voluntary Hospitallers, and made provision for the instruction of all the citizens in religious knowledge. And all this was done under the sanction of religion. No one could be a citizen without giving his assent to the doctrines of the Catechism which Calvin had prepared at the beginning of his work. This Catechism is, like that of the Church of England, a simple exposition of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Sacraments. There is no "Calvinism" in it, although when it was composed Calvin had already published his great theological work, the Institutes. To this demand for Christian conformity Rousseau submitted when he claimed his citizenship in 1754, and he defends it by saying that the confession of faith is the expression of the universal Gospel.

The activity of Calvin in every part of his work was extraordinary. He was a most diligent pastor: he preached and lectured assiduously. The Commentaries on almost the whole of the Bible, which he at times labored at all through the night, are far in advance of those of his time; indeed, of almost all until the modern critical era: they are human, direct, practical. Compare, for instance, his treatment of the "Servant of the Lord" in the second part of Isaiah with that given in the "Speaker's Commentary" as late as 1875, and you can hardly doubt that the superiority rests with Calvin.

There can be no doubt that Calvin's character was austere and inflexible; but there seems to have been nothing morose about it. He inspired affection as well as respect, and at times he showed a touching humility, as when, in a time of controversy with Luther, he exchanged greetings with his great antagonist, and said that, even if Luther should call him a devil, he would never cease from owning him as a true servant of God. He was fond of society, so far as his work allowed time for it: he had been known in his early days for his wit and vivacity, and in later years he would play quoits and bowls: nor did he join in the wholesale condemnation of the theatre by some of his brother ministers.

His immense influence also was used on the whole in the cause of moderation, as may be seen in his dealings with England if we contrast them with the demands of the Puritans in the next generation. Though a Presbyterian, he refused to condemn the Episcopal system in England—each church, he held, must settle its own government. His advice was given in favor of the alterations made by the second Prayer Book of Edward VI.; but, when the exiles at Frankfort during the reign of Queen Mary consulted him as to attempts to go further, he recommended them to desist: the things they wished to expunge, he said, might be foolish, but they could be accepted—they were "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*." He would not even condemn the use of wafer-bread in the Sacrament where the people were attached to it. He constantly refers to the works of the Fathers, and even of the Schoolmen he speaks in gentler terms than those used by Bacon—they were trying, he said, to reason out their faith. His letters to sovereigns and other leading persons were received with great respect, especially those to our Edward VI. and Elizabeth; even so moderate a man as Archbishop Parker entreated him to write frequently to the Queen.

In other Protestant countries Calvin was a power of the first magnitude, and Geneva became under him the model of a Christian community, a centre of light, and a city of refuge for the persecuted. Its Constitution stood firm amidst all the storms of the next generation, though constantly endangered by the attempts of the Duke of Savoy—attempts which only ended on the memorable night ("The Long Night" of Stanley Weyman's novel) in 1605, when the escalade was frustrated. The power of Calvin did not die with him, but produced the marvel of a little Republic living and making itself felt during the troubles of four agitated centuries: nor would it be possible to find a community of a similar size during all those centuries which has added so much to human progress. We may well join our English voices to those of the whole Protestant world in celebrating the 400th anniversary of the birth of the great teacher and statesman of Geneva.

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## A MOUTH OF BRASS.

It has been possible in old days for patriots and poets to speak of their country with a certain dignity and reserved, though proud, affection. It has been possible, even when the country was at the height of wealth and dominion, and very easily possible when she stood in peril either of oppression from without or of internal ruin through her own errors and perversion. We need hardly recall the noble utterances of patriotism from the psalms in Zion's praise ("When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion," "My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!" "By the waters of Babylon," and so many other immortal verses) —from these outbursts of Zion's praise right down the course of nations to John of Gaunt's lines on England, and Ireland's "Dark Rosaleen," and the odes to France. Patriotic utterances are probably the most familiar passages in all literature.

It would be hard to decide what to choose as the greatest embodiment of the praise of country, but many would turn to Virgil when, like a farmer coming from his vines and bees, and beholding far-off the towers of a lofty city, with rivers sliding under its ancient walls, he, too, is stirred to devotion before the greatness of Rome, that revelation of divine accomplishment, that fairest sight the world contained. But nobler, perhaps, even

than the spirit of reverence and trust pervading Virgil's aspect of Rome was the account of his country's greatness given, not by a poet, but by the Athenian statesman. One remembers how in that model of restrained and accurate eloquence, Pericles spoke of the beauty and elegance of Athenian life, the splendor of the public holidays, the peculiar freedom of intercourse in which no one scowled or looked black at his neighbor, the open-hearted tolerance for all foreigners, and the sympathy with the poor, whom no one despised, though, to be sure, if a man could save himself from poverty, so much the better. And then the speaker dwelt upon his countrymen's freedom from barracks and all the boredom of mechanical and compulsory exercises, and showed how they made up for the absence of drill-sergeant discipline by retaining their quickness and versatility of body and mind, so that, in whatever situation an Athenian was placed, he could always give a good account of himself. In a word, he said, the whole country, following beauty without extravagance, and knowledge without effeminacy, had become, as it were, a liberal education for the rest of Greece.

It was an Imperial State of which he was speaking. He himself had expanded her Empire, and firmly drawn its limits. Yet it was not on the glories of arms and conquest and Imperial power that he insisted, but on his country's daily freedom, her sunny tolerance, and her way of submitting everything to open discussion, in the confidence that the heart and brain of her people would go right on the whole. Such an ideal of ordinary life and freedom of government, no matter how short-lived, was the finest inheritance that even Athens, with all her sculpture, drama, and eloquence, has left the world; and, without undue boasting, we should have hoped that among succeeding nations our own country had come as near as any to fulfilling it. To be sure, our people do not follow knowledge, and our County Councils do not follow beauty, but still the country has some touch of that personal freedom, that versatility of mind and body, that sunny tolerance, and a readiness to submit everything to public discussion. We had rather prided ourselves on these qualities, and hoped they were admirable or even advantageous.

But now, bald and inharmonious as a Spartan invasion, up comes Mr. Kipling with his "City of Brass" in last Monday's "Morning Post," and pours contempt on all our pride. Exultant with savage joy, almost as though he were the Barbarian himself, he foretells the speedy destruction of our land and Empire. We are not here concerned with the particular means of our approaching ruin. That Sign out of the Sea, that Terror out of the Heaven—we know all about the German sea-serpent with ten 12-inch mouths vomiting fire, and the Terror that flieth by night over the Norfolk Broads. But the causes of our impending overthrow are interesting, because they are just the things on which in our hearts we rather flattered ourselves, thinking we deserved something of the eulogy of Pericles.

When Mr. Kipling affects the prophet, no one can ever be quite sure what he means; but, with some hesitation, we take it that he traces the ruin of our country to our tolerance in daily life, our pleasure in public festivals, our objection to drill-sergeant discipline, our love of personal freedom, our belief in the general heart and brain of our people, and our desire to believe in the same powers of self-government in others. To show that our doubts as to the exact meaning are well founded, let us recall a few typical lines from the effusion:—

> "As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the nation,
> They harried all earth to make sure none escaped reprobation,
> They awakened unrest for a jest, in their newly-won borders,
> And jeered at the blood of their brethren betrayed by their orders,
> They instructed the ruled to rebel, the ruler to aid them;
> And since such as obeyed them not fell, their Viceroys obeyed them."

To the second line we can attach no meaning whatever, but we hope there is one that escapes us. The third and fourth lines appear to contain a shameless misrepresentation of the South Africans; the fifth and sixth, almost beyond question, contain a libel on Lord Minto. And so, through seven indefinite stanzas, the thing goes on—an obscure and unmusical outpouring of jargon, directed against this country, and especially against those particular qualities of freedom and tolerance and kindliness which we believe to be our country's noblest distinctions in history.

But worse than the obscurity and the hideous style, worse even than the attack upon England's highest ideals of life, is the temper of the attack. We know the mood of the poet who loves his country with a passion far beyond the common patriot's, and whose heart is torn with indignation at the sight of her errors, at his knowledge that she is departing from the great conception of her which his mind has formed. We know the proud scorn of Dante, and Milton's sorrow refusing comfort. There is a closer case in Wordsworth when he traced what he believed to be the signs of his country's corruption, because in her boundaries plain living and high thinking were no more, and peace, and fearful innocence, and pure religion had gone; and because men changed swords for ledgers, and deserted the student's bower for gold. Yet consider to what a passion of repentant love the thought of such reproaches drove him, with the anguish of one who for one moment has dared to detect a single fault in the beauty of his beloved's soul; "Now when I think of thee," he cries:—

> "Now when I think of thee, and what thou art,
> Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
> Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
> For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
> In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:
> And I by my affection was beguiled:
> What wonder if a Poet now and then,
> Among the many movements of his mind,
> Felt for thee as a lover or a child."

Of such mood there is no trace in Mr. Kipling's "City of Brass." There can be no trace, because, as it appears to us, the Imperialist poets, of whom Mr. Kipling was the genius and, together with Henley, the originator, have loved England for her weakness and not for her strength. Other poets have sung a country dear for her reputation through the world. "Rule Britannia!" is not a great poem, but it was written to sustain our own freedom when we were at issue for its existence. Campbell's battle-odes have the splendor of a contest against almost overwhelming power. Tennyson's "Bury the great Duke" was a grave incitement to maintain the stern ideal of duty and honour and devotion along whose paths the poet loved to think of our country moving. But with the Imperialist poets of fifteen years ago came the degrading note of brag and swagger—the spirit that cried in its own applause, "Judge, are we men of The Blood?"—that thought it virile to trample on the weak, and delighted in the conquest of little peoples because England's "whelps wanted blooding."

Henley, with his "Storm along, John!" was bad enough, no matter how bravely he made the bugles of England blow. Mr. Edgar Wallace is a true soldier-poet on his own line, and he has the advantage of writing on soldiers and war from the inside and not as a spectator; but when he imitates Mr. Kipling in his patriotism and not in his dialect only, he descends to such bathos as the conclusion of "The Sea-Nation":—

> "For us the seven seas in one:
> For landlocked hordes—oblivion."

Even Davidson, in his posthumous book of "Fleet Street," musts needs end his varied and unequal struggle after poetry with an Imperialist ode that is of a piece with any Jingo's swaggering doggerel:—

> "Sea-room, land-room, ours, appointed ours,
> Conscious of our calling and the first among the Powers!
> Our boasted Ocean Sovereignty, again and yet again!
> Our Counsel, and our Conduct, and our Armaments and Men!"

One of our leading wits has lately compared the Imperialist to the cuckoo, because, among other obvious reasons, he always sings the same note. That note has now become a danger and degradation to our country, besides being an intolerable bore. But we all know of the cuckoo that, as the time approaches when, according to the country-people's saying, "in Augúst Go he must,"

his note begins to fail and he can only get through one-half of it. May we not hope that the sound of failure and querulous disappointment in "The City of Brass" is a sign that the poetic August is also coming and the Imperialist monotony will at last cease dinning in our ears?

## ART IN CRIME.

The annals of crime stand at an exceedingly low level of human interest in this country. The ingenious imagination of a De Quincey could discover no "fine art" in the alcoholised brutality of our modern murder; the romantic figure of the highwayman has vanished from our roads, nor has his place been filled here by his true lineal descendant, who, in America or Australia, succeeds occasionally in holding up a train and relieving the passengers of their valuables. Much intellectual skill is, no doubt, shown in the career of a fraudulent company promoter, or, upon a less magnificent scale, in that of the professional letter-beggar. But the detailed intellectuality of such pursuits cancels that popular sympathy which, save in cases of sheer malignity or cruelty, is apt to qualify the reprobation of the bolder sorts of crime. Since the violent ending of Charles Peace we do not recollect, in this country, any instance of a criminal of the older order who appeared to take an intelligent pride in his profession and to desire to impart a finish to his practice. Those who retain a feeling for the romance of crime find little satisfaction in our criminal courts, and are driven to the more or less convincing fabrications of De Boisgobey or Dr. Conan Doyle. It is this growing rarity of artistic crime that has given so much public interest to the case of King and Roberts, alias "D. S. Windell," just concluded at the London Sessions. "To rob a bank" is itself an arresting phrase, containing, so to speak, a supreme challenge to the sanctity of property. Not even a Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer *in extremis* would dare to rob a bank. The audacious simplicity of the plan by which these two young men extracted a large sum by a simultaneous raid upon the branches of a London bank, gave the note of distinction to their crime. To the ordinary human being there always remains some feeling of reverence, almost of religious awe, in entering a bank, where the real object of human worship appears to dwell in an apparent infinity of glorious sheen. Here every person of the meanest property has regular communion with the fountain of commercial power. Safe within safe, strong-room, barred and locked with force and craft, keep secure the sacred stuff. So it would appear. Yet up drives "D. S. Windell," a young adventurer, in a taxi-cab, waving a magical piece of paper, and, piercing all these barriers, carries off the "swag." An achievement as disconcerting to our sense of security as it is reprehensible to our sense of right.

But the case calls up other considerations than those of romantic interest. It is not, indeed, possible to question the obligation of any civilised society to put away such men as King and Roberts. But it may be worth while trying to understand an act which cannot be condoned. In the case of both young men there are circumstances that help to make their conduct, though not pardonable, at least intelligible. Society will continually have to reckon with cases of violent revolt against the grinding mechanism of her institutions, her routine of industrial materialism, and of spiritual conformity. One cannot condemn society, whether it operates through State or Church or School, or other instrument; it must impose upon the individual will a measure of forced or half-forced conformity. But where this required conformity is excessive or where it is imposed on natures of truculent independence, there will be revolts, and certain sorts of this revolt will rank as crime. Though there may be some element of falsehood in the account given of these young men and of their motives, some of the facts revealed at the trial are of material aid in assisting us to "construct the crime." A childhood crushed under the rigors of a Plymouth Brother household is an ill start in life, storing in the plastic mind immense capabilities of violent recoil. From such a boyhood to the counter of a bank! To stand all day and every day in the engine house of our industrial system working the dynamos of finance, watching the continual flow of power belonging to a great impersonal being, a Company, forbidden on pain of extinction to divert the smallest trickle to meet the strongest of his personal needs or desires—this is a hard situation for a weak, a reckless, or a coldly selfish man to occupy! There is something intelligible enough in King's explanation of his temptation, as he stood there with hundreds of thousands passing through his hands on a salary, after fourteen years' service, of £150 a year. We do not hesitate to rank as *particeps criminis* a company which couples such responsibility and discretion with a salary so inadequate to support a family in the standard of comfort which a cashier of a bank is supposed to be able to maintain. The brief comment of the Recorder that "If he was not satisfied with his salary he could have left," betrays some want of imagination. It is, indeed, true that many men, perhaps most men, settle down with tolerable ease into any mould, however unyielding, prepared for them in the great machines. Even put into a bank, on the wage of a hodman, they soon come to handle streams of gold with indifference. The good, the thoroughly conscientious man feels no temptation—perhaps, if he has a little imagination, plucks a human interest from the interstices of his routine—the conventional man becomes a harmless automaton. It is only a small third class that furnishes the insurgents, falling from sheer reaction against monotony into the practices of gambling, drink, and general dissipation, which in certain crises of temptation produce the forger, swindler, thief. Now and then will there be found a man like King, who, brooding on his situation, deliberately decides to pit his skill against the financial machine which he is operating.

The case of Roberts opens up a different set of considerations. Here was a man of wholly different character and rearing, the typical cosmopolitan who flits lightly over the wide surface of civilised society, of Eastern race, with that quickness of intelligence and easy sympathy that enable him to pick up languages and acquaintances wherever he goes, unable to settle down to any sort of solid work, an intellectual camp-follower in the modern march of civilisation. There is nothing inherently improbable in the curious psychological process which Roberts describes in his confession, though an indefinite allowance may be made either for introspective posing or even for calculated influence on the Court. He may have been what he describes, the victim of an excessively romantic temperament, attracted by the dramatic audacity of the proposed crime, and "excited with the prospect of making it a reality, with myself as hero of one of the most daring and ingenious schemes of modern times." It is quite likely that the moral heinousness, and even the probable detection of his crime, may have been obscured in such a temperament by the dazzling appeal of the sensational exploit, and that the ordinary base motives of the thief may have been absent or quite subordinate. Though the necessity for repression remains, it may well be conceded that in certain orders of typically modern offences against property, some of the essential immorality of the older forms of theft has diminished. It is improbable that a man who will dodge his taxes, cheat a railway company, aye, or even rob a bank, has the same sense of deliberately injuring an innocent fellow-being, as if he picked a pocket or burgled a dwelling-house. The development of joint stock enterprise and the enormous proportion of property belonging to these companies have weakened one of the sentiments which made for a recognition of the sanctity of property, the definite realisation of the rights of other persons. A great corporation is not "really" a person; with neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked, it remains an amorphous being to the ordinary man who cannot yet assign to it the same rights of property or the same indignation at their infringement as in the case of his seen individual fellow-man. Neither the modern jurist nor the modern moralist has adequately grappled with this result of recent changes in the structure of property and industry.

## THE RICHES OF MEMORY.

Nobody goes out to look on a fair scene of water winding through wooded hills, of snow-capped mountains springing from pines and spearing the rosiness of heaven, of emerald and amethyst sea and basalt cliffs, just for the momentary pleasure of the thing. We go, whether we know it or not, to get a memory to feed upon in the dull times when we can only look on bricks and mortar, a possession more real than the title deeds of the most smiling valley, a possession that piles to itself increment as great as that which accrues to landed property itself. We do not properly see these beautiful things while we look at them. They are like the scene revealed on a dark night by the flash of lightning. While the flash lasts, all is too dazzling for the sight to grasp, but when it is gone we begin to remember what the eye saw as an instrument and had not time to convey to us as a messenger. The messages coming in one after the other, as the single nerve "clears" for them, make up a fuller picture than could possibly be caught in the space of a lightning flash.

Some of our best eye-pictures no doubt fade and are lost. They lacked something of the keeping qualities, as some painted pictures unfortunately have done. But there are some stamped on the retina of the schoolboy's eye that have since added values not appreciable to schoolboys. In a day spent round Tintern thirty years ago, we, boy-like, refused to see all that was specially pointed out and made treasure of other matter that seemed more interesting. Ever since, the things we did not deem worth a second glance have been growing into the picture, and the things exciting on that day have been duly subordinated. The duck-pond, seen from the battlements of Chepstow Castle, was then the selected thing. We have seen a thousand duck-ponds since, and that one takes no more than its due place among them, while the cliff-poised walls overhanging the river take a place in the picture apparently not dreamed of by the schoolboy.

We cannot tell how our memory pictures change. We seldom confess that they do change. We read word after word of the critical passage in Mr. W. H. Hudson's introduction to his new book, "Afoot in England,"* hoping for the confession, but not finding it. He has been telling, in that beautiful and convincing style that is his, of some of the perfect things seen in his rambles—especially of one accompanied by the sound of church bells suddenly shut off by a hill behind, but breaking out as a scattered echo from hills in front. "It was," he says, "as if every one of those thousands of oak trees had a peal of bells in it, and that they were raining that far-up bright spiritual tree-music down into the valley below." Then he goes on: "Here, then, I had found and become the possessor of something priceless, since in that moment of surprise and delight the mysterious, beautiful sound, with the whole scene, had registered an impression which would outlast all others received at that place." Then he speaks of the folly of going back to one of the scenes from which we have drawn one of our treasure pictures. "The charm we found in it may have been in a measure due to the mood we were in, or to the peculiar aspect in which it came before us at the time, due to the season, to atmospheric and sunlight effects, to some human interest, or to a conjunction of several favorable circumstances; we know we can never see it again in that aspect and with that precise feeling."

There is much in that "mood we were in." Who cannot remember some time when too much city work had planted upon him an incubus that would not shift, an oppression of the whole system, corporeal and spiritual, centring itself, out of need for some focus, in a feeling of definite disease, the fear of sudden death. That mood, taken on holiday to the country, yields one evening to the glorious sense of many days' freedom from work, and brings suddenly the conviction of soundness in mind, body, and limb, of invincible health and certain future happiness. The memory of that rosy sunset, of that breeze fanning the brow, of the deep lungful of wine-like air is sufficient to endow the mildest landscape with a beauty that years cannot wipe out.

The comparison between one of these memory impressions and the best picture ever hung fails utterly when we think of the sounds, scents, and sensations that go to the building up of the former, and are, in spite of art cant, entirely outside the scope of the painter. As we lie now broad-back on a hill-top and gaze into the unfathomable sky, we wonder what painter will ever dare attempt that picture. Having got in that infinite invisibility of cloud film and blue ether, can he give us the rough caress of young heather at the ear, the scent of gorse that makes the air like liquid honey, the rush of a lizard in the grass, and the click of a beetle's wing-cases as it hurriedly spreads sail and flies away, then the silence of near things, so that we hear far up in the sky the hum of the drones waiting for their queen, the summer hum that every year puzzles some new naturalist. Yet when we take away the hands from before the eyes we realise that our hill-top, our sky, the scent of gorse, the hum of waiting drones, are impressions registered seven years ago. If they are not real things, then neither are the stars we see by night real things. We never see the stars themselves, only the light that comes from them and meets our sight somewhere millions of miles nearer to us than the stars are. Even the star we are looking at may have been extinguished a year or two ago, and we may be looking at the light it then emitted for the last time. All those drones may be dead, the gorse burnt, the lizards gone, yet the hilltop remains in our picture gallery unscathed; we see it, hear it, smell it, feel it when we look into the cave of the two hands closed before the face.

We should have expected a writer of Mr. Hudson's known tastes to have put in the forefront of things remembered at least one picture of pure nature. Such were, we remember, some of the most vivid of his pictures collected in South America. There was that day when on a rare oasis he saw hundreds of snakes of a kind to this day unidentified, resting, not in coils, but flung on the green grass like brown ribbons, and coming open-mouthed at the traveller who approached within yards of them. There was another day filled with grasshoppers that rang peals of bells from the grass stalks of a little hill, again a new and beautiful humming-bird seen for a few moments and then lost, a frog that flew at his finger and gripped it with almost terrifying strength, a wasp that left a very shrewd sting on fingers that would have detained it and then vanished for ever, and last, and only last, a man with teeth all canines, a high-pitched voice and a baffling air of antediluvianism about him.

In later days, however, Mr. Hudson has discovered, as it were in spite of his predilection for other species, the attractions of *Homo varians*. The most arresting pages in the present book are those that deal with some of the human types or mutations met with on by-gone Easter rambles or on "Rural Rides" (on a bicycle) in Cobbett's country. The sketches are taken on an acquaintanceship of a few hours or even a few minutes, and set down from memory perhaps months afterwards. As in the case of the atmospheric memory landscapes, no doubt, a return to the actual subjects would be attended with disillusion and call for much correction. They are pictures of a by-gone mood on the part of the artist rather than of eternal facts on the part of the objects. That is to say, they are true art. The artist's mood becomes the reader's mood. We, too, stand as he did, lost in a shelterless, wind-swept village and hear of a probable refuge from "a man tall and slim, with round, smooth face and big, pale blue, innocent-looking eyes, who puts one in mind of a big flimsy newspaper blown along the road by the wind." Or we share with him his astonishment at the appearance of that man in a donkey-cart whose cooey from the darkness had excited such pleased clamor of "Daddy" from his small children. There are half-a-dozen human vignettes in these pages that almost become the reader's own memory treasures. They are at any rate triumphs of picture making.

* Hutchinson.

# The Drama.

## THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

Let me at once reassure the reader, and explain that I am not, in a moment of aberration, about to plunge into the fiscal controversy. It is the Manchester school of drama, not of economics, that I have in mind. After further opportunities of studying the work of Miss Horniman's company at the Coronet Theatre, I wish to express my deliberate opinion that this Manchester movement is the most important fact in our theatrical history since the opening of the Vedrenne-Barker campaign at the Court Theatre, and less important than that only inasmuch as it is in some sense a consequence of it. I have seen nothing so cheering for many a day as these Manchester performances, nothing that put me so much heart as to the future. And it was not merely in promise but in actual achievement that they gave me the keenest pleasure. Judged by any standard whatsoever, they were quite amazingly good. No doubt in almost every production there were one or two parts that might, one felt, have been better filled if the management had had the pick of London at its command; but even in these parts the defect was not one of art, but of mere physical fitness. The flexibility, the adaptability of the company was altogether admirable, and the sense of living artistic endeavor gave excellence a new charm, while it more than reconciled one to an occasional imperfection. It is no affectation, but a simple statement of fact, to say that these fresh and vital performances gave me far more real pleasure than the most finished production mounted for a run by a manager who has ransacked the whole acting list to find the ideal representative for every part.

Not the least notable feature of the season at the Coronet was the cleverness of the one-act plays by new authors which generally headed the bill. "The Dear Departed," by Stanley Houghton, is a rather cynical but remarkably well-written low-life comedy. It deals with a theme at least as old as Ben Jonson's "Volpone"; but it treats it freshly and with a good deal of humorous invention. And the acting could not possibly have been better. Miss Ada King and Miss Louise Holbrook played two rapacious sisters, a Goneril and Regan of the slums, with admirable skill of characterisation; Mr. Henry Austin was excellent as Goneril's husband; and Miss Enid Meek played their daughter very brightly and naturally. "Makeshifts," by G. L. Robins, has less stamina in it, being little more than a somewhat sordid character-sketch; but it, too, is quite ably written. Here again Miss King and Miss Holbrook were very clever in parts of a wholly different nature; while the blatant cad who is the central figure was perfectly played by Mr. Charles Bibby. In speaking of "When the Devil was Ill," I praised Mr. Bibby's performance of the hero's long-suffering secretary. Since then I have seen him not only in the bounder-hero of "Makeshifts," but in Mr. Shaw's Cokane, and I have no hesitation in calling him one of the most accomplished comedians now on the stage. The McEvoy and the Shaw parts were not, on the face of it, altogether unlike, yet Mr. Bibby, with very little aid from make-up, differentiated them absolutely; while in "Makeshifts," though he adopted scarcely any mechanical means of disguise, one could with difficulty believe him to be the same man. Such versatility was never acquired in a long-run theatre.

The more important pieces which I saw last week were Sudermann's "Vale of Content" and Bernard Shaw's "Widowers' Houses." "Das Glück im Winkel" is only a second-rate Sudermann: it has neither the power nor the poetry of "Johannisfeuer." In theme it is not unlike Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," which might, indeed, have been called "Das Glück im Winkel." In both plays the heroine is the second wife of a middle-aged and unromantic professional man, who is quietly and unselfishly devoted to her; in both plays she has to struggle against the allurement of a romantic passion, tempting her forth from the sequestered nook in which her lot is cast; and in both plays she is conquered by her husband's single-hearted magnanimity. The German play is written throughout in a key of somewhat stodgy sentiment; but it is interesting enough, and affords the actors some good opportunities. Miss Darragh's self-restrained style, with its suggestion of underlying depths of emotion, is admirably suited to the part of Elizabeth. She is the only member of the company already well-known to me; and it is significant that I have never seen her nearly so good in anything else. Mr. Henry Austin's portraiture of the poor schoolmaster, sensitive, shy, uncouth, and yet with a strength and nobility of his own, was a remarkably able piece of work; and Miss Hilda Bruce Potter, a valuable actress, played his blind daughter with charming simplicity. Mr. Edward Landor was clever as the odious snob of a school-inspector; and it was not the fault of Mr. Jules Shaw that he was quite unable to look the part of that stupendous lady-killer, the Baron von Röcknitz-Witzlingen. Mr. Shaw played the part quite cleverly, and contributed so far as in him lay to an excellent all-round performance.

As to "Widowers' Houses," what is one to say, after all these years? Since Mr. Bernard Shaw still allows it to be played, he is presumably still satisfied with this "first heir of his invention." I admire his faithfulness to the illusions of youth, but I am as far as ever from sharing them. As a dialogue on the housing question it has undubitable merits, but as a transcript of human character and emotion, it is not only false, but, what is even worse, feeble. In the light of a historical document, the first act had for me a sort of pathetic interest: it was so exquisitely mid-Victorian. I felt tears, idle tears, rise from the depth of some divine despair in thinking of the days that are no more—the days of H. J. Byron and the pre-operatic Gilbert, the days of confidants and catchwords, the days of attenuated Thackeray and inspissated Dickens. Mr. Shaw has always professed a contempt for Thackeray; but the spirit of this act is conventionally Thackerayan. It is like the work of a minor Thackeray, writing before the "Book of Snobs" had made snobbery self-conscious and wary. But neither Thackeray nor Dickens, nor even H. J. Byron, can be held responsible for the close of the act—for the way in which Dr. Trench bids Cokane "draft a letter" to his "Aunt Maria," and Cokane and Sartorius collaborate in the composition of that precious document. This is neither Victorian nor Edwardian, neither farce nor comedy, neither common sense nor agreeable nonsense. How the author of "John Bull's Other Island" and "The Doctor's Dilemma" can endure to see it rehearsed and solemnly performed passes my comprehension. Mr. Shaw will probably say that it is his mission in life to pass my comprehension. Well, he has seldom succeeded more completely.

The play, of course, lives on its Lickcheese scenes in the later acts; and they are undeniably excellent, and delightfully played by Mr. Iden Payne. To make Lickcheese burgeon in four months from the worm of the second act into the bounder of the third is to treat time with Shakespearean carelessness; but that is a trifling matter. On the other hand, the development of Blanche's character in these acts remains, in my eyes, as inartistic and intolerable as it ever was. Even the brilliant acting of Miss Mona Limerick did not in any degree justify it. Miss Limerick's rendering of Blanche's tempestuous outbursts was terribly real and convincing; but it did not explain why Mr. Shaw should have complicated his discussion of the housing question by choosing a maniac heroine. Indeed, the power of Miss Limerick's performance only rendered it doubly incredible that Dr. Trench should not have seized upon any excuse to break off his engagement to a woman who was obviously graduating for Colney Hatch. True, he was not present, as we were, at her assault upon the housemaid. Perhaps Mr. Shaw aimed at an effect of tragic irony in letting his luckless medical student lapse into the toils of the hysterical termagant; for what is tragic irony save our knowledge or foresight of some disastrous circumstance whereof the hero is blissfully ignorant? But, irony or

no irony, Blanche's insanity remains absolutely irrelevant to the theme of "Widowers' Houses"; for I suppose it is not argued that the daughters of slum landlords are more likely than any other class of females to develop into dangerous lunatics.

Yet Blanche is only an extreme instance of the general tendency towards chronic cantankerousness displayed by almost all the characters of Mr. Shaw's early plays. This tendency was for long a mystery to me: it seemed so foreign to Mr. Shaw's own nature, which is, indeed, combative enough, but never cantankerous. The other day, however, at the Court Theatre, I caught a curious sidelight on the phenomenon. In listening to Lady Gregory's delightful sketch, "The Workhouse Ward," I found myself wondering: "How is it that this tone of constant bickering and wrangling is so very familiar to me? Where else have I met these old Irishmen whose sole delight it is to jump down each other's throat?" After a little reflection, the answer came to me: "Why, it's in Shaw's early plays: these two old gentlemen pervade them in various disguises." And so it is: the characters in "Widowers' Houses," "The Philanderer," even "Mrs. Warren's Profession," are for ever taking offence, flaring up, and girding at each other, for all the world like Lady Gregory's bedridden paupers. I open "Widowers' Houses" at random and cull a few stage directions:—

> "Trench, hotly"; "Sartorius, aggressively"; "Trench, vehemently"; "Blanche, still more vehemently"; "Sartorius, provoked"; "Trench, much injured"; "Sartorius, outraged"; "He flings angrily away"; "Trench turns away petulantly"; "Trench, defiantly"; "Sartorius, forcibly"; "Trench, moodily"; "The Parlor Maid, piteously"; "Blanche, with fierce disgust"; "Sartorius, formidably"; "Blanche, angrily"; "Lickcheese, shocked"; "Trench, morosely"; "Cokane, rising wildly"; "Sartorius, revolted"; "Trench, sulkily"; "Blanche, shrewishly"; "Trench, annoyed by her tone"; Blanche, white with rage."

I could easily make the list three times as long. Mr. Shaw used apparently to conceive this deliberate quarrelsomeness as the characteristically dramatic element in life; and Lady Gregory's play suggests that it is, in fact, a characteristically Irish element. So the trait which seemed personally so un-Shawlike turns out to be a reminiscence of his early environment. I commend this observation to the notice of Shaw-psychologists.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Letters from Abroad.

## THE MEANING OF THE BÜLOW CRISIS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In one of my last letters I expressed the opinion that the end of the German financial crisis would be a big deal. No particular gift of prophecy was required to foretell this *finale* of the battle, fought with so much noise and so little directness of purpose. The nature, strength, and political influence of the parties concerned made it apparent from the outset that very little principle and much compromise would rule the proceedings.

What is the situation? On June 24th the Clerico-Conservative majority of the Reichstag had, by 194 to 186 votes, rejected the inclusion of new taxes on inheritances in the bill for the restoration of the finances of the Empire. Prince Bülow then went to Kiel and offered the Kaiser his resignation, which—so we are semi-officially informed—William II. did not accept, but asked the Prince to stick to his post until the measure was carried. Only when this was achieved could the idea of Prince Bülow's retirement be entertained. At the same time we were told that a dissolution of the Reichstag and an appeal to the country was not intended. If this decision is upheld no solution of the present crisis is possible but a very tame, if not dirty, compromise.

And everything points to such an issue. An appeal to the country on behalf of a Finance Bill taxing trade and consumption by over 400 millions of marks and inheritances by less than 80 millions of marks is not likely to strengthen the Ministerial parties. The heroic declaration to stand or fall with the principle that property must pay some portion of the new taxes may have served parliamentary and other stage purposes. But the mass of the people called upon to judge between the contending parties would find the portion of the tax assigned to property much too small to cover the objectionable taxes the Government and its supporters have either proposed themselves or have willingly accepted from others. Already the Clerico-Conservatives sneeringly repeat to the newly-founded Hanse League of captains of industry and commerce Charles II.'s famous *mot*, said to his brother James: "They won't depose me to make you king."

No doubt, some of the taxes proposed and voted by the allied parties of the agriculturists are reactionary in the extreme. But it is small comfort to be informed that Prince Bülow has declared graduated taxes on flour mills, duties on the exportation of coals, and high taxes on stocks inacceptable to the federated Governments, when the same Governments come forward with proposals little less reactionary and not a bit less unjust. Thus they proposed to impose a high tax on fire insurances, and wanted the public to accept this tax as a tax on property, as if the store which a tradesman insures were a mark of his wealth. They or their Chancellor of the Exchequer have also been silent on the suggestion to burden perfumes, scented water, &c., with an extra duty, and insist on the taxation of matches and incandescent lamps.

This is the disheartening feature of the present political crisis of the German Empire. No great principle is involved; the fight is one of interests, and, on the whole, of rather petty interests. Look at the list of the taxes already voted by the majority of the Reichstag, either in Committee or by the House itself on the second reading (which means much more than a second reading in the House of Commons), and regarded by the federated Governments as accepted. The revenue thus obtained is estimated as follows (in millions of marks):—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Increased tax on | | beer ... ... ... | 100 |
| ,, | ,, | spirits ... ... ... | 83 |
| ,, | ,, | tobacco ... ... | 43 |
| ,, | ,, | tea and coffee ... ... | 37 |
| ,, | ,, | sparkling wine ... | 5 |
| New | ,, | incandescent lamps ... | 20 |
| ,, | ,, | matches, &c. ... ... | 25 |
| Increased | ,, | railway tickets ... | 20 |
| ,, | ,, | bills of change ... | 5 |
| ,, | ,, | stocks ... ... ... | 15 |
| New | ,, | cheques ... ... | 7 |
| ,, | ,, | transfers of land, part sites ... ... ... | 20 |
| | | Together ... ... ... ... | 380 |

Now here are nearly four-fifths of the required 500 millions, and they either attack the consumer directly or tax trade. Some other taxes of the same character are still in abeyance, and the dispute is only as to what kind of taxes shall be the ornament or the fig-leaf of the whole body. In regard to this the Hanse League against the agricultural parties is certainly to be regarded as progressive. But its progressivism can only be compared with that of the Whig of the unreformed British Parliament. In its ranks you find high Protectionists and moderate Free Traders (very few thorough Free Traders), decided opponents and moderate upholders of the democratic franchise, foes and friends of Labor laws and working-class organisations, and its leading spirits are even more deeply tinged with Jingoism than their opponents of the Clerico-Conservative coalition.

It is consequently very doubtful whether the Hanse League will even make for moderate progress in Germany. With the financial resources it controls, with almost all the big middle-class papers at its command, it certainly wields a great power. But, apart from an opposition to an ultra-reactionary fiscal policy, for what purposes will that power be used? The press of the League publishes statistics to show that the majority of

the Reichstag that rejected the inheritance duty represents only four millions of voters, whilst the parties that voted the duty represent seven millions of voters. This is true, and it is of interest to know the figures. The parties that vetoed the duty and their votes in 1907 were:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Conservatives ... ... ... | 1,060,000 |
| Agriculturists ... ... ... | 120,000 |
| South German Farmers' League ... | 75,000 |
| Centre Party .. ... ... ... | 2,180,000 |
| Poles ... ... ... ... ... | 454,000 |
| Alsatians ... ... ... ... | 104,000 |
| | 3,993,000 |

The parties that voted for the new duty on inheritances had in 1907 the following numbers of voters:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Freisinnige and Democrats ... | 1,234,000 |
| National Liberals ... ... ... | 1,630,000 |
| Liberal Conservatives ... ... | 472,000 |
| Anti-Semites ... ... ... | 353,000 |
| Social Democrats ... ... ... | 3,259,000 |
| Together ... ... ... | 6,948,000 |

These figures show how much the inequality of the electoral divisions benefits the agriculturists at the cost of the other sections of the community. Twice as many inhabitants of the German Empire live to-day on trade and commerce as live from agriculture, or 56 per cent. against 28 per cent. of the whole population. In spite of all the legislation for the protection of agriculture, agriculture occupies fewer people to-day than twenty-five years ago. The whole increase of the population had to find their subsistence in other occupations. And this is going to continue, for there is comparatively little arable land in Germany that is not already intensively worked, and the percentage of waste land has greatly decreased. The political supremacy of the agriculturists over the other classes of the community is in flat contradiction to the requirements of the economic situation, and the present crisis is only the natural result of an old constitutional grievance. The radical remedy would be a redistribution of seats in the Reichstag and the Prussian Landtag according to the changed aggregations of the population. If the towns and the industrial villages get their due representation in the German Parliaments, the mastery of the agriculturists, and with it the preponderance of the Catholic Centre Party, will at once be broken in pieces. A genuine fight against these conservative forces would therefore have to be waged under the cry: "Away with the crying inequality of representation!" But neither the Governments nor the middle-class industrialists and commercialists as organised in the Hanse League mean to take up this cry.

This is the real nature of the Bülow crisis. Apart from the Socialists and some extremists in the ranks of other parties, the two great contending factions are equally disinclined to put the question at issue in an unequivocal way before the nation. The Clerico-Conservative coalition denies any intention to institute Parliamentary Government, and, moreover, the Conservatives declare nothing to be further from their thoughts than to throw Prince Bülow overboard, whilst Prince Bülow again has not the slightest desire to see the Conservatives seriously decreased in strength. It is a family quarrel, where the disputants want to settle as much as possible of the quarrel by a deal behind the scenes, not a genuine battle between representatives of two well-defined political conceptions.

Prince Bülow shares the fate of many statesmen who acted as heads of Government in times of transition, who want to pose as modern thinkers and yet are resolved to graft as much as possible of the old condition of things on to the new society. They are almost bound to dissatisfy both sections and to fail in the end. Things change under their hands into mere parodies of what they were intended to be. The only justification of the Bülow *bloc* was, or would have been, that it was to be a first step to the foundation of parliamentary government. But neither its creator nor the Liberal partners in it ventured to admit this, whilst the Conservative partners repelled the very idea. And, indeed, what happens at the collapse of the *bloc?* Some of the Liberals were consistent enough to declare Bülow's retirement to be inevitable, and Bülow himself saved appearances by tendering his resignation. But the Conservatives pretend to see no earthly reason why Bülow should go, and if he still goes he does not surrender his place as a parliamentary statesman because of a disavowal of his policy by the nation, but only as a monarchical agent who has failed in a legislative experiment. His personal motives may be ever so honorable, and your correspondent thinks it unjust to accuse him of sticking to office merely because he has agreed to try again to carry the Finance Bill, but all the more must it be clearly pointed out that the present crisis is before all due to the tacit agreement of the three disputants—Government, *i.e.*, Prince Bülow, Clerico-Conservatives, and Middle-class Liberals—to avoid calling in the democracy of the nation.

Therefore if Prince Bülow remains in office the game of barter will be continued. Strong interests will be bought, and weak—*i.e.*, insufficiently represented—interests will be sold, and the worst form of compromise will rule the day. The nation will survive it—what pressure do nations not survive?—but uncounted citizens will be sacrificed, and enormous losses caused to thousands of struggling tradespeople and their workmen. And all for the fear of a democratic solution.—

Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

June 28th, 1909.

# Communications.

## THE AMENDMENT OF THE LAW OF MURDER.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Five and forty years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the provisions and operation of the laws under which capital punishment may be inflicted in this country. The Chairman of the Commission was the Duke of Richmond, and among his colleagues were the late Lord Stanley, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Justice O'Hagan, John Bright, Stephen Lushington, William Ewart, and Gathorne Hardy. In 1866 they made their report containing some very valuable recommendations for the amendment of the law of murder, which from that day to this, no Government has ever attempted to carry into effect. It is upon these recommendations that the provisions of the Law of Murder Amendment Bill which I have been privileged to introduce in the House of Commons are, in the main, based. It may be mentioned that four of the 1866 Commissioners, Stephen Lushington, John Bright, Charles Neale, and William Ewart, reported that in their opinion capital punishment might, safely, and with advantage to the community, be abolished; and Mr. Justice O'Hagan being of opinion "that the weight of evidence and reason is in favour of the abolition of capital punishment," only refrained from signing a declaration to the same effect, because he considered that public opinion was not yet ripe for the acceptance of such a change. The Bill, however, does not raise this very serious question. It makes no attempt to abolish the death penalty, but it would restrict its operation to murders of the worst description, those, namely, which are committed with deliberate intention. To secure this end, murders are classified as (1) murder of the first degree, and (2) murder of the second degree, and the jury are required, when they bring in a verdict of murder, to find whether it be murder of the first or of the second class; and the Bill further provides that "the verdict of guilty of murder of the first degree shall not be returned unless the jury find as a fact that the homicide which is the subject of the charge was deliberately committed by the accused with express malice aforethought." In this case only is the death sentence to be pronounced.

Some exception has been taken to the phrase "with express malice aforethought," but it is one which all criminal lawyers understand, and the meaning of which the judge would have no difficulty in explaining to the jury.

By the law, as the Commissioners pointed out, "murder is the unlawfully killing another with *malice aforethought*," but, "unfortunately these words have not been confined to *express* malice aforethought, or, as it is sometimes called, *malice in fact*, but have received a less natural construction, which has long been adopted as the settled law of the land. It has been held that *malice* in its legal sense imports nothing more than a wicked intention to do injury to the person of another without any just cause or excuse, and that where a man is killed in consequence of such wicked intention, the law will infer *malice aforethought*, though no express enmity or preconceived design can be shown; not, indeed, a *particular*, but a *general malice aforethought*. . . . This doctrine of *implied* malice aforethought goes even beyond this, and is carried to such an extent that the law always infers it when a person in the act of committing a felony, even of a trifling nature, kills another, though there may be, in fact, no premeditation, and no intention to kill, or do serious injury." Therefore, as the law stands to-day, if a man shoots at a fowl intending to steal it, and by accident kills another man, he is by law guilty of murder!

In view of these considerations, the Commissioners recommended: "That the punishment of death be retained for all murders deliberately committed with express malice aforethought, such malice to be found as a fact by the jury"; and these words I have adopted in the present Bill. The effect would be that in all but the worst, the most cold-blooded, and atrocious murders, the jury would return verdicts of guilty of murder of the second degree.

The Bill further deals with the law as to infanticide. From time to time the feelings of the community are shocked by cases, such as that of Daisy Lord, for example, where some poor girl, with mind deranged by shame, and trouble, and desertion, and the agonies of child-birth, has been impelled to put an end to the life of the tiny being upon whom, in other circumstances, she would have lavished the tenderness of a mother's love. She stands charged with murder, and is convicted; whereupon the judge assumes the black cap, and proceeds to pass upon her the terrible sentence of death, ending with an invocation to the Deity to have mercy on her soul. although everybody who hears it, except, perhaps, the unhappy prisoner herself, knows perfectly well that such sentence will not be, and is not intended to be, carried into effect. Surely there are few among us who will maintain that the law which prescribes such practice and procedure should remain unaltered.

"We have given this important and difficult subject our serious attention," say the Commissioners, "and we have arrived at the opinion that an Act should be passed making it an offence, punishable with penal servitude or imprisonment at the discretion of the court, unlawfully and maliciously to inflict bodily harm or serious injury upon a child during its birth, or within seven days afterwards, in case such child has subsequently died."

The Bill goes somewhat further than this. It provides, by its fifth clause, that "No woman shall be liable to be indicted for murder by reason of her killing her child at birth, or within one month after its birth; but every woman who unlawfully and maliciously inflicts grievous bodily harm, or serious injury upon her child during its birth, or within one month afterwards, shall, if the child dies in consequence of such grievous bodily harm or serious injury, be guilty of an indictable offence." The punishment provided in such case is "penal servitude for not more than ten years, or imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for not more than two years, or *detention* during his Majesty's pleasure, in such place and under such conditions as the Secretary of State may direct." Infanticide is thus made a substantive offence, and a large discretion is granted with regard to its punishment in order to meet the peculiar circumstances of each case.

With regard to the words, "or within one month afterwards," many are of opinion that this period should be extended. In this connection, I may refer to the case of Alice Cleaver, aged twenty, who was recently sentenced to death for the murder of her child about three months old, where the jury made the following addition to their verdict, "Knowing that she was deserted and neglected by the man who had wronged her, and being forced into utter distraction, we very, very, strongly recommend her to mercy." ("Times," March 10th, 1909.) Surely the ends of justice could be adequately met if a miserable girl, in such circumstances, were to be found guilty of the crime of "Infanticide," especially in view of the fact that the death sentence is never carried out in such cases.

But details as to the age of the child, and the nature of the punishment of Infanticide are, of course, matters which would be reconsidered in Committee, if the Bill could be brought to that stage.

Provision is also made to amend the laws of suicide. As the law now stands, if two persons agree to commit suicide together, and one succeeds in the attempt, while the other fails, the survivor is guilty of murder. As an illustration I may mention the case of Marion Seddon (1905), an old woman of sixty-five, who together with her aged husband, took poison, being in dire poverty. The old man died, but the woman recovered, was tried for aiding and abetting the murder of her husband, and was sentenced to death. Under the Bill she would have been guilty, not of murder, but of an indictable offence, punishable by penal servitude, or imprisonment with or without hard labor. Surely this would be amply sufficient, and, perhaps, more than sufficient to vindicate the ends of justice!

That such reforms as these are urgently required has been recognised by enlightened men for the last forty years or more. Why, then, is nothing done? Because Governments will not take up any question which is not forced upon them by a large body of public opinion. The good of the community is supposed to be the aim of all legislation; but *votes* are the driving-power. Does anyone expect that the present or any other Government will lay their hands to this beneficent and much-needed work, in the absence of organised outside pressure? As well might he "call the clouds and whistle to the wind." And the moral is that bodies such as the Romilly Society, the Howard Association, and all penal reformers who have signified their strong approval of the proposals contained in this Bill, should do their best to educate public opinion in its favor. If they do this, I am not without hopes that it may, possibly, become law—say, in another forty years' time!—Yours, &c.,

G. G. Greenwood.

June 29th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## FAITH AND CONDUCT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

Sir,—What need to discuss Mr. Sidney Low's problem? The instance on which he raised it supplies us with the answer. Mr. Rockefeller's religion was individualistic, and had, therefore, only a private or domestic application. In private, he showed himself kindly, unselfish, good.

It had no intelligible mode of applying itself to public or social life. This all lay outside his narrow religious frontiers.

And, in his public and social life, he showed himself selfish, cruel, and wicked.

The difference between Mr. Rockefeller at home and Mr. Rockefeller the financier is the measure, therefore, of the influence of his religion on his conduct.—Yours, &c.,

Henry Scott Holland.

1, Amen Court, St. Paul's, E.C.
June 30th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Mr. Sidney Low's statement that creeds do not greatly affect conduct is a very common one at the present time. To me it seems not only obviously untrue, but obscurantist and oppressive in the worst degree. Priests are accused of despising human reason, but no priest ever despised it so utterly as to assert that its highest conclusions about the cosmos make no difference whatever. No superstition, no abuse of authority, ever struck so deadly a blow as that at intellect and the search after truth. This

is the worst obscurantism: to say that even if we find the truth it will make no difference; that a man in a triangular world will behave just like a man in a square world; and a man in a good universe exactly like a man in a bad one. It really amounts to saying that a man's head is a useless appendage to his automatically cheerful body.

But the theory that creed does not affect conduct is not only obscurantist—it is plainly untrue. Wherever you have a general confession of faith by a whole people, as Buddhism in Burmah or Catholicism in Ireland, you do have a certain ethical type, good or bad, certain virtues insisted on or certain vices condoned. This generalisation is only subject to exception in the same sense as any generalisation is, about race or nationality or physical conditions. When one says that Scotchmen are energetic, one does not mean that there are no lazy Scotchmen; and when one says that Buddhists are quiet, one does not mean that there are no noisy Buddhists.

But, though there are exceptions, the one which Mr. Sidney Low has chosen is extraordinarily unfortunate for his own case. He has gone out of his way to point out that Mr. Rockefeller, the rapacious Trust magnate, is, nevertheless, a teacher in a Baptist Sunday school. Now, I should say, most emphatically, that Mr. Rockefeller is a very typical product of his religion, that he has been made by his religion, and that he could not possibly have been the same with any other religion. I do not say he might not have been as bad. If he had been a Moslem, he might have slaughtered Armenians; if he had been a Thug, he might have strangled travellers; if he had been an Anglican, he might have looked up to the squire; if he had been a Theosophist, he might have looked down on everybody. Every faith has its besetting temptation. But this temptation to combine business brazenly with piety, to regard riches as a form of Divine approval, to be a plutocrat openly and with unction—this is, and has always been, the peculiar temptation of that type of Protestant individualist religion to which Mr. Rockefeller belongs.

The real change wrought in our ethics by the Reformation is often stated wrong. That extreme of the reformed opinion to whose brief heroic age we give the name of Puritanism, is often attacked for its severity against the sins of the flesh. But individual Christians of all creeds have sometimes shown such a severity; it is not really here that the point lies. The real change wrought in the long run by Puritan morals was this: it was not so much that men began to say that lust and gluttony were deadly sins; it was that they began to say, for the first time, that pride and avarice were not deadly sins. Of course, they did not put it in those words. But I can tell you the words they did put it in: "The Industrious Apprentice," "Self Help," "The Self-made Man," "Not slothful in business, serving the Lord," "Ever remember, my dear Dan, that you may some day be the head of that concern." I am certain that no honest modern Puritan will deny that from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century at least, the arresting feature of Puritan ethics was the vague association between being regular at chapel and being regular at the bank. The result is Mr. Rockefeller, anxious, consistent, and quite contented with himself. Catholics cheat and bargain and hoard money; they do it stubbornly, sullenly, as they do any other wicked thing. Mr. Rockefeller does it vastly, magnificently, poetically, because in his religion it has often been counted an admirable thing. Avarice is a sin of Christians; it is an ideal of individualists. Hence the indisputable fact that millionaire worship is as much a mark of a Protestant country as Ancestor worship of China.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. Chesterton.

July 1st, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—No problem is more vital than that of the relations between religion and conduct, and we must all be very grateful to Mr. Sydney Low for his very able and frank statement. If you allow me, I will just venture to offer one or two suggestions.

Religion does not appear to me to be essentially a set of dogmas or an ethical code—as Mr. Sydney Low seems to think—but rather a living belief in a spiritual world and a real communion with that world. For the religious man this spiritual world is a matter of daily and deep experience, a great reality which permeates the whole of life, and which can become by prayer and all what is commonly called religious experience, a deep source of power and energy for the individual. That great unseen reality is, moreover, for the religious man, the supreme guarantee of the truth of all his best aspirations, of all his cravings for justice and righteousness. Religion gives to human life a new and infinite value, by regarding each man, however degraded he may be, as having at least a spark of the divine in him, as being, in fact, akin to the divine and eternal in value. Religion makes us realise, under the differences of race and character, the deep unity of all mankind, by considering each individual as a unit in a great divine whole from which he must not dissociate himself. Such a faith is bound to have a tremendous practical influence on conduct.

The moral life—viz., the life entirely consecrated to duty—is beset with very great difficulties in this world of ours. Our ideals seem too often to break down before a brute reality.

To attain a high moral standard in our own private lives, the incessant fight we have to wage against those low and selfish motives so deeply rooted in the heart, does not always end by victory. For the great majority of those to whom conscience is not merely a word, the struggle would not be worth while if they did not believe in a God who helped them and gave them the strength to win.

In public life the practical influence of religion is quite as capital. In reality, especially nowadays, private and public life are so deeply intermingled that it is impossible to separate them, and what is true for the individual is true for society. The men who fight for social justice and righteousness always meet with a terrific opposition, which too often ends by checking their work. How many noble efforts have apparently been defeated, how many men have given up their lives to defend great ideals which the world could not understand! History, it is true, shows us that all great causes win in the end, because no self-sacrifice is ever done in vain, and, above all, because nothing can prevail against God; but history shows us, too, that the men who defend these causes must be always prepared to encounter every mockery, every insult, every defeat, possibly disaster and death. The prophets, the social and religious reformers, all the men who fight for some ideal, are only a small minority (though it is they that make the world), and they are often liable to feel swamped. Most of them would grow weary and heartbroken, and would give up the fight as useless and vain, if they did not believe in a God ever present, the Incarnation of all great ideals, the guarantee of their eternal value and reality, the pledge of their ultimate victory. I do not deny that men have lived and died for great causes who had no religious beliefs, but these men were religious in fact, if not in name, for their very life proves that the ideal was much more real to them than the material world.

Thus, in public as well as in private life, religion is a formidable help to the attainment of a high standard of conduct. It is very difficult to follow an ideal if we do not believe in its objective reality in some superior sphere of existence. I venture to say that religion appears to me nowadays more necessary than ever. All over Europe, especially in England and France, democracy is steadily progressing; everywhere new forces are rising, and their strength increases every day. How and where shall these forces be directed? If they are to win—above all, if they are to

> "Ring out the darkness of the land,
> Ring in the Christ that is to be,"

they must have a great religious faith, for that faith alone can render them invincible. Democracy, just because it is the highest state of government, demands of each citizen a very high sense of public duty, such as religion alone can give. As Father Tyrrell says, "It is religion alone that can give an infinite and absolute value to humanity and to the service of humanity."—Yours, &c.,

A. de B.

Wimbledon, June 29th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read with the deepest interest Mr. Low's article on "Religion and Conduct," in this week's NATION, and should like, if you will allow me, to touch upon one or two points which seem to me to account for the very curious ethical anomaly which is disclosed by the "Reminisciences" of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and which Mr. Low so forcibly comments upon.

The surprise with which we find that this "money-making machine," as we saw him to be in his business life, is in private amiable, affectionate, generous, and "unimpeachably upright," is perfectly natural; but, then, we have not allowed for what may be called the moral astigmatism with which we are more or less afflicted, but of which, perhaps, Mr. John D. Rockefeller is an extreme example.

When the Church betrayed Religion by giving up all authority over that vast region of human activity called "business," and limited its function to so-called spiritual concerns, this moral disease, as it may truly be called, spread unchecked, and the Political Economy arose which recognised and concerned itself only with the material things of life, and of these chiefly with the mere making of money; and, unchallenged by the Church, took possession of all the ground abandoned by it. By this lamentable failure, the Church gave up its most important social function, viz., the teaching the nature of, and insisting on the practice of, Justice among men, resulting in the moral obliquity which can serenely and, to its own mind, quite conscientiously serve two gods—God and Mammon. Now the Founder of our Religion distinctly stated that this was an impossibility; and when we realise the unhealthy condition of modern society, the congestion of wealth, with its accompanying ruinous luxury, on one hand, and abject poverty, with its consequent degradation on the other, we may begin to think that He was right.

If I do not misunderstand Mr. Low, he implies that Religion is not necessarily authoritative in the conduct of life; "religious and ethical conceptions exercise less influence upon conduct than is commonly attributed to them." As a matter of fact, it depends upon what really *is* our Religion—what we are bound to, not what we merely think it to be. It is not likely that, in listening to the sayings of Jesus read in church on Sunday, Mr. John D. Rockefeller was ever seriously disturbed by the question as to whether his riches would make it difficult for him to get into Heaven, much less would he be alarmed by the thought that he might eventually bear Dives company in Hell; these things he did not really *believe*, though it gave him a comfortable feeling to think he did—nor did he believe that other saying of Jesus: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," or these alone, applied to his life, would have given rise to a very different course of action. What he did, with his whole heart, believe in was money—riches. The pursuit of them gave him the greatest satisfaction life could afford, and if ever he cast a thought to the ruin and devastation his financial operations caused to hundreds and thousands of his fellow creatures (though it is not likely he had imagination enough to enable him to), could he not more than make amends by founding colleges, endowing churches and charities and "liberality" everywhere, in the exercise of which popular virtue, much praise would be added as sweet sauce to his pudding?

Mr. Rockefeller is but an example of the widespread evil resulting from the Church's pusillanimity in abandoning her frontiers to the enemy. This divorce between religion and ethics runs all through our present social system. When will the Church learn that, though she must not cease striving after the crowning graces of Faith, Hope, and Charity, she must see to it first that her feet are well planted on the bedrock of all human worth, the cardinal virtues of Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance, and that of this majestic sisterhood Justice comes first as the foundation of all worthy social life? In Ruskin's "Letters to the Clergy" he charges them with failure in their pastoral duty of guiding their flocks in the right way, and that, instead of explaining to them and trying to get them to do the "will of the Lord" here on earth, they assume the mediatorial rather than the pastoral office, and think rather of absolving the sinner from his punishment instead of purging him from his sin.

Carlyle, seeing visions, exclaims: "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not be stolen from; what a society were that—Plato's Republic, More's Utopia mere emblems of it! Give every man what is his—the accurate price of what he has done and been—no more shall any complain, neither shall the earth suffer more"; and Ruskin, in grave and measured terms, writes: "Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And, though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by those who make it their aim," and it is only in proportion to the number of men and women in it whose hearts cherish that ideal, and whose actions are, as far as possible, guided by it, that a nation can be sane and strong.—Yours, &c.,

E. STAPLEDON.

June 25th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The question which Mr. Low voices for many interested persons is, "How can a deeply religious man occupy himself during his hours of activity in a manner which is often irreligious and sometimes anti-religious?"

The answer, clearly, I think, is that no man can be "deeply religious," let his beliefs be what they may, unless his religion colors his life in every department.

As the first principle of the Christian life is "giving" and not "getting," no man whose energies have always been directed towards "the difficult art of getting" can have even set foot inside the Kingdom of God. It is obvious that the laws which govern that kingdom would be to him unthinkable, and its current coin worse than useless.

A man who can succeed in keeping his religion in a water-tight compartment must always be a man of little imagination and low ideals. Where his religion does influence his actions is only where his bodily eyes are concerned in relation to people he can see before him, but with the far-reaching effects of his methods of business on people he cannot see, he has nothing to do. They do not enter into his calculations, excepting as pawns in the game. Therefore he can be "calm, contented, kindly, tranquil in mind and soul, at ease in his relation to the universe and the general scheme of things."

His mind is never tortured with visions of suffering or distress any further away than that of the beggar whom he relieves in passing. He is too complacently secure to dream of criticising himself. His ideal is sufficiently low for him to attain unto it, and if he has done so, his every wish is gratified and his soul at peace.

But can any state of mind which breeds such complacency be called religious in any true sense? Everyone knows that the divorce of religion from conduct is not peculiar to this type of character, but in the case of persons who are sensitive, thoughtful, and imaginative, whether their inconsistencies arise from the assertiveness of strong self-will, or the wavering of a weak will, their state of mind is never complacent.

The knowledge of the contradiction between their ideals and conduct keeps them in a state of inward restlessness and discord.

Those who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, whose inmost souls, like David's, are panting and crying out for the living God, whose love is set on the high ideal of holiness, are the only persons who can know what true and deep religion means. To these souls Christ promised that they should be filled. And the only legitimate "getting" in the religious life is the getting of the knowledge of God and the power to act on that knowledge. Christ promised his followers the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and as an illustration of the working of the spirit in the heart of man, he likened it to the leaven hid in dough which in time leavens the whole lump; and also to a well of water, perpetually springing up. When this leaven is working in a man's soul, he cannot live a life of self-satisfaction. Therein lies the difference between true religion and the travesty of religion in which Mr. Rockefeller, and men of his type, rest so contentedly. It

does not alter their point of view. And it seems to me that such people do more to hinder the desire for true religion in others than those who indulge in open vice.—Yours, &c.,

K. Morley Horder.

6, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.
June 30th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The letter of Mr. Low, concerning Mr. Rockefeller and the relation of religion and ethics to action, opens an interesting and vital subject. Not only Mr. Rockefeller, but in greater degree the late Mr. H. H. Rogers, his partner, are examples naturally suggesting the question how far the religious spirit and professed moral principles influence life. Mr. Rogers, who believed in religion, and was a constant attendant at church, not only gave large amounts for public and semi-public purposes in his native town and elsewhere, but also much secretly and in a private way, and always, whether publicly or privately, entirely without ostentation. Dr. Robert Collyer, his pastor, says: "No offer was ever made to him in vain." Now the secret of this apparent separation of precept and practice in so far as the methods of the Standard Oil Company and other large co-operations are open to adverse criticism from an ethical point of view, lies not in the fact that ethics and religion do not have an influence on life, but that in the minds of these men business did not come strictly under the law and spirit of the higher ethics. To quote from a man who was successful in his business career, and also possessed in high degree the domestic and prudential virtues: "Business is business, and comes in no way under the Golden Rule." In other words, shrewdness, sagacity and subtlety within the limits of common honesty and the regulations of the law, are entitled to their results in the business world. This man, *e.g.*, would not force a company in which he was interested into bankruptcy for personal profit; but, if under such attention as he was able to give to its affairs, as its chief official, it became insolvent, he would not hesitate to ignore the moral rights of minor stockholders to the advantage of himself and his friends. Such distinctions in conduct offer manifold temptations, and are calculated to cajole conscience.

But why did these men make this distinction, for we cannot for a moment admit that the ethical spirit should not exercise control in all human affairs? One explanation is afforded, I think, in the fact that when they received ethical instruction in early life, "high finance" had not developed as a feature of the commercial world. Their instruction was of the sort which applied mainly to personal and social life. It was, in short, in accordance with the environment and outlook of the time, and very likely included some definite precepts concerning the business world as it then was.

However much or little religious beliefs affect life—a question which cannot be discussed here—experience shows that a change of belief or the presence of a new ethical spirit in the community, generally fails to produce decided results on those in middle life. The ideas and training of earlier years remain often unconsciously in force, and when one's interests are involved, form an easy excuse. There are, of course, numerous exceptions. Many, happily, have that ethical temperament which quickly rises above the letter, and seeks always to apply the spirit. Mr. Rogers often visited his native town, the appearance of which his lavish gifts had almost transformed, and sometimes listened to severe strictures of a general nature on financial methods similar to his own. It is said, however, that on such occasions he never showed resentment, but only sorrow, apparently regarding himself as a victim of misunderstanding and injustice. This, perhaps, may be taken to some extent as evidence that he was conscientious in the view that business in its ethical relation stands in a class by itself.

Living is doubtless in some sense an art and a science; but this does not exclude the religious and ethical elements, the one as an inspiration, the other as a guide. Art, least of all, can dispense with the ideal. Religious dogmas often fail to affect life; but the truly religious spirit is its highest inspiration.—Yours, &c.,

London, Geo. Croswell Cressey.
June 26th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Mr. Sydney Low's letter would seem to suggest a doubt whether the chrematistic art of successful bargaining, however unscrupulously carried on, is at all amenable to the tribunal of ethics. It appears at least to occasion no qualms in minds otherwise admirably constituted like that of J. D. R. That a man should be kind, generous, unselfish within his own intimate circle, and even lavish to Churches and philanthropic societies, but callous and utterly unscrupulous in his commercial transactions is, indeed, a puzzling contradiction.

The laws of political economy throw no light on the matter: they take cognizance of exchanges merely, and all higher considerations are ruled out. Such things do not surprise us when exemplified in a typical Roman of the time of Cicero, but are sadly out of time with Christian ideals, and tend to turn many away from religion altogether. The broad fact remains that the sharp practices of modern business, not only in America, but in Britain also, call forth no rebuke or condemnation from the Church; hence patriots cannot reckon on her support against commercial immorality, or, indeed, any gross national evil that requires to be uprooted. It is notorious that all the Churches in America, with the honorable exception of the Quakers, supported slavery as a recognised institution, in this, as in some other things, showing a lower morality than the world.

If religion moves and has its being within a luminous inner sphere which exhibits all our actions in their true light, no act, however mean or great, can be exempt from her survey. To imply that religion and morality are two separate departments standing in no direct relation to each other is a cardinal error. The world is quick to perceive any discrepancy between the profession of the former and the practice of the latter, and no one will dispute its right to do so. Goodness of heart and nobility of character are often met with in many who manifest no keen religious aspirations; nor should we forget that Aristotle has dealt with ethics apart entirely from religion. Nevertheless we may affirm that a pure religion animates our morality by purifying the inner springs of action, and imparting clearer perceptions and higher sanctions of conduct. The science of ethics teaches us that we are bound—unless where mentally defective—to recognise the results of our actions to others as well as to ourselves; and where no authoritative voice is heard in fervid condemnation of practices, commercial or otherwise, which entail suffering and ruin on others, we shall never get any further forward in morals than what is implied in its own definition: *mores*, or established ways.

Thus the contradiction referred to is only apparent after all; the laws of our moral and spiritual nature are few and intelligible by the simplest; we cannot play fast and loose with them in any sphere of action and delude ourselves it is the same thing; in other words, we cannot serve God and Mammon.

Is, then, our modern life to be but a repetition of the ancient wail, "video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor?"—Yours, &c.,

D. Hamilton.

60, Magdalen Yard Road,
Dundee,
June 29th, 1909.

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## MISS COLENSO AND THE DEFENCE OF DINIZULU.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Having reference to Colonel Seely's answer in the House in regard to the expenses of the Dinizulu defence, I have received a letter by the last mail from Miss Colenso, which contains the following passage relating to the subject. This I would commend to your readers, with the addition of the fact that the Misses Colenso have expended literally every sixpence of their means of livelihood in making the defence of the persecuted chief possible.

"Bishopstowe, Natal.

"For all these subsequent cases, though nominally pressed against others, have really been urged in the eager search for any charge with which to blacken Dinuzulu's character. And there has been the whole machinery of the administration of the Colony to be coped with by the half-a-dozen of us (Europeans, I mean), and that administration practically on trial itself, and savagely aware of the fact! Well, as far as the

moral victory goes, I think our side has gained to the full the good success you wished us, but, at the same time, the 'powers of this world' are powers, and one cannot stand up to them without getting knocked about. So here is Dinuzulu, after all his efforts and *success* on the side of law and order (but the success is credited to others!), a prisoner in Pietermaritzburg gaol, where I am only allowed to visit him once a month. In the matter of money, too, one must get the worst of it, *e.g.*, when the other side can spend £73,000 in bringing Dinuzulu a prisoner to Pietermaritzburg, when he was quite willing to come without even an escort; and £10,000 and *more* on his trial before the Supreme Court, not to speak of the expenses of the twelve months' preliminary examination and those of the other connected trials. It is nothing short of amazing that we have won through at all, and that we have done so is due to Mr. Schreiner, who not only conducted the defence, but advanced £2,000 towards his junior's fees when (just at the time I got your note) we were on the point of breaking down for lack of money I am truly thankful to learn that friends in England intend to help us in this respect, and I trust that they will, at any rate, see Mr. Schreiner paid, for most assuredly if South Africa is going to escape a terrible conflict between white and black, it will be largely through Mr. Schreiner's brave and masterly and most Christian defence of Dinuzulu."

—Yours, &c., NORMAN BENNET,
Diocesan Missioner for Hereford.
June 30th, 1908.

[We believe the statement that the Misses Colenso have expended every penny of their private fortune—some £6,000—in the defence of Dinizulu to be strictly true. We hope that so splendid an act will be recognised; indeed, the honor of the country is concerned in the repayment of money devoted purely to the cause of Imperial justice.—ED., NATION.]

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The Government's refusal to recoup Miss Colenso and her sister for the pecuniary losses they have suffered in defending Dinizulu, the Zulu chief, on the grounds that it would be unprecedented, seems to me most unsatisfactory, and still more unsatisfactory is the fact that a Liberal Government does not use its influence in securing the immediate release of an absolutely innocent man. As we know, the Natal Government trumped up charges against Dinizulu because the Natal colonists wanted the land of the Zulus. Dinizulu was brought to trial on charges of high treason and murder. These accusations were not proved, but the Zulu chief, by his own confession, was found guilty of permitting a few half-starved fugitives to take refuge in his neighborhood. In other words, the Natal Christians—for presumably they are Christians—have sentenced a man to four years' imprisonment for carrying out Christ's instructions—*i.e.*, to give food and shelter to those in need.

The situation would be almost humorous if it were not a very grave reflection on the white man's idea of justice. One can only suppose that the public are ignorant of the great services Miss Colenso and her sister have rendered to the cause of civilisation and justice, otherwise the £6,000 required to place these two noble ladies beyond want would have been subscribed long ago.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX PITT.
War Coppice, near Caterham, Surrey,
June 30th, 1909.

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## THE LORDS AND THE FINANCE BILL.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—With reference to the article in your issue of last week, in which you discuss the right of the House of Lords to amend or reject the Finance Bill, are your readers to understand that the words in the preamble to the Bill, "that it may be enacted, and be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled," have no meaning whatever?—Yours, &c.,

CLEVELAND FYFE.
June 29th, 1909.

[The application of that phrase to Money Bills is precisely the matter discussed in our article.—ED., NATION.]

## THE EFFECT OF THE LAND TAXES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is generally supposed that the effect of the land tax clauses of the Budget will be to bring building land into the market, and the arguments *pro* and *con* have been based upon this assumption. For a time, of course, this will be so, but the ultimate result will be the contrary.

I am the owner of land, some of which is "ripe" for building, but the greater part of which is not. I shall have to make up my mind at what figure to return it. As far as land ripe for building is concerned, as the writer of your article on "The Argument for the Land Taxes" points out, it will be to my interest to find the true probable figure at which I can sell. Therefore, having decided how much of my land will come in for building in the next five or ten years, I shall value it at its selling price, and probably proceed to build small houses on it, and let them for the time with an acre of land each in order to escape the tax. The rest of the land, which is either too far from a station or, being back land, will require expensive roadmaking to make it suitable for building purposes, I shall treat as agricultural and lump at £50 an acre. As I wish to see my land developed, I shall return a larger proportion of it as building land than will my neighbors, and probably, therefore, the Commissioners will accept my figures without dispute.

So far, so good. But when the land so valued is exhausted, I am left with land which I have put at £50 an acre. In the normal course, this would have been gradually "ripening," and in ten years' time would take the place of the land now "ripe," and be sold or let for building. But under the Finance Bill this process will be checked by the increment tax of 20 per cent., and the landowner will endeavor to hold his land up till the demand for it is so great that he can get this tax out of his purchaser or lessee. I am aware, of course, that it is proposed to periodically re-value the land for the purpose of the ½d. tax, but in a way this will only make matters worse, because it will not only be to the landlord's interest, or supposed interest, to hold up land once valued as agricultural, but even to avoid for the time the appearance of its being building land, and this he can do in a variety of ways, as, for instance, by letting the access to it on lease.—Yours, &c., R. C. PHILLIMORE.

Tranarossan, Downings Bay, Co. Donegal,
June 23rd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In the otherwise admirable and lucid *résumé* of the proposed legislation as to the land taxes published in your issue for the 26th June, you say with regard to the undeveloped land tax: "The tax will be a halfpenny in the pound levied on the amount by which the capital value of any land which has no buildings upon it, or is not used for trade or industry, exceeds its value for purely agricultural purposes."

Surely you are in error as to this. As I read Section 10 of the Bill, the tax is to be levied on the whole site value of land worth more than £50 an acre. Thus, take a piece of land let to a farmer whose capitalised value, based upon the rent paid by the farmer, is £40 an acre, but whose full value is £100, the tax will be levied, not (as the *résumé* would seem to have it) on £60, but upon the full £100.—Yours, &c., FRED. J. H. HERLE.

9, Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.
June 28th, 1909.

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## "THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I am very grateful to Mrs. Sidney Webb for her very full and instructive letter to THE NATION of June 5th, dealing with the difficult question of the Registrar's position and duties under the scheme of the Minority Report. There is one matter—namely, the amount of charge and recovery involved—in regard to which I should like to make my position a little clearer. It is not for fear that the Registrar should be unduly harsh in attempting to recover from the very poor that I regret the extensive amount of indebtedness that I foresee under this scheme, especially in the matter of medical relief. It is because

I dislike a credit system, even when payment for what has been received is enforced only in the case of those who are considered by some authority as able to pay, in accordance with a fixed scale. The scheme by which the Medical Officer of Health will treat by advice, and—if sanctioned by the Registrar—by home aliment, any case which comes under his notice, must inevitably to a large extent supersede the work of Provident Medical Associations, doctors' clubs, and friendly societies, by which people are encouraged to ensure themselves for medical treatment in time of illness. The medical treatment thus provided may no doubt often be unsatisfactory; but if insurance is preferable to credit, it would be better to direct our efforts towards improving such provident schemes rather than to adopt a plan which cannot fail to weaken them.

The great difficulty lies in the question of outdoor relief. Mrs. Sidney Webb says that at present the Education Authority, Health Authority, Police Authority, and Lunacy Authority, are all relieving members of the same family simultaneously, so that some families are receiving in the aggregate more than the laborer's income. This might be misleading, because in effect not one of these authorities is distributing any relief in the homes of the poor, but is only granting institutional relief. There would, it appears to me, be many advantages in handing over to these authorities *all* institutional relief, whether primarily intended for the destitute or not, and so to a great extent breaking up the Poor Law, and ensuring a more complete break up of the general mixed workhouse than would be possible under the Majority scheme. But when it comes to all these authorities—as well as the new Authority to deal with the able bodied—distributing outdoor relief or home aliment, one feels that even the Registrar will prove unequal to the amount of enquiry, investigation, and supervision which must ensue, if worse evils are to be prevented.

The defence of the Registrar is obviously based on the idea that only a carefully trained expert can assimilate, digest, and criticise large masses of evidence, and—in general—that a single person can organise and control, in a more rapid and efficient manner than any body, this or any other complicated system involving the examination of reports or evidence. Such an idea has much in it to attract, and has many theoretical advantages; but it is open to serious practical objections. Such an official cannot investigate personally, except in a number of special and typical cases, and hence is apt to lose touch with actuality.

It is obvious that one point in which present Poor Law administration fails is in having nothing to offer except outdoor relief or the workhouse. Outdoor relief may be refused on one of many grounds (and rightly refused in that a mere weekly allowance is often ineffectual to relieve poverty: there are other and deeper forces at work than mere lack of means), and the offer of the workhouse is not accepted. The situation is a deadlock, and is a sufficiently common one. What is wanted in such cases is a friendly visitor, who will look at the situation from the point of view of the family as a whole, and has the knowledge which will enable him to bring to bear upon the various weak spots in the situation all the forces, whether provided by charity, or the State, or other agencies. Under the Minority scheme, visiting may, of course, be provided by the various Committees at work; but no visitor from the Care Committee, or Health Committee, or Asylums Committee, will feel any responsibility for the family as a whole: each will consider the person that interests him. The Registrar is to consider solely the pecuniary resources of the family, and will have no concern whatever with its health or morals. Under this scheme we should, no doubt, secure the co-ordination of all relief given under the heading of the family; but should we also secure that restorative treatment which will bring back the independence of the family as a whole? For this must surely be our ultimate aim.

If there is anything in these considerations they suggest a recasting of the Registrar's position. It might be possible to establish a Poor Law Committee of the County or County Borough Council which should receive all applications for relief in the first instance and hand over to other Committees all cases for which institutional relief was required, while reserving to themselves the sole right to grant outdoor relief. Such a committee would retain under its own control in the way of institutional relief only a temporary receiving home, such as is suggested for the Registrar. It might make use of the services of volunteers as visitors for special cases, and should also have the advantage of a better-paid and better-qualified official, and one endowed with greater powers than the present Relieving Officer. It would be the duty of this official to collect for the use of the Committee all possible information as to what other Committees were granting in the way of school meals, pensions, &c.

I know that it is easy work to raise objections to any scheme and yet I think that useful work may be done if in a helpful and constructive spirit we can point out what seem to each of us the dangers and drawbacks of proposed schemes, and so feel our way towards the best that is within our reach.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) C. D. Rackham, P.L.G.

Cambridge,
June 22nd, 1909.

## "OUR OLD NOBILITY."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I note your reference to Howard Evans's "Our Old Nobility." I have before me the sixpenny edition. If this could be produced still lower, it would act like gunpowder.—Yours, &c., John Lewis.

Spedan Tower,
West Heath, Hampstead, N.W.
June 26th, 1909.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF DIALECT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The following words still used in Cumberland may be of interest to your readers:—

A farmer "spanes" his calves, when he weans them, and his wife's bread is "sad" if it does not rise well. One can "cowp" a cart, or if one gets a head-over-heels tumble, one may be told: "Thou got a gai cowp there." A "menseful" woman is one who is a good housewife, and hospitable, and she saves both her "mense and means" when she invites visitors to stay a meal if they do not accept her invitation. An old "stegg" (gander) is an object to be steered clear of; and it is advisable on a cold night to "sneck" the door if one does not want black looks. A bad fire gives little low (rhyme with "now") but much reek. A cow is fastened in its "buse" in the byre, and a "whye" (female) calf can give one a good "tewing" if one tries to lead it where is does not want to go. It is as well not to "mell" with a wasp's nest, and to reach the cushat's nest, one may have to get the "stye" (ladder) out of the "lathe" (barn). A professor of English a few years ago wrote that when the Cumbrians called tourists "lakers," they referred to the fact that they were taking their holidays at the lakes; surely he had never heard a mother telling her bairns to "gan oot and lake." A busy person, as well as being as "thrang as three in a bed," can also be as "thrang as Throp's wife," though who she was, I cannot say. To hear a person "yacking" and coughing and "sniftering" is not pleasant, neither is it pleasant to hear a youngster "yowl" when it has sat on an "urchin" (hedgehog). In Wensleydale there is an old use of "at," equal to "from" in use; as, "Let me take that parcel at you."—Yours, &c.,

J. Slater.

Hull, June 28th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—A contributor in a recent issue eulogising dialects, attacks Esperanto as inimical to them. This is, I think, a mistake proceeding from a misconception of the aim and nature of Esperanto. Besides being an Esperantist, I am a constant student of European languages and dialects, and am thus sympathetic to both parties, being, indeed, in agreement with your contributor on many of his other points.

Granting that the loss of individuality, shown by loss of local costumes and customs, as well as by loss of local languages, is a loss to the world, and admitting that the "single shroud" or "broad high noon" of one all-pervading

language would be a catastrophe, I maintain that far from having any such result, Esperanto will have the directly opposite effect of perpetuating the existing dialects, and probably fostering the creation or revival of others. Esperanto, in providing a neutral basis for communication between persons speaking different languages, allows each to be ignorant of the other's "dialect," so that the condition to which Esperanto tends is one of co-existence of all dialects (languages) with Esperanto as the general medium for intercommunication. This view is one accepted by Esperantists, for a Catalan who attended the Cambridge Esperanto Congress assured me that he and other Catalan Esperantists wished to see two languages spoken in Catalonia—the Catalan for home affairs, and Esperanto for all external relations. In this case the indigenous dialect would be the gainer, and the only loss (one more apparent than real) would pertain to the Castilian "book language" of Spain. Translations have already been published in Esperanto from Flemish, Platt Deutsch, Provençal, Ruthenian, Croatian, Erse, &c., with the avowed object of increasing (not diminishing) the knowledge of these dialects.

The best language for the expression of one's thoughts to one's own people is the language of one's homeland; the best language for communicating them to all the world is the medium of greatest common measure. These are two kinds of best which are not conflictory, but mutually interdependent—the dialect for the hearth, Esperanto for the world-stage.—Yours, &c.,

G. L. Browne,
President Norda Stelo Esperanto Society,
53, Burghley Road, London, N.

Highgate Road, N.W.
June 23rd, 1909.

## "THE COMING REALITY OF POLITICS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your readers who, like myself, have studied the imperfections, manœuvrings, delays, and feeble outputs in useful Acts of ten reformed Parliaments, must have felt refreshed if they caught any of the inspiration which your recent articles on the present political situation were so competent to impart. In advocating a special tax on that portion of land revenues derived from the presence of the community, and not from individual effort, you make a close approach to the theory promoted by Quesnay Patrick E. Dove, J. Stuart Mill, Carlyle, and Henry George—viz., that individual ownership of land is inimical to the commonwealth. It is thus that the newer countries are resuming lands formerly sold; it was on this ground that Texas reserved for the people of Texas the ownership and control which had in all the other States passed to the Federal Government of the United States. For the purpose of substituting State for individual control (and in the end ownership) a land tax is not only the most convenient, but the most efficient method. The heroic effort of the present custodian of the national purse to re-establish an elastic land tax not only holds the field as a veritable fiscal reform, but marks an era in the renaissance of society through the corporate action of the State.

It was high time to call attention to the use of every artifice ingenuity can devise to perpetuate class privileges of which individual property in land is the fundamental and chief.

All this is, to me, reminiscent of similar tactics in the past, employed more successfully than they are likely to be in attacking the Budget of 1909. In 1866-7 the whimsical controversy on renting and rating overshadowed the real issue; the extension of political power to the proletariat and the most cogent objection to the Bill, the exclusion of the rural householder. Similarly the political aspect of the disestablishment of the Irish Church obscured the disposition of the temporalities and the effect to be produced on the ownership of land. The extension of the Ulster tenant right to the whole of Ireland, although "a simple act of justice," frightened the late Duke of Argyll out of the Cabinet of the time, and it was the raising of the question of how far the national interest in the revenues would prejudice that of the landowner enticed him to cross swords with Henry George. It was not a Parliament in Dublin that the Home Rule dissentients feared so much as the land reforms that would there be initiated and held up for Trans-Channel imitation. It was the desire of a landed Parliament to get the Irish landlords expropriated without financial scaith that to a national credit of £100,000,000 was added a bonus of £12,000,000 without any valuable consideration whatever. It was thought no injustice to saddle non-agricultural ratepayers with five-eighths of the farmers' rates. Nor did Mr. Chamberlain and his apologists see any inconsistency in dropping like a hot coal the land reforms he had assiduously preached before he joined the Unionist—or landlord—alliance. But the electorate are taking more stock in "the coming reality" and less in the will-o'-the-wisps by which they have in the past been misled and betrayed.

It occurs to me that The Nation, in a cognate article, and even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are underestimating the recuperation which land values have lately undergone, and not less the enormous advance as a whole, since the land tax was based on the valuation of 1692. It is even in 1909 a rise of something like forty times the early value. The rise of rent in Scotland since the abolition of military service in 1747 is something like 400 per cent. The fall which took place in the end of last century has been largely recovered, and did not over all Scotland at any time exceed 30 per cent. The abnormally high rents of the "'seventies" of last century were due to a period of prosperity and the inability of home produce to meet the increased demand. The succeeding fall was due to the better railway communication from the virgin prairies of the New World and the cheaper transportation which the triumphs of marine engineering similarly afforded. But the beam has so oscillated in the opposite direction that, apart from bad seasons, agriculture is prosperous. Prices are higher, and rents have not failed to respond. Even the derelict clays of Essex are yielding rent after due satisfaction of tithes and rates. There is, however, a good case for special consideration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—viz., the hardship attached to purchases of land made at the time of abnormally high rents and on the capitalisation of them at thirty years' purchase.—Yours, &c.,

John McCulloch.

June 28th, 1909.

## A CORRECTION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—May I direct your attention to a statement you make on p. 319 in reviewing Mr. Hobson's book on "The Overplus of Wealth"?

You say that even if the tax reached 20s. in the £ on the productive surplus, it would have no such (detrimental) effect. Surely this ought to be *un*-productive surplus? Otherwise you miss the whole force of your argument.

In other respects it is a very interesting and carefully-considered review of a most useful contribution towards solving our present social and industrial problems.—Yours, &c.,

H. T. Poole.

Ingleside, Lyttleton Road, Stechford,
June 29th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## IN COBBETT'S COUNTRY.

A patch of plough, a little wood, a strip
Of meadowland that hugs the frugal stream,
Still interlaced in sober-motley scheme
Vary anew their threefold fellowship.

Each parcelled piece the straggling hedgerows clip
Limns on the land the peasant-owner's dream,
Disowns the unkindly rich, and bids redeem
That all-in-all the hoodwinked poor let slip.

The terrain spells a charter. Here and here
The squatter's axe, the adventurous yeoman's blade,
Carried a point against the wild, and men
Made the land human—every pioneer
So tamed his shrew—made each his croft, and made
England out of the forest and the fen.

J. S. Phillimore.

# Reviews.

## HISTORY FOR THE UPPER CLASSES.*

The rich, as we know, take a passionate interest in the religious education of the children of the poor. Perhaps a time will come when the poor will begin to concern themselves about the historical education of the children of the rich. One of the acutest minds of his time saw, a century ago, that the upper classes had turned the universities and public schools into institutions for imposing the ideas of a class upon the people of England. Much of Cobbett's criticism is, fortunately, no longer true, but it remains true that the insulation of sympathy which is so conspicuous a characteristic of English society is largely the result of an education in which a class sense and a class atmosphere are allowed to dominate the interpretation of history and of life.

A particularly flagrant example of this spirit is provided in two volumes just published by an Oxford don under the title of "An Introductory History of England." If we wanted to find a motto for the book, we should inscribe on it the famous remark of Bishop Horsley, that "the people have nothing to do with the laws except to obey them." By a curious irony this book makes its appearance at a time when Oxford is considering proposals for bringing the University into closer touch and sympathy with the democratic life of the country. It is hoped by the authors of those proposals that trade union secretaries and other working men will be enabled to take advantage of the teaching of economic history which is supplied in the University. Now, if the secretary of one of the cotton trade unions, full of ardor for the great riches of learning now to be spread before him, should open this volume, he will find the history of his class summed up in this illuminating sentence: "Like all trades dependent for their raw material on foreign countries, that of cotton was subject to great fluctuations, and liable to famines in time of war; hence the operatives or 'hands' have always been a turbulent race, given to strikes and riots." This description, as notable for its good taste as for its justice, is very happily conceived for increasing the working man's confidence in the strict impartiality of the Oxford teaching which he is invited to share. It is not less happily conceived for teaching the youth of a public school to appreciate the history and the character of some hundreds of thousands of their fellow countrymen. Here, again, is a characteristic sentence: "Crime, disease, discontent, and Radicalism, though far from rare in villages, are the natural children of great cities." These two sentences are taken, not as piquant paradoxes, but as illustrations of the temper of the book. There runs throughout Mr. Fletcher's conception of history the idea that the upper classes are the only people who have any right to be considered. This is not exactly a liberalising doctrine to teach to the youth of the upper classes, but what makes it worse is that the whole tendency of Mr. Fletcher's book is to give the impression that, while the poor have no rights, the rich have no duties. Thus, though he is full of contempt for the ignorance of the "lower classes," we cannot find any allusion in these pages to the fact that the rich, who were, and are, educated very largely with the help of endowments left for the poor, took during the days of their supreme power a less public-spirited view of the responsibilities of a State for the education of the poor than did the rulers of almost any other great country in Europe. It is often said that democracy is a bad form of government, because it means government by a class which is tempted to make rash experiments from its ignorance of history. Can it be argued that a class which is brought up on such history as this can be expected to take a larger or more generous view of politics? If a man relied on this book, he would never suppose that men like Hardy (whom Mr. Fletcher dismisses as the Piccadilly Bootmaker), who risked their lives and liberties for Reform, cared at all for their country, or that there was any connection between the form of government and the intolerable miseries of the poor at the beginning of the nineteenth century, that the brunt of the French war fell on "the lower classes," that at the end of it the French peasant had exchanged poverty for independence, and the English peasant independence for poverty, and that certain families, very much before the public eye at this moment, derive their ample fortunes from those years and those events.

Now, if Mr. Fletcher had held no official position, it would be unnecessary to treat his book seriously. An historian who can never speak of the English reform movement except as "froth," who tells us that he thinks there has been no statesman in England since Castlereagh, that all history is an anti-climax after the Six Acts, that the task of describing so hideous an event as the reform of 1832 is too heartbreaking for him to attempt it, is not likely to seduce the judgment of educated men. An historian who can never speak of the French Revolution except as "poison" or as "anarchy" or "the desire to massacre the intelligent classes of all nations" (if this were a true analysis possibly some of Mr. Fletcher's heroes exaggerated their own dangers) is not likely to arrest the attention of mankind as a profound and original observer of the deeper causes and forces of history. An historian who can only say of the leaders of the American Revolution that "the most disgusting hypocrite of the lot is perhaps Benjamin Franklin, the Pennsylvania Quaker," is not likely to make his readers take too flattering a view of his power to survey with composure and to master a complex situation. An occasional revelation of the basis of knowledge on which Mr. Fletcher builds his prejudices does not repair the confidence that the violence of his language weakens. A footnote on p. 329, into which he has apparently been betrayed by a misreading of Lord Rosebery's "Pitt," shows that he is not aware of the main outline of Whig Foreign Policy before 1786. Mr. Fletcher himself sagely remarks that "Chroniclers may indeed faithfully record the events of their own and their fathers' age, but such records can hardly be accounted History, for fair judgment on such events will be impossible." It is certainly difficult to write contemporary history, but it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Croker and Creevey, who were not historians but mere "party men" for whom Mr. Fletcher has such contempt, found it easier to do justice to the living than Mr. Fletcher finds it to do justice to the dead. Further, if Mr. Fletcher's book is too violent to be plausible, it cannot be complained of him, as it was complained of another historian, that he bewitches the judgment of his readers by the dazzling charm of his style. Magdalen has not given us here a second Gibbon. Indeed, though Mr. Fletcher does not let off the faults of other writers lightly (he is very severe on the "froth" of Paine and of Mackintosh), his literary standard for a history tutor would seem to be less exacting than that which is, or was, expected of a Greats pupil.

We will give a few examples of his lively and almost colloquial English:—

> "The Princess of Wales was, it must be admitted, almost as great a 'horror' as her husband, though in a different kind of way."
>
> "An income-tax of ten per cent. till then a 'horror' unheard of by Englishmen."
>
> "We have certain data to go upon, which I had better give you in a horrid 'table.'"
>
> "My view will, I suppose, be called a frightful heresy."
>
> "This was a fearfully extravagant process."

We are not without hope of discovering, if we read a little further, some character described as a "dear." Another trick of style, not common among historians, which Mr. Fletcher affects is the use of "*too*" in italics, in the manner of ladies writing to each other in moments of enthusiasm. He is so fond of his playful pun on Whig and Wig that, not content with taking it as the heading of a chapter, he returns to it again and again in the text, at the risk of tiring those of his readers whose sense of humor is more fickle. A book of this kind might safely be left to itself in an audience of educated men. But Mr. Fletcher's volume, it must be remembered, goes into the public schools with the prestige of a University teacher behind it for the instruction of boys who are beginning the study of history, and who have no means of distinguishing between an historian of the type of Mr. Fletcher and an historian of the type of Green. This is to be the nursery of their ideas. Let anybody recall Professor Gilbert Murray's inaugural lecture, tracing

* "An Introductory History of England." Vols. 3 and 4. By C. R. L. Fletcher, formerly Fellow of All Souls and Magdalen Colleges, Oxford. Murray.

the influence of Greek in stimulating the best qualities and sympathies of the English character, and then turn to this work, with its continual trickle of cynicism and ridicule, its insolent contempt of the poor, its ὕβρις of class and property, its encouragement of the narrowest prejudices of oligarchy, and then ask himself what kind of a citizen and what kind of a politician is likely to be bred on the study of a book that teaches its readers to regard their fellow-countrymen through this perverted medium.

There is a further reflection to be made on Mr. Fletcher's performance. We have no objection to partisan historians. The historian who never takes sides is too cold and too remote from human life to treat his subject with insight. But a very elementary moral sense teaches us that a man who is writing an introductory history is in a specially responsible position. He cannot give the evidence on which he bases his conclusions; he merely gives his conclusions. In Mr. Fletcher's case, conclusions are communicated to boys who have no means of testing the evidence. Common honesty demands of such a writer a certain care and moderation in his treatment of reputations that are, in a sense, in his keeping. If a writer has space to set out all the facts that are relevant, he may splash the characters of dead men with abuse as freely as he please. If he cannot set out the facts, remembering that he is determining the impression that a number of boys will take, perhaps to keep through life, of men of whom they at present know nothing, he will be particularly careful not to treat his opponents with less than justice. Now, how does Mr. Fletcher treat the Whigs and the Radicals? Romilly, one of the greatest names in the development of civilised law, is just mentioned twice. The first allusion speaks of him as "provided for in a Government"; the second sneers at his sincerity and patriotism. This is how Whitbread is introduced: "Mr. Whitbread the brewer, type of many a Whig and prig of the future, in whom burned the spirit of political Nonconformity of the coming century." Mr. Fletcher does not mention that Whitbread was one of the few persons who tried to arrest the destruction of the English village, and that if he had not been prevented by the Peers and Church of England he would have established in 1807 the national system of education for which England had to wait till 1870. Of Cobbett we are told that he was sentenced to imprisonment for a libel on the Army. Mr. Fletcher does not add that the libel consisted in a passionate protest, which any Englishman would be proud to have written, against the public flogging of English militiamen in the presence of a German legion specially brought to Ely to keep order. We somehow fancy that if Cobbett had been Minister of War instead of Castlereagh, and Castlereagh had written the libel instead of Cobbett, Mr. Fletcher would have found space to touch on the circumstances.

The first of these two volumes closes with this footnote:—

> "Fox, according to a story often denied, but never disproved, went the length of sending a private friend, Sir Robert Adair, to St. Petersburg, to intrigue with Russia against the British Ministry, and thereby incurred the guilt of high treason."

What are the facts about this incident? Burke, who brought the charge in the heat of a bitter quarrel, in a letter which was published, without his consent, four years later, said he heard it from a friend connected with the Ministry. Bishop Tomline, Pitt's biographer, said he could prove it from documents he had found among Pitt's papers. This is the evidence against Fox. The evidence in his favor consists in the fact that Bishop Tomline, when challenged to produce his evidence, failed to do so, and in Sir Robert Adair's own full explanation of all the circumstances of the case, which shows that he visited St. Petersburg on his own initiative, that Fox gave him no message or instruction, and merely, on hearing that he was going there, asked him to send any news he might gather. Mr. Lecky, who will not be suspected of any partiality for the memory of Fox, accepted Adair's statement as unimpeachable. It is even more significant that Canning, Pitt's most intimate disciple, afterwards chose Adair for a most delicate diplomatic mission to Constantinople, and that Lord Stanhope, who had in his hands, when writing his "Life of Pitt," all the documents left to Tomline, said that he could find no evidence for Tomline's statement. Now supposing this charge had concerned the character not of Fox, but of Castlereagh, would Mr. Fletcher have printed that footnote at all, and if he had printed it, would he have written "disproved" or "proved"? These are merely a few instances of Mr. Fletcher's idea of fairness. Professor Firth, in his sweeping indictment of the Oxford History School four years ago, said that the School turned out its pupils without either the equipment or the mental habits of scholars. Mr. Fletcher has now brought upon it a worse reproach, for in his haste to shelter all his private prejudices under the august name of history, he has shown that he, a teacher, and not a pupil in that School, lacks what is easier to acquire than the scholar's sense of history and the scholar's sense of style, the rudiments of the scholar's care for justice.

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## PROPHECY AND COINCIDENCE.*

It is hard to see that there is any more cogent reason for doubting the existence of the prophetic faculty than there is for doubting the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte or of Daniel Defoe. Archbishop Whately, indeed, showed that there were many "reasons" for suspecting the story of Napoleon to be a collection of myths; and it might be easy enough to show that the received account of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" is of a highly suspicious character. Still, we "believe in" Napoleon, and we believe in Defoe; and as has been observed, it is difficult to see why a belief in the existence of the prophetic faculty should be considered absurd, superstitious, or irrational. Of course, the power of foreseeing events is a rare one; but then Shakespeare, Napoleon, Defoe, Turner are more than rare; each is a unique. Again, we do not understand the second sight; we cannot imagine how it is done. But we do not understand how "Hamlet" is done, we do not understand how Turner's pictures are painted, we do not understand how a subordinate French officer conquered all Europe: if we consider the universe calmly we shall find that we do not really understand how anything is done, though by the judicious use of long words of Greek and Latin origin we occasionally persuade ourselves that we understand everything. It would be interesting, by the way, to discover how many people out of a hundred who use the term "gravitation" are able to give a clear account of the meaning of the doctrine involved therein.

Surely the only proper spirit with which to approach the question of prophecy—as also the question of why the apple falls to the ground—is the scientific spirit. That is we must start from the facts, from the evidence producible; not from certain abstract principles. It is one thing to declare after careful enquiry that the evidence for the alleged fact of the transmutation of metals is unsatisfactory and insufficient; it is quite another thing to pronounce that alchemy is an impossibility. It would probably be safe enough to say that the vast majority of witch trials prove nothing save the existence of a mass of absurdity, credulity, and malignity; it would be temerarious in the highest degree to affirm the impossibility of witchcraft, that is, of a certain obscure and malign power of the human will. So with the prophetic faculty: there may be no such thing. But we must not assume as our major premiss the proposition: "There is no such thing as prophecy," and then proceed to disprove, by that very assumption, all the affirmative evidence that may be offered. Such a procedure is neither logical, nor scientific; it is, indeed, radically inhuman. For it seems probable enough that a sort of universal "there-is-no-such-thing" premiss governs the minds—sometimes very highly developed—of the lower animals; and hence ants do not write sonnets, and bees know nothing of artistic modelling in wax.

Now, as Mr. Andrew Lang points out in his introductory chapter to "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," by Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, there is a considerable body of evidence bearing on this question of prophecy. Mr. Lang gives several instances of the prophetic faculty; the most remarkable of which is as follows:—

> "On June 15th [of last year] a lady, well known to me, and in various fields of literature, told me that, calling on another

* "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer." By Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. (Scot.). Stirling: Eneas Mackay. 2s. 6d.

lady the day before, she had seen a vision of a man, previously unknown to her, who thrust a knife into her friend's left side. I offered to bet £100 against fulfilment. In autumn my friend, again calling at the same house, met the man of her vision on the doorstep. Entering, she found her friend dying, as her constitution did not rally after an operation on her left side, performed by the man of the vision, who was a surgeon."

Now, it seems to the writer that if this piece of evidence stood alone, it would be conclusive as to the existence of the prophetic faculty in man. One speck of radium proves the existence of that substance as well as ten thousand specks; if we had seen a single individual dead it would absolutely prove the fact of death. But this story is only one out of many similar narratives, ancient and modern; and, as Mr. Lang observes, "the kind of story is always the same . . . the legends of St. Columba, in Adamnan, are much on a par, in many cases, with modern examples in 'The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.'" And it is not reasonable to suppose that "Australians, Tonkaways, Aztecs, Incas, Samoyeds," &c., &c., read up Adamnan with a view to seeing their visions in a proper and classic manner; nor would it be tolerable to charge Adamnan with having "cribbed" his procedure from Maoris and Polynesians. There is just the same kind of evidence for the existence of the faculty of second sight or prophecy as there is for the existence of the appetite or passion called thirst, though it is not pretended that prophets are, or ever have been, as common as thirsty men. But, on the other hand, it is probable—or rather certain—that there have been many more prophets than—for example—supreme literary artists. The undoubted fact that there have been very few poets of the first rank in the world does not constitute an argument against the existence of exquisite poetry.

It is to be presumed that the true reason—as apart from the alleged reason—why men do not believe in prophecy while they do (in a certain sense) believe in poetry is this: Any man can convince himself of the existence of such a thing as poetry by going to his bookshelf; but a similar proof of prophecy is not always, or even often, within his reach. But this difference in demonstration arises from the nature of the case: the printed page proves at once the existence of measured language, but though Mr. Lang is ready to swear to the truth of the story that has been quoted, we are at liberty, if we like, to say that he is a liar. In reality, this objection is only the old objection of "rarity" in a new form; it is only another way of stating that the prophetic gift is not the property of every human being. And, just in the same way, there are no doubt myriads of human beings who think, or who would think, that Turner's pictures are nonsense. And it would be impossible to "prove" the beauty of Turner's work to such persons, inasmuch as they lack the faculty of artistic discernment. A more formidable objection than this is the theory of coincidence; and it is much to be wished that some ingenious person would elaborate a "Doctrine of Coincidence," and lay down the laws of blind chance, regarded as an explanation of the marvellous. If, for example, a man living in a country village told his wife at breakfast that he had dreamt the night before that he would meet a friend on his morning walk, clearly it would not do to proclaim him a prophet because the event made the dream veridical. The marvel would have been if the vision had not come true. Again, if our countryman had a similar premonition before a visit to London and met his old friend Giles in Leicester Square: here the evidence would be no evidence, since London, large though it be, was well called by Stevenson "the City of Encounters." The ratio of improbability, of the unlikelihood of the coincidence may be increased indefinitely; still, the improbable does happen, and strange coincidences without number have been recorded. But let us take our countryman again; let us suppose him never to have heard of African Pigmies. Then, if he were to dream that he saw three Black Dwarfs, armed with peculiar weapons, walking up the village street, and if this vision were realised—as it might have been a year or two ago—then, it seems to the writer, coincidence would be an intolerable explanation. So with Mr. Andrew Lang's story. Chance and coincidence might account for his friend's dreaming of the knife in the lady's side; but chance and coincidence cannot reasonably account for her vision of the specific features of a specific doctor—whom she had never seen.

Hence it is difficult to agree with Mr. Lang's somewhat low estimate of the evidential value of Mr. Mackenzie's most interesting and curious book. The Brahan Seer, Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche, lived in the seventeenth century, and no doubt Mr. Lang is right in considering that his history is largely legendary, that many of his "prophecies" were concocted after the event, and that many others which have not been fulfilled never can be fulfilled—unless the clan system of the Highlands should be restored. All this may be admitted; but the Seaforth Prophecy remains. This is certain: that somebody or other, Coinneach or Donald or Fergus matters not, prophesied, with minute detail, the disastrous end of a well-known Scottish family. There is evidence to show that this prophecy was known before the event, and in due course the doom of the Seaforths was fulfilled to the smallest particular. Here is the prophecy:—

> "I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will . . . die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever . . . the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coifed lassie from the East, and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth—Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay—of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer."

And this doom was fulfilled in the person of Francis Humbertson Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, who died in 1815. This unfortunate man was rendered totally deaf by an attack of scarlet fever in his boyhood; in his last years he became dumb. All his sons predeceased him, his title became extinct, a daughter, a young widow (and therefore "white-coifed") came from India to take possession of the property. This lady was driving her younger sister in a pony carriage, when the horses bolted, and the sister received fatal injuries. And the four lairds mentioned in the prophecy were actually in existence, with the peculiarities mentioned, at the time of Lord Seaforth's death. And one can only say that the inquirer who pronounced the prophecy and its fulfilment to be a case of mere coincidence would, in all probability, declare St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey to be purely natural formations.

A. M.

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## THE ONE AND THE MANY.*

People with no tincture of philosophy will be apt to marvel that two abstract terms like unity and plurality, the pale, listless slaves of arithmetic, should ever show so much vitality as to quarrel. They will find it stranger still that warm-blooded human beings should become partisans in their respective causes. Even the literary man who has got his head out of the fog of words into the purer atmosphere of historical contemplation wonders at the strange spectral battle. Its noises fall but faintly on his ears, like sounds from elf-land borne. In his opinion, the struggle may not even seem mystic; he talks of the philosophers battering in no dignified way the blind wall of a *cul de sac*. He, mounted as he is, and so able to see over the heads of the advancing human horde, believes he has a vista before him.

But the philosopher answers with a weary smile. The literary man's vista is but the dust thrown up by the human rabble. His problems of realism, art, inspiration, and genius are impenetrable to him; he really sees no farther than his own nose. No answer can be given to his inquiries until he has learned to gaze upon the problem of the world in all its universality. The first question to solve must be: Is the world one; is there a clue running through the windings of the labyrinth; do the fragments which we grasp all fit together into one vast system? Or have we fragments and nothing but fragments—things that we cannot properly call even fragments, because that suggests that they are the broken parts of a whole? The Greeks put the alternative more simply: Is the world the result of chance?

In our modern turmoil least of all can the plain man

* "A Pluralistic Universe." By William James. Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.

and his spokesman, the man of letters, feel the significance of the simple terms of philosophy. In simpler times it perhaps was not so.

"The dun deer troop over the hill,
They are many, the hill is one.
The dun deer vanish,
The hill remains."

To the Celtic poet the one and the many were symbols of emotion, as to the Oriental and to Shelley, to whom the problems of Plato were not unreal.

If anyone were likely to revive an interest in philosophy on the part of those who count themselves cultured, it would be Professor William James. To him the one and the many make an appeal which plays upon the keys of emotion, an emotion to which a heedful reader will respond. Professor James raises the banner of the many. His hopes are all centred in its triumph; the victory of the one would be a dreary tyranny. But why? the reader will ask. Plurality has long been an exile from the philosophical state. Why pledge ourselves to the cause of the pretender? Because a world that really was one would be a finished world, a "block universe," one in which there really were no chances; everything would be what it is by unalterable necessity. Further, if we accepted an idealistic monism, we should have to believe that we finite spirits were not real beings, were mere pulses of the thought of God, as some say, or but faint adumbrations of a consciousness much higher than thought, the immediate self-feeling, the concrete unity itself—the Absolute. Professor James will have none of it; the time has come for revolt; and we have the new romantic movement in philosophy.

But the rebels will have to remember that the ardor of the philosophical loyalists, who will acknowledge but one wholly integral and harmonious universe, is no less strong. In striving for unity the intellect is warring for hearth and home. The one is that in which alone the mind can come to rest. What zest is there in enterprise, if there be for thought no homecoming, if even beyond the seas there is no land where we can settle, and establish our ancestral institutions? The new is only the old in disguise; tear asunder the veil and you find the old love returned from the tomb.

Which way will the strife end? Or will it end at all? Is not ultimately the sceptic right who mocks the self-importance, equally of the plain man, of our latter-day self-assertive poets and playwrights, and of our philosophers ancient and modern, monistic and pluralistic? The demand for unity seems to be due to an ideal which our intellect holds before us, at least the intellectual interest seems to be the strongest motive for taking a monistic attitude. On the other hand, it is our moral nature which maintains that the scheme of things is not finished and fixed, that there is real scope left for effort and initiative. Here, says the sceptic, is the root of the whole difficulty. We find two diverse elements in our nature, two incompatible interests; swayed now by one force, now by the other, we pass from monism to pluralism, and perhaps back again. But either interest has an equally good title to the field. Hence this endless conflict.

But it is perhaps possible to take a more hopeful view, and hold that the contradiction is not inevitable, that there is a unity which allows for the reality of the finite, a pluralism which does not insist upon the inadequacy of the intellect. We are perhaps beginning to discover a basis of agreement between the two doctrines. Present-day pluralists at least allow that logically—as an object of thought—the world is one. Monists rarely try to represent the seeming separateness of human souls as illusory. Let it then be agreed that the world is both one and many. The next problem is of the precise relation of the many to the one. Here generally we find violent disagreement. Single things, according to the pluralists, have a nature independent of the system in which they are placed. We may compare them to straws floating on water, wet, no doubt, because of their fortuitous presence in that medium, but not requiring to be there. Monism maintains that individuals are like the waves or eddies on a stream, capable of no existence apart from the river. In response to the pluralist who protests that many systems exist in which the parts are not so unified, the monist declares that only so are individuals integrated with the total system. If his opponent denies that there is a total system (as apparently Professor James does on p. 328), it will be pointed out that this once more is scepticism. On the other hand, it is only fair to mention that we seem miles away from any acquaintance with the sort of total system the monist describes. It is merely an ideal of thought, not any object of experience. To the physicist, just as the eddies are to the pool, so are the water and the straws floating on it to the medium in which they are themselves both placed. Matter is a differentiation of the universal ether. But in the realm of the spirit no such medium can be descried. Take us human beings as we are; we do not seem to be necessarily implicated in any of the systems in which we find ourselves. Perhaps the system which shall absorb us perfectly does not yet exist; its potentiality is there, no doubt, but a potentiality of future action does not now determine anything. My prospective salary of a thousand a year does not pay my present expenses. Hence, there may be plenty of chances in life left; we need no more to be subdued by our present medium than the boats that ply across the sea share the fate of the waves that sink back upon its bosom. On the other hand, what have we to hope for but the coming into being of that order which shall bear us along in the direction to which our own inner tendencies direct us, of which we shall be but one aspect, with which we shall be in one indissoluble unity? So we are left with the conclusion that, unless the world be the heart-breaking business the sceptics maintain, ethically as well as intellectually, monism must have the last word. But neither has even the spiritual eye seen, nor the spiritual ear heard, tale of the ultimate synthesis of things, though perhaps Plato dreamed of it.

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## THE FATHER OF THE ANALYTIC NOVEL.*

The French literature of the nineteenth century includes few writers at once so interesting and so inexplicable as Henri Beyle, who adopted the name of Stendhal. Beyle himself foretold in 1830 that people would begin to understand him about 1880, though he added a doubt whether he might not be again forgotten by 1930. The first part of his prophecy only erred in putting the date of his fame too late. Balzac, writing in 1840, declared in the "Revue Parisienne" that Stendhal's novel "La Chartreuse de Parme" was a masterpiece, and Stendhal himself one of the closest observers and most original writers of his age. And Balzac was but the first of a crowd of distinguished men of letters who have written in Stendhal's praise. Sainte-Beuve devoted two lengthy articles to him in his "Causeries du Lundi"; Taine acknowledged his influence and pronounced him the greatest psychologist of the nineteenth century; Zola claimed him as the founder of the naturalist school; Mérimée predicted that with the lapse of time his genius would be seen in its true proportions; and M. Bourget, writing forty years after Stendhal's death, stated in the "Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine" that he had said the last word on the group of writers who after 1830 were called "les enfants du siècle," the legion of "melancoliques révoltés." In England he has received less attention, but what has been written about him is nearly all praise. "The Edinburgh Review" published an extended notice of him, written by Abraham Hayward, in 1856, and Mr. Maurice Hewlett, in introducing the English translation of "La Chartreuse de Parme," expresses his "sober belief" that that work is "the greatest novel in France."

From all this it is evident that if Stendhal is never likely to enjoy a wide popularity he is at least capable of stirring those who care for him to a high degree of enthusiasm. And his votaries are to be found in the most unexpected places. The Stendhal Club, in spite of the banter of M. Casimir Stryienski, one of its ablest members, shows a disposition to treat Beyle's least significant letters as inspired scripture. And remembering Nietzsche's verdict that he was the last great psychologist of France, it does not surprise us to be told that not to admire Stendhal is

"Stendhal et L'Angleterre." Par Doris Gunnell. Paris: Bosse. 6fr.

"The Egoists: A Book of Supermen." By James Huneker. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.

to be outcast from that menacing band of cosmopolitan supermen of whom Dr. Oscar Levy occasionally throws out vague and disturbing hints. It was also inevitable that Mr. James Huneker, an American critic who revels in supermen and iconoclasts, should sooner or later write on Stendhal. But we cannot help conjecturing that when it became known that an English lady had chosen the author of "De L'Amour" as the subject of a thesis for the doctorate, the Rue des Ecoles was moved by a feeling not unlike that which greeted in heaven the news that the penguins had been baptized. We hasten to add that Miss Doris Gunnell has performed her task with great ability; "Stendhal et L'Angleterre" is an interesting and solid contribution to the literature of *beylisme*.

The earliest impression left on the mind by reading Stendhal is one of disappointment. His defects are obvious and upon the surface. He was an unblushing plagiarist. There are passages in his "Rome, Naples, et Florence" directly translated from Jeffrey. He borrowed freely from Goethe, and his "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie" is little more than a *réchauffé* of Lanzi's famous work. He wrote of music in a style that earned him Berlioz's contempt, and of Michel Angelo's Moses his only criticism was that ferocity could not be better depicted. Although he said that he often spent more than a quarter of an hour in choosing an adjective to fit a substantive, his style is dry, jerky, and repellent. He had no ear for the music of verse, and Mérimée tells us that he was unable to repeat a French line with any sense of its metrical value. Even in his three great novels, there is not the slightest trace of any skill in the management of a plot. Incidents jostle one another in the most amazing fashion, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the order of many of his chapters might be reversed without causing the reader to feel any disturbance.

In what, then, is his greatness? He answered the question himself when he said he was an "observer of the human heart." Within his own sphere no keener or more clear-sighted annotator of the play of the will and the passions has ever lived. He had the rare combination of deep, if transient, feeling, and the power to note and analyse his own emotions with all the coolness of a detached spectator. Hence his books are filled with general ideas and brilliant flashes of insight. Unfortunately, the materialist philosophy which he accepted from the eighteenth century shut him out from understanding some of the motives which, after all, play the greatest part in life. He believed with Helvétius, whom he admired, that the springs of human conduct reduce themselves to the desire for pleasure, and the different methods of its pursuit formed the unvarying theme of his discussions. He poses a moral problem as if it were a mathematical exercise and solves it with the same directness, adding by way of corollaries maxims which guide to the solution of other analogous problems. He was firmly convinced that everybody who pretended to religion was a hypocrite Mérimée calls him "l'ennemi personnel de la providence," and adds, "il niait Dieu et nonobstant, il lui en voulait comme à un maître." One of Stendhal's own phrases was "La seule chose qui excuse Dieu, c'est qu'il n'existe pas."

And poetry in its deeper meaning was as alien from his mind as religion. Verse, he said, was invented as a help for the memory, and with the invention of printing its value, of course, came to an end. He would have all tragedies written in prose. To everything in poetry but its psychology, to its music, its elevation, its lofty mission of purifying by the presentment of tragic passion, he was blind and deaf.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett says that two ideas moved Stendhal greatly—Italy and Napoleon. He ought to have added a third, to which Stendhal gave far more thought than either of the others—the theory and practice of the domination of women. The famous distinction between *amour-goût* and *amour-passion* was made by Stendhal, but he seldom rises to a comprehension of anything more than the sensual aspect of love. It is on this that he lavishes his fullest powers of analysis and psychology. His hero, Julien Sorel, who is a closely-drawn portrait of himself, lives for nothing but intrigue, and his own treatise, "De L'Amour," might be called the breviary of a seducer There is nothing like it in all literature except "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" by Chaderlos de Laclos, a book to which Stendhal, beyond question, owed much.

The one quality which secured Stendhal's undivided admiration was the resolute expression of individuality at all hazards, and in defiance of all laws. His teaching is the quintessence of unabashed egotism. To know your aim and to march resolutely towards it, heedless of what pain it may bring upon others—this, he considers, is the only quality that can claim to be great. "In the nineteenth century," he wrote to Byron, "one must either be a monster or a sheep." Like most of those who hold this theory of life, he was content to regard it as a pious opinion rather than a practical habit, and he himself was neither a monster nor a sheep. He was merely the French Consul at Civita Vecchia. But it is expression of such views that have won him his place in the Nietzschean hierarchy. Those of us whom creed or character shuts out from the circles of super-humanity must be content with regretting that Stendhal's powers of observation and analysis were confined within a section of life which is neither the largest nor the one in which they might have won the most distinction.

## A NOVEL OF IRISH CHARACTER.*

The characters bestowed by rival or neighboring nations one on another are nearly always staring parodies of truth, the finer qualities being unrecognised by the foreigner, some of the more obvious characteristics being exaggerated out of measure. Some national writers have the gift of disclosing the fundamental differences in racial temperament, and a recent book, "The Arran Isles," by the late J. M. Synge, brings home to the Englishman why it is that the Celtic Irish and the Anglo-Saxon are so little in sympathy. In "Fancy O'Brien," Miss MacMahon has produced a very interesting, unflattering study of Irish life and Irish temperament, and if any patriot feel himself affronted, let him reflect that a less pleasing study could be produced to-morrow of the life of any countryside between John o' Groats and the Land's End. It all depends whether the author chooses to lay the stress on the defects of the national qualities, or whether, as a pure artist, he is delighted with sharp manifestations of temperament, and can weave as pleasing a tapestry out of sinful human weakness as out of its fineness and strength. It is easy to see Synge, for example, treating the story of Fancy O'Brien's seduction of Bridgie Doyle with a much keener sense of the man's vanity and cowardice, and yet revealing depths of loveableness in his nature, which Miss MacMahon, with her fastidious and severe standards, has inflexibly passed over. All depends upon the personal equation in such cases, and it is more than foolish to expect any artist to defer to the idealistic headlines of patriotic copy-books which, at best, are merely flattering abstractions of partial truths.

Fancy O'Brien, the son of the deceased Dublin dairyman, Michael O'Brien, is "a slim, slightly built youth, with a certain innate gracefulness of carriage and bearing." He has "great dark eyes, slumbrous and burning, with delicate pale features, contradicted by a hard, vacuous, and sensual mouth." Under the cover of visiting his aunt, Mrs. Farelly, who keeps a huckster's shop in the neighborhood, Fancy arranges clandestine meetings with the appealingly innocent and modest girl, Bridgie Doyle, who serves in the shop. All the exquisite purity and shrinking modesty of soul, which is the heritage of the finest type of Irish womanhood, is typified in the figure of this humble girl, just as the tendency to pose, vanity, false eloquence, and fickle sensibility of nature, which are characteristic of a certain type of Irishman, are the mainspring of Fancy O'Brien's actions. But Fancy, who is fast throwing away his little inheritance in betting and sport, has also an understanding with Miss Corcoran, the coarse and vulgar daughter of the great publican of the district. He is tacitly understood to be going to make a match with her, and the neighborhood recognises that Miss Corcoran, being nine years his senior, is nothing loath. The picture of the gross vulgarity of these lower middle-class Dublin types is evidently done from life, and as such is effective, but it

* "Fancy O'Brien." By Ella MacMahon. Chapman & Hall. 6s.

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is obvious that Miss MacMahon so detests these people and their outlook that she stands in relation to them as the prosecuting counsel to the prisoner in the dock. While hesitating to propose marriage to Miss Corcoran, Fancy seduces Bridgie, and on the day that Miss Corcoran squeezes a proposal out of him, the unfortunate girl realises that she is going to become a mother. In the painful chapters that follow, the psychological analysis deepens in interest. When Bridgie breaks the news to him, Fancy is badly frightened, and, in the paralysis of his fear, acts brutally towards her. He can think only of himself, and that he will be ruined if the truth comes out. He tells Bridgie that he will see to finding her a shelter, but that she is not to come near him till he gives her word. And then he repulses her, and goes off to drown his fears in drink. This scene is true, of course, to masculine cowardice all the world over, but we confess that we feel there is something lacking in the author's analysis. Miss MacMahon knows her own countrymen best, but we should have expected to find more oscillation towards good impulses than she credits Fancy with. There is, in fact, a relentlessness in Miss MacMahon's dissection of Fancy's impulses which leaves one speculating. When Fancy has practically abandoned poor Bridgie to her fate and has fixed the date of his marriage with Miss Corcoran, he falls, by chance, under the spell of the preaching of a great Redemptionist, a Catholic priest, and, moved by fears of the terrors of hell, Fancy confesses his sin to gain absolution. But even in his momentary repentance and in his spasmodic resolve to atone, the lad is moved chiefly by vanity and "a desire to see himself in the centre of the picture," and when the reaction comes he writhes at the thought of facing the ridicule and the jeers. "The Irish imagination," says the author, "is never more active than when under the spur of terror," and the scene in which Fancy repulses Bridgie with brutal concentrated fury, when she has come to try and warn him that her father is seeking to do him a mischief, again has a curiously photographic effect. There are surely better elements hidden in the whirling conflict of Fancy's emotions which the author has chosen to ignore? Miss MacMahon is, perhaps, inclined to draw her characters in too austere a scheme of black and white. The ungainly and colorless Jamesey Murphy, her former suitor, who comes to the suffering Bridget to tell her pleadingly and humbly that his love for her is unchanged, is no doubt as true to Irish nature as the violence of her father, John Doyle, who, in his cold and inflexible ferocity, tracks down and knifes his daughter's seducer; but we are at a loss to understand why we are not more affected. It is true that we see pretty clearly what is going to happen all along the line of the story, and perhaps the author's moral feeling is a little too much in evidence. In any case, Miss MacMahon has made a powerful study of a not uncommon type of Irishman. John Doyle's brutality to his daughter is far more shocking than Fancy O'Brien's, and the attitude of both men seems to be a temperamental reflection of that of the people at large, "where a lapse stirs a whole community to almost tragic horror and dismay." A virtue can be too dearly paid for when mercenary marriages of the nature of Fancy's contemplated union with Miss Corcoran are held in honor.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Their genius is irresistible, their character is elusive as water, their charm is undeniable, their indifference to ethical ideals and strenuous united efforts for reform, is deplorable." In this way Miss Mabel Moore, on p. 150 of "Days in Hellas" (Heinemann, 6s. net), sums up the people in whose country she sojourned for two-and-a-half years. Apart from the study of modern Greek character it presents, the book is in many ways a delightful one to read. Though discursive, the style is essentially personal and fresh; certainly it gains more than it loses from the fact that it is not compiled from systematic memoirs but from the nebulous material of memory impressions. Nothing very exciting happens. A mild adventure with a brigand on Mt. Pentelicon provokes entertainment rather than thrill. There are no very decided animadversions, with the possible exception of that directed against the Greek Society lady in connection with family life, and even she is granted the excuse of her vicious training. Where political corruption, leading as it does to the leaving undone of sanitary and other reforms, is attacked, it is with persuasiveness rather than invective. The author went her way among town and country folk, visiting an island here, a monastery there, always in that tolerant spirit that seeks to reconcile the classical ideal and poetry with the modern fact and prose; learning something at every turn, reviewing it in its relation to other things learnt, gradually building up a mind picture of the race—a race that enforces respect for its ancestry, and enough kindliness for itself to make even its serious shortcomings excusable. Naturally we learn a good deal about the Greek beggar and the Greek child, often one and the same; there is also a delightfully intimate character sketch of a Greek innkeeper, and word pictures of scenery, sincerely felt at the time and lovingly treasured in the memory, give a special fragrance to these pages. The book, which is amply illustrated by photographs, is ostensibly a travel book, but it is written with the pen of a born essayist, and belongs to a class of literature that is unhappily not often encountered in these days.

* * *

There are few people better qualified to write a history of the Volunteers than Sir John Hay Macdonald. He was "the first sergeant of the first company of the first corps in Scotland," the first Volunteer whom Queen Victoria saw on parade, and he took part in the review of the Motor Volunteer Corps held by King Edward in 1905. He is, besides, widely known as a writer on military topics, and many of the changes in the organisation and training of our military forces during the past half century have been largely due to his advocacy. In "Fifty Years of It: The Experiences and Struggles of a Volunteer of 1859" (Blackwood, 10s. 6d.), he deals both with the amusing and with the serious sides of soldiering. It contains much matter for the military expert to ponder and a store of lively anecdote to amuse less serious readers. We can only find room for one of Sir John's anecdotes, which may possibly go a little way towards explaining the ridicule for which the Volunteers were often a target. At a review, Sir John Macdonald's brother, who was one of the officers, wished to give proof to some ladies of the heavy weights which the pioneers had to carry. To do this, "he stooped down and picked up the sergeant's crowbar, but although the lady held out her hand, he did not give it to her. He found it was made of wood, carefully blackened and polished." But incidents of this sort were rare, and Sir John Macdonald has good reason to speak with pride of the force to which he has given up so much of his time and energy. Sir John Macdonald resigned his command of a Volunteer regiment in 1900, but he still keeps up his interest in soldiering and is now chairman of his Territorial Association. He ends his book by saying that he earnestly prays "that the nation may be roused to a sense of its duty to provide an efficient system of defence against invasion, and not be content till it is no longer a sham that can deceive nobody except those who, for motives of selfish ease or false economy, practise an unpatriotic self-deception." We are far from agreeing with his estimate of our present system of defence. But at least Sir John Macdonald has practised what he preaches.

* * *

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for the burying-place of Alfred, with its famous monastery, cathedral, and college, and its large Jewish settlement, abounds in picturesque material. Mr. Varley believes that William the Conqueror was guiltless of undue severity in creating the New Forest. He tells us that no documentary evidence for the destruction of villages can be found, and that no ruins can be traced, so that the work of devastation can hardly have been of so wide an extent as is generally supposed. The literary associations of Hampshire are not neglected, and altogether the book is a welcome addition to the number of county histories intended more for the general reader than for the specialist.

* * *

The necessity of making people recognise the evils of our social system was never more apparent than it is to-day, and we accordingly welcome the two contrasting collections of statistics published in "Wealth and Want," by Mr. W. B. Northrop (Francis Griffiths, 5s. net), which present these evils in a very forcible light. The author's main contention that poverty and unemployment are wholly traceable to our existing land system—"the great land trust"—is largely true. "The one effective remedy" for this state of things, says Mr. Northrop, is a tax on land values of 20s. in the £! He says that this would not only break up the land monopoly and so remove the cause of destitution, but would simplify the country's taxation very considerably, since no other taxes would be necessary. But 20s. in the £!

# The Week in the City.

The City—by which I mean only the magnates—is just now divided between desire for "Dreadnoughts" and dislike for supertaxes. The Rothschild meeting was packed, and the platform was so full that an eminent, but portly, magnate, arriving late, could not be squeezed on to the platform. But the speeches were very badly delivered, and there was a lack of enthusiasm. Otherwise the week has been rather dull owing to the general belief that Stock Exchange prices are generally very high. Speculation downwards never excites much enthusiasm, as bullishness is always more popular than bearishness. The money market is again easy, and the closest observers prophesy abundance for several weeks to come, as the Bank reserve is again strong. Business prospects continue to improve, now that the danger of a coal strike is avoided. The political crisis in Germany, following on the defeat of the Government's Budget, at first sent down the price of German bonds, but they have since recovered. Home railway traffic returns have been highly encouraging, especially on the main trade lines; and perhaps this is now the most promising market, as prices have kept low owing to fears about the coal dispute. Argentine rails are depressed, as the weather has not been good, and poor crops are anticipated. In Canada, on the other hand, a fine harvest is expected. The new Dominion loan ($3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. at $98\frac{1}{2}$) offers an excellent security, and the Canadian Government has again wisely made it available to small investors, as £10, or any multiple of that amount, may be applied for. Details of the issue are advertised in another column. The increasing cost of the Grand Trunk Pacific is a serious matter. But the line will be a good investment for the people of Canada.

### A Japanese Loan.

At the beginning of June there was issued in Japan a new loan for the Kobe Harbor Works in bonds to the total value of Y2,500,000, equal to about £250,000. These bonds bear interest of 6 per cent. and the issue price was Y95. But applicants were invited to make offers above this figure, the highest offers taking precedence on allotment. The "Japan Chronicle," a very trustworthy paper, described the bonds as "a favorable investment." The total indebtedness of the Kobe Municipality does not much exceed Y3,000,000, which was raised to defray the expense of waterworks and is therefore of a productive character. Most of the municipal loans in Japan may fairly be regarded as ranking next to Government securities. The loan was a great success, being subscribed about seven times over. It is the poverty of Japan that accounts for these high rates of interest; but the difference in interest between external and internal loans can hardly be justified.

### The Republic of Panama.

One of the chief concerns of President Taft is to provide for the finance and completion of the Panama Canal and for its maintenance as a purely American enterprise. A visitor who has just returned from Colon, after collecting information on the spot, sends me the following note:—The Republic of Panama is the youngest State in the world and probably is the only civilised State that has neither Army nor Navy. As Mr. Mallet's last report says: "The Republic has no external or internal debt, and no Army or Navy to provide for, as its independence is guaranteed by the United States." It is probable that at some future date it will be a valuable field for the investment of capital, but at present the canal does not bring a very large direct increase of trade, because the commissaries indent for their supplies direct from the United States. In 1907 the imports of the Republic were £1,912,889, and the canal supplies were £2,282,726, whilst the imports for construction alone were estimated at a million sterling in addition. These last come in absolutely free of duty, while general canal merchandise enters the canal zone at a 10 per cent. duty, with the exception of alcohol, tobacco, and a few similar articles which pay a higher duty. It is to be regretted that the United States maintain the policy of the closed door with regard to canal supplies. A States contractor is preferred over a foreigner, unless the latter's tender is lower than that of the American, minus the duty which the article would have to pay under the American tariff. Thus competition has been entirely destroyed, and out of over $2\frac{1}{4}$ million imports the foreigner supplies only £7,115. Consequently, everyone on the Isthmus, high and low, complains of dearness of living. Of the general imports the United States supply more than half, England nearly one-fifth, and Germany about one-ninth. Of cotton, woollen, and silk manufactures, England supplies one-quarter. There is practically only one export—bananas—which accounted for £277,000, out of the meagre total of £392,000. Panama exports barely £1 a head, while Costa Rica exports £5. Panama might export large quantities of rubber, cocoanuts, hides, gold, timber, and drugs; but, as an experienced resident says, "The people will only do enough work to get their food and a little rum to get drunk on when they are not working." Apparently none of the canal work is supplied locally; the great majority of the navvies are Jamaican negroes. It would, however, be unfair not to recognise that the little Republic has made remarkable progress since it detached itself from Colombia. In 1905 the foreign trade was little over a million, while in 1907 it was over £2,300,000. The Vice-consul of David reports: "The extensive open plains provide splendid grazing for horses, mules, goats, and cattle, which are increasing in numbers now that the days of civil strife are over." Still, it is certain that the people will be quite unable to take advantage of the vast possibilities which the canal will afford, and the exploitation will be done by foreigners. Panama and Colon, towns of about 30,000 inhabitants, are collections of wretched wooden shanties, relieved by a few handsome churches. Both ought to be laid out with wide streets and spacious squares, nor is there any excuse for the Government in neglecting this work, as it has very few expenses. It may be added that there are far too many Chinamen on the Isthmus. "An immigration law prohibiting persons of Asiatic descent—Chinese, Turks, and Syrians—from landing . . . is in force," or, rather, in weakness, for nearly every shop of any merit is kept by a Chinaman, and in Panama itself few other names appear on the signs. Hindu traders are also not uncommon. The whole State is little better than a jungle, but when the canal is finished, it will, no doubt, be developed, as its tropical products will be near a great distributing centre.

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Cash applications for £10 and multiples thereof should be lodged, with a deposit of £5 per cent. on the amount applied for, at the Bank of Montreal, 47, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

Scrip Certificates to bearer in respect of cash applications will be issued against Allotment Letters, and, when fully paid, will be exchangeable for Definitive Stock Certificates.

Interest will be paid by the Bank of Montreal, London, on 1st January and 1st July (a full six months' interest being payable on 1st January, 1910) by means of warrants, which will be sent by post to the registered holders at the holders' risk. In joint accounts, the warrants will, in the absence of contrary instructions, be made payable and forwarded to the first-named holder.

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Copies of the above-mentioned Acts may be inspected at the Office of Messrs Bischoff & Co., 4, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

In the case of partial allotment, the surplus deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due 19th July, and failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bank of Montreal, 47, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or of Messrs. R. Nivison & Co., Bank Chambers, Princes Street, London, E.C.

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1909.

The Nation, July 10th, 1909.
SPECIAL FICTION NUMBER.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 15.] SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

The King, accompanied by the Queen, has made a tour round some of the great industrial centres of the Midlands and the North. On Saturday he opened a new speech-room at Rugby, made famous, he said, by the mastership of Arnold and Temple, and as the school of Landor, Clough, and Arnold's famous son. This week he reviewed the two divisions of the Lancashire Territorial forces, opened the Royal Infirmary at Manchester, and, finally, the Birmingham University, expressing in graceful language his grief at the enforced absence of its Chancellor and chief founder, Mr. Chamberlain. Returning to town on Thursday he laid the first stone of the new buildings of the Imperial College of Science and Technology at South Kensington. Lord Crewe, in his address, treated the new development as the latest effort of the great movement towards scientific and technical education which sprang from the Exhibition of 1851 and from the Prince Consort's initiative. The King, in noting the event, declared his conviction that the prosperity, "even the very safety and existence," of the country depended on the quality of its scientific and technical training.

* * *

The assassination of Sir Curzon Wyllie, Lord Morley's political aide-de-camp, an amiable and excellent man, and of Dr. Lalcaca by the Indian student, Dhingra, has caused an almost universal and passionately worded repudiation of the deed by Indian students in this country, and by the whole Indian community of all races and creeds. This feeling was expressed with remarkable force at a meeting of Indian students, addressed by Mr. Banerjee and Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal, both of whom spoke with horror and detestation of this crime and of the doctrine of political assassination. Mr. Banerjee also strongly denied the Prime Minister's suggestion that Dhingra's act might be that of a "conspiracy," and we believe that on further information the Government do not adhere to it. Mr. Banerjee insisted that the policy of violence was not only fatal to the Indian Reform movement, but directly contrary to Hindu faith and morals. The same view has been taken by Mr. Lajpat Rai, in a telegram from Lahore, and the vernacular Press appears to have been unanimous in condemnation. The one sinister incident is the disclosure of the language of an obscure sheet, called the "Indian Sociologist," a paper edited by Mr. Krishnavarma, who now directs it from Paris, and practically preaches the comparative morality of political murder.

* * *

But the most dramatic repudiation of the murder has come from Dhingra's family. On Tuesday his brother came forward at a meeting of Indian residents in London, hand in hand with Mr. Theodore Morison, a member of the India Council, to express his personal horror of the crime. This action was followed by a telegram from Dhingra's father, in which he spoke of the murderer as "my cursed son." Finally, Mr. Gokhale, by far the ablest contemporary Indian statesman, sternly declared at Poona that the London murders had blackened the Indian name, and that the idea of independence was impossible in view of the grave defects of the national character. This faithful language will probably do more to check the madness of the anarchist movement than any foolish talk of a new plan of coercion, to which, it is safe to say, neither Lord Morley nor Lord Minto pays any heed.

* * *

The Prime Minister, speaking to the National Liberal Federation at Southport on Friday week, made another clear and powerful defence of the land taxes, which, he agreed with Mr. Pigou, were more properly described as taxes on "windfalls." He defended their progressive character on the ground that Gladstone's succession duties of 1853 and Harcourt's death duties of 1894 had the same gradually developing element. He insisted that considering the vital necessity of land for the community, especially in the neighborhood of towns, and the continual growth of its value owing to social causes, it presented by far the most tangible case of unearned increment that could be found, and therefore the most suitable for taxation. As to the taxes on undeveloped land, what was there wrong in putting pressure on landowners to sell their land when the community wanted it? All the alternatives to the Budget, Lord Avebury's, Lord Cromer's, and Tariff Reform—the policy of taxing bread and butter—had broken down, and the Budget therefore was as practical an expedient as it was morally and economically equitable.

* * *

Meanwhile the House has still got no further than section 3 of clause 2 of the Finance Bill, while the Chancellor, only closuring after each substantial amendment

has been fully discussed, and treating the House with perfect tact and temper, has made a number of material concessions to the landed interest. We have no space to describe these in detail, though we shall recur to them at a later period when they can be seen in full perspective. Generally, we think that they do not weaken the Bill, but the Chancellor must be on his guard against the cutting away of masses of land values from the operation of the new taxes. One of the concessions is, indeed, already embodied in the Bill, that which provides for a "datum" value, and exempts from the increment tax recoveries from a fall below it. This will prevent repeated taxation of the same growth of value.

* * *

Another concession is that the tax shall only apply to increments exceeding 10 per cent. on the last transfer, which will save the collection of a number of small taxes. This seems to us fair, for in Frankfort, where the increment tax is in force, and yields good results, no increment below 15 per cent. is taxed, and there are allowances of 5 per cent. for legal charges, and 4 per cent, for interest. He has also hinted at some power of appeal from decisions of the Commissioners. Meanwhile, the concession is a handsome contribution to the cost of valuation. Finally, he has offered to replace the elaborate machinery of the Bill for deducting permanent improvements from any rise of value in agricultural land, by definitely franking all increments up to 40 per cent. But as the Junkers in the Commons have not accepted the offer, it has been withdrawn, and the scheme of the Bill will stand. It would have been specially favorable to Ireland. The owner is also to be allowed for all sums spent in redeeming the land tax, and a hint of the Chancellor points to a coming exemption of small holders.

* * *

But the serious feature of the situation is the extreme slowness of the pace at which the Budget is moving through the House. We calculate that at the present rate of progress it will be impossible to finish even the land clauses before the end of September, and then a whole forest of intricate clauses remains to be discussed. The truth is that if an Opposition deliberately intends to stop a complex Bill, it has the power to do so, and no one can doubt both the destructive purpose and the dilatory methods set in motion against the Budget. The Government may therefore be driven against its will to an allotment of time to the various parts of the Finance Bill. This can surely be so contrived that every important provision is fairly discussed. And on the entire scheme, could the keenest partisan say that four or five months of continuous criticism on one measure was inadequate?

* * *

We hear excellent accounts of the work of the Budget League, which has everywhere found a powerful and enthusiastic body of opinion in the country answering to its call for demonstrations. We are glad to see that members of the Cabinet are taking their coats off with the rank and file. The occasion is not a common one, and calls for uncommon effort. But we miss from the list of speakers the names of Mr. Burns and Mr. Runciman. We hope that this gap will soon be filled. Mr. Burns and Mr. Runciman are very effective speakers, and Mr. Burns was one of the main supports of the Free Trade campaign. The party will look to him to do as much for the instrument which aims at securing the future of Free Trade and at laying down the lines of democratic finance.

* * *

The "Times," we imagine at a hint from the responsible leaders of the Conservative party, published on Monday a long communication from its Parliamentary correspondent on the power of the House of Lords in regard to finance. The article, which in the main adopts the conclusions arrived at in these columns, affirms the nominal right of the House of Lords to reject finance Bills, but declares that its expediency has become more questionable since 1861, when the entire financial provision for the year was compressed into a single Bill. The "Times" itself concludes that the House of Lords has practically "to accept the Finance Bill as it comes from the Commons or to reject it *in toto*," and quotes with approval, as we have quoted, Lord Salisbury's dictum on the Budget of 1894, that "such an act will create a deadlock from which there was no escape." It therefore thinks that the Lords had better leave the country to "correct its own mistakes." This is a signal lowering of the flag.

* * *

A grave step seems to have been taken in the new regulations for the training of teachers. They are of a dual character. They stipulate that in future all training colleges must provide a course of training which shall "prepare teachers to give such instruction in, and explanation of, the Bible as are suited to the capacities of children." The inspectors are to report on the fulfilment of this requirement. It seems to us that these orders infringe the principle of the Act of 1870, which leaves the provision of religious instruction at the option of local authorities. Now this option is withdrawn whenever an authority happens to be responsible for a training college.

* * *

Furthermore, the managers of denominational colleges are permitted to require a written profession of faith from half their candidates and to submit the other half to an examination in religious knowledge in which both the questions and the standard of passing are to be settled by themselves. Is not this an absolute exclusion from the residential colleges of agnostics and also of Nonconformists whose parents do not choose that their son's religion shall be defined by Anglican ministers or professors? The conditions of admission to denominational colleges will, in fact, be much more rigid than they were before Mr. McKenna attempted to liberalise them, while even in the undenominational colleges the student who does not take steps to obtain the new certificate of "training in religious teaching" will be a marked man. The new regulations seem, in fact, to open up a new educational situation of the utmost gravity.

* * *

The Bakhtiari and the Constitutionalists from Kazvin are almost at the gates of Teheran, but a Russian force several thousand strong has been landed at Enzeli and is pushing on to the capital. The Russian Government explains that this is not "intervention," but only a way of safeguarding the Caspian-Teheran road, which is a Russian concession, and of protecting Europeans. The expedition, it says, is to halt at Kazvin unless there is trouble, but is to stay in Persia until order is "completely ensured." As a matter of fact, it is now expected to enter the capital straightway, and the "Novoe Vremya" indicates its true character by protesting against the waste of time in remonstrating with the Nationalists and Bakhtiari "which has led to open and aggressive disregard of *our* authority." This means, of course, permanent occupation and annexation.

* * *

Nevertheless, the measure has Sir Edward Grey's approval, though he admitted that our Minister

at Teheran had not asked for it, and had expressed no fears as to the safety of British subjects. It is not clear yet what the Nationalists will do. They refused to turn back at the request of the English and Russian Legations, but formulated demands for the withdrawal of the Russian troops, the disbanding of the Cossacks, and the dismissal of the Shah's reactionary ministers and councillors. The "Times" correspondent, however, says that the sending of Russian troops has taken the wind out of their sails. At this critical moment in Persian and Indian history the House of Commons is completely gagged by a comprehensive "blocking" motion put down by Mr. Rees.

* * *

THE Ministerial changes are now completed. Mr. Masterman passes from the Local Government Board to the Home Office, having well earned his promotion. Mr. Herbert Lewis properly takes his place at the Local Government Board, while Mr. Partington and Mr. Gulland step into the vacancies in the Whips' office, opened by the withdrawal of the Master of Elibank and of Mr. Lewis. This latter arrangement has the disadvantage that it deprives the Welsh members of a Welsh Whip, while the selection of Mr. Partington forces a contest in an always dubious constituency. Excellent accounts, however, arrive of the situation in the Cleveland and the Mid Derbyshire divisions.

* * *

THE Conservative-Clerical majority has been rapidly passing its taxes—including a new set of duties on stamps and cheques, the railway tax, the maintenance of the sugar tax, and an increase of the matricular contributions—through the Reichstag. The rejected members of the former *bloc* have resisted with some heat, but the Government has accepted the new indirect taxes. With regard to the direct taxes negotiations are proceeding and though the majority will make some concessions it will get its will pretty completely. The Federal Council went out of its way to announce to the Reichstag that there were no differences of opinion between it and the Chancellor, but the fact remains that, while the Council will take finance reform as it pleases the new majority, Prince Bülow is going. The date for his retirement has not been fixed, but the new taxes will be voted in a very short time. Prince Bülow has, therefore, already given a farewell dinner to the Federal Council and begun to pack. His successor is said to have been selected by the Kaiser, but if that is so the name has not leaked out.

* * *

THE same curious alliance between political opposites to oust the Labor Party which Mr. Deakin has effected in the Commonwealth Parliament is being tried in South Australia. Until the death, a few weeks ago, of Mr. Price, the Labor Premier, the South Australian Cabinet was a coalition government of Liberal and Labor. The new Premier, Mr. Pearse, is a Liberal, and he has come to an agreement with the Conservative Opposition. The two parties are not to fuse, as in the Commonwealth Parliament, but the Conservatives will accord the Ministry its general support and reinforce it against a Labor attack. This means, of course, that the Conservatives, while remaining out of office and responsibility, will compel the Liberals to abandon their own programme. The arrangement is not less precarious than remarkable, because the Labor Party can muster twenty votes to only twenty-one votes by the allied Conservatives and Liberals. Thus the strongest single party in South Australia, as in the Commonwealth, is excluded from any share in power by a coalition which is one of persons rather than principles.

MR. SCHREINER, who has come to England to represent the native interest in connection with the South African Constitution, has issued the text of his petition to the Imperial Parliament from citizens of the Cape, a petition subscribed, among others, by a former Speaker of the Assembly, the Archbishop of Cape Town, and several members of the Cape Parliament. The petition insists that the native question is an Imperial, not merely a domestic concern; and that the drawing of the color line not only excludes from Parliament and threatens with loss of the franchise men of culture and ability who have never abused their rights during two generations, but marks the reversal of the Cape policy of helping the natives to rise from barbarism. The petitioners ask that the Constitution should be amended so as to restore constitutional freedom of opportunity, and they point out that many M.P.'s gave their consent to the exclusion most unwillingly. A correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" sends us a quotation from a Basuto paper which leaves no doubt as to the fears of the most powerful native tribe in South Africa.

* * *

THE general debate on the new French tariff was closed on Monday by a speech from the Minister of Commerce. M. Cruppi argued that the changes since 1892 justified a revision, but only a partial not a wholesale revision, of customs. That was the general opinion of the country as expressed by the Departmental Councils and the Chambers of Commerce. The country, too, was in favor of commercial treaties, and the Government had suggested, and the Committee approved, giving the executive authority to negotiate by setting up a progressive general tariff as well as a minimum tariff. The Government was against tariff wars, and retaliation was a double-edged weapon where nations had such great commercial interests in common. That was another reason for moderation, and in his opinion there ought to be a permanent organisation for dealing with tariff legislation.

* * *

THE third Test match was won on Saturday last at Leeds by the Australians by 126 runs. The English team were handicapped by an accident to Mr. Jessop, who sometimes appears to be the only batsman who plays naturally and boldly in a crisis. The rest of the team failed miserably in the second innings, and, though the wicket was quite true, only made 87 runs. This ignominious defeat has led to a great outcry against the Selection Committee, and it is now clear that their choice both of Mr. Fry and of Mr. McLaren for the three matches was unjustified, and that the infusion of younger and more mettlesome players is necessary. Certainly we should not be beaten by a team whose strength in batting and bowling, though not in fielding, is decidedly inferior to our own.

* * *

GENERAL DE GALLIFFET died on Thursday at Paris in his eightieth year. No modern soldier embodied so brilliantly the vanishing and peculiarly French ideal of the *beau sabreur*. Three episodes distinguished his rather wild, but always fascinating, personality—the famous hopeless charge of the cavalry brigade at Sedan under his command, his fierce reprisals on the Communists, and his attempt, as Minister of War, to make peace between the Republican Government and the Army over the Dreyfus case. Few personalities have been more assailed or more admired. With all his faults, a certain chivalrous loyalty was a steady characteristic of Galliffet's career.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE PESSIMISM OF ENGLAND.

Lord Curzon's rebuke of the pessimism of our times is, we have no doubt, directed at something more serious than the passing gloom of the Press over the loss of two successive "test" matches to Australia, a polo match to America, and the Grand Challenge Cup to the Belgian oarsmen. The cynic might even perceive in these events a dim and distant promise that in future we may waste a little less time on these amusements, and some of our industrial rivals a little more. This country has inoculated the world with its love of sport, with the double result that it is losing its own exclusive and superior skill, and that the growth of professionalism increasingly neutralises the amateur's powers and destroys or qualifies his pleasure. Let us accept these inevitable fruits of Anglomania and the passion for "records," and remember, with Lord Curzon, that if we have given polo and the modern art of rowing to the nations, within the same period of time we have set up a batch of ancient peoples with tolerable imitations of the House of Commons. If they, in turn, produce more excellent Parliaments than our own, we shall have no more reason to feel jealous than because of Mr. Noble's victory over Mr. Maclaren. Great Britain still contributes amply to the commerce of life; the important thing for her to discover is not whether her pupils improve on her inventions, but whether she has given them of her best or her worst.

The pessimism of the sporting newspaper will, as we have suggested, pass, but it is clear that the national mind maintains a deeper mood of self-distrust. So far as this is a phase of self-criticism, there is no reason to wish it absent. The British nation lacks much of the fineness of observation that comes natural to the Frenchman, and is cultivated in his politics to a degree that hampers action and imparts an element of malice to his censure of his public men. If the real defects in our society, such, for example, as the extreme degradation of a side of our city life, were firmly impressed on our minds, and if the superiority of the modern German industrial centre were thoroughly explored, even Mr. Kipling's defamation of his countrymen might take a useful turn. But this is not the usual current of our thoughts about ourselves. Singularly enough, those who most deplore the failure of Great Britain to hold her intellectual place in the world, are also the first to insist on an expansion of her material activities, forgetting that if the salt of character and will, the elements of wisdom and power in a State, are lost, an ambitious policy, backed by a gigantic army and navy, is bound to come to grief. The true moral of the pessimists is that it is time not to shake out sail but to take it in. If England is really given up to football and folly, she will not vote for universal military service, any more than the classes who urge her to this sacrifice will submit to the slight curtailment of personal luxury which the rising of the standard of naval expenditure involves. And if on the other hand, the original force of the British stock remains undiminished, its objection to conscription will be that the vital energy of the people is amply absorbed in the war services and their maintenance, but is feebly and quite inadequately devoted to the essential tasks of civilisation. There is no decadence in this rejoinder. It is the natural reply of the instructed Englishman, who, while he is quite aware of where his weakness lies, does not accept the pessimistic conclusion of the Protectionist that because the world is becoming richer, and no method of wealth-production is our monopoly any longer, the store of our wealth or the means of its expansion is diminishing.

This kind of national pessimism is therefore serious only so far as it reveals a certain pathological condition in our "directing" classes. It springs from the "wild," unreasoning, fear about life which a great modern writer declares to be the chief source of unhappiness in the individual. The mass of the people do not share it, any more than, with a shorter and less secure existence than the rich, they are everlastingly plagued with the timid rich man's forebodings about the loss of health, or money, or repute, or the Imperialist's incessant perturbation about the Empire. And it is perfectly clear that certain definite advances are taking place, both in the material and in the moral fabric of British life, which are sufficiently accounted for by the partial withdrawal or defeat of its enemies, such as internal and external war, virulent diseases, ignorance of sanitary law, and the unchecked encroachment of wealth and power on the vital force of the working nation. If we still suffer in comparison with some of our neighbors, it is partly because we began the industrial race earlier than they, and have passed on our sad experience to them, and because, with all our gifts, the idea of the organisation of the State as a beneficent force, sustained by the mutual efforts of all its members, is still but feebly developed. This is a reason, not for pessimism, but at least for "meliorism." No observant man can read "Mark Rutherford's" sketches of what the inner circles of North and Central London were like forty or fifty years ago, and fail to see that out of all this dark chaos of human life some measure of order and light has been evolved. Let him who realises this think hopefully not only of the progressive tendencies of his people, but of the wide field of social energy still open to his endeavor.

The backwardness of the nation does, indeed, affront the eye until we realise that, if education has done little, it has done as much as the soil in which it was planted could bear. Could one expect the mass of over-driven toilers of the early and middle years of Victoria to renew the moral and intellectual stuff of the race after less than forty years of national education? Has not Lancashire done wonders since then? The people are soberer, more self-restrained, quicker mentally, outwardly far better clothed and mannered. They have, to some extent, fallen into the toils set for them by cheap journalism and its triple cult of sport, crime, and snobbery. They are material in outlook; they have not gained stability of mind, or attained the unity of thought which delivers man from "a multitude of opinions." But few expected them to do anything of the kind. The faith and the politics of England could not stay on the seemingly solid ground which they occupied two generations ago; a new complexity has come into the social

order and the spiritual outlook. But it is easy to see that, on the whole, the main body of the British people has effected a more significant improvement than the classes familiarly known as "their betters." The aristocracy has rather declined than advanced, and the sons and grandsons of our "captains of industry" are by no means as good as their fathers. How much of the pessimism which Lord Curzon rebukes is the fruit of mere idleness and over-pleasuring, of life ended for serious pursuits in the 'fifties, or never begun on lines which the rational intelligence of man can approve, of vulgar contempt for "trade," of incapacity even to make money, or to force any kind of meaning out of the riddle of the world? England, thanks largely to the unparalleled store of accumulated capital with which she began the new century, has more than her due share of this toneless existence; and Mr. Lloyd George will be a benefactor to his kind if he squeezes a little of it out.

## THE SELF-DEFEAT OF VIOLENCE.

The double murder at the Imperial Institute is a horror for which no shadow, we will not say of palliation, but even of explanation, has yet appeared. The act appears to lie entirely outside the ordinary track of political crime. It bears no relation, for example, to the attempt on the life of Mr. B. C. Allen, which was definitely motived by revenge for the active prosecution of a previous murder committed by members of a secret society. Nothing has occurred to suggest that it was the result of a conspiracy. There is no evidence that anyone was cognisant of the murderer's intention. The very atrocity of the deed, its motiveless cruelty, has perhaps helped to check those indirect effects which are not the least serious consequences of an act of violence. Irresponsible talk of widespread sedition has no support in the facts of the case, as hitherto ascertained, and the rage against Indian students in England, as a body, of which at first one heard the mutterings, has been held in check by the glaring fact that one Indian suffered along with Sir Curzon Wyllie, and apparently in the abortive attempt to protect him, while another Indian was the first to fall upon the assassin. In the face of such facts, even the talk which one hears at such times in the railway carriage, wherein good people let their indignation explode in wholesale denunciations of entire classes or nations, was in some degree silenced. It hardly needed the prompt and sincere protest of the Indian community to dissociate Indians in general from so brutal and senseless a deed, though it was perfectly right and natural that the protest should be made.

Thus there is good reason to hope that the evil effects of the murders will be limited to the private suffering that they entail on the families and friends of the victims, and that they will have no wider reaction on the course of public events. Too often it has been the achievement of some irreconcileable to thwart the plans of a humane and liberally minded statesmanship, to postpone the day of reconciliation between classes and nations, and to invest the cause of humanity with associations of unscrupulousness and brutality. For every act of violence committed in the name of liberty the cause of liberty has to give an account which is not wound up with any vengeance, however severe, upon the offender, but runs on through the generations, perpetually renewing the argumentative forces whereby the champions of authority keep the mass of moderate, timid opinion on their side. History knows no perspective in dealing with the violence of revolutionaries. The single execution of Servetus by Calvin has, perhaps, filled as large a space in the judgment of mankind as all the murders and all the nameless cruelties inflicted on tens of thousands of Calvinists. The total of innocent blood spilt in the Reign of Terror is small compared with that shed by the Tsardom, and a trifle measured against the outpouring of the Hamidian massacres. Yet the Reign of Terror threw back European progress for thirty years, and serves to this day as the means of inculcating in the minds of youth aversion to the exercise of reason, disinclination to justice, and contempt of mercy. Still less are the cruelties of anarchy comparable to those at the disposal of despotism. Anarchy has no Schlusselburgs, and though it has often murdered wantonly and sometimes with jeering cruelty, it has never drawn out the process of revenge upon its victims in years on years of solitary confinement unrelieved even by hard labor. The sufferings of Marie Antoinette, great and tragic as they were, are not comparable to those that Mme. Vera Figner has endured, yet Mme. Figner's endurance will never inspire a Burke, partly because imagination recoils baffled from the attempt to conceive the life of a Schlusselburg cell, partly because literary society will never open its ears to the tale. After all, the world, or some part of the world, thinks that to suffer perpetually is the natural lot of those born to hate injustice and love mankind. The scaffold and the prison are their natural environment, and, accepting comfortably such liberties as these have won for it, the world passes to the spectacle of Charles I. or "the martyred Laud."

It may be that there is some occasional deviation from perfect justice in these judgments of history. But the practical point which the revolutionist has to bear in mind is that, justly or unjustly, his offence will be weighed in one scale by the world, and the punishment meted out to him in quite another. His resort to the dagger or the bomb, even if it succeeds in its immediate object, will be a weapon used against his cause long after he is dead. If the Tsar's Government employs spies to organise assassinations, to decoy men into becoming murderers, and then bring them to the scaffold, it loses nothing by exposure. Its head will still be welcomed in the courts of the world. He will receive the freedom of the City of London to make up for that of Moscow. As long as he has power he will find, abroad as at home, all the respect that he can require. The revolutionist is differently placed. He professes to show the world a more excellent way, and if he simply exhibits it a new form of the old creed of violence, the world will both deride and hate him, and not him only, but his principle and his cause. Could we eliminate from the history of the modern world the reflex effects of the violence of extremists and

fanatics, it is difficult to estimate the progress that might have been made. Who can judge how much the assassination of Lincoln did to retard the re-settlement of the South, and so, by embroiling the conquered Southron with the enfranchised negro, to saddle the United States with an unsolved color problem? Who can estimate the permanent effect of the Phœnix Park murders in alienating the average unreflecting Englishman from Irish sympathies. Perhaps some measure may be obtained from considering the converse case of South Africa, where the absence of any violent section in the Dutch community left the way open to so rapid a reconciliation.

Fortunately, for reasons stated, we have no cause to fear that the mad act of last week will impinge with any serious effect on the movement of reconciliation between this country and India. Here, indeed, is a case where, more than ever, violence is without excuse. Those who take the most unfavorable view of British government in India must also recognise that, at least here in England, every Indian is free to speak, to plead his country's cause and voice his own grievances. It is the refusal of a hearing that is the one plea for physical force. Fortunately there is no reason to doubt that the vast majority of Indians are thoroughly penetrated with these views. They need no converting to the paths of peace. Nor is Lord Morley the man to be deflected from his self-appointed task by the fact that there may remain fanatics whom no possible measures of justice will appease, or who may even use violence as a means of stopping reforms.

## THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS.

The impressive International Congress for the protection of animals which Miss Lind-af-Hageby's society has brought together during the past week, though it happens to be the first which has ever met in London, might, we imagine, have been summoned with equal success at any time in the past ten years. But, as one travelled back in time, a point would soon be reached at which such a congress would have been utterly impossible, partly because we had not yet acquired the habit of thinking as Europeans, partly because the number of people who cared to work systematically for the welfare of the beasts was still too small, and also because the general attitude of public opinion would have been contemptuous, or even hostile. There has been a notable increase in sensitiveness where the sufferings of animals are concerned, during the last generation, but the astonishing fact is not so much this increase as the survival of so many forms of wanton and almost undefended cruelty. Vivisection stands in a category by itself. It has ardent and influential defenders. But does anyone, not a peer, uphold the more repulsive of sports, the hunting of tame deer, and the coursing of captive rabbits? Does anyone, save the trader in fashion, justify the cruelties of the traffic in sealskins, in osprey plumes, or in tortoiseshell? Does anything save mere inertia prevent us from adopting the humane methods of killing which are in common use in the German municipal slaughter-houses? There is, in short, a whole range of wanton and unpopular cruelties connected chiefly with our sports, our dress, and our food, which seem only to await a resolute and organised attack in order to disappear as completely as cock-fighting or bull-baiting. Yet despite this growth of humane feeling, and its concentration on special abuses, it would be an exaggeration to say that our thinking has really made any progress flattering to our clearness of intellect in reaching any generally accepted theory of our relations towards the animals. We are all agreed that it hurts us to think of an animal in pain, but few of us have taken the trouble to give this sentiment a reasonable basis, or to decide how far we mean to follow it when it happens to conflict with a pleasure or an interest.

The one definite progress which has been made towards a rational theory has been the discarding of certain assumptions of bad metaphysics which stood in the way of humanity. When Descartes taught that animals are mere automata, he was partly putting into scientific language the callous practice of a rude age, and partly framing a doctrine which justified the ruthless experiments which science, in the days before the discovery of anæsthetics, was just beginning to organise. To Newton, Locke, and, above all, Voltaire, belongs the credit of destroying that pseudo-psychology. Almost as obsolete among us is the religious prejudice—still strong, however, in Italy and Greece—which held that animals deserved no regard because they have no "souls," and possess only a limited intelligence. "The question," as Bentham put it, "is not, can they reason, nor can they speak, but can they suffer?" Since the earlier humanitarians fought this battle, science itself has, without intending it, come to their aid. The doctrine of evolution, by breaking down the isolation of man in nature, has made an end of any argument for ignoring the claims of the beasts which might have been based on the assumption that there is an absolute break in the chain of organic life. Yet neither the law nor popular sentiment has yet faced the necessity of revising its practice. The law takes no cognisance whatever of cruelties inflicted on wild animals. There is no check upon the sufferings which a "trainer" may inflict upon the beasts in his menagerie that happen to be *ferœ naturæ*. The average sentiment of the upper classes is equally partial. Cruelty, or even carelessness, towards horses and dogs is regarded as something worse than inhumanity. It is bad form. A woman who will wear the skin of a seal flayed alive, will be indignant if she sees a carter beating his dray-horse. Others again would approve vivisection if only dogs were exempted. Such partiality in pity deserves the name only of sentimentality. Those who indulge in it are thinking not of the sufferings of the beasts, but of their own fine feelings. A seal is probably quite as sensitive a creature as a horse. A guinea-pig may not be so highly organised as a dog, but the difference when it comes to the crude and violent pains of the operating-table must be quite unimportant. If we mean only to spare our own unevenly developed sympathies, then no doubt it is quite logical to say that we will tolerate cruelty to seals as far away as the North Pacific, but forbid much less gross cruelty to horses in our streets, and quite reasonable to declare that we will

allow the torture of guinea-pigs, rabbits, or rats, while we protect dogs, whose fidelity touches our hearts. But if we are not sentimentalists, if, that is to say, it is for the sufferings of the animals themselves that we are concerned rather than our own emotions, then we must cease to distinguish between the distant misery and the pain which we see, and extend an equal protection to the wild and the domesticated animal.

The main difficulty, it seems to us, in reaching a clear ethical judgment about vivisection is that the problem usually presents itself wrapped up in generalities and complicated by accomplished facts. We are told that it is expedient that animals should suffer in the higher interests of science or of humanity at large. The mouse and the guinea-pig shrink to insignificance before such dignified abstractions as these. The more skilful defenders of this form of research have learned to appeal to our pity and our altruism. Do we care nothing, they ask, for the sufferings of the poor in our slums, whose children are awaiting the discovery of new serums? It is a specious appeal, to which, however, it is legitimate to answer that to reform the slums is a still more radical remedy, and also that the working classes and organised Labor are generally opposed to vivisection. We are all of us capable of doing, or allowing to be done, on behalf of those we love, things of which our colder judgment would not approve and things which we would not permit to be done for ourselves. When we are offered the serum, the sufferings it entailed are already over, and someone else has borne the responsibility. So long as we allow our minds to use the current coin of abstraction, we never reach the possibility of a sharp and decisive verdict. It is only when it is presented with a concrete case that our whole mind reacts and renders a really personal judgment. Animals in general and mankind in general we neither visualise nor realise. We shall arrive at what we really mean only by asking ourselves in some given emergency how we should wish to act. "Mankind" is a collection of selves; "animals" mean this and the other cat or dog. If each of us, faced in his own person with the risk, let us say, of cancer, is ready to say that to avoid the pain of it he is prepared to hand over some definite dog or cat, standing healthy and happy before him, to be cut open with the knife or artificially inoculated with the disease, on the chance that a remedy may be found, and then if this experiment fails, to condemn a long succession of other individual cats and dogs present before him, to the same fate, then, and only then, can we pronounce for vivisection. To take refuge in the argument that we should do it for the sake of the poor, or for mankind at large, or even for our own children, is really to evade the issue. The poor and our own children do not suffer more than we do ourselves, nor are their lives *sub specie æternitatis* worth more than our own. Nor would the dog in question suffer less if vivisected for their sakes than if vivisected for our own. It is, we think, useless to argue or to preach on this point. It is enough to state the question, sharply and firmly. We do not prejudge the answer. There are two or three possible answers; the answer which most Englishmen would give to-day is not the answer which our great-grandfathers would have given—and perhaps it is not quite the answer which our own children will give. To continue the theoretical debate is of immense importance. Meanwhile there are, we think, certain preliminary reforms in which there is a general agreement—that adequate and disinterested inspection is necessary in the laboratories, that the obligation to anæsthetise fully and to kill the victim when the experiment is over must be rigidly enforced, and that the repetition of old experiments, more especially in public and in lecture-rooms, should be unconditionally forbidden.

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## UNEARNED INCREMENT AND WINDFALLS.

Mr. Balfour's excursions into the debate on increment duty have been of the usual dialectical order, only interesting as a relief from the parade of "hard cases" which has occupied most of the time of the House. Last week he played Socialism against land taxes, by urging the claim of other sorts of unearned increment than that of land to contribute to the revenue. This week he feigns to discover two alternative and inconsistent principles underlying the proposed taxation. The one principle is that land should pay upon a rise of value, the other that a person owning land should pay upon a windfall. Here, it is triumphantly proclaimed, is a double contradiction. First there is a contradiction in the nature or character of the object of taxation, for a windfall, which no one has earned, differs essentially from a rise of value which is earned by society. Secondly, there is a contradiction in the mode of levying the tax, which, in the one case, is imposed upon a person, in the other on a piece of land.

Now, in truth, there is no such contradiction as is fondly imagined by Mr. Balfour and his dialectical henchman, Mr. Cox, between these two supports of the land taxes. It is quite true that a "windfall" in the strict sense of that term is not co-extensive with that future unearned increment a share of which the Budget aims to secure for the public revenue. Mr. Asquith, misreading, we think, the term as used in a letter by Professor Pigou, somewhat incautiously defended the whole body of these taxes as designed to secure a "windfall." Now, increments in the value of land may be due to three causes: first, the applied enterprise and expenditure of the owner; secondly, a known and calculable growth of population, or some definite public improvement; thirdly, some unanticipated stroke of fortune. The first sort of increase lies outside the proper scope of this taxing policy, for it is not land value, but improvements; both the second and the third are unearned increments; but only the third is a "windfall." The term "windfall," though rightly applicable as a defence of the taxing policy, only covers a portion of the ground. The reversion duty is definitely based upon this view, aiming, as it does, to take a portion of the benefit which the lessor obtains in excess of the capital value of the consideration of the lease, some gain which was not and could not have been present

to the mind of the parties negotiating the lease. Again, when the increment duty is applied, a part or the whole of the increment may be a windfall arising as an unexpected stroke of fortune. But in most cases it is not wholly or chiefly of this nature, but is due to known causes more or less calculable in their action. In a word, while all windfalls are unearned increment, all unearned increments are not windfalls. But, as Professor Pigou expressly recognises, there is no contradiction, no sort of inconsistency in defending some of the taxes on the windfall argument, and others on the broader ground of unearned increment. The general defence of the new taxing policy must certainly rest upon the wider claim of the State to take a share of enhancements of value which are unearned by their owners, whether or not such enhancements are expected. In applying this doctrine considerate treatment must, of course, be accorded to such portions of unearned increments as are represented in present prices, as well as to past increments which have become parts of the actual value of the land. But we cannot abstain from touching future unearned increments on the sole ground that they have been expected and that this expectation is reflected in a higher value of last April. A landowner has no more right to expect that he would be allowed indefinitely to receive further rises of value due to public expenditure and public needs than the owner of a licensed house to expect that the extravagant annual gift he had been in the habit of receiving from the licensing authority would be continued through the centuries. It is the social origin and nature of "unearned increment" that designates it as a proper subject of taxation. Where such increment is a windfall, *i.e.*, unexpected, its recipient no doubt parts more easily with the share claimed by the State than where he had foreseen its occurrence and had sought to keep it for himself. But now that he knows that the State intends to take a considerable and an increasing share of such publicly created values, he will no longer form such unreasonable expectations, and will soon lose all sense of grievance at the deprivation of a property which he never had a right to regard as his.

As for the other contradiction between taxing persons and taxing property, that is equally illusory. Every tax is imposed upon a person in respect of some property which he has or is supposed to have, and which endows him with ability to pay. Even a poll tax, which takes no direct account of possessions, is a tax upon or a deduction from the property of the payee. Now, in cases where there exists a close causal connection between the origin of a property and ability to pay, it will be more convenient for the State to fix its eye upon the property as the object of taxation than upon the person who happens to be its owner. This is what the State will do in respect of these increment and development taxes. It will follow the history of each piece of land, taking toll wherever it gathers a stable rise of value, and wherever it is withheld from its best development. This method of following the taxable object is in no wise opposed to the theory that it is persons with ability to pay who are called upon to do so. But, by tracing the actual emergence of increment in real pieces of land, the State can best discover and measure this ability to pay, which it will rightly impute to every owner found in possession of such increment.

There are, as Mr. Balfour and his Socialistic supporters insist, other windfalls, other increments, than those of land. If Mr. Balfour will help to discover them, the Government will doubtless be glad to satisfy his sense of distributive justice by taxing them as well as land. Indeed, the reformed graduation of income tax and death duties have their rationale in this very purpose. The reasons for imposing separate taxes on land increments are that land is fixed, and its increment of value can be watched and measured, that such increments are more normal and less fluctuating than those of other property, and that they can be separated more easily from those increments which are legitimate fruits of the skill, enterprise, and expenditure of their individual or corporate owners.

## A REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION.

The new Regulations for the Training of Teachers raise constitutional and religious difficulties of many kinds. For the first time, for instance, since 1870, the provision of religious instruction is made compulsory upon local education authorities, and, by a direction of at least doubtful legality, H.M. Inspectors are to report on it; while the managers of denominational training colleges are encouraged by a Liberal Government to require a written declaration of faith from half their applicants for admission, and are empowered to submit the other half to tests which will have the same effect.

But it is in the case of the Universities that Mr. Runciman may find that he has raised the most important question. There are in England eight Training Colleges for which Universities are responsible, in addition to five for which University Colleges are responsible; and the Welsh University Colleges are responsible for three others. No official return is made as to the number of these colleges which at present give religious instruction, but I believe that the majority of them give none. In future all will be required to provide to the satisfaction of H.M. Inspector "a course of training which shall prepare students to give such instruction in, and explanations of, the Bible as are suited to the capacities of children" (p. 42).

Now, one of the points on which it is most necessary that a democratic community should think clearly is the relation of its Government to the Universities. What is a University? It is an institution which originally grew of itself, but which all civilised nations have maintained and multiplied. Its essence is its intellectual freedom. Men have learned by bitter experience how fallible are the opinions and prejudices of the "compact majority" at any given moment. We therefore have set up permanent corporations of learned men, the reason for whose existence is that they are the servants not of opinion, but of truth. To them, in order that thought may progress, a large part of the higher education of the community is entrusted.

Human beings are imperfect, and this ideal is very imperfectly realised. Universities sometimes come to think that their main business is not the pursuit of truth, but the aggrandisement of a church or a class. A wise Government is then compelled to interfere. It may demand freedom of access to the University for the whole community, and may even alter a University curriculum by abolishing a restrictive regulation like

compulsory Greek. But wise Governments only interfere with the greatest caution. University reform is introduced only after an enquiry by men who understand and venerate the life of learning. Reforms, when they come, are confined to the abolition of restrictions or the provision of adequate material resources. The methods of study, and still more the conclusions which are to be the result of study are left unfettered. The University, it is always hoped, will follow, like Plato, "whithersoever the argument leads."

Such caution is more necessary in the case of religion than in any other study. It was the Universities which, in the Middle Ages, prevented the Church of Rome from stamping out intellectual life in Europe. Who will contend that Canon Driver would, even now, have been allowed to teach the results of his Old Testament studies if he had been dismissible by either the Archbishop of Canterbury or Mr. Runciman? The love of truth for its own sake is, indeed, a delicate plant, and, to preserve it, Governments respect, not only the rights, but the dignity of Universities. A feeling must be created that the service of truth is a sacred calling, and that the one unpardonable sin in a University is to make any statement on matters small or great, without adequate study and complete sincerity.

For all these considerations and traditions Mr. Runciman seems anxious to show his contempt. Just as last November he brought in his Education Bill with an announcement that it was to be closured through Committee within a week, and almost avowed that his motive was to prevent discussion, so now he brings in his Regulations in July, and relies on the fact that Parliament is busy with the Budget and the Universities are in vacation to carry him on till August 1st, when it becomes law. The course of instruction is to commence in September next with no time for discussion or preparation either by the University authorities or the men and women who are to teach the subject in the colleges. The adequacy of the course offered by a University is not to be judged by serious and responsible students of the Bible, but by an ordinary inspector. Above all, the man who may condemn the teaching offered, and so close the college, will not do so on the ground that he sincerely believes it to be careless or superficial. The inspector will necessarily look to see whether those statements are made which he thinks the Board of Education wants, and will feel that his own ideas on the subject are as irrevelant as they are unskilled. In fact, an ambiguous sentence in the Prefatory Memorandum (p. v.) implies that as long as he carries out the legal requirements of p. 42, and sees that the "explanation of the Bible" is "suited to the capacities of children" his criticism shall go no further.

Mr. Runciman himself may find it difficult to understand any of these objections. He told us, last November, that in such matters his line is "good feeling and bad logic." He may refer, for instance, to the religious syllabus of the London County Council, with its lives of Elijah and Elisha, Samuel and Daniel, and those "stories from Genesis" which are so "suited to the capacities of children." He may tells us that he is a plain man, and that plain men have no difficulties about such matters, and that if learned persons at the Universities make trouble, they must be shown their place. What would happen then? If I were on the Continent I could no more conceive of the Universities submitting than I could of a Liberal Party requiring them to submit. But I am in England, and I am absolutely unable to prophesy.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

# Life and Letters.

## THE WILD MAN.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD stumbled into a fine exactitude of language the other day when, speaking of Mr. Stead and his co-alarmists, he dubbed them "the wild men." "What do the wild men want?" We need not trouble ourselves about the answer to this question. For wild men do not, as such, want any object in particular, whether it be sixteen "Dreadnoughts," a message from Myers, or the canonisation of Abdul Hamid: they simply want to be "wild" because it is "their nature to." We can best approach this nature through instances of uncontested validity enabling us to distinguish the type from the others to which it has a superficial likeness. Mr. Stead is a chief among wild men. It is not because he holds eccentric views, expresses himself with a certain picturesque violence, keeps a bureau of spooks, wishes to save England and feels that he alone can do it. Faddists, extremists, eccentrics, abound, but they are not necessarily wild men in our proper sense of this term. Your anti-vaccination monomaniac is a faddist, but he is not a wild man, your bomb-throwing anarchist is both eccentric and extreme, but he is not wild. For it is of the essence of the wild man that he be not merely extreme but variable and incalculable in his extremity. A fixed principle sterilises wildness by giving direction to its violence. So, in the world of thought, such men as Tolstoy or even Nietzsche do not rank as "wild." The term, indeed, is sometimes used in politics of independent natures who refuse party ties: in Germany Mr. Harold Cox would be "ein wilde," as in America he would be called a "kicker." But this is really an abuse of the word. A wild man in the world of thought is an intellectual swashbuckler, a reckless improviser of speculative audacities, a confident plunger into the arcana of Nature or humanity, half-quack, half-genius, sometimes a precursor of ordered thought. In older times it is hard to distinguish them, for in the beginning of thought all men were perforce adventurers, carrying their lives in their hands, stumbling in a maze of mystery from paradox to paradox. Even in Plato one catches at times this call of the wild. To moderns, indeed, there is an air of wildness in the work of all pioneers, who tread unmapped regions studded with unseen and incalculable hazards. The alchemists, astrologers, mechanicians, herbalists, who groped in the foundations of the sciences stand in such contrasts to the cautious and the ordered march of modern scientists, that they seem little else than superstitious charlatans.

Nor can we deny to such a case as that of Paracelsus the propriety of the epithet wild man, any more than in a later age we can refuse it to a very different sort of man, Rousseau. In such instances it becomes evident that what Bacon styled "intellectus sibi permissu," the loose play of reason, is a badge of wildness. But it affords no sufficient explanation of this nature. For wildness is more of the blood than of the brain. Though we find to-day in intellectual circles an occasional example of "wild" rationalism, men who run riot in academic logomachy, or spend unmeasured energy in barren iconoclasm, or in weaving fancy dresses for the universe, there is too much temporary earnestness of purpose in these pursuits to merit the true censure of wildness. In the real wild man his intellect must be the mere servant of his passions. It is not merely that "he thinks in little pieces that lie about loose," as Mr. Wells has said of the ordinary "educated" man, but that he puts his intelligence at the free disposal of a diseased and dramatised ego which is allowed to use it to feed a sheer lust of self-importance. Put a man with this abnormally developed craving into any field of thought or action, it drives him to seek a spectacular notoriety which can only be achieved by becoming a quick-change artist. The slow, continuous, consistent

pursuit of any purpose or policy, however much publicity attends it, will not satisfy this sort of craving.

This brings us round again to the case of Mr. Stead and to the fields of journalism and politics which are the fittest feeding-grounds for the wild man. "Me, me adsum qui feci!" is the perpetual cry of the wild man. He must ever be crowning heroes or unmasking traitors, now pushing two nations to the verge of armed conflict, now appearing as their sensational saviour with a hot scheme of universal peace, denouncing a foul conspiracy while pouring adulation over the chief conspirator, doing all, daring all, in order to enjoy the sense of "being a cause." For it is this sheer crude egoism, the itch to see the world moving at your will, or, more psychologically rendered, the itch to enjoy this itch, that drives the wild man. Even in journalism this wildness may be qualified by other less ignoble motives—in fact, some generosity of nature is essential to a distinctively imaginative career. Cobbett was a wild man in the same craft as Mr. Stead, but no one can follow his career intelligently without seeing in him other passions strong enough at times even to over-ride the master passion and subdue it to self-sacrifice. Proudhon, the revolutionary scribe of 1848, the centenary of whose birth is celebrated next week, was a typical wild man who will live as the maker of a single phrase he did not really mean: "La propriété c'est le vol." Yet there is no reason to deny him some disinterested desire to benefit mankind.

So it is commonly with the wild man in politics. He may, perhaps even must, have some strong genuine convictions, however fleeting, some real attachment to a party, a cause, a movement, more commonly to several parties, causes, movements. For narrowly concentrated egoism cannot feed on itself for an adequate career: it requires a number of disinterested suckers to draw sustenance for wildness. This gives us Mr. Roosevelt as the wildest of the wild men in modern politics, *hors concours*. A creature of a thousand impulses darting from a complex personality, he probably "presents" himself to himself as a man of destiny with a closely welded unity of purpose, consistently pursued through many tortuous paths of thought and action. This firm conviction of consistency and mission—to grapple with the trusts, to plan a triumphant campaign for the party of the trust-makers, to force on a Spanish war, to herald the age of arbitration, to punish corrupt officials, and to safeguard the Tariff—citadel of all corruptions—remains a supreme source of self-satisfaction, and a perpetual fountain of folly in act and utterance. There are, of course, especially in public life, many men of this type of character who are not dignified by the name of wild men. For the instability and caprice of a weak nature is not wildness: Lord Rosebery is not a wild man. There must be force without control, the instability of fire not of water, for the wild man is preeminently a destroyer. Journalism here again affords the test, it is a veritable menagerie of wild men, roaring and rampaging to the public ear and eye. Your wild man in the pulpit, the academic chair, even in the House of Commons, must observe some limits in range of subject and in treatment—his personality is more or less in constant evidence, and pride itself imposes some restraints. But the wild man behind a newspaper becomes impersonal, inhuman, "either god or beast" (and there is little doubt which he tends to be): he can take all ignorance for his province, can darken an illimitable sphere of counsel, can play upon the wild instincts of the horde from an inexhaustible supply. Thus it comes about that a certain type of wild man takes to the Press as to his natural lair, and issuing nightly sows his tares in the fallow field of the common mind. The only way of disarming him and making his sensational egoism innocuous is to prepare the common field with wholesome crops of sturdy growth. This is the chief function of culture, of that "sweetness" which shall teach men to shun the crudeness of violent emotions, of that "light" which shall expose the falsehood of extremes, that culture which, in the familiar words of Roman wisdom, gives men grace of manners, "nec sinit esse feros."

## THE POWER TO SUPPRESS OPINION.

When John Brown was hanged, it was an inspiring belief that, though his body lay mouldering in the grave, his soul went marching along. The invisible spirit of one man who had died for a cause led armies to victory with more devoted assurance than any royal standard, battle cry, or Labarum revealed by heaven. We know with what blood the seed of faith is watered, and it is the final consolation of martyrs that they do not die in vain. To light some candle that shall not be put out serves to make the flames less savage, and only a stoical and superhuman virtue suffers execution for a principle which would be immediately sunk in oblivion. For mankind is possessed with a fond belief that truth is great and will prevail. If the struggle availed nothing, it would hardly seem worth while to continue it, and hope is so optimist that after a thousand failures the lost cause is always on the point of triumph.

Yet causes have been lost, and even the blood of martyrs has produced no visible harvest. Mill was as truly a leader of forlorn hopes as any hero who sprang into the ditch with powder-bags, yet he writes: "It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake," and in the same treatise "On Liberty," he says: "That truth always triumphs over persecution is a pleasant falsehood." For instances he goes only to one small phase of human experience—the struggle of thought for freedom against the bondage of medieval theology—and he shows that the effort after freedom had been stamped out many times before it was partially successful in the sixteenth century. The doom that crushed the Albigenses and Waldenses, the Lollards, Hussites, and Savonarola's disciples, supplies obvious examples, and Mill even maintains that, but for the general tolerance of the Cæsars, Christianity itself would have been overwhelmed by a similar fate. In regard to those very Albigenses it is recorded that, during the assault upon their town of Beziers, the Abbot of Citeaux, being asked by an over-scrupulous soldier how he should distinguish heretic from orthodox, felt such confidence in eternal justice that he replied: "Kill them all; God will know his own." But the course of history shows no such discriminating judgment, and if success were always the test of divine selection we should be driven to strange conclusions.

In Italy and Spain the movement for mental emancipation died under pressure. Even in Germany, after a century's struggle, ending in a prolonged and devastating war, it could only secure terms on the inept condition that each region should believe its ruler's religion. In France the Huguenots disappeared under Louis XIV.'s persecution and Louvois's dragonnades, fit prototypes of the present Tsar's "punitive expeditions" against the subject races clamped and ironed in the Russian Empire. But, indeed, if we seek a modern instance how false is the pleasant theory that truth always triumphs over persecution, we need only regard the actual situation of Russia herself. It still wants three months of four years since that day when the melancholy clouds of Russian history were at last broken by a gleam of joy. We doubt if in the whole course of time any single act ever gave such widespread happiness as the October Manifesto, in which the Tsar declared "his inflexible will to grant to his people the immutable foundations of civil liberty, based on inviolability of person and freedom of conscience, speech, union, and association."

The advance to freedom had been long and bitter. How many unknown lives were flung away, how many men and women surrendered all that is thought valuable in the world, passed decades entombed in solitude, endured every torment of agony, shame, and madness, disappeared into Arctic wildernesses, and took on themselves the dishonor and even the remorse of criminals, so that the day of joy might rise at last! It rose, and the land was filled, as it were, with the intoxication of its light. Clouds gathered, but still it was day. Never again could that horror of interminable darkness brood

over Russia. Less wild in rejoicing, but with promise of steadier radiance, was that May morning when for the first time a Parliament assembled amid all the glitter and ceremony of the Church, the Army, and the Imperial House. But more significant than the Tsar's address, or the regalia glittering on stools around him, or the Archbishop lavishly sprinkling holy water upon the representatives of the people, were the cries of "Amnesty!" with which the crowded streets met the Duma members as they drove to their House, and the sight of handkerchiefs waved through prison bars by prisoners of freedom, imploring not to be forgotten on the day of liberty.

It is three years and two months to-day since Ivan Petrunkévitch made the first speech ever spoken in a Russian Parliament, and it was for amnesty he spoke, while the whole House rose in reverence to those who had suffered in the common service. In that short time the light of freedom has gone out, the hope has faded, every pledge of the Manifesto has been broken, and the Parliament itself exists only as a shadow. The whole glad movement of those days already seems extinct as the Albigenses. It has followed down the path of history with the "Decembrists," the movement "To the People," the movement of "The People's Will," the Tchaykovsky Circle, the trial of "The 193," and the workmen's appeal on Bloody Sunday. Rarely has the outlook seemed blacker than to-day. Partly, no doubt, the darkness is heightened by contrast with that brief radiance, but the worst sign of all is the news that the spirit of youth is turning in despair from the thought of freedom, and clutches at the easiest passing pleasure, seeing how brief an interval life leaves for enjoyment, and, as to the future, the martyr's end is the same as the sensualist's, nor has his influence upon destiny any more weight. Never, we are told, has the literature of brothels enjoyed such a sale in Russia as now, and never have the young followed with such despairing pleasure the simple doctrine it inculcates.

To quote again from Mill, let us remember his sentence that "the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race." When we recall the debt that the human race has owed to Russia during the last century, when we recall how profound has been her influence upon the thought, art, music, and literature of Europe during the last thirty years, we begin to realise how harmful this robbery has been. It is sometimes said that the very possibility of such suppression reveals a weakness inherent in the people upon whom it is exercised. It is frequently said that all might have been well if only Russia could produce a leader—"some Cromwell," fit to confront tyranny's established powers. In saying so, perhaps one falls into the same "idle sentimentality" as in supposing that truth will always prevail against the dungeon and stake. Before we condemn, let us at all events consider where the cause of progress would be if similar repression were applied to ourselves now. Hang an average of three men a day for nearly three years, including, it is true, some murderers and "expropriators," but including also many hundreds whose only offence was their idea of progress. Exile some 80,000 of our Liberals and Socialists without trial. Imprison 237 of our Liberal and Labor members of Parliament. Fine or imprison over 400 of our Liberal editors. Suppress over 1,000 of our Liberal and Socialist newspapers, and shut up at least 90,000 men and women in overcrowded prison cells for their political opinions, exposing them in many cases to such tortures and shame that they willingly seek death by starvation or fire. Then if, at the end of the years, with our leaders slain, their followers sunk in gaol or exile, and ourselves in peril of death or torture from day to day—then if the flame of freedom remains among us unquenched as ever, we may, perhaps, have some right to bring the charge of weak will and failing courage against the liberationists of Russia.

If anyone suppose this account of repression to be overdrawn, let him first recall Tolstoy's pamphlet, "I Cannot Be Silent," written a year ago; let him next read an account of prison life for political offenders by I. T. Youvatshev—"The Russian Bastille," lately published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus; and, lastly, let him read Prince Kropotkin's brief pamphlet called "The Terror in Russia," issued this week by Messrs. Methuen for the Russian Parliamentary Committee. In that pamphlet he will find what political repression means under the Government of the Tsar. It is there shown on official and public evidence that the prisons are so overcrowded with political and common offenders that in many gaols five prisoners are crammed into the small cubic space constructed for one, and that, in consequence of the overcrowding, scurvy is common and the gaols have become pest-houses from which typhus spreads through the cities. The iron beds and chairs are removed from the cells to make room, and prisoners live on a bare floor furnished with an open sewer. At Tiflis and other prisons, if they approach the window, they are shot from outside. At the caprice of the gaolers, they are stamped upon and beaten without mercy. The condemned are flogged up to the foot of the gallows. They are hanged while bruised and bleeding with torture. They are hanged while raving in the delirium of typhus. They are strapped to iron planks without moving for days and nights together. They are overrun with bugs and lice. They are carted like logs to the hospital in fetters, and their irons may not be removed without the doctor's certificate of death. Women are stripped and flogged by men, and at Kazan the governor of the prison incited the common criminals to violate the "political" women and offered them rewards.

There are forms of torture which are thought too hideous to be spoken of, but they were not too hideous to be perpetrated at Riga, nor too hideous to be pardoned or rewarded by the man in whose honor the City of London is preparing a golden casket. We have not space to tell of the 160 suicides in little over two years among prisoners in their despair, nor of the hunger-strikes in protest against cruelty, nor of the starvation and misery of Siberian exiles, nor of the Government's paid agents who tempt to crime in order to betray. We return only to that melancholy note of disillusionment which we heard from Mill, a teacher so courageous and hopeful in the cause of freedom. Here are the people, or the sons and daughters of the people, to whom Europe at this moment, perhaps, owes more than to all other contemporaries, and under the tyranny of the Tsar and his representatives, this is their fate.

To-morrow has been set aside by many Christian churches throughout this country as a day of special intercession for all Russian prisoners and captives, and, indeed, the sufferings of all alike demand compassion. But it is for the many thousands of political offenders that we chiefly speak. For they have devoted life and happiness to a cause which is equally ours, and if, after all their unselfish generosity, it is now to be overwhelmed in their persecution, the whole world will be the loser in their defeat, and another instance will be added to the list of those miserable crises in history where the powers of evil have triumphed and truth, however great, has not prevailed.

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## FOUND AT THE ZOO.

"Now let's go and see the elephants." Having just seen the diving birds fed, they would drag us at the gallop down the slope and under the tunnel. It is of no use trying to show them that the bees have bitten holes in the comfrey blossoms and are sucking the honey out at the back door. That is not one of the things we came to the Zoo to see. The bees are not in cages, neither have they been turned out of cages, like the squirrels or the crested doves that nest by the capybara's paddock. Sparrows in an empty monkey house, or mice running in the hippopotamus den are amusing, but we draw the line at the bees and the flowers, the latter occupying such spaces as ought to contain the jabberwock and other animal celebrities at present unrepresented in the collection.

So we have to content ourselves with the discovery

of things that have been put into the cages as exhibits but are, as it were, "hidden in sight." Nothing could well be more conspicuous than a well-grown white bear in a cage measuring ten feet each way, the front all bars. He is artfully obliterated, however, by the rival conspicuousness of two white bears next door but one, dripping with water and about to plunge again into their pond. No one looks at the solitary "polar," except here and there an imaginative child who thinks it a shame that he, too, cannot have a lovely plunge bath. Under him is painted the discouraging word "hybrid," and lower down in very small print "three-quarter polar and one quarter brown." Ah, there is his secret. Not merely is he a hybrid, but the descendant of a fertile hybrid, the browner mongrel in the next cage. The mark of a natural species, say the anti-Darwinians, is the sterility of its hybrids, the limitation of domesticated varieties, their fertility when interbred. Our polar bear with a brown streak on its back compels them either to say that brown bear and polar bear are one or to forego a favorite argument against Darwin's theory of the origin of species.

"Hidden in sight" is a favorite game in the insect house. We have many times seen a visitor look into a cage and declare it empty, when it has contained twenty or thirty stick-insects. By the kindness of the keeper we hold one of these in the hand. Even to the touch it seems a stick with smaller sticks glued to it by the edges for legs. At one end the dead wood has apparently been broken off roughly. The older the insect is, the blacker and older seems the wood of which it must be made. The young "sticks," in shape exactly like their parents, court or defy destruction by waving their tails over their heads like scorpions. Probably their agility saves them while they are young; their resemblance to inedible morsels when they grow staid. The keeper, having enjoyed our wonder at the stick insects, shows us his land crabs. He points out that one claw is larger than the other, that being the one most used for feeding. Then, in answer to a question, "Oh yes, it is always the right claw that is bigger." He is roughly right, yet of his four crabs there is one left-handed. "Why, so it is," he says, "I never noticed it before."

Some have gone to the Zoo many times without seeing the Tasmanian Devil. A short time ago, the label said they were three. As we passed then, there came from within the shed blood-curdling howls as the Devils played together or quarrelled over their meal of live babies or what not. Now the three is crossed out, and a two put in its place, while one stiff-jointed, big-headed, blear-eyed, bored, dog-like creature totters out from the shed and stretches himself in the sun that flecks his yard. Poor Tasmanian Devil! How fallen from the picture we had of him when, out of sight, he contributed to that chorus of really horrible howls.

After such disillusionment we hardly dare go and see the Tasmanian wolf. He is asleep as usual, but a keeper consents to call him. Gasping a shriek of protest he bounds out. That monosyllabic yelp is ten times more thrilling than even the howls of the Devils. It hangs in the memory like the last cry of a drowning man. And this time the creature matches his howl uncommonly well. He might be the caricature of a wolf executed in clay by some artist of India whose art we know leans towards the horrible. He is a gaunt wolf, a long-bodied wolf, with long sharp jaws, large eyes whose mildness instead of detracting from his fierceness adds to it. Then, having made this wolf in the likeness of Chiche-vache for lean voracity, the artist has added the cruel treachery of the hyena by painting stripes across its loins. Only take care, Artist, that you do not overdo the horrible and make your friend ridiculous.

The intervention of the keeper was once needed in order to see two promising young otters. But now they have been put into the pond, where they play all day like water kittens, next door to the foxes that, by standing on the top of their bank and looking hard over the heads of the people, try to imagine that they are in the midst of a moorland solitude. There is another animal in a den here that must be routed out in order to be seen, an animal labelled with the unstimulating name of "Common badger (var)." But he is to the badger-lover an astonishing specimen. All that is black on an ordinary badger is sand-color in these two from Rutland and Staffordshire respectively. Truly a delightful "var" of the common badger.

There are two ways of seeing the squirrels. One is to take pea-nuts or other delicacies and walk round the enclosure, followed by the lithe mendicants. Another is to stand there quietly and witness their manœuvres with the floating capital that is already theirs. One has a pea-nut in its mouth, which after much reconnoitring it pretends to bury twice or thrice, then really buries it, smoothes the grass over it, and leaves the place as nonchalantly as possible. He has been closely watched, however, and has scarcely gone a yard when another pounces straight on the cache, digs up the nut, and pretends to eat it. But he in turn only buries it again after several feints, and thus the game goes on.

In the reptile house there are some tenderfoot rattlesnakes from Texas. They are magnificent serpents, nearly six feet long, and the charm of them is that they do not yet know all about glass. When we put our hand close to one of them he draws back his head by looping about a yard of his person into a figure of eight. It is so evident that by releasing the springs he could dash his fangs even into our face that we hesitate to try him further. The heart comes into the mouth as we and he face one another—he a practised poisoner and we but a soft-skinned amateur in every grade of wild life. He, in his certainty that glass is nothing, mesmerises us into the same belief. We draw respectfully away, and he disdainfully uncoils and moves on about his business.

Another of the Texans is busily rattling. We can see the instrument quivering so rapidly that its outlines are blurred, and by leaning very near the glass we can hear "the rattling terrors of the vengeful snake." They are but the whirring of a grasshopper. "Why does he rattle?" asks a little girl of her uncle, and he has the prudence to think well before he answers. Surely the main purpose of the rattle is to lure insect-eating birds within reach. As the bird comes nearer, the tail quivers more, and the grasshopper seems to the bird more and more real. Then, when the snake is about to strike larger prey, or an enemy such as man, still the tail quivers, and the second man, if not the first, converts the allurement into a warning. Sometimes at this Zoo there is an ally of the rattlesnake that points this theory with convincing force. Instead of a rattle, its tail ends in a white, scaleless point nearly two inches long, which wriggles and crawls just like a white maggot or grub. The grub, like the rattle, is in the middle of the snake's coils, and guarded on the outside by the watchful, death-bearing head. Midway between the rattlesnake and the maggot-tailed serpent stands the rat-tailed. That is still represented in the collection, its equipment hard to find a use for, but offering just a shred of hope to the evolutionist on the look-out for an organism in the making, yet not of any use till it is fully made.

## Pictures of Travel.

### THE HOME OF CATULLUS.

For nearly an hour the steamer had furrowed the glassy surface of the Garda Lake, leaving dazzling lines of foam across the intense blue water in its track. The great company of snow-crowned mountains that throng about the lake to northward lay behind. In front appeared nothing at first sight very conspicuous; only the long low expanse of the south shore, where the lake, released from the pressure of the hills, spreads itself out, like Loch Lomond under exactly similar conditions, in miles of gleaming shallows. But half-way along this low south shore lay what appeared to be an island several

miles nearer; an island surrounded with low cliffs and crowned with groves of olive. Looked down upon, however, from any high point in the mountains, this "island," inlaid in the gleaming expanse, is seen to be connected with the mainland by a slender thread, a ridge of rock some three miles long, and about five times broader than the road it carries—to be, in fact, no island at all, but the most famous and romantic of peninsulas—"Sweet Catullus's almost-island"; or, as Catullus himself apostrophised it in splendidly fearless hyperbole: "Of almost-islands and of islands, Sirmio, thou gem!"

"—Paene insularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle!"

The little town of Sirmione, at the pier of which the steamer presently draws up, stands at the outer end of the isthmus, abutting upon the lake at either side. Quite an imposing place it looks from the pier, with two or three pretentious hotels along the lake front, a tribute to the still rising fame of the "gem of peninsulas" in a tourist-world eager for new sources of interest, and convinced that they can only be adequately investigated under conditions of complete bodily well-being. But behind this imposing mask you arrive, promptly enough, at the familiar features of squalid, picturesque Italy, repellent to many of the senses, but irresistibly charming to the imagination; a huddle of narrow lanes, dark in the shadow of tall grey houses, archways, and balconies; irregular little piazzas which seem to be rather the odd leavings of irregular streets than designed spaces; and everywhere a glint of light and color, flowers, bits of gay dress hung out of upper windows; and overhead the intense blue, at once dark and glowing, like Milton's violet. In the midst, too, towers the massive castle built by the Scaligers of Verona in the thirteenth century to control the passage of the peninsula, which is here cut across by a moat. It is still intact, but the Scaligers have slept for centuries under the magnificent tombs which are among the chief glories of Verona, and a frugal municipality uses their armories and muniment rooms, their banqueting halls and echoing corridors, as quarters for its beadles and bursars, and for the peaceful but unexciting activities of the post office.

But if the Scaligers are quite clearly dead at Sirmione, there is no question that Catullus, more ancient by a dozen centuries, is alive. Or, what perhaps comes to the same thing, the little town is profoundly aware that Catullus is a very important condition of its being alive itself. Every member of the population helps to recall Catullus to your memory, should you be inclined to forget him. They are all for the ancients, or, at least, for this ancient, these moderns; they do not dream of our bitter divisions over the place of Latin in the school; for them there is no classical question, and, if there were, they would not improbably solve it by delivering Horace and Vergil and Tacitus to whatever limbo the educational reformer might prefer, provided Catullo, Catullo, the bread and breath of Sirmione, were preserved. At every turn you are invited to mount vehicles destined to bear you, for the sum of one lira, to the "Grotti di Catullo," a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. Little ragged boys, who, it is to be feared, never read a line of the poet whose name is so familiar a household word in their mouths, offer their guidance, tumultuously, to the same shrine. The inns follow suit, and a very dingy tavern, formerly known as the "Trattoria della Pescheria," now bears the prouder legend, "Albergo di Catullo."

Quietly, but decisively, rejecting the services of these devotees, we find our way out through the north end of the little town, under a gateway partly built of Roman material, and adorned with several ancient inscriptions. The olive groves, which crown the end of the peninsula, almost at once begin; interrupted only by narrow, winding lanes, by two private estates with villas, and by the old Romanesque church, whose low-peaked tower is seen above the olive groves as one approaches by water. It may be surprising, but is certainly matter for congratulation, that only two individuals have sought to imitate Catullus in the one respect in which he is imitable, by anyone with a sufficient purse, to wit, in the choice of a place of secluded repose; but it remains, that only these two—the one a retired minister of Anhalt, the other the mayor of Sirmione—have sought oblivion for such imperial cares as the government of Anhalt or Sirmione may involve, in the scene he chose. Yet it is pleasant to think that his example was not wholly lost, and that the excellent mayor, in particular, whose villa is planted on the verge of the cliff, within sight and hearing of the beach, can walk his half-mile of shady road after a stormy meeting of the municipal syndics, and lay himself, like Catullus, upon the beloved and familiar couch, and let the same lapping laughter of the same idle waves chase the perplexities of rates and factions from his (it is to be feared) less poetic head.

Mystery, however, surrounds the actual site of the abode which Catullus has made so unforgetable. The so-called "grottoes" to which his name has clung are the remains of a building far more colossal than any villa which can have housed his modest Lares. The monumental ruins extend for some 600 feet along the cliff, to which they seem to serve as huge bastions; steep grassy paths lead in and out of ruinous archways, up to the shadowy olive groves, and down to the gleaming beach; and everywhere thrills and trembles a pervading presence, the blue radiance of the Italian lake and the Italian sky. It is, after all, less Sirmio itself, with all its gracious charm, that exercises so unique a spell, than its marvellous situation, with the noble background of mountains looking down upon it over the vast endlessly changing spaces of the lake. This is one of the points in which modern sentiment is more alert than that of antiquity. Catullus loved the lapping of the waves, but he loses no word upon the mountains; and Virgil alludes to the lake only to compare its stormy tumult to that of the sea. But the moderns who have celebrated Sirmio—Tennyson, Carducci, Heyse, and many lesser names—give the mountains their due. Heyse built a villa for himself, not on the peninsula, but far away at the foot of Mount Lavino, facing it, on the Fasano shore. Carducci's splendid ode to "Sirmione" is really inspired by the glory of the whole Garda Lake, in which Sirmio is the most brilliant incident. A "barbaric" ode indeed, enshrining the unadorned classic simplicity of the Catullian verses in a jewelled framework of interpretative comment; comment only possible to a poet no less inspired, and barbaric only as Milton is barbaric after Sophocles, and Goethe after Euripides. "Radiant bowl, bordered with olive and laurel, which Italy the Mother offers, with lifted arms, to the gods, and they in return cast down the gem of peninsulas, Sirmio!" That is how Carducci saw the Garda Lake, as he stood on Sirmio. The mountains in the background become an indispensable portion of the scene, part of the character of Sirmio. Monte Baldo, the huge mass to the east, is the "fatherly mountain," defending the fair divine gift with stormy brow; and Gu, the snowy peak to west, "a Titan fallen in battle for her sake." And he recalls, too, the tragic and romantic histories of which the cities and castles round the lake have later been the scene: Ghibelline towns rased to the ground by Guelphic Brescia in what is to this day a deserted and silent inlet; Vittoria Accorambona (the heroine of Webster's play) besieged with her second husband, who had murdered her first and his own wife at her instigation, in the Castle of Barbarano; and many more. But no one, either, could render more exquisitely the intense joy of the homecoming, of the "port after stormy seas," which is the central inspiration of Catullus's poem. "Here the busy tumults of your life seem but a far-off murmur of bees, and in this cool silence its frenzies and fevered cares dissolve away in gentle oblivion." It is a simple, universal experience, the coming home and finding rest; yet the peculiar sentiment of that experience we are apt to claim as something specifically modern, or even Teutonic, nay, English. This Roman poet has expressed it with an intensity which carries his lines home to our hearts like hardly any others of similar pur-

port in literature, and brings all the world to the spot where he found this enchanting peace; where not only the toils of Bithynian campaigns, but the perfidies of Lesbia, were forgotten.

We stand on the edge of the cliff, at a place as likely to be that spot as any other. Below, almond trees in full flower break the blue of the lake with their feathery profile. In front, for many yards out into the lake, spreads the smooth marble-like beach, turning the water, where it shelves under, to the intensest emerald. The ring of waves—the gentle waves of a large lake—on a beach of marble such as this, is a real "laughter," such as Catullus heard; a lapping, lulling laughter, from which Matthew Arnold himself could have elicited no mournful symbol of decaying faith, had he stood here, and not by the "melancholy, slow, withdrawing roar" of the shingled beach of Dover. And if Arnold's beach brought him the profounder thought, it was yet a thought of less permanent and universal significance than that simpler emotion that Catullus uttered in those "club-foot" verses of his, with their grave *ritardando* movement, a rhythm very fit for the utterance of weariness of motion, and the desire to be at rest.

C. H. Herford.

# Present-Day Problems.

## HOW THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS LIKE THE BUDGET.

By a Country Candidate.

In what follows I am speaking of a single strip of country twenty-eight miles long by fifteen broad. That is my world. It is mainly agricultural, though it contains one or two small industrial towns. It is at some distance from London.

Of this little world I can speak with confidence, for I have lived in it a considerable time. During the last month I have visited most parts of it; I have held twenty meetings, and engaged in innumerable conversations. I am one of the "spade-workers" whom the protagonists at Westminster admire so much—in the abstract. Night after night I have spoken in the open-air, and generally for something like an hour. In the country we like long speeches; we admire them for their duration quite as much as for their quality. With a local chairman and two or three friends, working men as a rule, I have stood on various platforms—now a waggon, now a bank, now the sloping pavement of a village street—and looked into intent and alert faces. The audiences are large. Everybody comes who can. In some parishes I have been told that practically every voter was present. The interest in public affairs is extraordinary. And for the moment it is all concentrated on the Budget. We talk of nothing else. If we speak of the fiscal issue—which with us has not yet lost its freshness—it is always in connection with the Budget. It is that which "holds the field." You need not be eloquent. You can plough through the taxes one after another, figures and all, and the people will listen still.

Thus far I have been speaking of the public interest in the subject, and that interest is felt by foes as well as friends. But what I want to say, for the confusion of doubters and compromisers, is that the Budget, once explained, is immensely popular. If in other districts than mine it is not so, that must be due, in my opinion, to the negligence or weakness of its supporters. Questionable details which, to judge by the papers, loom large in London, are not prominent here. The name of Lloyd George is the invariable signal for a cheer—and applause means something at a village meeting, for it is generally "safer" not to applaud at all. When I say that the Budget is popular, I do not mean that there is not some wavering on the part of well-to-do Liberals here and there. There will be secessions and "conversions." Nor do I mean, of course, that the rank and file of regular Conservatives are conscious of any weakening; on the contrary, the threatened pinch in the upper ranks will stimulate the campaign funds, and the new object of attack is already giving a new inspiration. What I mean is, first, that practically the whole of our local Liberal party has been fired with fresh enthusiasm; and, secondly, that we have got something to say which touches the imagination of the large intermediate class who cannot be claimed as adherents by either party. The bigness of the thing, the variety of its aspects, the novelty of some of its proposals, have brought a sense of reality, of stir, into our political discussions. We feel—for both sides are rubbing it into us—that something is being done, or going to be done, which will make a difference to us. And to the majority, I believe, the thing seems good.

The Conservative attack, of course, centres round tobacco, whisky, and beer. It starts with the initial advantage; for hitherto the only tangible outcome of the Budget is an extra ½d. an ounce on tobacco, and the threat—in most cases not more than the threat—of a ½d. a pint on beer. But this attack can be met. We point out what we are getting for our money—national defence and old age pensions. We show how small a proportion of the new taxes really falls on working people. We boldly claim that every class should bear some share, however small, of the new burdens, since all should know that both armaments and reforms cost money. Incidentally, we turn the flank of the attack by pointing the moral that the smoker (not the "foreigner") pays the tax. Every one of these points is simple enough to be readily understood. There is—at the least— a feeling that there is "something in them."

The raising of the price of beer is a formidable political weapon; but it is a dangerous one to the user. I do not know how it may be in London—the only place where the process has been carried out in any organised manner—but elsewhere I am inclined to think that it causes at least as much resentment against the liquor-seller as against the Government. There is no new tax on beer, and the attempt to shift manufacturers' and retailers' licence duties on to the consumer is a business that creates suspicion. When we see that the extra half-pennies, if maintained, will yield the liquor-seller several times the amount of the new licence duties, we begin to be disagreeably conscious of being "done." Further, there is a feeling that the rise of prices can only be maintained by bluff. A railway-worker told me yesterday that a friend of his, who buys a dozen bottles at a time, received with his last dozen a demand for an extra fourpence. He sent them back. They returned in half-an-hour with a message that, if it was only a matter of the price, threepence would do. He sent them back once more with the reply, "If they've come down a penny in half an hour, I'm quite ready to wait two hours and get the whole fourpence off."

I have put these taxes in the foreground, because when we have once disposed of this line of attack the rest is easy. We carry the war at once into the enemy's country. The initial advantage is theirs; the ultimate advantage is ours—overwhelmingly—if we use it. The income tax, the death duties, the motor taxes, the land taxes—simply and popularly explained—commend themselves immediately as just and reasonable. On these points at least our leaders need not fear. Hardly any defence is attempted by our opponents. The facts about the nation's wealth are too much for them. I encourage every possible kind of question, and thus gain some idea of what is in their minds. I have been asked whether the motor taxes do not "injure industry," and whether the land taxes do not "burden agriculture"—questions which give invaluable opportunities for further illustration. The argument of the rural landowner, that if he has to sell his estate the people on it must suffer, is a perfect treasure; it looks so specious on the surface, and yet it can be made to crumble so effectively before the eyes even of the simplest. It may be said that we are appealing to cupidity. My reply is that the desire to benefit one's fellow-workers at large is not cupidity, and that this desire is latent in all our people. There is cupidity

too, but only so much as must inevitably be present where injustice is being removed, and where the sufferers themselves have some voice in removing it. We are in for a big struggle, certainly, between the privileged and the unprivileged. The former are strongly supported, in the rural districts, by the ingrained snobbery which admires wealth and display. We have need of every weapon that we can fairly use. The contrast between the patriotic outcry for "Dreadnoughts," and the shabbiness of refusing to pay for them, is one of these weapons.

The Budget is popular, then, *once it is explained.* But I must insist on the condition. Explanation, thorough and repeated, is absolutely essential. The Budget League has not been established a moment too soon. The electorate, left to itself and nourished on the Conservative Press, thinks that the licence duties and tobacco and spirit taxes are the chief part of the Budget. It thinks that the land taxes are new taxes on agricultural land; we Liberals are to blame, by the way, for not having expounded the principles of land taxation sufficiently. On these and many other points it must be enlightened or this great effort at redressing the unfairness of our taxation will undoubtedly fail.

But once we have explained the Budget we have no need to apologise for it. All my experience goes to show this. It is a great measure, and if it is to be commended at all, it must be commended as a great measure. The Prime Minister has given an admirable lead in this matter. Liberal members, in my opinion, have their heads too full of Committee details and London gossip when they come to meet their constituents. The Budget must not be defended; it must be preached. If we do not very much care for it ourselves, we shall never make it acceptable to others. But if we believe that the Liberal Party has to-day an opportunity such as has seldom been put into its hands before, and if we are prepared to commit ourselves heart and soul to a measure which gives tangible form to so many of our hopes, we can, in my judgment, communicate our enthusiasm to the electorate.

# Communications.

## A WORKING-CLASS VIEW OF LORD CURZON'S MANIFESTO.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Suspicion of Oxford exists everywhere amongst workpeople, not only "here and there," as Lord Curzon assumes. It is true that in time it may be dispersed; but it will not give place to the simple trusting faith of the imaginary working-classes of the Memorandum, but to a fixed determination that the University shall some day really supply that "liberal and humane scheme of mental training which workpeople regard as indispensable." There are not wanting working-class leaders who fear Oxford, and regard any negotiations with it as, at least, dangerous, and who accordingly urge workpeople to turn to the "modern and provincial Universities," forgetting for the moment that the real defects of Oxford are common to all English, and, perhaps, Scottish, Universities also.

Such real defects are not those which Lord Curzon exposes so effectually; they follow rather upon the divorce of Oxford from much that is worthy and true in the national life—and mainly, the working man considers, upon its divorce from the real mental and spiritual influence of well-conducted labor, which is never antipathetic to high scholarship, even in the strict Oxford sense.

A University monopolised during many years by one class, unconsciously takes the point of view of that class—its scholarship is affected; its understanding of life is vitiated. A University which is not independent alike of poverty and riches, or of any other external distinctions between men, is incapable of performing its complete work. In so far as it co-operates with true and therefore eternal things, it is worthy, and not otherwise. Obviously, therefore, that Oxford which is so constructed and constituted as to need the addition of a "Poor Men's College" is "tied and bound" by some chain, whether "of its sins" or otherwise.

Workpeople do not desire this college; they would regard it as a flat misfortune if the "public spirited benefactor"—hoped for so pathetically by Lord Curzon—presented a million pounds for the purpose; although they would rejoice if some benefactor gave the same amount of money unconditionally to the University. It must be made quite clear that workpeople regard a conditional gift as degrading to the University which receives it, even though it be for the abolition of compulsory Greek. The £30,000 referred to in the Memorandum ought to be refused at once for fear it may come to hand when such essential reform takes place, unless indeed the University uses the money for the promotion of Greek studies. It may be urged that counsels of perfection such as this are absurd, but Universities are not second-rate institutions sustained by barren metal. They live by the spirit of the people.

It is clear from the report of the Joint Committee on Working-class Education, that workpeople desire to use the existing colleges. They have an indefeasible right to them, provided that they can do the high work which ought to be demanded, and they will never rest until they are assured that the best men, irrespective of wealth, birth, or athletics, are working in them. They owe a debt to Lord Curzon for his recognition of the validity of this claim. It is surely true that out of the vast number of working men who leave school at twelve, thirteen, or fourteen, there are many who, having kept true to an intellectual ideal whilst working in the factory or in the social organisation, have drawn to themselves high gifts which would enrich Universities with added mental and spiritual power.

There should always be interchange between the world and the University; laboring men or commercial agents should go for a period to the College, and University teachers should be enabled to go for a period into social, industrial, or commercial life. Commerce should not be permitted for ever to smile at the pretensions of the Oxford graduate, and turn elsewhere for assistance.

It is not a workman's province to concern himself with the burdensome details of University organisation; indeed they are unintelligible to him; he has not shared in the deliberations and practices of the several bodies. On the other hand it is plain to him that the Master's degree no longer represents the essentials which justified its governing prerogative; and now that the University subserves, or should subserve, national ends, he would fain see the Government vested in a large body of representative graduates, elected after they had served the community for several years in their several capacities as teachers, religious and secular, lawyers, doctors, merchants, craftsmen, and what not. In other words, each activity in the outer world corresponding to the schools or courses of studies in the University should have representatives upon the main governing body. That is a clear issue. It would be efficient and safe. All committees of the University would be appointed by such body and would be subject to it; so would the Colleges also in aspects such as the financial, where experience has proved autonomy to be wasteful and injudicious.

The workman may sympathise with the difficulty of reducing scales of living, clearly set forth in the Memorandum; but no living power will convince him that Merton did not waste substance intended for scholars, if in 1906 it paid £13 10s. per undergraduate for College servants, as against £4 10s. paid by Worcester. Lord Curzon might, as his own figures suggest, assume the *rôle* of a twentieth-century Archbishop Peckham, and say to the Fellows of Merton: "Some there are among you who, desiring to live more delicately, make the *modus* of your expenditure notably to exceed that which your founder by rule appointed."

At present, workpeople who are keen about education will make the best of the Joint Committee's scheme, which is clearly defined, and secures the best teaching on the part of the tutor, and the co-operation of workpeople who, being anxious to get at the truth of things, are not in the least disposed to accept Oxford at Lord Curzon's valuation—and, indeed, the Oxford men, who know them, would not desire them to do so. There is much unification yet to be accomplished. The conditions of work in the Joint Committee's classes are onerous, and form a sufficient intellectual equipment for

study in Oxford. The lack of this preliminary work handicapped Ruskin College, which, by the way, was not founded by Labor Organisations, but assisted by them. It is desirable that Labor should not desert Ruskin College, which subserves a useful end, provided that it remains independent of the University. There will be need for such a College to minister to the needs of a certain type of student, until the day comes when Oxford conforms to the ideal of a University. At the same time there is a strong movement in Labor, accelerated by recent events, towards the establishment of a purely Labor College. The wisdom or unwisdom of this, from an educational point of view, can only be pronounced upon when the scheme, constitution, and practice of the College are defined.

It is not likely that Oxford will alone have the privilege of responding to the working-class demand; for every University and University College in the country is developing in that direction, and Joint Committees are at work at Leeds and Manchester, and have met at Cambridge and London, whilst Birmingham, Sheffield, and other Universities are working upon lines which approximate thereto. The workpeople who sat on the Oxford Joint Committee will always remember the experience as one of fruitful work, and will look back to Oxford with real appreciation, as on that occasion at least the joint exponent of their views; and they rejoice in the results which, thanks to the Oxford Tutors, as well as to the determined students, have been already attained in eight towns.

There has always been affinity between the workman and the scholar, and real affection when engaged in a common task, but such affection increases rather than diminishes the desire for the drastic reform of Oxford. Lord Curzon's manifesto is welcome as a preliminary step in the right direction. He has revealed out-of-date and cumbrous machinery to the vision of the man in the street, who cannot fail to be convinced that reform from within can be at best influential, unless indeed Oxford sloughs the faults common to human nature in the quadrangle as in the market place. The instinct of self-preservation will operate strongly in bodies vaguely conscious of their fitness for the scrap heap. After much talking and showers of placets and non-placets, enough will be done to strengthen the case for reform by external agency. Representative workpeople are already included among its advocates. Lord Curzon has indubitably helped by the Memorandum to increase the number of their fellows, who will join them in making clear and insistent demand for a Royal Commission, which will be granted in default of any satisfactory alternative. Oxford will not lose, but gain, from the fact that the larger spirit of the last few years has prompted her to take men like David Shackleton, C. W. Bowerman, and J. M. Mactavish into her friendship and confidence. These men are not enemies with no other perception of her than that obtained through the mists of suspicion. "They possess a first-hand knowledge of the conditions of Oxford," and will work for her development in a spirit true alike to labor and scholarship.—Yours, &c.,

ALBERT MANSBRIDGE.

July 3rd, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## CALVIN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—With all respect for the Dean of Ripon, who in years long ago, when he was in London, laid me under obligations which I can never forget, I really must venture to suggest that his defence of Calvin's conduct in the case of Servetus by comparison with Sir Thomas More's severity toward heretics has this weakness, that it is not *in pari materia*. Sir Thomas More believed firmly in the infallibility of the Catholic Church—not of the Pope. In his eyes, therefore, whatever the Catholic Church decreed was the decree of God. However much ecclesiastical severity might wound his kindly human heart, his conscience bound him to submit. But how different was the case with Calvin! He himself was a rebel against the Catholic Church—at least as the term was understood in his day. Now, if Calvin might depart from the teaching of the Catholic Church in one direction, what right could he possibly claim to decree that another man should not depart from the same teaching in another direction on pain of death?

Less learned people than the Dean of Ripon might, of course, say that Calvin stood in defence of the Bible, which he had substituted for the Catholic Church as the ultimate infallible authority. But the Dean surrenders that line of argument when he tells us truly that Calvin in his "Commentaries" was very free in his treatment of the Bible, and, indeed, was in advance of "The Speaker's Commentary." It comes to this, then: that it was not the Bible, but John Calvin's interpretation of it, which was the infallible authority substituted for the Catholic Church. I think this must make a great difference in our judgment of the Genevan dictator's conduct in the case of Servetus. With all that the Dean of Ripon says about Calvin's human nature in other respects I entirely agree. I only wish that, in mentioning the Reformer's fondness for "quoits and bowls," he had remembered his practical rebuke of Puritan superstition by playing on Sunday afternoons when the morning's devotions were ended. Calvin's kindliness toward the "*tolerabiles ineptiæ*" of the Anglican Church is also interesting. But the fact that he assumed so much freedom for himself in the interpretation of the Bible only adds to the condemnation of his acquiescence in the savagery of the Genevan bigots toward Servetus. The fact is, John Calvin was a much better statesman than Christian.—Yours, &c.,

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

Caerlyn, Penmaenmawr,
North Wales, July 4th, 1909.

## THE VISIT OF THE TSAR.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Will you permit me as a Liberal who has travelled far and wide through Russia, who has numerous friends there, and who has been closely associated with the leaders of the reform movement in that country, to give some of the reasons which induce me to dissent from the views expressed in the very able article which you publish to-day?

In the first place, it counts for much with me that the Russian Liberals as a whole are strongly in favor of the maintenance of friendly relations between their Government, such as it is, and ours. They believe that association with a democratic Power will help them. They dread that the rupture of these relations will drive the Tsar into the arms of Germany whose influence would be reactionary. There is no doubt as to the attitude of Russian Liberals on this point. They feel strongly, and even passionately, on the subject, as I know from having discussed it with their various leaders. The only people who dissent from them are the extreme Reactionaries, who dread British influence, and the extreme Revolutionaries, who are content to be mere wreckers. The extreme Revolutionaries hate the Liberals and Constitutional Reformers almost as much as they hate the Reactionaries, and they have partisans in this country who are engineering an agitation against the Tsar's visit with a view to forcing the hands of the Russian Liberals. The Russian Liberals regard this agitation as inflicting a grave injury upon the cause of reform, and those of us who profess to be their friends would be accepting a grave responsibility by joining in it.

I think you will agree that this view deserves consideration, but, on the other hand, I am willing to agree with you that it cannot be final for us. "We must," as you say, "be the judges of our own conduct to the Tsar." I will, if I may, mention two considerations from this point of view.

(1) As a Liberal, as a believer in peace and arbitration, I welcome the development of friendly relations with the *de facto* Governments of all nations. Other nations must, and can only, work out their own redemption. I am not prepared to make war on the Tsar in order to set his people free, and "freedom" established by such outside intervention would not be worthy of the name. It would endure only so long as the benevolent despot from outside remained to enforce it. Who would be free themselves must strike the blow. Short of intervention a policy of nagging the Russian Government is not likely to accomplish anything more than the embitterment of international relations, and

an impetus to the already sufficiently alarming competition in armaments.

(2) By attempting to exclude the Tsar we expose ourselves to embarrassing retaliation in kind. Where is the line to be drawn? We may say good-bye to any hope of a reduction, or even a halt, in armaments if foreign Powers begin to refuse to receive our King every time their ideas of right and wrong are shocked by the methods of our Government. The caricatures of the Queen in the Paris Boulevards during the period of the Concentration Camps in South Africa, did not help those of us in this country who were fighting the cause of the prisoners. It is conceivable that the liberty-loving foreigner, following your example, might consider it a desirable way of expressing his horror of the executions in Natal, of the Denshawi episode in Egypt, and of the deportations without trial in India, to raise an agitation against King Edward visiting Paris or taking the waters at a German Spa. But I do not think the Reformers in this country would be grateful.—Yours, &c.,

A. MacCallum Scott.

5, Pump Court, Temple, E.C.
July 3rd, 1909.

## FAITH AND CONDUCT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The discussion aroused by Mr. Sidney Low's article has been very interesting. I should like to add a few words to it. Surely the divorce between these two has been posible, because of the false idea of what religion is, from which mankind cannot yet shake itself free. There is still abroad among us the belief that certain forms are necessary to make the righteous man, and that these forms omitted, a man lapses from true righteousness. None of those who adhere to the accepted forms of "worship" and profession prevalent in their own time and their own land, can attain to the wide conception of James Thomson when he wrote his Ode for the opening of the Secularists' Hall at Leicester, and said:—

> "All men and women, of whatever creed.
> We welcome gladly if they love their kind;
> No other valid test of worth we find."

Rockefeller did not believe that was the one thing needful; he was able to be content and happy, although he was working the ruin of thousands, as he was so certain he was good and righteous, adhering to the early forms which he had been taught were necessary to salvation. And other Rockefellers, or other men, pursue the same path, not understanding that a righteous life must be a complete life, a whole life, as Goethe says, it is the Whole (*Ganzen*) we must aim at, not only the Good and the Beautiful. We must wean ourselves from the half-gods.

In vain have been said the immortal words:— "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and then rememberest that thy brother has aught against thee, leave thou thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." People will persist that the gift at the altar is the essential. Is it not because of the creed that creed is essential, and creed is righteousness, that a divorce is possible between religion and conduct?—Yours, &c.,

Elizabeth Cobb.

July 6th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Mr. Sidney Low names John D. Rockefeller, the Napoleon of finance. In the same number of The Nation was a review of a book entitled "Napoleon's Love Affairs," which the reviewer justly condemns as a story of sordid lust without a redeeming feature. Mr. Low agrees that the millionaire's private life is singularly pure and simple. No one would saddle religion with Napoleon, despite his playing at Mohammedanism and with the Pope. Rockefeller was at least a cleaner man than Napoleon. Have we not as good a right to put this down to his religion as Mr. Low has to deny it any effect at all. Is a wholesome private life a small matter? Who shall say whether Napoleon wrought worse evil by his wars than by his poisonous example. I seem to have heard of other American millionaires equally grasping for money but infamous for their immoral life. If Rockefeller's religion saves him from their excesses it does something. Let us by all means condemn his business principles, but where do they differ from the average dealings of any Stock Exchange except in the magnitude of their results? Is not Mr. Low unfortunate in his example? It appeals too much to the transitory and false modern spirit which values and judges all persons and things by their relation to money. Shakespeare said, "He who steals my purse steals trash." Mr. Low says, "He who steals my purse is the blackest traitor." It would be interesting to examine the men whom Rockefeller has ruined. We are a little suspicious of ruined men in these days of wailing landowners and landlords. I should think we should find the bitterest cry comes from those whom Rockefeller has beaten at their own game and who still "do Europe" with the wrecks of their fortunes. Anyhow we may claim that religion has kept John D. Rockefeller from setting a scale of luxury which has the worst effect on those who would emulate him, from making beauty a hireling of passion, and from maintaining an army of overfed sycophants corrupting the community. Furthermore the very letter of Mr. Low proves that he, in company with all thinking men, expects that religion should influence conduct. He could not write to maintain that a knowledge of astronomy did not influence conduct. Is it true to human nature that any large body of men could have this expectation without result? On what is it founded if not on the ascertained facts of history and experience, despite many deplorable exceptions, and many more examples like Rockefeller's, where the conduct only very partially and lamely accords with the religion.—Yours, &c.,

J. Henry Hocken.

Kingswood, Rowsley Avenue,
Hendon.
June 30th, 1909.

## FEMINIST ARGUMENTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Since that much battered engine, "the physical force argument," has been once more dragged into action, I should like to join front with those who face its fire.

To say that because all men are potential fighters they alone should vote is absurd. There would be reason in such an argument if all the incapables were disenfranchised, but as any man, handicapped by old age or bodily infirmity, who is otherwise electorally qualified is deemed fit to vote, the "potential fighter" argument cannot be put forward as a plea for the non-enfranchisement of women.

If all men are potential fighters, then so are all women. That the power to fight is not confined to men alone we have ample proof in daily life, and in special emergency the power makes itself strongly felt. Thus at the taking of Dahomey the women fought side by side with the men, and by their fierceness immensely increased the difficulty of the trained troops opposed to them; they were no mean factors in the fight.

That the "fighting potential" of our men is low has been demonstrated by the recent difficulty experienced in filling the ranks of the Territorial Army—the Army of national defence. Moreover, I would venture to assert that in the event of a great national peril the women of England would not be backward in accepting a fair share of the national danger.

If it could be shown that women, in the event of war, have more to gain and less to lose than non-combatant men, there would be some reason in the argument; but of this there is no proof. Women as non-combatants are affected in much the same way as all other non-combatants, not through personal danger, but by loss of property and friends, and in a state of society where man is regarded as the bread-winner, the loss of male relatives must of necessity affect women more deeply than it does the men, whose livelihood is not thus imperilled. The paid fighters do not come into this count; they choose and take the risks of their profession. Moreover, they do not exercise a vote.

The progressive enfranchisement of men has never been based upon the physical force argument. The widening claim to representation is put forward under the idea that

the well-being of the community is best secured by the voicing of all interests, so that the wants of the weak may not be entirely lost sight of nor obscured by the clamor of the strong.

We demand our enfranchisement as a step towards a healthier condition of national life, when every individual will be given the best possible chance of mental and physical development, and we urge that our political freedom is essential to the securing of these ends. In a well-organised social community "Might is not Right," for that would imply internecine war, a perpetual uprising against oppression. Right for us is to be found in the weighing and just settlement of claims—claims which can never be fairly considered as long as the voice of one half of the nation can make itself but imperfectly heard.—Yours, &c.,

EMILY TOMLINSON, M.B. Lond.,
C.S., Girton Coll., Camb.

June 29th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—To hear some people talk, one would really think that the right to vote for a candidate for Parliament was granted to people as a reward for some mental or physical quality possessed by them. We know that this is not the case. No man is asked before his name is placed on the register whether he has ever written a poem or composed a sonata or even shouldered a rifle. If such qualifications are not necessary in the case of men, why should they be in the case of women? Women demand votes because they pay taxes and are therefore citizens. If a woman may not vote for a war, why should she pay for it?—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPHINE EVANS WILLIAMS.

Szabadka, Hungary,
July 1st, 1909.

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## THE OFFICIAL VALUATION OF IRELAND.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your article on the Budget Land Scheme, you say: "Ireland being already officially valued, returns are not required, &c." This statement, true in the letter, is not true in fact, for the existing official valuation would be of no use as a guide to real value for the purposes of the Budget. Ireland was valued officially by a department of the British Treasury between 1852 and 1866, but valued on a principle unknown in any Assessment Acts or proceedings in England or elsewhere. The inventor of the system, Sir R. Griffith, told a Select Committee that he "introduced a system of valuation based on the composition of the subjacent rocks."

The valuers, working under his instructions, were paid from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a day. I don't suggest that because of the small remuneration they were not competent persons, but their qualifications were thus described in an official circular: "Candidates for appointments as valuers of land, buildings, and other descriptions of property will be required to be examined by and obtain certificates of the Civil Service Commissioners in reading, writing, and arithmetic—the arithmetic to include the first four rules, and reduction, proportion, and practice."

Prices of certain kinds of produce, but not of all, were specified in the Valuation Act, but no prices for cost of labor and such outgoings. Sir George Cornewall Lewis said of this contemplated valuation: "I am unable to understand the principle laid down—the Committee will see to what absurd consequences the principle would lead." So it did. The Select Committee recommended that the valuation on this principle should be discontinued, and the recommendation had as little effect on the British Government as that of innumerable other Royal Commissions and Select Committees. Local knowledge is essential for the estimation of local values, but this valuation made fifty years ago by strangers to the localities, paid at the rate of 2s. 6d. to 5s. a day, whose qualifications were a knowledge of elementary arithmetic and being able to read and write, has remained in force to this day. What would be the conditions of rating and taxation in England if the assessment remained unchanged for fifty years?

In Ireland the population is half what it was sixty years ago; its distribution and circumstances have entirely changed; whole villages have disappeared; towns have decayed, a few have increased; railways and other means of communication have entirely altered the relative values of land, but the valuation of 1852 has remained unchanged, except as regards new buildings. Even in 1885 the glaring inequalities of the official assessment were such that the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes (of which the present King was a member) reported: "The system of valuation in Ireland is peculiar. The result is that the valuations have become very uneven. Thus, the poorest districts are said to be overtaxed, while the wealthier districts are undertaxed, and the local authorities who have the expenditure of the rates have nothing to do with the matter. Your Majesty's Commissioners recommend that a periodic and equal system of valuation be substituted."

This inequality of assessment between districts prevails also between adjoining occupations of both land and houses, and is a grievous burden on the poorer occupants and owners. Land in the suburbs of towns which has a selling value of from £500 to £1,000 an acre is rated on £1 and less; mansions and substantial villas are valued at very much less in proportion to their selling or structural value than cabins and slums which would have no value if the Public Health Acts were enforced. There is no official value of sites apart from buildings, and though agricultural land and buildings are separately valued, it is on a different system from the English.

In England the Agricultural Rates Act orders direct that the separate values of land and buildings must not exceed the gross value of the undivided hereditament, and that the area under buildings must be deducted from the gross area, so that it shall not be valued twice over—once as land, and again as buildings. In Ireland the value of buildings, in the case of farms or villas, or any buildings with ground attached, is estimated separately, but as an addition to the value of the gross area, and so the built-on area is valued twice over. But there is no separate estimate of area or value of sites. In these differing circumstances of assessment in Ireland and England, it will probably be that the provisions as to land taxes in the Finance Bill may prove quite inapplicable to Ireland. England has legislated, and omitted to legislate as to assessment in Ireland, with total disregard to both public opinion and the recommendations of Royal Commissions and Select Committees; and the official valuation to which you refer is quite useless for public purposes under the Finance Act and to private owners and occupiers.—Yours, &c.,

MURROUGH O'BRIEN.

Mount Eagle,
Killiney, Co. Dublin,

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## CHARLES DICKENS AND LEIGH HUNT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have just been reading Mr. Aaron Watson's letter on "Charles Dickens and Leigh Hunt," which appeared in your issue of the 5th ult.

There is one curious point in regard to it, to which I should like to draw attention.

In referring to Dickens's remark about a "little notice" of Leigh Hunt in "Household Words," he asks, "What was this little notice?" and goes on to say it was an article in that number of "Household Words," which is dated June 16th, 1855, the title being "By Rail to Parnassus."

For some time this article has been generally accepted as being by Dickens, but my recent researches in the Contributors' Book of that paper has revealed the author to be Henry Morley. With the knowledge of this fact, it may be assumed that Dickens was speaking merely editorially in the letter from which Mr. Aaron Watson quotes.

It may be that this bibliographical fact may be worth recording.—Yours, &c.,

B. W. MATZ.

July 3rd, 1909.

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## ONE WAY OF PAYING BUDGET DUTIES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—My wine merchant writes to offer me a dearer whisky than formerly supplied on account of the Budget. I propose to reply that I am quite ready to pay my quota

of taxation for Navy and Old Age Pensions, but that, in order to ensure that my payments should reach the proper quarter, I propose to forward any extra charge made in my whisky bill direct to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This cannot injure my wine merchant if his extra charge corresponds with the extra duty.

Why should not everyone surcharged by the middleman adopt the same course? For every ½d. charged on a pint of beer consumed let the consumer produce a ½d. stamp, *to be thereupon cancelled*. By this means the Inland Revenue benefits, and no other illegitimate charger. If ½d. is too much, let ¼d. stamps be offered at the post-office for applicants.—Yours, &c.,

S. L. H.

June 29th, 1909.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF DIALECT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

Sir,—As a Border Scot I am much interested in the letters now appearing in The Nation on the preservation of dialect. It seems to me that we are sometimes in danger of forgetting what a valuable aid dialect frequently is in the realm of comparative philology. As I write these words, I recall that amiable and eccentric genius, John Stuart Blackie, who always used to maintain that "comparative philology" was nonsense. With philology itself he had no quarrel, but when we begin to compare languages we deal with the science of words and not the love of words, and hence he insisted that the correct term was comparative logology. For this region of research we find in dialects the purest—that is, the least mixed—material on which to form our judgments. Let me illustrate this from the dialect of my own county, Roxburghshire, in some parts of which the purest Scotch is said to be spoken. Suppose you are in the train from Edinburgh to Carlisle, on the Waverley route, some summer morning, you will probably find at the village of Newcastleton an influx of Liddesdale farmers. Entering into conversation, you open with the time-honored remark about the hard, soft, or drouthy weather, and something like this may follow: "Where'll gaun the day, John?" "A's gaun to Carlisle." "'Ee'll be gaun to the market, neh?" "A's warn." Each of these sentences contains a typical example of the Scottish Border dialect, but they are by no means peculiar to Scotland, because comparative logology (*à la* Blackie) proves that they occur in other languages, and therefore that they must have had a common source. Two of these examples consist of the uncommon use of the particles "the" and "Neh" (ne). A Border Scot never says "to-day"; it is always "the day." The same form is seen in the use of "the now." "When will you be ready?" "A'll be ready the now" (that is, presently, immediately). "Are you ready yet?" "Aw'm ready now." This example illustrates the shade of difference between "now" and "the now." The latter is simply the analogue of the Greek τὸ νυν of which it is indeed a literal translation. The particle "neh" in the Latin enclitic "ne," which is used in certain interrogatives. The presence or absence of the final "neh" in a Border Scots question indicates a subtle distinction, just as do the various Latin interrogative particles. The verb formations are also instructive. "A's gaun" is identical with the negro's "I'se gwine back to Dixie," and it seems that the two forms must have had a common origin. According to Murray, the Scottish form is traceable to the influence of the Danes; whence did the negro borrow his?

The last example, "A's warn," is the most interesting of all, as it gives the clue to the derivation of the popular American phrase, "I swan." I frequently ask my American friends if they can give the derivation of "I swan," and never yet have I heard even an attempt to do so. Fifty years ago "I swan" was in regular use by poets and novelists, and to-day it is employed in current American speech, though a certain class of Americans seem to find it necessary to apologise for the use of what they think is slang. It is nothing of the kind. The Liddesdale farmers "A's warn" ("warn" being pronounced with a roll or burr in which the "r" is often almost entirely elided) is a contracted form of "I warrant you," "I'se warrant," "A's warn." The American phrase carries the process still further, the "r" being dropped altogether, and for reasons of euphony the "s" is joined on to the second word, thus becoming "I swan." Thus the Border Scots' "A's warn" is identical with the American "I swan," both as to meaning and formation.

The Scottish Border dialect is peculiarly rich in words borrowed from foreign sources. "You're a fashious child to be feared of fremd folk." Fashious (tiresome) is pure French (facheux), and fremd is pure German. Lunching with a Scottish lady the other day, she advised the use of a certain condiment, as it imparted a "gout" to the food in question. This sounds strange to me. In Border Scots it is common, or used to be, to hear of a "nasty gout," but very rare to hear the word "gout" alone in a connection that indicated a pleasant flavor. In this case the original meaning of the word has been perverted. This same lady propounded the conundrum: "Why is a dish of unripe strawberries like a pair of goloshes?—Because they are pu'ed ower shoon!" Lest this may be unintelligible to the average English reader, let me translate it. The strawberries were pulled too soon, and the goloshes are pulled over shoes. It has only one flaw. In many parts of Scotland "soon" is pronounced "sune" and not "shoon." But I am getting "wandered," and must close before your forbearance is exhausted.—Yours, &c.,

T. Maben.

Kenmure, Herne Hill, S.E.
July 3rd, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I have read with interest your recent article on the preservation of dialect, as well as the corroborative and appreciative letters elicited from Mr. David Wilson and others.

Without any intention of raising a controversy or of disparaging the enthusiasm of your author and correspondents, may I be permitted to put before them the question of local dialect and phraseology from an unbiassed and purely logical standpoint?

The distinctive dialects in the Anglo-Saxon tongue—words, phrases, and accents alike—peculiar to certain districts, are the result of local isolation and familiarity of the few, and their gradual disappearance is due entirely to modern facilities for travel and intercourse, to improved education, and, by no means least, to modern literature.

Dialect cannot be fostered artificially, for it is a thing of nature and habit, and, above all, a thing of spontaneity, ever changing, ever disappearing, yet ever, to a certain extent, existing.

Burns wrote his finest works in the vernacular of his class, and was, being a genius, inspiring and convincing. And why? Because he was natural and spontaneous. Tennyson, great poet and genius, undoubtedly fell from his sublime level in the few dialect poems he wrote. And why? Because in them he was neither natural nor spontaneous.

The cultivation of dialect or its preservation by societies or other means are practical impossibilities, and we live in a regrettably practical age.

To attempt it has but one end—"pose."

Preserve your dialects, if you will, in literature, and give them hallowed shrines on your book-shelves, as one hangs the long-bow and arquebuse on the wall; but do not suffer them to enter the field of modern colloquialism. It were as well to enter the modern field of battle trusting to the aforesaid medieval weapons.

The allegory of the Tower of Babel proves by its antiquity that it has long been considered advisable that nations should speak a diversity of tongues, and a universal language would be to the great detriment of national individuality, character, and thought. *Ab uno disce omnes.*

The natural and first aim of speech is to give intelligibility to thought, and the more intelligible the speech the nearer the approach to the ideal.

Let us, therefore, not attempt to confound our speech with obsolete words and phrases, but strive to attain to an equality, a purity, and a beauty of word and diction that will transform our unruly members into organs of elegance and example.

Then, should a universal language at some time become

a necessity to the economy of the world and the fittest tongue survive, we, as a nation, might fulfil the prophecy of the sixteenth century poet, Daniel, who wrote:—

"And who, in time, knows whither we may vent
The treasure of our tongue? To what strange shores
This gain of our best glory shall be sent
T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?
What worlds yet in the unformed Occident
May come defin'd with th' accents that are ours?"

—Yours, &c.,
Kirn, Argyllshire, N.B.

D. H. Kemp.

June 30th, 1909.

## MR. HUDSON'S BUTTERFLIES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—There is a passage on butterflies in Mr. Hudson's new book that is of a good deal of importance in view of a recent controversy. Mr. Hudson says that, one Easter, while he was at service in Kingsclere Church:—

"The sun began to shine very brightly and . . . the brilliance and warmth served to bring a butterfly out of hiding; then another; then a third; red admirals all; they were seen through all the prayers, and psalms, and hymns, and lessons, and the sermon preached by the white-haired rector, fluttering against the translucent glass, wanting to be out in their splendor and renew their life, after so long a period of suspension."

In other words, several red admirals had been hibernating in the church. Mr. F. W. Frohawk raised the question in the "Field" a few weeks ago, whether the red admiral hibernated in England at all. Many of us feel sure that Mr. Frohawk's doubt on the question is unwarranted, though not much positive evidence of the red admiral's hibernation has yet been forthcoming. I suppose Mr. Hudson has no doubt that his note on this subject is correct.
—Yours, &c.,

G. G. Desmond.

4, Pump-court, Temple, E.C.
July 7th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## DEATH.

The shadowy ways are deep
That girt the narrow path
Wherein man's feet are set,
Wherein alone is light,
The little light he hath
To lead him to the sleep
When he shall all forget,
Or all things see aright.

From out the shadowy ways
Forever comes the noise
Of Death's wings beating slow
Man hears, and asks in vain
If Death at length destroys,
Or leads to golden days,
Or shall he ever know
Who husbandeth the grain.

The shadowy ways hold fast
The thing his heart would hold,
Foreknowledge of his fate.
The little light is weak
The secret to unfold;
He cries, until at last
The shadows shall abate
Their mute disdain, and speak.

John Drinkwater.

# Reviews.

## "FRANK BURNET."*

In Miss Horace Smith's book events frequently are not successive. A misfortune, for example, happens to a certain person in Chapter XX. Time goes on in the usual way, but in Chapter XXIX. the same misfortune, because it has an important effect on people then at breakfast, meets us again, just as if we had not met with it before. This is not accidental, but a result of the author's method, which could not now be explained fully. The consequence of it is some difficulty to the reader; but he must not attempt any short and easy method with "Frank Burnet" as if it were a common novel. It is a work of singular genius, and it will be more useful if, instead of indulging in criticisms, I put together in the ordinary consecutive fashion a brief abstract of it, not suppressing a side remark now and then when I cannot help it.

"Frank Burnet" is the story, in the main, of three people—Frank Burnet, son of a clergyman, Phillis, a young heiress, Wattie, a blacksmith's boy—and of the way in which these three become intimately related to one another. We are introduced to Frank as a little child, deficient in courage; that is to say, the courage to do the right thing at once. He can do what is right if you give him time. He did not get on at Winchester, and was reported as showing "want of earnestness and application." He took no pains with his Greek. This was particularly disappointing to his father. The boy thought he had a gift for painting, and wished to be an artist rather than a clergyman—the profession for which he was designed. One afternoon he and Phillis, who was a distant relative, went for a walk to Marchington Church. Two ladders had been left by some workmen against the church tower, one half-way up, the other to the top. Phillis went to the top and called to Frank to follow her, but he "loathed heights." "Why don't you say straight out," was the reply, "that you are afraid of them?" "I am not afraid. I have been up that old tower before now." Phillis pins him at once "On the roof?" "Yes." He implores her to come down.

"It isn't safe."
"*You've* done it."
". . . No."
"You *said* you had."
"I—I meant *this* part—the roof I never went up there."
"You *said* you *had*."
She looked unutterable scorn. Frank clambered down. He waited for her at the bottom, wretched, miserable.

After leaving school Frank does not visit Marchington Manor or see Phillis till he is twenty-one, when he had adopted art as his profession. He goes there a second time after receiving an affectionate invitation from her, and meets a number of trivial, worldly people. At the former visit Frank and Phillis went to look at the graves of his father and mother, and were surprised during the walk by an outbreak of passionate love; but we hear nothing more of it at present. The conversation at the Manor, unless Phillis took part in it, wearied and disgusted Frank. "You could not say that it was false; it was neither false nor true, not to be weighed in any scales, but a feather-weight balance. It was rubbish—an odd, surface kind of talk." He hated it because it was, in fact, lying, and yet—listen. At a cub hunt all the party, excepting Frank, had jumped a formidable hedge. When he thought everybody out of sight, he led his horse through a gate. At breakfast the conversation turns on the jump. "They fell on him all at once. How had *he* jumped? Why didn't *he* speak? . . . Why *should* he speak? he wanted to know."

"My good people, if I had jumped the moon would it be absolutely essential to let the whole world hear of it? . . ."
"We are not talking about the moon, Frank," Phillis had swiftly said (how words burn into your brain!). "We are talking about that hedge."
"Well, there's nothing so special about that hedge. I dare say it's not the first time I have jumped it."
"Oh, then you *did* jump it," Phillis had said. "I almost began to think"——

Then suddenly, in an outburst of wrath, she calls

* "Frank Burnet." By Dorothy V. Horace Smith. Murray, 6s.

him "coward and liar"! He had a higher standard of life, and even of truth, than Phillis's guests, and yet he was a liar, and he knew it. "I hate cowards and liars." She said it "with angry, flaming cheeks and hard tears in her eyes." He did not at once leave the Manor, nor even the room.

We must reluctantly admit that Frank did lie. Lying is generally considered a damning vice, which is, by itself, completely destructive of character, and yet the present writer must confess that, although nobody could say Phillis was wrong, he would have set Frank above all the other people at Marchington Manor, including Phillis, and that he was even loveable because of his veracity. The reader will, I think, agree with me before he gets to the end. An acute friend of mine has observed to me: "Do you notice that Frank always speaks the truth? He can never deceive himself nor anybody else."

Frank went back to town, "and the very next day he began his design for the pulpit which Phillis had asked him to do."

Wattie is an orphan blacksmith's boy, and works at the forge. He is a lover of horses. A former squire had put in Marchington Church a window with a representation in colored glass of two favorite hunters. At first they were considered a scandal, but in time people were reconciled to them. The window was smashed in a thunderstorm: the church was wrecked, and the vicar and his wife were killed. The boy Wattie crept down to the churchyard, although forbidden, and discovered the window on the ground—a few of the large pieces, that is to say, but mostly dust. He picked over the fragments and laid them on his coat. He carried his coat to some stone flags, kept clean by the arching roof, and set out the contents.

> It was a picture puzzle; he emptied his coat and came for more. Absorbing occupation, proceeding now how slowly, a fragment here and a fragment there; and then, again, with some larger piece springing out at a touch from under his hand! He lost all knowledge of time. The moments slipped away, the hours struck unheeded; they were striking now; he heard that—*four*. The boys would be out of school. There was the school-bell ringing; there followed a far-off hum. The listless afternoon awoke; a light cart rattled down the street; Wattie stretched himself . . . some of the children were coming this way; those were other children's voices. They came, a short cut under the wall, under the hedge, little companies of them, twos and three, in at the lychgate, up the path. This was something new to see, the parish church in ruins.
>
> Playmates of Wattie's. "Hullo, Wat!"

In this scene we have Wattie outlined in half a dozen strokes only, like a woodcut by Rethel, the last line, the "Playmates," serving as an effective contrast.

As Wattie grew up he was conscious of strange visitations. The things which he saw in common life began to group themselves occasionally into significant situations. . . . He felt "sudden seizures when horses and men sprang into life, and stood out for a moment (which seemed an age) in bold relief against the colorless and shapeless background of what *generally went on.*" In a sudden surprise objects were translated, transformed, and became a unity. The boy had scraped together some drawing materials; the dustman had given him a sketch-book fished out of the dust-cart.

About three years pass after Frank's second visit to Marchington before he sees Phillis again. Wattie is now nearing manhood, and his genius has unfolded itself—at least, to Phillis's eye. She encourages him, and he forms a plan which he discloses to her of decorating the inside of the church tower wall, with a drawing of two horses which were in a picture he had lent her. The youth cannot help loving Phillis, and very beautiful is his love for her. She is so far above him, it never will, never can, be spoken, and he can suppress it without pain. What was Frank doing through those three years? We only know that he had become a professional artist, and that he had again confessed his passion for Phillis. My readers will be dumb. Three years only after she had declared him to be a "coward and liar"! I am sorry I must ask them to wait a little, but I will say now that Miss Horace Smith is unexpected, and that because she is unexpected it does not follow that she is untrue. It is extraordinary and unexpected that Frank could love Phillis, but it is perhaps still more extraordinary and unexpected that Phillis could love Frank. He was not then accepted, but that her love was profound and unchangeable is evident in every line of her reply to him. When Frank received her letter he rushed up to the Manor, but she had started for Scotland. The two lovers met again, however, in Italy, and there became formally engaged.

"Frank Burnet" is revolutionary in its refusal of ordinary standards and denial of common judgments, for Frank's failings as we go on become even more marked. The play of emotion also necessarily becomes more and more complicated and interesting. The conflict of attraction and repulsion is managed by Miss Horace Smith with wonderful skill.

The time for sending pictures to the Academy is at hand. Frank's friend, Raikes, in London asks him what he is going to do. Frank, lazy and loth to leave Phillis, names three pictures in his studio, and commissions Raikes to send them with his own. Raikes replies that he has selected three others much better. One of them is a drawing of two horses, which Frank does not remember. He ought, of course, to have stopped Raikes at once, but he does not. He goes back at last to London, to find the horses included in Raikes's private view, and he receives the congratulations of everybody present on his masterly design. He is certain he was never able to do such work, but, nevertheless, he tries to persuade himself that perhaps at some time or other he may have been clever enough for it, and have totally forgotten it. The attempt at self-delusion was quite unsuccessful, and at last he comes to the conclusion that he had bought the picture from some artist who was dead. It was Wattie's, the one he had lent Phillis. Frank had taken it away, but had laid it aside unpacked in his rooms. It is accepted in the Academy, catalogued as his; on the strength of it he becomes famous; and yet there is no disavowal. A protest after the day on which he first saw it in Raikes's room would have been absurd. Wattie, Frank, and Phillis meet accidentally at the Academy, and Wattie, recognising his own performance, tells Phillis the truth about it. She does not remember she has ever seen it before. Neither Wattie nor Phillis make Frank acquainted with the discovery.

Marchington Church is closed, and is to be restored. Wattie, unknown to anybody, except Phillis and two little children who have gone away, has been painting the two horses on the inside of the church tower wall, but it is generally believed that the wall is bare, and that Frank, who does not deny it, is going to decorate it with a drawing of horses resembling that which has been attributed to him. Phillis, enraged with her love for him (we are not expressly told it is she, but there can be no mistake about it), determines to invite a party including Frank, to see where the drawing is to be placed. She must have intended his humiliation, but she could not have defined it clearly to herself. The company meet in the porch, and find Wattie there. They are just about to enter the church when it is discovered that a storm, blocking up water-pipes, has ruined the inside of the tower, torn down the plaster, and not a trace of Wattie's work is discernible. Phillis is defeated! Happy Phillis! Frank stands in the aisle and begins to speak.

> "I want you all to attend. . . . You know that study at the show? It wasn't mine. I mean the horses. . . . I wish to be plain. . . . I tell you *I did not paint those horses. They were a fraud.*" Everybody was confounded, but Frank went on.
>
> "The choice of that particular study for exhibition was a mistake. It was the mistake of a friend, but it was a mistake which I might have rectified any time during the last two months. . . . I cannot be sure, but I think it is more than probable that the artist who painted those horses has forgotten them long ago; he may be forgotten himself—may be dead, for all I know. They were found in an old portfolio."
>
> "Whose?" said Major.
>
> "Mine."
>
> "My dear chap, *you* painted them. *Now* are you satisfied? You painted them, and you forgot them, and you remembered them—I mean, you didn't, but somebody else did—and they were hung on the walls of the Academy, and the unprecedented success has turned your head, as I told you before."
>
> "That is just how I have been trying to reason," said Mr. Frank, "but it doesn't fit in with the facts."

"Then the facts are out, that's all I can say."

"No, the facts are facts, and they are all known except the artist's name, which, I fear, we shall never discover. If ever I learn it, you shall be told. Meanwhile, I have communicated all particulars to the Academy authorities, and I am glad to say they seem thoroughly to appreciate the situation, which you, I think, don't."

"Don't understand it at all," said Mr. Fred.

"I confess I don't understand," observed Miss Daisy.

"*I* understand," said Miss Phillis. At last she had risen. Risen? Yes, and came out of her place and walked straight to Mr. Frank's side . . she took Mr. Frank's hand; . . . bent her head and kissed it. . . . Mr. Frank never once looked at Miss Phillis and only kept hold of her hand.

Frank and Phillis were married, and Frank became Vicar of Marchington. I wish to repeat that Miss Horace Smith in "Frank Burnet" is thoroughly revolutionary, for, although indifferent to external, revolutionary incident, she pierces to reality. The motto of her book might well be the verse on the tombstone in Marchington Churchyard which marks the place where Frank's father and mother lie:—

"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

We do not, neither our own nor the manner of others. The revolution begins when we come to know.

W. Hale White.

## THE MAKING OF A NATION.*

Lord Milner's South African policy is dead; but it speaks in the last volume of the "Times" history of the war, not as an example to men, so much as a memory and a warning to them. Mr. Amery's object, in the thin and embittered advocacy of the political chapters of that book, is not easy of accomplishment. It is to exhibit Lord Milner, not merely as the promoter of war, but as the organiser of peace, the author of the policy of South African "reconstruction." Unfortunately for his argument, both fact and human nature are against him—how much against him Mr. Amery does not know enough either of human nature or of South African history to realise. Lord Milner had left South Africa before the movement either of race reconciliation or of the union which was the fruit of that reconciliation had begun. Both his policy and his temper were fatal to any such development. Before it could take place, a vital change in both these conditions had to be made. The entire machinery of bureaucratic officialism which he built up had to be overthrown. The Inter-colonial Council, the scheme of plantation, the attack on the Dutch language, the attempt to efface every vestige of self-governing authority in three colonies, were all to go. Milner's passion for centralisation and his zeal against the Dutch had to give way to Lord Selborne's tact, placable nature, and natural sympathies for the country folk. And, above all, the sense of racial unity had to find its natural expression through self-government. When all these transformations had taken place, then and then only was South Africa ripe for consolidation. The act was her act, conceived and matured by her statesmen. Neither the High Commissioner, helpful and sympathetic as he was, nor any Imperial officer, was present at the Conference which decided for union. The British Government, mindful of the error of 1877, was a wisely passive spectator. On the other hand the natural leaders of the people came forward. Steyn emerged from his watchful and, so long as the shadow of Milnerism remained in South Africa, his hostile retirement, and appeared as a warm advocate of unity. Botha, the Afrikander Bond, the Cape House of Assembly, moved together, and with them Farrar, Jameson and the other spokesmen of the Progressive party. A moral, no less than a political, change was essential to their success. It was necessary to eliminate the two forces hostile to union, British Jingoism and Dutch Afrikanderism—in other words, Krugerism and Milnerism. These spirits exorcised, the universal discontent of 1904 and 1905 easily and naturally gave place to the harmony of 1907 and 1908. A people growing into unity, "reached out its hands," as Mr. Fremantle well says, for the national institutions it wanted, and the "South African question" ceased to exist as a pre-occupation of British statesmen

Mr. Amery has, indeed, a different theory from that of Mr. Fremantle and of most fair and competent observers of the South African situation, a theory which will excite more amusement than anger in white South Africa. He cannot deny that the grant of responsible Government hastened the advent of union. He cannot deny, though he suppresses the fact, that Lord Milner was a bitter opponent of the Constitution of 1906, and prophesied every conceivable ill from it. He is compelled to record the fact that Milner endeavored to force the suspension of the Cape Constitution, in order, as Mr. Fremantle says, "to carry through federation without allowing the people to express any opinion about it through their representatives." But he insists that the real inspiration to the movement for unity came through the officials whom Lord Milner left to South Africa as a legacy and witness of his rule. The chief of these comforters was a Mr. Curtis, who, if we remember rightly, is chiefly known in South Africa as a member of the "Balliol Kindergarten," and the author of some amateur exercises in municipal government. From a memorandum of Mr. Curtis, it appears, flowed the first impulse to South African unity. South Africa, we fear, contains an ungrateful people, for the memorandum fell on somewhat listless ears, and neither Mr. Curtis nor any other member of Lord Milner's school for statesmen appears in a representative capacity at any stage of the movement towards unification. Not one ever sat for a South African constituency. The "policy of reconstruction" may have been of deep consequence to the country, and here and there doubtless it was of some material value, but its authors are mysteriously lost in the "illimitable *veld*." Some of the chief makers of the South African Constitution were Lord Milner's personal opponents. All were citizens of South Africa, who had made it their home long before the war. It is possible to argue that that event worked, in the end, for unification. But it is not open to any candid critic to deny that the disappearance of Lord Milner, of his agents, his institutions, and even his attitude of mind, was its indispensable preliminary.

It is this fact which, we suspect, accounts for the extreme bitterness of the polemic which Mr. Amery quaintly styles a "history" of the South African War and settlement. The Boers he can pardon, and even, in a lofty manner, appreciate. But he cannot forgive the Liberal Party and Liberal ideas for succeeding where Lord Milner failed. In his concern to show what South Africa suffered by Lord Milner's withdrawal, he is, indeed, somewhat embarrassed by the march of events. On page 199, he tells us, mournfully, that after the expatriation of the Chinese the "British population began to dribble away from South Africa in a continually increasing stream." But, on page 206, the "British population has stopped dribbling away from the Transvaal." Equally intractable are the political facts. On one page we are informed that the "military surrender of Vereeniging" had been converted by the elections to the new responsible Government into "a great political victory for the Boers," and that in "all the legislatures the champions of militant Afrikanderdom ruled supreme." On another he admits that the reconciliation of the Boers, the vital condition of unification under the British flag, had "come earlier and more spontaneously in response to the confidence shown" in them by the Liberal Party. It might seem to the average intellect that this was to concede the whole case for Liberal policy in South Africa. But Mr. Amery is bound to insist that no good can come out of the organised hypocrisy of Liberalism. The South African elections were fruits of a "reaction," which ought to have ruined South Africa. Unfortunately for Mr. Amery it led straight to union. The exasperating fact was that in neither political development had Mr. Amery's hero any share.

Pity these sorrows of a pamphleteer whose "history" will not bend to his purpose. If self-government did not ruin South Africa, then the repatriation of the Chinese coolies ought to have achieved that end. Here, indeed, the habitual falsity of a Liberal Government attained the pitch of working both for and against the cessation of Chinese labor. A "decisive struggle," he informs us on page 180, had taken place on that question between the Government and their supporters, which had ended in the victory of the

*"The 'Times' History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902." Vol. VI. Edited by L. S. Amery. Sampson, Low & Marston. 21s. net.

"The New Nation." By H. E. S. Fremantle, M.A. John Ouseley, Limited. 5s. net.

party, and a resolve to cancel the ordinance. But (page 183) they retained the "hope" that some form of responsible Government in the Transvaal would enable them to continue it. Mr. Amery does not explain how a superseded ordinance could have been revived, or why the Liberals should have revived it, in face of the unanimous opinion of their party, the prevailing hostility of South Africa and the self-governing Colonies, the scandals of the Buckley report, which Mr. Amery crudely mis-describes, the disorganisation of the system, and its complete economic failure. Finally, the "acute depression" on the Rand did not, as Mr. Amery states, follow the repatriation of the Chinese: it preceded that event, and passed away as the capital error was gradually cancelled.

We have said little of Mr. Fremantle's excellent work on the framing and the effect of the South African Constitution, but we have woven its main thesis into our criticism of Mr. Amery's book. Mr. Fremantle's political opinions are probably as strong as Mr. Amery's, but he can state them with candor, without a touch of bitterness or of meanness, and with a knowledge of the capital events of South African constitutional history and their bearing on the story of the last seven years which puts Mr. Amery's evasive partisanship to shame. There are few pages in the political part of the "Times" history which can be perused with pleasure or confidence in its pretentious generalisations by any one but an uncritical admirer of Lord Milner. On the other hand, Mr. Fremantle's intelligent summary of the last phase of South African history can be read with profit and without a touch of offence by all who took part in it on one side or the other. It is the expression of those persistent ideas of South African polity which, among recent governors, Sir Hercules Robinson best understood, and Sir George Grey and Lord Kimberley might have succeeded in bringing to their appointed end. Mr. Fremantle shows how every earlier attempt to secure a united South African Government failed because this country tried to impose it from without instead of watching it grow from within. After the bloody interruption of the war those ideas re-emerged, the clearer because of the dark background of strife and division against which they were thrown. The man who perceived them best and gave them their most fruitful expression was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, to whose memory—"never to be forgotten by South Africans"—Mr. Fremantle dedicates his book. Campbell-Bannerman had neither Lord Milner's energy of mind nor his hardness of heart. He had only common sense and sympathy.

## MEXICO.*

Major Hume begins his introduction characteristically with a quotation from one of the letters of Cortes, in which the conqueror dwells on the similarity of Mexico and Spain.

That similarity has subsisted down to the present day. In none of the republics of Spanish America, with the possible exception of the State of Antioquia, in Colombia, have so many Spanish customs remained. The great old houses, with their saguanes and azoteas; the huge tracts of territory, held both in Mexico and in Southern Spain by the descendants of the conquerors; the wealth of churches and convents; the aristocratic society with democratic manners; the great plains, with their intersecting mountain ranges, complete the outward similarity.

The many archaic words in the Spanish of country Mexicans, the trains of mules with tinkling bells, the deep-cut saddle of the horsemen, with its high horn and cantle, a modification of the "silla à jerezana," as was the latter of the saddle of the Moors; the riding dress, with its short jacket and trousers open down the sides, which is but the survival of the costume of the "charros" of the plains and hills of Salamanca, are identical. Thus the first sentence of the introduction strikes a fitting keynote to the book.

The book itself shows a marked step in advance from the author's book about Peru. This work is soberer, more analytical, less prejudiced, shows much less flag-wagging, and seems to point to the fact that the writer is not so sure the world was built after designs he himself furnished, as did his book about Peru.

It is better written, too, and has far fewer purple patches, and throughout shows knowledge of the subject and a desire to do full justice to the Mexicans. This attitude grows daily rarer in members of our "imperial" race, and marks the author for a man with an open mind.

A pretty humour now and then peeps out, as when he quotes the perhaps unconscious hypocrisy contained in the message of Cortes to Montezuma: "I have come to redress abuses and punish oppressors, and to establish the true faith." One seems to listen to some speech of one of our pro-consuls, when about to wipe out some tribe of "niggers" who have dared to cavil at our gin. The historical portion of the book is interesting, correct, succinct, and very clear, and takes one from the landing of Cortes, till the great Teocalli falls, and Guatemoc is taken on the lake. Cortes himself is treated fairly, and justice done to his great powers, both as a statesman and a general, and, above all, the writer treats the part the church had in the conquest fairly and sympathetically. The chaplain of the expedition, Father Olmedo, he styles, quite justly, "wise and pious," and might have stated that his strong common sense, on several occasions, restrained the proselytising fury shown by Cortes. The description of the retreat across the causeways ("La Noche Triste") is graphic in the extreme, and although taken, I suppose, partly from Bernol Diaz and partly from the letters of Cortes, is so well done as to seem like an original piece of work. The chapter on the country under the Viceroys is full of interest, and contains matter little known to ordinary readers, at least in England. It is evidence of how far true criticism has advanced in regard to Spain since Prescott's time, when we recall passages as liberal as this: "But it would not be just to proclaim that life under Spain's rule was hard or oppressive, or marked by continued ferocity and bloodshed. . . . Nor can the abuses of the natives be cast at Spain's door altogether." The contrary was held as an irrefutable axiom by almost all the other writers on Spain and Spanish rule.

One wonders if the writer has well weighed his words before he wrote the passage, "The colonists of Mexico, like those of Peru, or, indeed, of any of the countries of the New World, themselves were the greatest oppressors of the natives. . . ."

Had he but written, "both of the Old Word and the New," he would have hit upon a universal truth. One wonders what sort of Peralvido justice would be meted out to the mere niggers, either in India or Africa, unless in Paris and in London there still were men who can take larger views upon such things than the mere colonist, whose hand is naturally against all those not of his race, and especially against the natives, who occasionally do him material damage in his interests.

It is very well brought out, that the first efforts for Mexican independence were directed by churchmen, two of whom paid for their efforts with their lives. In treating of the Viceroys, either of Mexico or of Peru, the author might have quoted their famous phrase, when they received a foolish order from old Spain. Far too polite to treat it lightly, they used to write, after due compliments, "Order received, I obey, but don't comply with it," a formula that it would seem is often acted on, though not professed, by governors in other empires than that of Spain. The pages treating about modern Mexico, reserve still more surprises for the man who has read the author's book about Peru. We of the Anglo-Saxon race know so well when to suppress the truth, without exactly lying, that the following is almost startling in its brutal truthfulness. Speaking of Texas, the writer says: "Whatever may have been the faults displayed . . . the fact remains to the honor of Mexico that she forbade slavery, which showed her civilisation certainly not inferior to her Anglo-Saxon neighbors." If writers go on at this rate, speaking the truth after the fashion that it strikes them, good-bye, a long good-bye, to the old "bletherings" about the cruelty of Spain. No one denies, or seeks to palliate, the horrors of the conquests, either of Mexico or of Peru, or the annihilation of the Indians in Hispaniola; but still, nations who have exterminated a whole race of men, as we did in Tasmania, or who, only a generation past, burned men and women in a cave, as did the French, or treated people as the Belgians have the Congo tribes, or blown up men and women in

* "Mexico." By C. Reginald Enoch, F.R.G.S. With an introduction by Martin Hume. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

the Matoppo caves with dynamite, have little right to talk of what the Spanish did three hundred years ago. Very interesting is the chapter on the Mexican people, and on the whole extremely fair. An attempt is made to hold the scales as between English and Spanish-speaking races in America, and with considerable success.

We are told about the native kindliness of Mexicans, their hospitality, their love of pomp, their class exclusiveness, their kindly, democratic manners, their love of using quite unnecessary long words, which latter habit most likely soon will disappear, as it has disappeared in Spain, where it survived till lately, a relic of the eighteenth century's bad taste.

Now, as regards Spain at least, Homeric laughter greets the speaker who indulges in fine words, and so, no doubt, will be the case in Mexico when education in the true sense extends. The same applies to the phenomenon seen throughout Mexico and South America of railways made in districts without roads, in palaces of stucco, electric lighting in a town with unpaved streets, and generally all the outside of European civilisation, and nothing of its, perhaps hypothetical, interior grace. The virtues and the vices of the Mexican are set down, without extenuation, as the writer sees them, and he concludes in a most sympathetic passage: "Here is the material of a vigorous and prolific race, which may be destined to bulk largely—like the whole of Spanish America—in the future *régime* of the civilisation of the white man."

How that same civilisation may eventually pan out no one can tell, but it is evidence of progress to see so eminently an Anglo-Saxon writer as is the author of the book, confess that anything can possibly be good outside the limits of his race.

Chapters on social life, on progress, with the due columns of figures of exports and of imports, are excellent and interesting to those who care about such things. There is the usual praise, although a little guarded in this case, of Don Porfirio Diaz, also a chapter upon bull-fighting, describing it, as if no one had ever heard of it before, and rightly censuring its cruelty. In this connection it is a pity the author did not, in a note, put in a word about tame stag-baiting, or pheasant-shooting, or the delightful spectacle of a fox torn to pieces by the hounds, whilst women look on with delight, and have their children's faces smeared with the fox's blood.

Perhaps this was a little too much to expect; but still I live in hopes that some day a writer will appear who sees, not only the bull-fighting beam in the Castilian's eye, but the mote in the Anglo-Saxon cornea of what is known as "sport." For those who care about it, there is a chapter upon horsemanship, accurate and interesting, and quite devoid of prejudice, and for a wonder, all the nonsense usually talked about the jaw-breaking (*sic*) bit and the huge spurs is contradicted, and, marvellous to tell, nothing is said about fox-hunting, and we are not informed that, after all, a fine fox-hunter is the best horseman upon earth. The writer sees each style is best for what it aims at, and sensibly leaves well alone.

Taken as a whole, the book is interesting, well written, and contains a mine of information, as well as a good map, and clearly shows the enormous progress on the material side, that Mexico has made in the last twenty years.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

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## THE FREE CATHOLIC CHURCH.*

The "Free Catholic Church," of Mr. Lloyd-Thomas, which was so widely and appreciatively noticed in the Press on its first appearance, has now been done into Italian by Sig. Fantoni Sellon, with an introduction by an anonymous Roman ecclesiastic, dealing with the actual state of Italian Catholicism.

The Modernist movement, with its suggestion of a possible separation of the dead and living elements of existing Catholicism, has roused a considerable amount of interest among the more thoughtful and learned leaders of Nonconformity in this country, of whom Mr. Lloyd-Thomas is one. A deeper knowledge of the origin and development of the Christian religion, combined with a philosophy based on a comparative study of religion in general, has made it difficult to rest contentedly in any sort of exclusive sectarianism or in anything short of a religion that is one and catholic, just because truth is one and catholic, and not the monopoly of an elect few. The attempt, however confused and abortive, to actuate such an ideal on the part of those who profess and call themselves Catholic, must evoke a certain sympathy from minds so prepared, especially from one so entirely hopeful and constructive as that of Mr. Lloyd-Thomas. Like every prophet, he may be disposed to foreshorten the weary time that lies between to-day and the expected *Parusia*, to overlook the ranges of hills and valleys that separate him from the distant peak of his aspiration. But who shall say that the failures of past strivings for a Catholic unity point to an inexorable law of failure? Have not new intuitions, discoveries, events, personalities repeatedly belied laws hitherto deemed inexorable? Were not man's efforts to understand and control the conditions of his bodily life once as hopelessly chaotic, discordant, and barren as his present efforts to control his spiritual life? But, with the conception of science, of law and order, a new epoch dawned. Science, so far as it is scientific, is one, catholic and perpetual. Astrology and alchemy were as discordant and manifold as man's dreamings. Purged of the subjective or dream-element, they gave place to a catholic astronomy and chemistry. The authority of big names yielded to that of the freely formed and freely criticised collective mind, and the unity long sought was found at last.

Is it not then possible that in the measure in which religion comes to be recognised as an universal attribute of human nature, growing with the growth of man's mind, from its grotesque embryonic state up to its rational and orderly maturity, and in the measure that its phenomena are classified and co-ordinated and its uniformities recognised, it, too, may enter upon a new epoch and realise its confused dreams of unity, catholicity, and progressive perpetuity? There is more hope of this than of the unity to be reached by cancelling all the work of religious thought and effort and returning to the barren simplicity of an undifferentiated religiosity—by ceasing to believe in our differences. Still less feasible is a violent syncretism of forms that exist in virtue of their incompatibility and definitely exclusive character—a mere logical unity of species under one genus. The subtlety of its subject-matter, the consecrated force of habit and tradition, the prejudices of nationality, the vested interests of individuals and corporations, these and a thousand other causes offer an obstruction to religious unification that science had not to encounter in anything like the same degree. But it is only a difference of degree—a demand for more time.

In the introduction, an anonymous Roman ecclesiastic shows us the last despairing effort of that short-cut method which would realise unity and catholicity by means of a quasi-military dictatorship—by the subjection of the world to the private will and judgment of a single individual, presented as the counterpart of God's will and judgment. As long as faith could accept this pretension and support an obedience as absolute as the authority claimed by the Pope, the system produced a mechanical uniformity within the limits of the resulting sect that was as like the ancient Catholicism as a stone idol is to the living God.

The introduction shows us this system in collapse for lack of an obedience proportionate to its claims. It is the pathetic story of the struggles of Pius X. to reverse the course of the sun, to defy the tide of science and democracy. Honestly convinced that his cause is the cause of God, he fights for it as saints and martyrs fight, scorning the weapons of carnal wisdom, and undaunted by the steady failure of project after project. Left to himself, he would quickly bring the truth to light by a *reductio ad absurdum*. But his utterly unworthy *entourage* is crafty enough to thwart so unworldly a policy where its own interests are threatened. Yet the days of Ultramontanism

* "Una Libera Chiesa Catholica." Opera di J. M. Lloyd-Thomas, tradotta dal Cab. Prof G. A. S. Fantoni Sellon. Firenze: Bemporad & Figlio.

are numbered. It remains to be seen whether the underlying Catholicism of the Roman communion be dead or only dying, and, if the latter, whether it be strong enough to recover its primitive freedom, and to recognise as its supreme authority the freely formed and freely criticised mind of the whole body of the Church—lay and cleric.

G. Tyrrell.

## SIDE LIGHTS ON ROMAN HISTORY.*

Under this rather vague title Signor Ferrero has collected a number of lectures delivered recently in Paris and various American cities. The author is favorably known by his work entitled "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," a book the merits of which have been fully recognised in the columns of this journal. But we must say regretfully that we fear the present volume will not, at least among serious scholars, add to the respect felt for the gifted author. The effort to make the life of the ancient world known to those who cannot study the original sources is entirely praiseworthy, and English scholars have done a great deal in the last few years to diffuse such a knowledge. But they have shown that interest may be excited without the sensational art which deals in thumping emphasis, in advertising, as original discoveries, ideas which have been long the possession of the learned, in unqualified and paradoxical assertion as to characters and periods where the scrupulous scholar, knowing the paucity or suspicious character of his authorities, speaks with a delicate reserve. It is all very well to interest people in the story of the past, but, in doing so, inference or hypothesis, however brilliant, should not be proclaimed as certain fact, and sign-painting should not take the place of portraiture.

We should be sorry to say that Signor Ferrero has been guilty of these faults in their vulgarest form. A scholar of his rank cannot so far forget the dignity and duty of scholarship. But in these lectures he has sometimes, no doubt from a praiseworthy desire to show how the shadow of Roman destiny projects itself even over the twentieth century, got perilously near to the edge. Is it necessary for a man of his mark to advertise again and again his great work as a new revelation on the meaning of Roman history, yet one apparently so Delphic in its utterances that the leaders of French parties have, as he tells us, each found in it historical support for their conflicting theories of the State? Again and again we are told that the author at the fated moment has found the key to some enigmatic problem, that he has at last discovered the law among the maze of phenomena. We do not deny—indeed, we have in former reviews emphatically asserted—that Signor Ferrero has often put the facts of Roman history in a most fresh and suggestive way. But a scholar does not advance his reputation by proclaiming his own originality and wishing to stand alone. The greatest scholars have always respected the solidarity of their class and the services of their contemporaries and their predecessors. In his chapter on Roman corruption the author seems to be unaware that the idea or law on which he prides himself as an original discovery has been expounded with ample illustration by writers in recent years both here and abroad. To speak of Mommsen and Duruy as laid upon the shelf and never read, is both contrary to fact and to good taste. The name of Mommsen is already securely enshrined beside those of Scaliger and Casaubon and Bentley.

Signor Ferrero rightly claims that there is a certain unity of idea running through at least three of these lectures. He wishes to show in concrete form, and to invest with personal interest, that great conflict between old Roman conservatism and the Greek and Oriental spirit, which appeared at least as early as the Second Punic War. It is a subject which has been treated by masterly hands, and not least ably by Mommsen. Signor Ferrero has given the subject a fresh interest, even if he does not add to our knowledge, and although some of his conclusions may seem rather precarious. The best chapter seems to us to be that on Tiberius and Julia, in which the two movements are seen incarnate in the gloomy Emperor and his emancipated wife, in which some puzzles are ingeniously resolved, and both Tiberius and Julia are in the end shown to have been doomed to infamy by the fierce collision of the great forces that were rending Roman society. The chapter on Antony and Cleopatra summarises the view of their relations given in the author's third volume. The idea that their relation was far more politic than sentimental, that the Egyptian Queen wished to steady her throne by a powerful alliance, while the triumvir hoped, by placing Egypt under a Roman protectorate, to shift the political centre to the East, and prepare for the conquest of Persia, is certainly probable hypothesis, and does credit to its author's ingenuity. The chapter on Nero gives on the whole a sound view of his character and reckless impulses. But the interpretation of Agrippina as the champion of old Roman ideals of morality, and frugal, sober government is certainly not supported by our authorities. And the close of the lecture is characterised by a sensational extravagance which lowers the dignity of history. To represent the hated Antichrist, by reason of his taste for spurious art, as unconsciously working for the triumph of the Medieval Church, and so a fellow-laborer with St. Paul, whom he may have burnt, is surely paradox run mad.

In the other lectures there is the same mixture of interesting suggestion with novelties intended to be brilliant, but which sometimes make us suspicious of the judgment which can propound them. Signor Ferrero gives a valuable sketch of the extension of the trade in Italian wines over the West. But he does not increase our confidence in him when he affirms that the foundation of the Principate was due to the extension of Italian vineyards, and that the political triumph of Rome in the west meant the triumph of Dionysos, as the taste for champagne was really due to the French Revolution! The lecture on the conquest of Gaul is injured by the same habit of sledge-hammer, paradoxical assertion. To any one who knows the previous relations of Rome with Gaul, the internal politics of the country before Cæsar appeared there, and the perpetual pressure of the tribes beyond the Rhine, the assertion that the conquest was an accident, and Gaul merely a pawn in the game of civil war is, to say the least, rather startling. The economic development of the province under Roman rule is admirably sketched by Signor Ferrero; but when he states that its hidden wealth was a discovery of the reign of Augustus, he forgets that, years before the conquest, the country was swarming with Roman merchants carrying on a lucrative trade. The lecture on social development under the Empire contains much that is sound and interesting. But it is wanting in masterly lucidity, and the author flatters himself too much on being an original discoverer. Others before him have, as far back as the rhetor Aristides, seen the unifying effect of peaceful economic development. Others have pointed out that material advance was not accompanied by intellectual aspiration and achievement. The work of spiritual unification was reserved for the Church. But the historian should not fail to pay a tribute to the genius of Julian, who saw the want, and nursed for a brief space the dream of a spiritual unity organised by Neo-platonic theology around the worship of the Sun.

* "Characters and Events of Roman History." By G. Ferrero. Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

## LECONTE DE LISLE.*

If there be any truth in the common view that a great writer's fame sinks to its lowest in the years immediately following his death, and that we must wait for a decade before he emerges in his true proportions, then it is time for criticism to busy itself about assigning a definite place to Leconte de Lisle. It is now fifteen years since he died, and more than fifty since his early volumes won him a band of admirers who placed him little, if at all, below Victor Hugo. Since then several of the leading critics among his countrymen have attempted to estimate his achievement. Brunetière gave him a chapter in his "L'Evolution de la Poésie Lyrique," M. Bourget made him the subject of one of his analytical studies in the

* "Essai sur Leconte de Lisle" Par Jean Dornis. Paris: Ollendorff. 3fr. 50.

"Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine," and M. Lemaître painted his literary portrait in the second volume of "Les Contemporains." But the aloofness that characterises Leconte de Lisle's poetry has proved a difficult barrier to cross, and though each of those essays is full of interest and helps to a juster comprehension of the poet, none of of them is completely satisfying. And the same is true of M. Jean Dornis' painstaking work. It is founded, in part, upon material furnished by the poet himself, and as a contribution to his intellectual biography is therefore of capital importance. But it is weak on the critical side; M. Dornis can see no spots in the sun; and his attempt to show that the poet who so uncompromisingly sang the blessedness of "le divin Néant" still retained some shadow of longing for personal immortality, was foredoomed to failure. Leconte de Lisle neither believed in immortality nor hoped it might be true. For him life was but the illusion of an illusion. His famous "impassibility" was only a mask with which he covered a despairing and incurable scepticism.

Born in the island of Réunion, of mixed Creole and Breton blood, Leconte de Lisle joined a delight in the color and splendor of tropical scenery with the dreamy introspection of the Celt. If we add to these his scientific bent and resolve to make poetry the vehicle for the highest and most exact thought of his time, we shall have the chief sources of his inspiration. Baudelaire has drawn a very just comparison between him and Renan. In both, he says, there are "the same ardent, yet impartial, curiosity with reference to religions, and the same spirit of universal love, not for humanity itself, but for the various forms in which man, in every age and clime, has incarnated beauty and truth." There is something repellent in this attempt to construct a palace of art where the hopes and fears of present-day life will find no entrance, but with Leconte de Lisle the mood was, at least in some degree, one of reaction and recoil. Early in life he felt, like Hugo, that a life of action, rather than of contemplation, was the poet's proper sphere, and during the Revolution of 1848 he was an ardent Republican. But his scepticism grew, and he turned aside from every aspect of modern life. He hated the misery and ugliness which he believed inseparable from industrial conditions. All effort at improvement he regarded as striving towards an impossible ideal, and he turned to the philosophy of the Indian sages and to closer absorption in the practice of his art.

Henceforth two themes engaged his whole attention: the study of nature apart from man, and the mythologies of the past. For the latter he was qualified by erudition and a scrupulous care for exactness which did not altogether exclude pedantry. Such spellings as Akhilleus and Klytaimnestra show his passion for correctness. But it is in his nature-poems that he has won his greatest triumphs, and it is they that constitute his title to greatness. French critics have been unanimous in praising the almost absolute perfection of their form, and—though this is a matter upon which a foreign reader must touch with diffidence—it would be hard to imagine anything superior to such poems as "Le Sommeil du Condor," "La Panthère Noire," or "Le Midi." The concluding stanzas of "Le Midi" express the poet's dominant mood:—

"Homme, si le cœur plein de joie ou d'amertume,
Tu passais vers midi dans le champ radieux,
Fuis, la nature est vide, et le soleil consume,
Rien n'est vivant ici, rien n'est triste ou joyeux.

Mais si, désabusé des larmes et du rire,
Altéré de l'oubli de ce monde agité
Tu veux, ne sachant plus pardonner ni maudire,
Goûter une suprême et morne volupté,

Viens, le soleil te parle en paroles sublimes,
Dans sa flamme implacable absorbe-toi sans fin,
Et retourne à pas lents vers les cités infimes,
Le cœur trempé sept fois dans le néant divin."

The same note is repeated in that wonderful poem, "L'Illusion Suprême," where, after a magnificent description of tropical beauty, he thus asks and answers the great question:—

"Ah! tout cela, jeunesse, amour, joie et pensée,
Chants de la mer et des fôrets, souffles du ciel
Emportant à plein vol l'Espérance insensée,
Qu'est-ce que tout cela, qui n'est pas éternel?
Soit! la poussiére humaine en proie au temps rapide,
Ses voluptés, ses pleurs, ses combats, ses remords,
Les Dieux qu'elle a conçus et l'univers stupide,
Ne valent pas la paix impassible des morts."

The last number of the "Hibbert Journal" contains an article by Professor Dewey, entitled "Is Nature Good? A Conversation," in which one of the characters says: "I was watching a beautiful wave; its lines were perfect; at its crest, the light glinting through its infinitely varied and delicate curves of foam made a picture more ravishing than any dream. And now it has gone; it will never come back. So I weep." This was Leconte de Lisle's attitude to the beauty he lived for, though in his case he never told the world he wept. "The public confession of personal sorrows," he said, "is a vain and gratuitous profanation of them."

## MIDDLE-CLASS FICTION.

While we can count up, to-day, a hundred or more talented story-tellers, it seems doubtful whether even a handful of the novels of this generation will stand the test of time. The scarcity of genius is not the sole explanation: if we look deeper we must recognise that the great bulk of middle-class art which reflects the indeterminate and adulterated standards of taste of an enormous audience, fails through a striking lack of the sense of style. The pace and confusion of modern life seem to be fatal to the establishment, or even the recognition, of traditional graceful forms. Each man works as he pleases, independent of example. If we have to choose between formal and formless mediocrity, we may indeed vote for the latter, but it is undeniable that not only is a great deal of talent in fiction wasted through lack of appreciation of good standards, but that the preoccupation of the middle-class audience with a writer's matter, encourages, directly, mediocrity of aesthetic form. And, as art lives by the triumph of style, it seems that the typical middle-class environment and education are as unfavorable to pure art as they are favorable to the diffusion of a superficial culture and educated feeling. In the vast majority of modern novels the appeal lies not in the artistic power or beauty of the picture, but in its mental interest as a human record. The temperamental quality of these novels rarely calls for notice, while we find the scenes, situations and characters are cleverly set forth in endless variety. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' "Studies in Wives" (Heinemann, 6s.), is a good example of the intelligent craftsmanship characteristic of many of our clever writers whose work is without charm and not specially original in pattern. The best story, "Althea's Opportunity," which describes vividly how the hard, successful politician, Perceval Scrope. dies suddenly in the house of his confidante, Mrs. Panfillen, and how his gentle wife, Althea, summoned in haste, succeeds in smuggling his lifeless body safely home again, without anyone being the wiser, is effective, but it is lacking in those subtle turns and twists with which a master of the short story, such as Maupassant, would have thrilled us. "Mr. Jarvice's Wife" is capitally written, but the situation, novel in its character, is not carried beyond the compass of a flying sketch. Better is "A Modern Instance," in which we follow the efforts of Oliver Germaine to discover from which of his own friends and his wife's admirers it is that Bella has drawn the large sums of money which, unknown to him, have long paid for her lavish expenditure and dressmakers' bills. It turns out that Bella has not been faithless to him, but that she has led on the elderly, timid Henry Buck, nicknamed "the Rabbit," to make her gifts amounting to four thousand pounds. Most of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' stories show our modern society in an ugly light. The weakest, "According to Meredith," is, we think, psychologically untrue, while the most human pages are to be found in an able study of married unhappiness, "Shameful Behaviour."

If "The Veil," by E. S. Stevens (Mills & Boon, 6s.), be a first novel, the author will probably have a future as a favorite of the circulating library public. In the feeling for the picturesque externals of Arab life in Tunis and the Algerian Sahara, the author shows herself quite the equal of Mr. Robert Hichens, while her study of various types of the hybrid population under French rule

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is inspired by a closer knowledge. One is always a little suspicious of European authors whose imaginations, working at double pressure to pierce the veil of "the atmosphere of mystery" in Eastern towns, fail to seize the interest of the prosaic facts of daily life, and concoct in their place a tissue of intrigues, love adventures, political plots, and other fascinating imbroglios. Even if these elements are in place, they cannot be the staple of the daily life of the people any more than a robbery in a boarding-house is characteristic of the life of Bloomsbury. Accepting "The Veil," however, as a modern romance, the figure of Mabrouka, the dancer and political spy, and of Si Ismael, the mystic and nationalist intriguer, are much better limned than is usual in novels of this class, and the author shows a good deal of insight into Oriental human nature, which, once penetrated, is less complex in its motives than, say, English human nature. The mystery, indeed, is in the veil, not behind it, and E. S. Stevens, in her next essay, would do well to eschew exciting incidents, and aim at presenting a pure study of Oriental character and environment.

"Olive in Italy," by Moray Dalton (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), is an unusually good specimen of its class. In general, our English authors' descriptions of modern Italian life, and of Anglo-Italian relations, are the product of a superficial acquaintance with the country. But Moray Dalton writes with familiarity of types in many classes, and he does not sin, as the late Marion Crawford was wont to do, by composing studio pictures of an idealised aristocratic society. Apart from the plot by which the penniless English girl, Olive Agar's, future is compromised by the scheming of the cold-blooded seducer, Prince Tor di Rocca, and apart from the theatrical ending, the atmosphere of the Sienese bourgeoisie and the Florentine pensions leaves little to be desired, and the general illusion is convincing till we are introduced into the ateliers of a little colony of cosmopolitan artists in Rome. Here the actuality of the narrative suffers from the author's scheme of bringing into collision the three men who take an active interest in the heroine. While it would be an exaggeration to say that Moray Dalton shows much artistic subtlety or any great originality in his method, the effect of his novel is of a fresh and genuine outlook, and his eye for men and manners is sufficiently keen to make us look forward with pleasure to the sequel to this well-written story, which certainly deserves its place in "The First Novel Library."

"The Wanton," by Frances Forbes-Robertson (Greening, 6s.), would take a higher rank among novels had the author known how to solve the perplexing problem of the tongue best adapted to the portrayal of thirteenth century manners. Miss Forbes-Robertson has taken the easiest way out by boldly employing ninteenth-century English, and, naturally, the artistic illusion is shattered on every fresh page. Modern phrases convey modern sentiments, and though the author has sufficient instinct to avoid patent absurdities, the atmosphere of her medieval castle life is, all too clearly, passed on to us through the refining mesh of the Victorian mind. Her two heroines, Beltis and Cecilia, are, however, far less modern in outlook than is the vehicle of their talk, and their characters are so true to feminine nature that we readily grant that their figures are not out of place against a thirteenth-century background. Her knightly heroes, Osteric and Valdemar, are rather personifications of masculine qualities than living men, but in many of her scenes the author shows considerable insight into the medieval mind, though she sentimentalises in modern fashion over the poetic and picturesque elements, and does not realise the prosaic details. The novel is, however, both spirited and fresh in color, and the author should persevere in this, her chosen, vein. In striking contrast to "The Wanton" is "The Mystery of the Myrtles," by Edgar Jepson (Hutchinson & Co., 6s.), a story which, in the ingenuity of its thrills, recalls that old favorite of fifty years ago, Wilkie Collins. The intrepid traveller, Sir George Vine, returns to his old suburban house, The Cedars, to find that the adjoining mansion, The Myrtles, with its untouched jungle of a garden, wild and overgrown with underwood, is the scene of uncanny and diabolical rites. A secret society of occultists, fashionable practitioners of the black art, Mr. Warrender, Lady Barshalton, the villainous mystic, Mr. Brown, alias Murgatroyd, the Duchesse of Morbilhan, &c., with a crew of satellites, sinister Malays, meets weekly, and incredible to say, sacrifices on a stone altar, on the lawn, the victims they have lured to the villa gates. Mr. Fotheringay, Sir Bradford Ledbury, Lord Wembley, and a humble cabman, along with a number of black kids, in turn are despatched by the occultists to the appropriate accompaniment of infernal rites, and the last victim, the fascinating Miss Crystal Warrender, is only dragged from the altar, in the nick of time, by the resourceful Sir George, who escapes with his burden while the occultists are stabbed by the Malays running amuck. To do Mr. Jepson justice, he works up to the final scene of suburban slaughter with a cunning that will gratify the taste for the gruesome. Nothing is too shocking, but everythi g is shocking enough, and there is a delightful American, Mr. Odgett, who is true to the best traditions of the American of fiction.

"Starbrace," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (George Bell & Sons, 6s.), is a novel of unusual vigor. The author has essayed to paint, with considerable success, the household life of several families of Sussex Squire Westerns, in the mid-eighteenth century. The character of the sullen, boorish, fiercely independent hero, Starbrace, half yokel and half gipsy, is a strong conception, though the heroine, Theodora, who falls in and out of love with him, is too modern in tone to be true to the period. Miss Kaye-Smith should study the women in Richardson's novels, if she would catch the fine shades of feminine sentiment of that day. But her open-air scenes are admirably wrought, and she has un doubtedly the power of drawing masculine character.

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In "The Pilgrim's March" (Melrose, 6s.), Mr. H. H. Bashford presents a study of a lad of genius slowly making his way, not without false starts and errant zigzags, towards his natural line of development. The construction is not faultless, and there are thin spots in the narrative, but the characterisation is good, and still better is the author's conspicuous fairness of outlook. Few, indeed, are the English writers capable of picturing impartially, from outside, the mental state of a narrowly Puritan circle. Mr. Bashford comprehends and almost sympathises with his zealously Evangelical family, attributes to them no taint of hypocrisy, but draws them sincerely religious, fervently devoted to good works, animated by real kindliness, and genuinely free from any selfish aim. Yet, in spite of all these virtues, life among them is sheer suffocation for a born artist. Robin, the "pilgrim" who has understood all their merits, has shared their enthusiasms, and even for a time lived happily among them, comes to a sharp break, involving much pain, resentment, and misunderstanding; and as we read, we know that the break was inevitable, that nobody was to blame, and that, in a sense, both sides were right. It is a triumph of impartiality—or perhaps it should rather be said of sympathetic perception—on the part of Mr. Bashford.

* * *

The author of "The Bargain: A Story of Love," by Theodora Wilson Wilson (Hutchinson, 6s.), has, it is evident, plenty of capacity, and seems to be pouring out work that is by no means up to her highest level. Now, in art, as in life, the choice of the easy way is the first step on the road to deterioration. There are literally scores of writers capable of producing as good a novel as this, and some of them are congenitally incapable of ever going a step higher. They are not to be blamed—unless, indeed, for not desisting—but Miss Wilson, who, if she chose to bestow upon her work "the real labor from which human beings have always shrunk—the labor of thinking"—could write a novel that should in some true sense mirror reality, is to be blamed for offering us "The Bargain" instead. She ought not to rest content with the poor, trite, improbable plot, the chain of coincidences, the inordinately long conversations, and the languidly flowing narrative. Stern self-criticism, ruthless excision, the casting out of every useless or banal word and phrase, these are the remedies for Miss Wilson's disease, which is the very common one of literary slackness. It is a disease of which a writer must cure himself or die; and it is certain that if

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Mr. Gerard Bendall's novel, "The Old Home" (Alston Rivers, 6s.), is mere chatter. Let not that verdict, however, be taken to imply condemnation in the highest degree; some novels are mere drivel. Some novels, also, to which the label "mere chatter" might fairly be applied are in their way treasures: those of Peacock at once occur as examples. "The Old Home," like those, consists almost entirely of conversations, and, like them, is peopled rather by types than by persons. Unfortunately, both the fantastic imagination and the felicity of phrase that belong to the older author are altogether lacking, and when these qualities are withdrawn, what remains? Little else, indeed, than the gossip over their wine of Conservative elderly gentlemen who like to quote Latin and occasionally just to hover on the brink of an impropriety, and around whom circle feminine automata, always described as lovely and charming, but never endowed with any breath of life. That remnant—Peacock modernised, *minus* wit, extravagance, and the poetic touch—is the substance of Mr. Bendall's volume; and it is safe to say of it that it will probably amuse some men, and will certainly bore most women.

* * *

The novelist who carries back his story into the past sails between Scylla and Charybdis. On one hand lies the danger of diminishing the differences between our forerunners and ourselves, and so merely presenting contemporaries in fancy dress, on the other that of exaggerating the differences, and so presenting personages and conditions that do not belong to actual life at all. It is on the latter rock that Miss Margaret Young has split in her not very well named story, "The Wreathed Dagger" (Cassell, 6s.), and yet she does not always steer clear of the former. While the gentlemen of her opening have neither the speech nor the decorums of the seventeenth century, but rather those of our own, her villain, her hero, her heroine, and her blind girl are creatures neither of the one nor the other, but belong purely and simply to the world of melodrama. Nor is the key of the narrative truer; it is pitched too high throughout, and the falsetto grows shriller and shriller. Apparently this is a first novel, and its failure may arise in part from immaturity and from a false literary ideal. If so, its writer may yet, with time and study, acquire good material and the art of treating it. It would be false kindness to pretend that, this time, her stuff is other than poor or her management other than erroneous.

* * *

Why is not "The Gay Paradines" (by Mrs. Stephen Batson, Stanley Paul, 6s.) a first-rate novel? The question runs parallel with perusal as page after page is turned. It has thought and construction; it faces facts as your merely "pleasant" author will never consent to do; it has a good deal of sound character drawing, and yet it never touches even the lowest place in the first class. For one thing, there is too much of it; for another the style is both bald and wordy, as may be seen from the following sentence, a fair sample, though taken almost at random:—

> "It was some three years earlier that strenuous efforts had been made to raise the militia of our English counties, so as to procure by this means recruits for the regular army, as well as to increase the forces for home defence."

Moreover, such expressions as "jolly" and "have the cheek to" strike an attentive reader as being unduly modern for speakers of the Waterloo period. If the industry bestowed upon getting so long a volume written had been directed towards careful choice of words, towards variety in the shape of sentences, and, above all, towards the exclusion of everything superfluous, "The Gay Paradines" would have been a novel that must have made its mark. As it stands, the ruck of readers who actually prefer work that lacks finish and precision will be "quite pleased" with it, but the critically minded (unless, indeed, they happen to be conscientious reviewers) will scarcely read it to the end, and will assuredly never come back to it a second time.

* * *

Mrs Tynan Hinkson's work cannot but be popular, as fairy tales are popular. Hers is the world of things as they ought to be, a sphere for which the sternest realist of us all has unconfessed hankerings. That the cousin wrongfully excluded from her inheritance, on account of a flaw in her ancestress's marriage certificate, should be beloved by the cousin in possession, and that the certificate should afterwards come to light, flawless, is not this the sort of thing we should all like to see happen? This pleasant, improbable tale holds the first place in "Cousins and Others" (by Katharine Tynan, Werner Laurie, 6s.), and is told with all the writer's own warm-hearted gusto. Most of the "others" are in the same strain, but the last of the group, "Travelling Companions," has a touch of something deeper and truer to reality, that sets the reader speculating upon the possibilities of an ending very different from the "happy" one which Mrs. Hinkson cannot bring herself to deny.

* * *

Miss Frances G. Burmester's "Davina" (Smith & Elder, 6s.), is good solid work, carefully observed, well thought out, and well executed. The persons—except, perhaps, the hero's villain brother—are real, and the situation has elements of originality. But there is one flaw. The author allows her dislike of Bertha to carry her away, and from the moment of that young woman's ill-assorted marriage she is shown steadily losing every trace of intelligence, good temper, or good manners. Now, in real life an empty-headed woman of uncertain temper who has secured a wealthy husband does not necessarily, or even generally, develop at once into either a total fool or a jealous shrew, much less into a combination of the two. If the scales had been held more evenly, if we had been made to feel that Bertha, too, had a case to plead, if Joseph himself had been torn by a sense of her false position as well as of his own, "Davina" would have come nearer to being a very fine novel. We might have pitied all the persons of the suffering trio, enmeshed alike in a tangle of circumstances, so that the tragic situation seemed inevitable. Bertha, instead of growing into a kind of monster, should have been merely the typical silly woman, souring a little as she goes on, and Joseph should have appeared rather a man who has made a fatal mistake than a man who has been entrapped, blindfold. But, when all is said, "Davina," precisely as it stands, remains well worth reading, and worth reading more than once—which is higher praise than can be given to one novel in twenty, or perhaps in fifty.

* * *

While we may admit frankly that it is not given to a score, among the many hundreds of our novelists, in any given year to produce a really admirable work of art, we should do wrong to echo the plaint of those superior persons who deplore periodically the public's growing taste for fiction. The over serious person, on matters respecting the functions of the arts in the community, is apt to show himself more myopic than the man who does not think at

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# THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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With the July number is given, as a Supplement, Mr. Arnold Bennett's new play "What the Public Wants," now being acted at the New Royalty Theatre. This is the first and only form in which Mr. Arnold Bennett's play is published.

all. A certain percentage of modern novels may be styled educational, attracting precisely that immense body of people who escape the widespreading net of serious literature, history, biography, travel, economics, sociology, &c. We have a good example of this in "The Pools of Silence," by H. De Vere Stacpoole (Fisher Unwin, 6s.), a novel which, under the jam of an exciting romance of explorers' life on the Congo, conceals the salutary powder of many Consular reports on the atrocities of Belgian rule in the Congo Free State. It is no exaggeration to say that the scenes in "The Pools of Silence," painted in hard black and white, without any artistic subtlety of tone, though vigorously drawn, will leave a stronger and more lasting effect on the reader than would any amount of leading articles in the Press. People who are not moved by statements, arguments, and statistics, quickly succumb to the orator, the dramatist, and the story-teller. Mr. De Vere Stacpoole, who does not mince matters, has "an instinct for the truth of things," and his American hero, Doctor Adams, who accompanies the renowned explorer, Berselius, to the Congo, on an expedition after big game, typifies the Englishman's abhorrence of the Congo atrocities. In the lurid description in Chapter XV., "The Punishment," which describes how the slave-villagers of the Silent Pools are whipped to death by blows of the chicotte to satisfy the whites' mad lust of cruelty, the author has concentrated the effect of many pages to be found in English Blue Books. The reader has only to turn to Mr. Conrad's masterpiece, "The Heart of Darkness," to recognise that while Mr. Stacpoole's novel is, artistically, an elementary affair, it drives home to the general public the truth of aspects which the latter fail to grasp when presented in subtler form. Fiction, in short, is the instrument best capable of adjustment for the chronicling of modern life, and the critic will not deplore that Mr. Stacpoole, in "The Pools of Silence," has written a novel with a purpose, but that, with such a good purpose in view, there are not a hundred other novelists to write of Leopold, "he talked of sentiment and religion and humanitarianism as he pulled his victims to pieces, and he pulled his victims to pieces for the sake of gold."

* * *

Significant as a sign of the times is "Much Ado About Something," by C. E. Lawrence (John Murray, 6s.), a fantastic novel which opens with a scene in English Fairyland, when Oberon, Titania, Mab, Puck, and their followers, meeting for their May Day revels, cannot keep the impetuous young fairy June from breaking away to "the narrow world of mean streets and mistaken people," which calls to her in the lurid red glow on the northern sky, marking where London lies. With June and the faithful gnome, Bim, we penetrate into the dismal limbo of Paradise Court, and thence to a banquet at the Mansion House where, moved by fairy magic, the Lord Mayor asks the City magnates, "What is the good of our wealth if it does not bring others happiness, too?" and couples with the toast of the evening "The Commerce of London" the resolution "Let us make London fit for the fairies." The supernatural machinery once set in motion, it is easy to concede Mr. Lawrence that "the great organs of the Press, with amazing unanimity, rolled their machines, blew trumpets, and beat drums in the interests of Fairy Reform." Duchesses and millionaires are converted and work for Titania's bodyguard, the aristocracy moves first, and the plutocracy follows, eager, more or less, for good deeds. It is easy to point out that in this Utopian romance the author is trying to graft on to the old stock of the fairy tale the modern slip of the realistic novel, and that the two are of a different genus. The interesting thing to note, however, is that the author's fervor should have carried him through a task impossible for anyone not uplifted by strong moral conviction. Twenty, or even ten, years ago the particular ideal of civic service which the book enshrines was far more remote from the public conscience than it is to-day.

* * *

It is perhaps scarcely fair to label either "The Cage," by Harold Begbie (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), or "Everybody's Secret," by Dion Clayton Calthrop (Alston Rivers, 6s.), "novels written with a purpose," but both books are illustrations of the fact that any question in social morals can be better presented and analysed in fiction to-day than in any other literary medium. The novelist can state his case openly without fear of exciting the prejudice that the dramatist is told to guard against, when he addresses "a mixed audience of all ages and all standards of intelligence." Mr. Calthrop's touch is so light, his feeling for picturesque situations so strong, that many readers will fail to discover that in the middle of his story they have drifted from shallow into deep waters. Welby and Iris have had intimate relations in the past; Iris leaves Welby, and the latter brings up their child Phyllis. Years afterwards Iris turns up again, and as she is engaged to be married to Toby Quarrenden, his friend, Welby decides that the past shall lie buried, and Toby shall be told nothing. Of course, the truth comes out, and the problem for Toby is whether the deceit of his friend and the woman he loves is unforgiveable? The second heroine, Christine, an actress, who has lived her life, and whose name has been smirched by mean and little-minded men, is the means by which Toby comes finally to understand that he has "always been looking at outsides." The points of conduct in question can only be weighed in relation to the stress of compelling circumstance, and it is necessary that the whole web of character shall be unravelled in the novel before a judgment is worth delivering. In "The Cage," Mr. Begbie discusses with great wealth of detail the old thesis, "Those whom God has joined let no man put asunder," and in the case of Anne and of Richard Paton who has maltreated his wife, pronounces for the indissolubility of their marriage when Paton has "reformed," though Anne has grown to love Napier, the man worthy of her. The solution in this particular case rests on the awakening of religious emotion in the woman, and we do not find the arguments, by which Napier is finally converted to her idealistic view, very convincing. It is sufficient, however, to point out that, whether Mr. Begbie's ethical solution be spiritually sound or not, the reader who follows the story carefully must gain by being forced to test carefully for himself every link in the chain of the moral argument.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

First place in the July "Nineteenth Century and After" is given to an article on "The Unity and Defence of Empire," by Sir Charles Tupper, an ex-Prime Minister of Canada, and one of the only two delegates now living who attended the Conference for the union of the North American Colonies at Quebec in 1864. He advocates the "all-red route" between this country and Australia and New Zealand *via* Canada, and suggests that, as an alternative to the presentation of "Dreadnoughts" to the home country by the Colonies, the route might be kept open "by large steamships built under Admiralty supervision, commanded by naval officers, manned by trained men, and provided with suitable armament. . . The means also of transporting troops and volunteers in time of war in the most rapid manner would thus be secured to theAdmiralty." The suggestion is interesting, though, on the double ground of expense and the impossibility of effectively armoring a trading steamer, we doubt whether it would prove practicable. Sir Felix Schuster asks himself "Are the Death Duties an Economically Sound Form of Taxation?" and, of course, answers in the negative. "The whole system of death duties," he says, "apears to me a mere device for disguising and concealing the actual burdens imposed: let the future take care of itself: sufficient for the year are the taxes thereof. But the device is unsound and demoralising." However, death duties have now had a trial of fifteen years, and none of the disadvantages mentioned by Sir Felix Schuster have become evident. Mr. Walter Frewen Lord propounds "The Creed of Imperialism," which he tells us embraces the following five articles, which "hang together like the fingers of one hand," and "soundness" in regard to which should determine whether "a Cabinet ought to hold office: (1) A supreme Navy; (2) Universal military service; (3) The preservation of our Anglo-Saxon stock throughout the world; (4) A Preferential Tariff throughout the Empire; and (5) The teaching of Imperial rights and duties in every school and university throughout the Empire." The last elec-

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# THE INDEX TO VOLUME IV. OF THE NATION

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tion gave a pretty good idea of the feeling of one important part of the Empire in regard to the fourth of these points, and we should be glad to see those who think with Mr. Lord test its feeling in regard to the second of them. Sir Edward Sassoon contributes an article on "'Cable' Reform." He shows much tenderness to the existing cable companies, though he recognises the benefit that would accrue from a national system, and gives cases justifying State intervention. Professor Vambéry concludes his interesting "Personal Reminiscences of Abdul Hamid II. and his Court." Canon Vaughan advocates the removal of the imprecatory Psalms from their present position in the public services of the English Church, and Mr. S. Rosenbaum, whose bias and qualifications are alike evident from his description as "Statistician to the Tariff Commission," enlarges upon "The Budget and Social Revolution."

* * *

"The Contemporary Review" opens with the address delivered at the University of Freiburg by Professor Weismann, on the occasion of Darwin's Centenary. It gives an interesting survey of Darwin's "great and many-sided" influence upon the various departments of scientific activity. Mr. G. K. Chesterton follows with a discussion of "The Moral Influence of Meredith." "He had neither the brighter nor the darker forms of spiritual inquiry or personal religion. He could neither rise to prayer nor sink to spirit-rapping. Yet he was a religious Pagan, because he had that great and central sacramental idea which is the one thing which marks religion from all imitations of religions or false definitions of it. . . . The element can only be called the materialism of the true mystic." This is where, according to Mr. Chesterton, that Meredith "differs most markedly from the ablest man whom he has left in his own line. . . Mr. Henry James has all Meredith's intellectualism and nearly all his intellect. Exactly what he lacks is his materialism." In "The Franco-German War: Its True Causes," Mr. Charles Lowe defends Bismarck's version of the Ems telegram, and urges that the present attitude of this country to Germany is dictated by "the same evil and unworthy passions as were directly responsible for the destruction of the French Empire." Mr. W. T. Stead writes on "The Editors of the Empire at Home," Professor Emery Barnes puts forward "The Case Against the Athanasian Creed," and Mr. H. Stanley Jevons continues his examination of "The Causes of Unemployment."

* * *

Starting with the determinist view of the modern scientific historian that "our history is going to be, logically, the final development of biology," Mr. J. W. Allen sets out in "The Place of History in Education" (Blackwood, 5s. net), to a clear and thoughtful examination of the characteristics and ideals of historical study. His general conclusion is that any real knowledge of history should help us in our speculations regarding social and political problems, but that any attempt to teach history with a view to throwing light on such matters must be carefully avoided. "The teaching of English history definitely from a patriotic point of view is," he says, "a thing not to be tolerated," for no procedure "could be less scientific, and perhaps no point of view is more distorting." The inculcation of patriotism, he justly points out, is a department of moral training, while history is an affair of intellectual training. The difficulty of approaching a period of history from an impartial point of view is illustrated by three chapters on the Reformation, in which the danger to thought from the presence of unrecognised assumptions is exemplified. Mr. Allen raises many questions with which it is impossible to deal in a short notice, and we must limit ourselves to saying that his book is a courageous attempt to deal with a difficult question. We recommend it to all who have anything to do with the teaching of history.

* * *

Although Canon Rawnsley has published a good deal about Cumberland and Westmoreland, his latest volume, "Round the Lake Country" (Maclehose, 5s. net), has the freshness born of a sustained enthusiasm for this locality. That enthusiasm took very practical shape in 1906, when he was among the most strenuous advocates for the retention of Gowbarrow Fell and Aira Force for the public. These beauty spots were in the market, and would undoubtedly have passed into private, and probably selfish, hands had the National Trust failed to raise the subscription necessary for their purchase. He is, therefore, entitled to gratitude for something more than having much extolled the fascination of the district in print. The pleasantly illustrated book before us opens in a somewhat guide-booky fashion, but we soon reach chapters that manifest the author's far-reaching knowledge of the locality, its lore, and its literary associations. Chief among the interesting features are a careful character sketch of the Countess Anne, the seventeenth century landowner whose memorial pillar stands in Brougham Parish, where her dole to the poor of £4 a year is still distributed; an appreciation, with copious extracts from the poems, of "Ald Hoggart o' Troutbeck," uncle to William Hogarth; and a picturesque description of a day at Brough Hill Fair. Natural history is introduced in an account of the Sandwich terns at Ravenglass, and stirring myth in the famous story of Beowulf, *apropos* of St. Bees; and there is not omitted a plea for the more general support of the National Trust in its work of preserving certain natural inheritances free for all time where "weary Bishops," having been deprived of their ancient hunting privileges, and weary town workers, may go and refresh themselves. The book should be very popular during the holiday season.

* * *

The five queens who figure in Mr. R. Storry Deans's "The Trials of Five Queens" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net), are Katherine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Mary, Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and Queen Caroline. The author's plan has been to give full details of each of the trials, and to attempt a summary of the law and evidence from as impartial a standpoint as possible. In this he has been very successful, and Mr. Deans's pages, besides being true to facts, are as full of romance as any novel. On the question of the divorce of Katherine of Aragon, he holds that Katherine's case was a strong one. "She never had either the justice she was entitled to by law or the justice that is called 'natural,' which, at any rate, demands a fair hearing before an impartial tribunal." On the other hand, he acquits Henry of wishing for the divorce merely because he fell in love with Anne Boleyn. "Matrimony and theology were forced upon him by the necessities of his position," and he had undoubted ground for pleading the nullity of his marriage with Catherine. So much has been written about Marie Antoinette that it is difficult to put her case from a fresh point of view. Still, the chapter on "L'Intérrogatoire Secret" is a useful help to those who wish to realise the procedure of her trial.

* * *

The fashion of writing appreciations of living artists is decidedly on the increase. Such appreciations are no longer confined to the magazines; they are exalted to the less ephemeral dignity of bound volumes. The younger generation are honored in this way, not less than the older, provided that the requisite measure of popularity has been attained. Thus, in the "Brush, Pen, and Pencil" series (A. & C. Black, 3s. 6d. net each) we have three volumes, dealing with popular draughtsmen, each of whom, we trust, has still the best part of his career before him. Mr. Tom Browne, R.I., is the subject of the work immediately under notice. The account of his artistic career has been written by Mr. A. E. Johnson, the editor of the series; and while it is by no means the first time that the originator of Tired Tim and Weary Willies has been written up, and the extent and scope of this book are not much greater than those of many magazine articles that have appeared on the same topic, Mr. Johnson's appreciation has a certain freshness and may, on the whole, be considered just. Perhaps, however, it is the pictures that lend the book its chief attraction. These are most excellently reproduced in color and monotone, and cover practically every phase of Mr. Browne's art, from the "serious" water-color drawings, made familiar to us through the Institute, to the line black-and-white contributions to comic papers. Those who wish to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Browne's humor will find this volume an excellent companion for an afternoon.

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The frontispiece to "The Green Finch Cruise" (Arnold, 5s. net) filled us with pleasurable anticipations as to the contents of the volume written and illustrated by the Rev. F. Claude Kempson. It is a fanciful sketch in the Chinese manner of the author aboard his sailing-boat, with an equally fanciful sea and background representing the shores of the Isle of Wight and certain maritime objects. If the book that follows does not entirely fulfil the promise of this decorative and clever piece of work, it is doubtless due in some measure to the fact that we do not happen to be yachtsmen. Those, however, who aspire to cruise on the Solent in a fifteen-foot boat will find here plenty of practical hints on how to make "roughing it" comfortable; many of the rough pen-and-ink sketches, too, are exceedingly happy. The author started from Bembridge and had a fortnight's solitary voyaging—solitary, that is, so far as the management of the boat and his life on board were concerned—in the course of which he appears to have explored the Isle of Wight coast pretty thoroughly, and to have noted a number of objects seen and random moral reflections indulged in. Perhaps it is the number and variety of things and thoughts that makes the book a little difficult to read to a finish. Such a book is a difficult one to write in a way that the yachtsman may profit thereby and the general reader enjoy it.

# The Week in the City.

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This has been a fairly dull, but quite satisfactory, week. The millionaires are still boiling over with indignation about the Budget; but those who are happy in the possession of incomes of less than £5,000 a year are beginning to see less and less reason why they should join in the outcry against Mr. Lloyd George. People in the City, including a great insurance manager, tell me they see signs now of quite a strong upward movement in trade. The continuance of peace all over the world has meant a steady accumulation of savings. Cheap money has given a stimulus to enterprise and has encouraged traders to buy more freely, and to lay in stocks of raw materials and cheap goods. The result is now shown clearly in the Board of Trade returns for June, which are much better than those for the corresponding month of last year, both as regards the imports of raw material and the exports of manufactured goods. The shipping trade remains under a cloud, but there are hopes of better things, especially if the North American harvests are large enough to permit of an exceptionally heavy movement to Europe, where stocks of grain are very low. The stock markets during the week have been quiet but firm, owing to a strong investment demand backed by abundant supplies of money. So low, indeed, have the rates for loans and discounts been that on Thursday the directors of the Bank of England seriously discussed whether the official rate should be lowered to 2 per cent. The decision not to do so may have been influenced by the publication of the Board of Trade returns, which may mean a much heavier demand for money in the autumn when the world's crops are being moved.

### The Argentine Republic and its Development.

The reports from the Argentine are not altogether satisfactory, and there has been some depression in Argentine securities of all kinds. The crops, of course, are the main cause of anxiety. "When I was there in March," writes a correspondent, "the absence of rain caused some anxiety, and since then the drought has been unusually prolonged and will certainly be prejudicial to the harvest. At the same time farmers in most districts had had such an excellent season last year that they could afford to hold on to their stocks of grain, and were waiting for higher prices. It would certainly take a very long drought seriously to impair the prosperity of the country, for, apart from minerals, in which it is poor, it gives one the impression of a future United States. Although the rainfall is generally adequate, the Argentine has no need to depend upon that exclusively, for magnificent rivers run through the country, and when the Rio Negro and Rio Colorado schemes of irrigation are completed, millions of fresh acres will be brought under the plough. As the southern provinces are developed Bahia Blanca, which has now only about 40,000 inhabitants, but which is already looked upon as the future Liverpool of South America, will become an enormous port." The Argentine is rapidly supplanting the United States as our granary. The following are the figures for 1907:—

| | Wheat. | Maize. |
|---|---|---|
| Exports of Argentina to U. K., 1907 | £8,044,636 ... | £5,000,219 |
| Exports of United States to U. K., 1907 | £8,089,883 ... | £3,918,017 |

In 1892 the *total* exports of wheat from Argentina were only £2,240,000, and of maize £2,100,000. In 1907 the whole sea-borne trade of Argentina was valued at nearly 120 millions sterling. In grain, in pastoral products, in wine, in timber, possibly in the extraction of petroleum the development will continue, and the Republic only requires good government in order that the people may be contented as well as prosperous. At present the iniquities and unfairness of the official gang, while impotent to prevent the accumulation of wealth, are a perpetual irritation and leaven the bread of the people with a sense of injustice. But even the Government is probably a good deal better than it was. At all events, it is not bad enough to prevent material progress and expansion. Still investors just now should be cautious.

### The British Electric Traction.

The directors of the British Electric Traction presented last week a bad report, which raises afresh the whole question of the future of English tramways The capital of the company share—share and debenture—is £4,949,969, of which £1,614,370 is in cumulative 6 per cent. preference shares, £1,333,010 in ordinary shares, and £2,002,589 in debentures. Its business is, of course, to hold the shares of subsidiary companies, though it manages a certain amount under its own direct control. The lines in which it is interested are Scotch, English, Indian, Canadian, and Welsh, and its results consequently show the condition of tramway finance in a good many parts of the world. The sum received in dividends and interest this year amounts altogether to £142,305, and with other additions the total gross income in brought up to £161,922. Deducting from this the allowance for depreciation, expenses, and interest, we get, apart from the carry forward, a net sum available for distribution of £130,725, of which £97,485 is required for debenture interest. Thus there remains to satisfy the preferences and ordinary shareholders a sum of £33,240, raised by the amount brought forward to £68,634. Clearly it is impossible even to pay the year's preference dividend, and the company has to be content to distribute only 3 per cent. As last year there was a deficiency of 3 per cent., and as the shares are cumulative, this only brings the payments down to the end of March, 1908, leaving £76,862 in arrears. How this is to be paid off it is impossible to say, for in spite of a higher scale of fares more or less successfully introduced on the various systems, there is no evidence of increasing revenue, and, strictly speaking, the profits ought to be applied to writing down the value of investments, which stand in the balance-sheet at over £5,000,000, but are apparently not worth much more than half that figure. Altogether the position is a serious one, and no one can say what will happen to these unhappy tramway companies. Of course, they are to a great extent paying the penalty of unsound finance, for it is quite clear now that neither the B.E.T. nor the London United Tramways had any right to pay the high dividends popular in former years. But that need not affect one's sympathy with the unhappy investors who bought at high prices six or seven years ago.

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Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO. LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 16.] SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

Lord Ripon died on Friday week, in his eighty-second year, a few months after his retirement from the Cabinet and the office of Lord Privy Seal. The son of Lord Goderich, Canning's successor in the Premiership, he first held Cabinet office forty-six years ago. Since then he has been associated, in one capacity or another, with every Liberal Administration of our times, including all the Gladstone Governments. But his great act in politics was his connection with the policy of self-government for India, and his sponsorship of the unpopular, but momentous, Ilbert Bill. His policy failed as a whole, but much of it was carried over by later Governor-Generals of India, and his name and work are landmarks in Indian history which can never be effaced. In home politics his sympathies, awakened by contact with the Christian Socialism of Kingsley's and Maurice's days, were rather markedly in the direction of social reform, and in the Cabinet, in spite of his Whig traditions, he ranked more often with the Radicals than with the Moderates. But his great gift was his firm, simple, and sympathetic character. His powers of speech, never conspicuous, had somewhat deserted him by the time that he was chosen to lead the small Liberal sect in the House of Lords. But he remained to the last one of the handful of British aristocrats whose ambition was to be in the front rather than in the rear rank of the party of progress.

* * *

Slightly better progress has been made with the Budget during the week. On Thursday morning, after an all-night sitting, and a stormy personal scene between Lord Winterton and Mr. Thorne, Clause 5 was carried. But sixty-nine clauses remain to be discussed, twenty-three of them dealing with the taxation of land. Meanwhile, the Chancellor has made fresh concessions to the landed interests, one of them definitely exempting from the increment tax all increases of value due to any cause connected with agriculture. Agricultural land, as such, is therefore definitely cleared of the duty. Furthermore, Mr. Lloyd George has promised to exempt from the whole chain of land taxes all holdings under £500 in value. Thus the small freeholder and the market gardener disappear from Tory platforms, leaving Lord Rothschild grieving alone. Sad to say, this concession was received without a touch of gratitude by the Opposition, who had pressed for it, Mr. Balfour even complaining bitterly of the exemptions that were being continually "sprung" upon him and his friends. Finally, sums paid on account of death duties are to be deducted from the income-tax. Our only fear is lest the sum of the concessions, especially the franking of ten per cent. increments, may be so large as to nullify the immediate yield of the taxes, and give the House of Lords the excuse of saying that as the land clauses establish merely a scheme of valuation and little more, they may be separated from the rest of the Bill. This line is already threatened by Mr. Balfour, who melodramatically asked how the Government "dared" to call this a Finance Bill.

* * *

We have never in the history of politics met anything quite like the ill-bred insolence with which the landlords and their friends are conducting their alleged argument on the Budget. The insolence is of all sorts and varieties. There is the insolence of the mendicant who whines for a boon, and curses the hand that gives it. There is the schoolboy insolence of Lord Winterton to Mr. Thorne, a Labor member of singularly honest and upright character, who was falsely accused of being drunk in the House, and half re-accused under pretence of an apology, until a real withdrawal and apology were wrung from the offender. There are the ponderous insolence of Lord Balfour of Burleigh and the flippant insolence of Lord Hugh Cecil, who abused the privileges of a deputation in order to bait the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his own room, and were properly trounced for their pains. Mr. Lloyd George is the son of a Welsh peasant, but during every phase of this controversy his superiority in temper and manners to the gentlemen of England has been not less conspicuous than his advantage in brains.

* *

Mr. Herbert Samuel was re-elected for the Cleveland Division on Friday week by a majority of 971. The seat was uncontested at the General Election, and the latest test of its opinions was the bye-election of 1902, when the Liberal majority was 2,036. Since then the Liberal vote has grown, but not in comparison with the rise in Unionist strength. The Liberals appear to have lost somewhat by the disputes which the first trial of the Eight Hours Act has brought with it in mining centres, and the opposition of "the trade," and also, we suspect, of the suffragettes, now counts for something in all constituencies, artisan or other. On the whole, the Budget commands a firm and always an

enthusiastic party in its support, and its appearance has already stayed Liberal-Labor dissensions in more than one constituency.

* * *

Lord Roberts's Conscription Bill, enforcing various periods of military training on British and Irish subjects between eighteen and thirty, and aiming finally at a semi-conscript army of a million and a half men, was beaten on its second reading on Tuesday by 123 votes to 103. It was opposed by Lord Lansdowne, on behalf of the Tory Whips. In spite of this fact, 98 Unionist peers supported it, and only 75 opposed it, its rejection being due to the hostile votes of 43 Liberal or *quasi*-Liberal peers. The supporting speeches were as loose as the estimates of cost. Lord Roberts did not even touch the Irish difficulty or the crucial dilemma that no regular soldiers would go out of this country in time of war until the fleet had cleared the seas, and that no invading soldiers could come in till the command of the ocean had been lost, and the country thus starved and ruined. Both he and Lord Milner clearly aimed less at a home force to save invasion, than at a Continental army, designed to invade somebody else. Both depreciated the Navy, Lord Roberts speaking of Waterloo as a more significant action than Trafalgar, and Lord Milner proposing to release our fleet from mere "coast-guard" duty, and pleading for the creation of a force capable of "serving the country anywhere."

* * *

The debate showed strong currents of conflicting opinion on the Unionist side. The Duke of Northumberland declared that it would be monstrous to throw all characters and classes together in the barrack-room, and warned the country of the moral dangers of such a course, while Lord Ampthill sneered at the Duke's amendment as ignorant, equivocal, and evasive. For the War Office, Lord Lucas declared that the Roberts scheme would only give the country for immediate mobilisation 7,000 more men than the present Territorial force, so that Britishers would practically be made conscripts for nothing.

* * *

Lord Lansdowne's personal opposition was fairly uncompromising. He declined to affirm the failure of the voluntary system, and said that Lord Roberts had assumed three most unlikely conditions of invasion—that the Regular Army had gone abroad, that the Fleet had been decoyed away, and that the Territorial Force was unprepared. Lord Curzon declared for "national service," while two Bishops supported the Bill in debate on the highly Christian ground of the good moral effects of military training. These moral effects have thus been described by a French preacher: "The family in France gives to the Army a young man clean in mind and body. The Army returns that young man to the family steeped to the very lips in debauchery, suffering from disease and degrading vice."

* * *

Early on Tuesday morning the Nationalist forces entered Teheran and are now in possession of all the capital, except the Cossack barracks, where Col. Liakhoff is holding out, but is likely soon to surrender. The Nationalists were welcomed by the people of Teheran and many of the Shah's soldiers joined them. Perfect order is being maintained, and there is no danger to Europeans. The Shah is fortifying his summer palace at Sultanatabad, a few miles from Teheran, and he has sent a force to attack the city, but it is too small to do much, and reinforcements are hurrying up to join the Nationalists. The Russian troops are at Kazoin, eighty miles away, and the forward party is urging that they should be sent to Teheran. Sir Edward Grey, though severely cross-questioned, refused to promise to oppose such a measure, which is denounced by the Nationalists, or to guarantee the combatants a fair field.

* * *

The political crisis in Germany is over. On Saturday the patchwork of new taxes passed the Reichstag and was approved by the Federal Council. Nearly all the burden falls upon the poorer classes. The Government is pledged to introduce an unearned increment tax by 1911, but it gets £25,000,000 of new revenue and has to be content. The Reichstag, having done its work, was prorogued on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Prince Bülow retired and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was appointed Chancellor, and there was a general shuffle of Imperial and Prussian Cabinet offices. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is fifty-two years old. He entered the Prussian Civil Service in 1882, in 1905 became Prussian Minister of the Interior, and in 1907 succeeded Count Posadowsky, the ablest and most Liberal of living German statesmen, as Imperial Home Secretary. He is a painstaking, capable official with a good knowledge of social politics, but without much experience or interest in foreign affairs. This may mean that Herr von Schön, who remains Foreign Secretary, will have greater influence, or, perhaps, that foreign affairs may not be so much in the foreground as under Prince Bülow.

* * *

Prince Buelow has already explained matters to a Hamburg paper. He would not dissolve after the defeat of the inheritance tax because that would have strengthened the Socialists and produced an "unserviceable" Reichstag, in other words the Opposition parties would have come back stronger. He cannot understand how the Conservatives could have helped to restore the Centre to power, and he still thinks his ridiculous *bloc* might have proved durable. With regard to the future he has his fears. He doubts whether other men will be able to conquer the Socialists at the elections and whether the Germanising of Poland will continue, seeing that the Poles are the close allies of the Centre. Prince Bülow is apparently quite unrepentant, and has no nervousness as to the wisdom of the disastrous course he steered.

* * *

On Thursday Mr. Runciman, in the course of his statement on the Education Bill, withdrew the regulations for the training colleges, as a result of strong and united pressure brought to bear upon him by the Nonconformist Committee in the House of Commons. In doing so the Minister spoke sarcastically of the crowded state of the Liberal benches, adding that a "religious row" was able to smother up every purely educational consideration. The crowded benches were due to Liberal fears of the betrayal of a vital Liberal principle, which has happily been saved. The present Ministry were put in office not to impose religious tests on teachers but to take them off, and certainly not to set up a new State religion. One is quite enough. For the rest Mr. Runciman gave an enlightened account of the progress of education—the great expansion of the free training colleges, the really wonderful development of secondary and technical instruction (the secondary schools are growing at the rate of 10,000 pupils a year), and the extension of medical inspection and care for the health and civic morals of the children. The dark sides to the picture are such blots as the existence of 3,000 insanitary schools and of classes of sixty. Do not let us call ourselves civilised till these black spots are wiped out of the State.

The award by the Argentine President in the frontier dispute between Bolivia and Peru has created a rather serious situation in South America. Senor Alcosta's judgment divides the territory into practically equal parts. It is highly favorable to Peru, and, according to the Bolivians, it cedes to her districts which had always been recognised as belonging to Bolivia. When the award became known, rioting broke out in Bolivia, and attacks were made upon the Argentine Minister and upon Peruvian subjects. The Argentine President has had the dispute under consideration for five years, and the rights and wrongs of the case turn upon the boundary between the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres and the Viceroyalty of Lima in 1810, when the district in question was completely unexplored. The Bolivian Government has so far refused to accept the award. This has eased the domestic situation, but still leaves the complications with Peru and the Argentine.

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There is practically no doubt now of the identity of M. Harting, the head of the Russian secret police in Paris, with a man named Landesen, who in 1890 was sentenced by the French courts in default to five years' imprisonment for a bomb conspiracy against Alexander III. M. Clemenceau has admitted that the evidence is overwhelming. Landesen was an *agent provocateur*, and he disappeared after the 1890 affair, to become a Russian general and a high police official and to return to Paris to do his old work on a more handsome scale. This convict had been made a member of the Legion of Honour, he was to have had charge of the Tsar's safety during the visit to Cherbourg, and it is understood that he was to be promoted to be officer of the Legion. The revelation of his real character has caused almost as much sensation as the exposure of Azeff.

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Lord Gorell made an impressive statement to the House of Lords on Wednesday on the working of the law of divorce. His case was that the cost, even of undefended cases, practically shut out the poorer classes from the relief readily obtained by the rich. This meant not only widespread and sordid misery, but that the poor sought for separation orders, a great cause of immorality, or contracted bigamous marriages, here or in America. He thought bigamy was often a direct consequence of the practical denial of divorce. Lord Gorell's remedy was, in the main, a limited recourse to the County Courts. The Primate disputed Lord Gorell's conclusions as to the effect of separation orders, but hardly challenged his general case. Lord Halifax, deploring the frequency of divorce in America, told a story of two American children, one of whom said to the other: "We have a new father, and you have our old one." The Lord Chancellor was sympathetic, and promised inquiry.

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We are glad to see that Free Trade retains something at least of its hold on the City, though Unionist Free Traders like Lord Avebury and Sir Felix Schuster undo by their attack on the Budget what they effect by their war on Protection. A Manifesto has been issued by a powerful body of bankers and merchants to notify the formation of a City Free Trade Association. The Association is independent of political parties, and we observe that a good many Unionists have already joined the Executive Committee. The Manifesto takes the strong ground of British prosperity under Free Trade, the crippling effect of Protection on our export business and our power of entering neutral markets, its menace to London as the world's financial centre and the clearing-house of a vast body of world-trade, and its harassing of the shipping industry by an elaborate customs service as well as by prohibitive duties on imports. The Manifesto, which recalls the Merchants' Petition in favor of Free Trade in 1820, summons the City to resist the return to the restrictive system which that famous document denounced.

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The Turkish Government and Chamber, the Government under pressure from the Chamber, have agreed to drop forthwith the tax on non-Moslems in lieu of military service, and to hurry forward a Bill extending conscription to non-Moslems. The Chamber is getting into the habit of asserting itself, for a few weeks ago it rejected the Government proposal to establish Parliamentary Under-Secretaries—this was specially favored by the Committee of Union and Progress—and last week it refused to deliver over Ismail Kemal Bey, the leader of the "Liberal" Union to the Courts Martial. General von der Goltz has arrived in Constantinople, and will probably be put in charge of the reorganisation of the Turkish Army. There is no doubt whatever that Germany's influence and popularity are paramount in Turkey to-day. The military chiefs favor an alliance. Careless British diplomacy, and the reckless attacks on the Young Turks in the British Press, have greatly qualified the overwhelming authority enjoyed by this country in Turkey in the early days of the Constitution. But it is not too late to change.

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The Tsar has been celebrating on the battle-field of Poltava the victory of Peter the Great over Charles XII. which ruined Swedish hegemony in Northern Europe and laid the foundations of Russia's power and influence. The battle of Poltava took place on July 8th, 1709, and the remnant of the force surrendered on July 12th. The Swedes held the Baltic shores from the southern limit of Sweden round by Finland to the Polish frontier. Russia had no access to the Baltic. The Swedish Empire, a menace to Denmark, Prussia, Poland, and Russia, and itself poor and sparsely populated, could exist only so long as its rivals were kept weak. It had no other hope of survival except by incessant war, and every Swedish king, from Gustavus Adolphus, was a soldier and waged incessant war on all his neighbors. Charles XII. followed the traditional and orthodox policy, with diminishing means against ever-increasing odds. The advance into the heart of Russia on Moscow may have been carried out recklessly. But only a blow at the heart of Russia offered the Swedish Empire the chance of a longer lease of life; and the defeat at Poltava merely hastened the collapse of an Empire the length of whose existence is the miracle, not its fall.

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We record with deep regret the sudden death of Father Tyrrell, who last week and on many previous weeks contributed to these columns. We cannot do justice in a few words to the gifts and virtues of this gentle, deeply cultured, and truly religious nature. The most fitting tribute to him is perhaps that he labored to continue and extend the work of Newman in liberalising, we had almost said in liberating, modern Catholicism. That he shared Newman's gift of style will be granted by every reader of "A Much-Abused Letter," one of the most brilliant pamphlets in our language, and one of the most admirable examples of English prose. His character and mental attitude are described in a sentence he wrote on the attitude of the Modernist. "Much as he may prize the sacramental bread of life, he prizes still more the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE MEANNESS OF THE REACTION.

If public movements are in the long run judged by their moral intention and effect, the verdict on the present reactionary tendencies in English politics is bound, we think, to be severe. Three propositions appear to be gaining more and more strength in the Conservative Party. They are:—

1. That it is desirable to make the bulk of taxation fall on trade and labor, and particularly on the food of the people.

2. That it is desirable, in order to maintain taxation on these lines, and to prevent wealth from contributing its share, to destroy the sole power of taxation by the representatives of the people.

3. That it is desirable to force the people into military service.

A certain number of Conservatives, who accept propositions 2 and 3 faintly and half sincerely, repudiate part of proposition 1; and not all who embrace 1 and 2 are committed to 3. But the Milners and the Maxses—the energetic spirits who form opinions, pack caucuses, and force programmes upon them—are rapidly bringing the party into line on the triple ground of Protection, Conscription, and the overthrow of the Constitution It is true that as these wild men drive their three wild horses abreast, shouting and lashing them on, they overturn a friend or two. They have not yet slain the Budget, but they have certainly killed the agitation for eight "Dreadnoughts." If they have not got Conscription, they have at least brought out Lord Lansdowne as an avowed opponent. They may not yet have stoked up the peers to the pitch of a subversive act, but they have aroused Mr. Balfour to a quiet effort to stop a mad conflict on ground where the Commons would have all the right and all the power, and the Lords all the wrong and none of the power. But still they go on. Mr. Balfour resisted the early stages of Protection, just as Lord Lansdowne opposes the first steps to Conscription. But to-day the Tory mob is all Protectionist, and on Tuesday night the vote of forty Liberal peers alone averted the carrying of the principle of Lord Roberts's Bill. At least it looks as if they would so far succeed with a party, not as a rule overdone with intelligence, as to reproduce the vital error of 1906, and convince a good part of the British electorate that the Conservative Party has broken away from its old moorings, and is committed to a policy of Revolution.

And to what kind of a Revolution? What can be the imagination or the moral sense of politicians who think that they can turn back the clock the best part of a century, and restore, under appropriate modern disguises, the days of the press-gang and the "hungry forties"? Have they asked themselves what would happen if they succeeded, and convinced the mass of our people that there was nothing for it but a fight to the finish with "the classes," a fight in which every institution, not excepting the Throne, would be threatened? And how can they think to conceal the meanness of their own position? What can be the verdict of sensible, reflecting workmen and middle-class folk who witness the unexampled luxury of the age and then hear the shriek of rage that has followed the proposal to tax a trifling proportion of the enormous accumulations that sustain it, drawn, as they are, from every quarter and clime in the globe? These humbler men, out of the sweat of their brows, have already paid millions to the Exchequer in respect of the new taxes, and hardly a murmur has come from their spokesmen. The taxes which will fall upon wealth are of very gradual incidence, and those to which the rich most strongly object are not even deductions from their present possessions, but only represent a small lien on future gains, to which the property-holder himself will have contributed nothing in the shape of personal effort. But even more repellent than the selfishness, the want of public spirit and fine instinct, shown in the reception of the Budget by the classes who largely created the need for which it provides, is the hypocrisy of the plea for its rejection by the Lords. Thus the aim of the "Spectator" is to suggest that, in throwing out the land taxes, a House consisting mainly of great landlords will be doing not the base act of putting their private interests before public objects, but the noble act of preferring a dangerous national duty to the mere instinct of self-preservation. But what is to be said of the attempt of that journal to persuade itself, or the people, or both, that the exclusive control of finance by the House of Commons is a phrase and not a reality, and that three hundred years of close conflict on this matter have simply established the principle that, though the House of Lords cannot impose a single tax, it retains an effective power of directing the general course of taxation by dealing as it likes with a Money Bill embodying a number of taxes? The modern practice is to include a mass of taxes, indeed the whole financial provision for the year, in a single Bill. This, forsooth, was an enlargement of and an encroachment on the earlier custom of putting each tax into a separate Bill. Therefore, argues the "Spectator," the Money Bill really consists of a number of little Bills, any one of which the House of Lords may reject, if it pleases, without incurring the charge of amending a tax and thus exceeding its powers. In other words, if each of Mr. Lloyd George's taxes were presented in a single Bill, the Lords would have to pass every one of them, but as they are all collected, for the convenience of a complicated modern State, in a single measure, the Lords can do what they please!

It is, perhaps, a sufficient answer to such nonsense to say that if this had been the position of the Lords, they would have asserted it throughout the constitutional fight with the Commons, more especially in the controversy of 1860 and 1861, when the rejected paper duties were embodied in the Finance Bill. They advanced no such pretension. They passed the Bill the moment the rejected duties were appended to it. The distinction between single taxes and taxes embodied in a Bill does not and never did exist. The resolutions of 1671, 1678, and 1860 equally cover the two kinds of procedure, and, in

the last edition of Sir William Anson's "Law and Custom of the Constitution," now hot from the press, that highly Conservative authority lays it down that the action of 1860 made even "the right of rejection nugatory." "Such legislation" (he says) "is under the entire control of the House of Commons, and *a Bill relating to supply*, though it needs the concurrence of the Lords, cannot be amended by them on its way to receive the Royal assent." The "Spectator" and its allies may, indeed, wish to deprive the representatives of the people of the sole right to tax them, or to remit or alter the disposition of their burdens. But it is the merest Pecksniffianism to pretend that the right does not exist, and that the Constitution is a quibble and a pretence. If the Tories want to restore the atmosphere of the Six Acts, to oppress the people by Protection, or to enslave them by Conscription, let them say so fair and square. Let them not insist that the new Protection is different from the old, hint that the laws of England yield no real protection to its people, say that they desire to force hundreds of thousands of lads of eighteen into the barracks in order to improve their morals and physique, affect to tax the foreigner when their real aim is to avoid being taxed themselves, or make-believe to arrest an invasion of these shores by Germany when they are thinking of a conscript army for service on German soil.

Take especially the case of conscription. We pass by the scandalous looseness of thought by which men like Lord Roberts and Lord Milner compare this country with nations which are not insular and do not keep up a regular voluntary army for service abroad or in tropical climes, and, while maintaining in full the country's obligations to support the Navy and the regular Army, propose to bleed the latter of a good part of its scanty supply of officers. But look at the callousness of their proposition. They are willing at once to place an immediate extra charge on the people—not on themselves and on their class—of four millions, or, as the War Office more accurately estimates, of eight millions. But they do not condescend even to reckon the cost to the manual workers and middle classes implied in dragging from the plough and the workshop and the office hundreds of thousands of youths who are coming into their full earning power, in the months when the labor market is at high tide. These boys may be destined to fall on a French or a German plain, or even in an Indian pass, for all that these gentlemen, who defend conscription by references to the Continental policy of Pitt and its consequences, care to inform us. So in body and limb, in meal and malt, the people are to pay, while a journalistic sophist is at hand to assure them that their liberties and safeguards exist only in their imagination.

It is in this power of deceiving the easily deceived, this trick of calling things by their wrong names, and falsifying the always complicated workings of class selfishness, that the danger of democracy lies. The reaction realises that if the people lose their rights, or their capacity of effective advance in civilisation, it must be not by the old machinery of naked force, but by an act, or a succession of acts, of self-surrender. Thus all kinds of spurious agents are sent out to commend Protection as a kind of patriotism in trade, and Conscription as a moral and physical training ground for a town-bred population. Newspaper and platform flattery is freely used to persuade masses of hard-worked people, unaccustomed to quiet thinking, to part with their personal freedom, or with the great boon of cheap food. No clear view of the ends to be attained is given; all this Duessa's appeal is wrapt up in delusive invocations of shadowy but malign forces, among which national pride and race hatred are conspicuous. It will, we think, be defeated, not merely by a defence of Liberal policy, but by a clear and powerful examination of its alternatives, and an unspairing attack upon the insincerity and the moral recklessness of their advocates.

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## NO SURRENDER ON THE BUDGET.

Mr. Lloyd George succeeded in getting the fifth clause of the Finance Bill through Committee on Thursday morning. It is the fourth week of Committee. The Bill has seventy-four pages and the House is still occupied with page 5. Captain Pretyman talks of keeping up the game till Christmas, but a simple proportion sum shows that this is only too moderate. If the Bill is to be through by Christmas, there must be an immense increase on the present rate of progress. Nor has the time already spent been unfruitful to the landlord interest. Day by day concessions are obtained. Now it is the exemption of the first ten per cent. of increment from taxation, now an exception in favor of small freeholds, now the sweeping exemption of all agricultural values whatever. For a ruined class the landlords are doing pretty well. With bankruptcy staring them in the face, they bear up politically, and it cannot be said that the star of their influence pales. Not that we complain overmuch of the concessions. We do not want to press hardly on the small man: the ten per cent. exemption will help the *bonâ-fide* builder who looks to some rise in values to reimburse him for the time between the purchase of land and its development during which his capital must lie idle; the case of agriculture, we have admitted, presents hardships, and though total exemption is in principle indefensible, we do not object to letting the question stand over for the time. As long as the two main principles of the Bill stand, we shall not greatly quarrel with concessions on secondary matters. These two principles are the taxation of unearned increment and the requirement of universal valuation. They are, as we have shown, complementary principles, together necessary to the setting of our land system and our fiscal system on a sound economic basis. The increment tax standing alone the landowners might accept. It is valuation as checked by the development tax which they fight and will fight without compromise. To value the land is to divulge the secret of the social system. It is to hold up to the general gaze the basis of a great part of wealth, to expose the venomous ulcer which saps urban life, to indicate the true source of municipal taxation and

measure its copiousness, to bar the profitable transactions of landowners with public bodies. Let us be quite clear that no concession will avail for the speedier passing of the Budget as long as we retain valuation for the double purpose of the development duty and the increment tax. Let us also be quite clear that on our side there can be no tampering with these principles. They are the heart of the Bill; they contain the promise of a new departure in social legislation; they are the fulfilment of a pledge to the municipalities; they have put a wholly new spirit into the supporters of the Government, and have enlisted in its aid the enthusiasm of social reformers which under a series of disappointments had waxed cold. Any failure here, any weakness, is out of the question.

The position, then, is that we can make no concession in essentials, and that nothing but a surrender in essentials will shorten the course of the debate or affect the figures of that simple but alarming proportion sum with which we set out. It becomes clear, accordingly, that the Government may soon be brought face to face with the question of the systematic planning out of the Committee stage. We share the general dislike of any interference with the normal freedom of discussion. But, as Mr. Winston Churchill has pointed out, the truth is that obstruction has become such a fine art, and in more or less subtle form is so completely accepted as the order of the day, that a deliberative assembly has either to reckon with it or to reduce itself to impotence. The laying out of a regular time plan by a Committee appointed for the purpose is the method by which Mr. Churchill would meet the difficulty. We have no such Committee at present, but it would be a perfectly fair proposal for the Government to invite the leaders of the Opposition on this occasion to form such a Committee for the specific purpose of planning the discussion of the Budget in such a way as to give adequate time to those parts which the Opposition desire to discuss most fully, while securing its passage through the House in due season. It is a complicated measure. But no one can seriously pretend that it needs more than, say, four months of continued debate. There is a limit to the utility of words, though not to their flow.

It is possible, we admit, that the Opposition leaders would refuse any such invitation. They calculate on the unpopularity of the guillotine, and look to suck some small advantage out of its use. The hotheads among them are for forcing recourse to it, under the impression that it will give some color to the revolutionary proceedings to which they are hoping to stimulate the House of Lords. They may, we fear, have been encouraged by the timorous and singularly inept counsel which we see is being given in some quarters to Mr. Asquith. The Prime Minister is being advised to meet a constitutional revolution, assumed to have been engineered by Mr. Balfour, by the master stroke of resigning office and placing Mr. Balfour in power. If this were all that the revolutionists had to fear, there would indeed be no holding them back. Let us face the issue plainly. The Lords may try to amend the Bill. If they do the Speaker will merely rule the amendments out of order. They may talk of throwing it out, but they will not do so, for two reasons. The first is that by doing so they plunge the whole finance of the country into chaos; the second is that they initiate a constitutional struggle which could only end by their own destruction. But if we are mistaken, if neither of these reasons avail, and they do reject the Bill as a whole, we may be perfectly certain that Mr. Asquith will not accept the advice that he should run away. He will remain at his post till the Budget becomes law, and for that purpose he will use the well-known constitutional means by which in the last resort the will of the Commons can be made to prevail. For he will have been faced by an attempt at revolution, and in that emergency he will make use of the method of meeting such emergencies which the Constitution provides, and which has the sanction of historic precedent. Nor will he be hampered, in the opinion of the country, by the fact that to carry the Budget he has been compelled to use the closure. The country cares only too little for such considerations. We could wish it cared more. But if it did bethink itself as much of the conditions of liberty as the strictest democrat could desire, it would conclude that in discussion, as in all other matters, liberty and order are two sides of the same shield. Where there is no proportion spontaneously observed, no sincere desire to get at essentials, and so use the opportunities of discussion as to forward business, then there must be rules and regulations by which the business of government may be reconciled with the right of discussion. For this right, precious as it is, is not the right to make government impossible, it is the right to serious criticism, which has as its correlative the right and the duty of coming to a decision in due season. If this cannot be effected by goodwill and general consent, it must be made possible by mechanical devices, and we fear that for the Budget the day of these devices may not be far distant.

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## SOME "EXPERTS" ON LAND TAXES.

For simple sorts of misrepresentation one may turn to any amateur partisan, but a finely reticulated fallacy requires an expert. Bearing this in mind, we turned to that memorandum of the Surveyors' Association, which the "Times" described as containing "expert opinion of the Land Taxes," with a confidence which was not belied by the contents of that argumentative document. It will save trouble if we quote the opening sentences of this "expert" opinion upon the increment duty:—

> "The imposition of this duty will seriously affect the value of land of every description, agricultural and otherwise, throughout the country, as investors will naturally prefer to place their capital in securities where they will not run the risk of losing one-fifth of any increased value. The increment value in the majority of cases merely represents deferred interest on the original purchase money, and a duty on that value will tend to retard rather than assist development, for which, even on estates of moderate size, considerable capital is required in the formation of roads and erection of houses. This capital the greater number of owners and builders do not possses, and they obtain it

> by means of mortgages which the imposition of a duty will make it increasingly difficult to secure. The present depression in the building trade is consequently certain to be aggravated, and unemployment increased."

For mingled mis-statement of fact and false inference, it would be difficult to find a parallel to this, even in the House of Commons itself in the small hours of the morning, when loose thinking most prevails. Let us take the utterance sentence by sentence. We are told that every sort of land, agricultural and other, will suffer loss of value, as a result of increment duty. Now most of the signatories must have followed the course of the Finance Bill sufficiently closely to know that no appreciable quantity of agricultural land would have paid any increment duty even under the original draft of the Finance Bill. The provision for basing original site value upon the highest level in the twenty years preceding 1909, and the allowance of ten per cent. were ample security for this, even in the case of large holdings. The exemption of all purely agricultural land announced last Tuesday only confirms a concession which was clearly conveyed to all who chose to see it. Investments in agricultural land will not be injuriously affected by this or other provisions of the Budget, nay, rather they will be encouraged, if Mr. George is enabled to bring to consummation those portions of his developmental policy which make for the revival of agriculture.

The next statement, to the effect that most increment is simply deferred interest, is a bold assertion, unwarranted by experience; moreover, any ordinary cost of holding ripening land is amply covered by the allowance made in Committee. So far as building land is concerned, the tax will certainly operate towards a reduction in value; but by what process of reasoning the surveyors persuade themselves that this will retard development, it is hard to imagine. Sites are a raw material for the builder, this raw material is going to be reduced in price by the increment duty, while the development duty will increase the effective supply of it at this reduced price. The builder therefore gets his raw material cheaper than before, and will be, *pro tanto*, encouraged to build. "Oh, but," say our surveyors, "so far as he depends upon outside sources for his capital, he will find himself in difficulty: persons with money to advance on mortgage will refuse to do so as freely as before." Now there is no warrant for any such assumption. Sites will be cheaper, and less money will be required by builders who buy land to put houses on it. "Unearned increment" is not a necessary inducement to bring the required capital into any other trade, and mortgages which are simply debenture capital will still be raised by the building trade on ordinary terms. Stability of present value, not prospect of future increment, is the determinant in securing money upon mortgages, and there is no reason to suppose that builders or any other persons wishing to improve land, or to put up suitable houses on it, will fail to get financial accommodation, or will have to pay a higher rate for it than before. If this is so, the tears which our surveyors shed over the building trade are shed in vain. The depression will not be aggravated or unemployment increased.

Perhaps the most audacious sentence has reference to the serious injury which the surveyors insist the duty on undeveloped land will inflict on building development: "If the imposition of a duty has the effect of forcing land not ripe for development into the market for building purposes, disaster will follow, as experience has shown." What disaster? What experience? How will this forcing policy enable the builders to raise the necessary money for the premature development which is predicted, money obtained "by means of mortgages which the imposition of a duty will make it increasingly difficult to secure"? To what experience can the surveyors be appealing? The over-building in the 'nineties was certainly not attributable to any forcing policy, but was merely a miscalculation of the sort to which every speculative trade is liable.

We have dwelt with some particularity upon this document because it well illustrates the abuse of pseudo-expert authority. In point of fact the sort of expertism which belongs to land surveyors and estate agents, admirable for its purpose, is no qualification for pronouncing on the delicate issues of incidence of taxes and their reactions upon industry.

As it is the policy of the opponents of the Budget to alarm separately each "interest" connected with the land, by insisting that the entire burden of the "confiscatory measure" falls upon its shoulders, we cannot affect surprise that Mr. Eve, addressing a Farmers' Club, should dilate upon the injury to farmers which issues from the impoverishment of the landowners. He put before his audience what seemed to him a fatal dilemma. Owners would either have to economise upon the maintenance of their estates, in which case the tenant farmers' interests must suffer, or else they must recoup themselves for their actual expenditure in higher rent. It did not occur to him that there was a third possibility, viz., that owners should pay the tax out of their own pockets, neither reducing the outlay on their estate which they think necessary for its upkeep or improvement (capital outlay which the Budget does not touch), nor raising a rent which in most instances is already fixed at the highest sum the farmer can afford to pay. There will, no doubt, be cases where landlords who have not exacted the full economic rent from farmers in the past may be disposed to raise the rent in order to meet the increased charges for income tax and death duties. But there exists no normal ability in owners to "take it out" in raising rent, as so many farmers are persuaded to believe. In point of fact the Budget in its general effect will be beneficial, not injurious, to farmers and other workers on the soil, helping to break up the local monopolies of land, stimulating owners to put their estates to their most advantageous use, and giving small holders improved facilities for acquiring land upon reasonable terms of price and tenure. Now that properties of less than £500 in value are to be entirely exempted from the operation of the new taxes, the endeavor of the great land monopolists to shelter themselves behind the grievances of the small holder must collapse. Henceforth his opposition to the Budget must appear for what it is, naked self-interest striving to evade contributing its fair share to the upkeep of the nation.

## THE OBLIGATIONS OF ALLIANCE.

Two capital events during the past week have drawn attention to the restricted uses of the quasi-alliances in which we are involved, and the very limited obligations which they impose upon our partners. The leaders of all the more important Protestant Churches, with the two Archbishops at their head, have issued a remarkable manifesto, which is an indirect remonstrance with Sir Edward Grey on his inaction in the Congo question. A Russian army, about 2,000 strong, in addition to the 4,600 men who are already in Northern Persia, is occupying the road to Teheran. No two happenings could have a slighter apparent connection. Yet both of them illustrate the peculiar working of the two connections to which we are committed. The most plausible explanation of Sir Edward Grey's reluctance to take any strong action in the Congo question is that which Mr. Morel suggests—that he is restrained by the knowledge that any reforming policy in the Congo basin would be resented by the French financial groups allied to King Leopold and his satellites. Over the action of Russia in Northern Persia, on the other hand, our diplomacy appears to have no control, and only the slenderest influence. We are bound to suppose that any prolonged or permanent military occupation of Northern Persia by Russia, any support given to the Shah's Government, which Sir Edward Grey has described as "the worst in the world," any blow to the integrity and independence of Persia, which he has guaranteed, and any weakening of the buffer State which stands between India and the Russian Empire, would in some measure be displeasing to our Foreign Office. Yet to all these results this Russian encroachment visibly tends. In the instance of the Congo one of our quasi-allies hinders us from doing what it is at once our interest, our inclination, and our duty to do. In the instance of Persia the other quasi-ally is permitted to embark on an adventure which is a violation of international right, an offence against the spirit of the Convention, and a menace to our own interests. One might suppose that France and Russia had already placed us under some overwhelming obligation, since their wishes command in our councils a deference so absolute. The history of the connection tells a very different tale. France has acquired exclusive rights in Morocco with our aid, and twice we have been called upon to declare our readiness to support her pretensions by arms. Russia has acquired exclusive rights over the greater part of Persia, including nearly all its towns and the only regions which are populous and fertile. It might be suggested that we have to pay dear for the eventual aid of these Powers against Germany. Yet each of them is inferior, both on land and at sea, to Germany, and each of them has an exposed frontier to protect. We, on the other hand, are absolutely safe while we retain our supremacy at sea, and that depends on our own efforts and sacrifices. The inference would seem to be that we have less to gain from the Triple Entente than either of our partners, less to lose by its dissolution, and no considerable debt to pay off for past services rendered. It is only by supposing an utter absence of strategy and adroitness at the Foreign Office that we can explain its failure to bend the Triple Entente to the service of our own purposes.

It would be a mistake to suppose, as some of his critics do, that Sir Edward Grey is indifferent to the fate of Persia. Judging by his action in the Turkish question, we are quite sure that as between the Persian people and their unspeakable Shah, his sympathies are much more with the Persians than the Shah. He has pledged himself, against the judgment of able and competent observers, to the loyalty and good faith of the Russian Government; he cannot wish to be proved in the wrong. He is certainly concerned for the security of India. He cannot wish to annoy and alienate the Turks, who are alarmed by the Russian advance. From his answers to questions, it would seem that his responsibility for the present Russian march towards Teheran was slight. He was "informed" of it, but denies that he was "consulted." He defends it somewhat tepidly, and at the same time gives us to understand that he could not have prevented it. His action in Persia, he tells us, is confined to a defence of British interests. To any suggestion that he might have controlled the march of events, he replies that "Northern Persia is not British territory." In these few sentences there is implied a novel and startling reading of the Anglo-Russian Convention. We had been told that the two Powers were co-operating to maintain the integrity and independence of Persia, and incidentally to support the Persian Constitution. But co-operation is impossible, if we are not "consulted" over a measure so fateful as the despatch of a Russian army towards the Persian capital. Moreover, if Sir Edward Grey's only *locus standi* in Northern Persia is to defend British interests, what becomes of our solemn undertakings to maintain Persian independence? By no stretch of reasoning can it be said that the marching of large bodies of troops over Persian territory is not a menace to Persian independence. The pretext for this last incursion is hardly worth considering. There was never any ground to suppose that the Nationalists would endanger European life and property on their entry into Teheran. Their record elsewhere has been good; their leaders are relatively well-educated and civilised men, and so far from representing a "Boxer" element, they are fighting to impose European ideas of government on their Shah. They have been accused of uttering "threats." The only threat they uttered was that if Russian officers led the Royalist troops into battle against them (as they have done) they could not undertake to guarantee the safety of these officers. That is the only shadow of a pretext there is for this invasion. For the moment its worst consequences have been forestalled. The Nationalists have taken Teheran. If the Russian army continues its advance, it will be to restore the shaken power of the Shah. An intervention at Constantinople to protect Abdul Hamid against the victorious Macedonian army would not have been a more naked and flagitious intervention. But even if the Russian reaction lacks the nerve to carry out this final act of meddling, the fact remains that the main condition governing the negotiations between the Nationalists and the Shah for the restoration of the Con-

stitution will be the presence within striking distance of the capital of a Russian army. Unless the Persians are free, if need be, to depose their Shah, and to dismiss his Russian mercenaries, their hands are tied in all their efforts to obtain solid guarantees for their future liberties.

The inability of our Foreign Office to secure any degree of support from France for its reforming policy in the Congo basin is indeed only one chapter in the curious history of the *entente*. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could secure no support at the Hague for his disarmament proposals. Neither Lord Lansdowne nor Sir Edward Grey ever obtained any effectual or ungrudging support in their Macedonian policy. But in the case of the Congo, it is not merely indifference which has to be faced. King Leopold's international group of capitalists, almost as powerful in France as it is in Belgium, controls the whole Congo basin, and its influence at the French Foreign and Colonial Offices is quite strong enough to range official France on the Belgian side in this dispute. The very same Colonial group which has profited by our support for a forward French policy in Morocco, is pulling the strings to defeat British policy in the Congo. Our diplomacy does not seem to have grasped the meaning of the Bismarckian "*Do ut des.*" It yields in one question an ungrudging, to our thinking an excessive, support to French Colonial policy; it cannot, in another question which concerns us, secure from France any sort of *quid pro quo*. The only hope for the Congo is, in our view, an International Conference; but it would be futile to enter into a conference unless we know how to secure the support of the various Powers, including France, Russia, and Italy, which in one way or another we have obliged. Sir Edward Grey's inaction in this question will not shake his personal ascendency over the House of Commons. But in the country, the sense that his policy has failed to execute the national will, and has failed to check the ruthless exploitation of the natives of the Congo, will move men who care nothing for the dubious successes of high politics typified by the visits to Reval and Cowes.

There are two underlying causes of the failure of the Foreign Office to derive the full advantage from our quasi-alliances. It has allowed itself to become obsessed by its suspicions of Germany. That single struggle for predominance so fills the field of its vision that it cannot see in their due perspective the importance of maintaining the independence of Persia or destroying the slave system of the Congo. To the one end of having allies at need against Germany, it is prepared to offer almost any sacrifice. The other explanation is, we think, simply a deficiency of technical diplomatic skill. Sir Edward Grey presents rather sharp and crude alternatives to his critics, friendly as they mostly are. If they ask him to use his influence to check the wrongdoing of King Leopold, he replies by brandishing some alarming phantom of war, or even by conjuring up the picture of a universal conflagration. If they demand that the wishes or scruples of this country shall count for something in Persia, he retorts that Persia is not British territory. His world is all either black or white. He seems to recognise no *nuance* between uncritical acquiescence and a challenge of war. It is as though one could say "No" only by delivering an ultimatum. One might suppose that we had no way of making our pressure felt upon a disloyal ally short of bombarding its capital, and that the modern devices, economic and financial, as well as diplomatic, which are the ordinary vehicles of French and German diplomacy, were a sealed book. This habit of speaking in crude and simple alternatives is something more than a manner of debating. It reveals the simplicity—in many ways the fine and honorable simplicity—of Sir Edward Grey's mind. But modern diplomacy demands a specially subtle equipment, and, above all, it requires the adroitness, the boldness, and the fineness of imagination which alone can control a difficult ally or extract from a partnership its full possibilities.

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## THE PERIL IN INDIA.

Many readers of the "Times" must have been struck, with Sir William Wedderburn, by the article in which its special correspondent recently summed up his impressions of the situation in India. It is not a cheerful summary; for it seems to accept as a final conclusion a permanent alienation between the people of India and its governors, deriving, not, indeed, from the badness of our rule, but from its foreign character. Now we do not quite see how Mr. Lovat Fraser reconciles this view with his belief, not too broadly and confidently expressed, that the British *raj* in India will endure. He thinks that the movement of nationality, of unrest, of political consciousness—what you will—is not so much Indian as Asiatic, that the tide of European conquest in the East has begun to ebb. How then does he propose to find a continuing foothold for a Government which, in effect, must remain a garrison, in which all the posts of trust are held by the officers and dependants of a tiny occupying army, surrounded by a "sea of dark men, incurably hostile," and it is clear, increasingly conscious of growing moral and material force? Without dogmatising, it seems to us that such a relationship must break down from two causes. The first is that such a rule will not stand the visible strain it imposes upon British democracy. The second is that this country will not be able to maintain an adequate supply of officials fitted in intellect and character to cope with a situation in which hundreds of millions of men, belonging to races as able as ourselves, and in some directions, such as philosophy, law, and perhaps, journalism, abler, are in determined opposition. The presumption of a permanently hostile India is, in our view, that of a lost India. We may make all the hopeful or the minimising deductions we like about the political tendencies of native India—we may allow so much discount in respect of the caste system, the divisions of races and creeds, and the difficulty of forming even a conception of what India would be apart from British rule. Still, we have to face the fact that the conception of unity, not entirely a new one in India, has taken hold of vast masses of the people, and, above all, that this conception, with the political institutions which it suggests, is continually being carried forward and

made real by the influence of Western thought—by no one more conspicuously than by the present Secretary of State. The demand for self-government may not have attained a practical shape, and the Colonial model, to which Indian reformers naturally look, may be inapplicable. But the proclamations of 1858 and 1908, and the act of government of which they were the symbol, fairly opened up the general prospect of Indian Home Rule, a prospect which the Viceroyalty not only of the lamented Lord Ripon, but of Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne, has brought somewhat nearer. We cannot undo the promises of fifty years ago, solemnly renewed, as they were, last year. We cannot go back in India, and we cannot stand still.

All the more important, therefore, does it seem to us to be that we should not, as the consequences of a mixed movement of fair political aspiration and wild or even violent tendencies, commit ourselves to a line of action that Liberal Ministers cannot well defend in a British Parliament. Take the case of deportations. We need not deny Lord Morley's doctrine of emergency, in order to see, as we have no doubt Lord Morley sees, the perils of a kind of repression which, while it violates all forms of English law, mixes politicians and "village ruffians," popular agitators and bomb-throwers, which removes from the governing authority most of the inducements to care and caution, and places terrible power in the hands of a police admittedly inefficient and of low *morale*. It is now clear that under this instrument a mistake was made in the case of Mr. Lajpat Rai. Lord Morley was informed that he had been guilty of the grave offence, an offence enough to make any Indian statesman nervous, of interfering with the loyalty of the Indian troops. Well, the statement of the Indian authorities proves to be unfounded. An Anglo-Indian newspaper, naturally thinking itself covered by the act of the Government, repeated the same charge. Mr. Lajpat Rai brought an action for libel, proved his case, and obtained damages for £1,000 from the offending paper. If such an error was made in the case of Mr. Lajpat Rai, is it not possible that wrong treatment was also meted out to men so high in personal character, and so closely identified with social and religious movements, as Aswini Kumar Dutt and Krishna Kumar Mitra? Doubtless, if it be argued that the political movement in India can best be fought by imprisoning and banishing its moral leaders without trial, there is an end to the controversy. But we are convinced that Lord Morley does not take this line, and that, as far as he can carry Anglo-Indian opinion with him, he is anxious to discover a way of common action and mutual tolerance between governing England and political India. It seems to us vital that some such accommodation should be found. Failing it, we have to face again the proposition of Mr. Lovat Fraser, that India must go on being governed by force through a handful of tired men, tied to official machines, who though just, do not come of a sympathetic race; do not for the most part mix socially with Indians; do not understand or always try to understand them; do not like them; treat as inferiors races less strong in character, but certainly not inferior in subtlety and apprehensiveness of intellect; and are more nervous of admitting them to a share of power than were the Mahommedan conquerors of admitting Hindus to their civil services. In such a rule no English Liberal, least of all Lord Morley, could take pride. And no observer of the history of States could believe that it would last.

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# Life and Letters.

## DRAWN BATTLES.

We hear a great deal—and, for that matter, talk a great deal—about life's signal victories and its signal defeats. But, as a matter of fact, the critical experiences of life turn out, in the majority of cases, to be in the end drawn battles, neither more nor less. After the hour of exceptional stress is past, we stand, so far as character, *morale*, richness of soul, endowment of personality, are concerned, precisely where we were: the foe has just been kept at bay, but we have not captured any trophies from him, nor enriched ourselves with any of his spoil—still less led him home as a chained captive in our train. Our special experiences of failure, grief, temptation—all the challenges and assaults launched by adverse powers against the inner citadel—leave us, at the best, just what we were. And because this is so in the case of each particular critical experience, it comes to be so with life in its total result; and all we accomplish in the end is the avoidance of disastrous ills. Indeed, the strangest thing is that we are content with this: it is really all that we aim at or hope for. So proud are we when we compass it that we lift up over our drawn battles songs as loud as those that would suffice to hail an empire won. Our ideal is that certain catastrophes shall *not* happen. We aim merely at warding off misfortune, at keeping up barriers against the grosser wrongs, at saving ourselves from suffering any wounds under the thrusts of anxiety and pain. Achievement is simply negative. We entrench ourselves, but have in us no spirit of counter-attack.

Probably this mood prevails within a good many through pushing too far, or through taking as exhaustive, the conception of life as a test under which we are passed by the ultimate powers with a view of finding out, not so much what we can *do*, as what we can *bear*. We are here—so runs the underlying feeling—to prove whether, and how much, we can endure. The metaphor of gold tried in the fire is, perhaps, as frequently as any other upon our lips to indicate the method in which we conceive the significance of life; and our too exclusive use of it shows the too narrow limit of our thought. A test—but a test applied to something to see whether it be up to standard and properly made. One after another, the crises of experience come upon us to see, not what we can do with them, but what they can do with us. That is the idea. Is our breaking-point sufficiently high up on the scale? When, in the piling of burden after burden upon us, do we come to the last ounce it is possible for us to bear? It is on these lines that we conceive the supreme question to run; and the ultimate powers (so we picture it) are waiting to see what reply we give. The whole thing comes to be a matter of test upon test, and of saying, as after each test we breathe again, "One more test, at least, is safely passed." The element of truth in the conception is, of course, obvious enough; but exhaustive the conception is not. And it is easy to see that he who holds it as exhaustive will be driven, actually in proportion to his sense of moral values as he understands them, to be content with merely drawing his fiercest fights. It is on *not being beaten* (in terms of our original metaphor) that all his passionate ardor is set; and it is, consequently, on *not being beaten* that he will congratulate himself with bounding joy. It should be added, also, that together with an undue insistence upon life as a test in the narrow sense there

usually goes an exaggerated reckoning of the test's severity—which again induces us to think that in merely surviving the test we have done all that could be asked. Really, we estimate, the more probable thing was that the test would prove too exacting and that we should fail! Oddly enough, it is the religious man (who, on his own theory, has the least excuse for such pessimism) who is in this respect guiltiest of all.

It might be well were we now and again to ask ourselves how we reconcile this acceptance of a merely negative ideal for the inner life with that faith in progress, and that desire for it, which are among the most prominent characteristics of our time. For it is a legitimate inquiry—how, except through positive moral gains acquired by each individual life, by a positive improvement in the moral position and condition of each personality, is progress to be achieved? There is fundamental inconsistency in declaring that life as a whole—the life of humanity in the mass—goes on, and must go on, from strength to strength, greatens, and must greaten, with the process of the suns, and at the same time holding it for the utmost triumph of the individual just to maintain the position and condition from which he begins; for life as a whole, after all, can only be what lives in detail, lives as separate units, make it. Where is evolution to come from, if we ourselves stand still? How is humanity to conquer, if we ourselves have only a drawn battle to sing pæans over at the end of the day? We must have a larger intention than the intention of mere defence, if we are to count as factors in bringing about the final victory—if, indeed, the final victory is ever to come. Undeniably, the life of drawn battles is wasted so far as any contribution to progress is concerned. Only as personality in us enriches itself from the critical experiences we go through can the general life grow in any wise the richer through us: only as we do more than simply make the enemy recoil from our defences—as we push him from his own ground and rob him of his arms—do we help to make the strategic position of the race better than it was, and hasten the proclamation of peace. The acceptance of the "drawn battle" ideal by men in general would bring things to a stand-still.

What blinds us to our inconsistency—and, incidentally, confirms us in our contentment with the purely defensive pose—may be this. We get into the way of thinking of evolution as a sort of self-acting process which carries itself through to its goal without any push or pull of ours. It would not be far from the truth to say that we have exalted the idea of progress till progress has become for us a living and working God. The word indicates, for our thought, much more than the direction in which things move if man lives worthily: it actually indicates the force that makes things move. A mistaken idea, of course, as one sees at once when one thus distils it from its customary vagueness into definite speech—but an idea that possesses us, none the less. Evolution goes on its way. In our power of hindering it we certainly believe: for us to be defeated in any one of life's supreme hours is to fling an obstacle across its path; but, so long as we save ourselves from that shame, evolution works its will. A too strong—or rather, a too blind—faith in evolution is, in fact, misleading not a few in these days, and bringing about to some extent the retarding of that very evolution on which it is set.

And it is in realising the fallacy of this that we enter the road which leads to deliverance from the simply defensive moral ideal. To keep our faith in progress is well; but we have to understand that progress does not automatically engineer itself. It follows from this that progress in the whole can only come through progress in the individual. The real test of life, therefore (so we take a further step along the road), is how far we improve our own personality's moral condition from all the experiences we go through—to what extent, after each crisis, we are *positively* the greater and the better for having faced it. And to say this is really to substitute a fuller conception of life (with which step of thought we reach the journey's end) for the conception of life as test. From this point of view, life is a test, indeed, but it is more. It is at any rate more than a test of what we can *bear*. We transfer to the world within us the conception which, as we have seen, applies to the larger world without. In that larger world there is an evolution, but an evolution that must be helped on. So in the world within, the world of personality, there is an evolution that must be helped on. Life is a matter, not of mere endurance, of going through the fire and coming out unscathed, but of making or assisting a development by means of inspirations and forces and nourishments gathered in from every side. Life, in the individual as in the whole, is an organism which is to grow, and which must be fed in order to grow, rather than a piece of metal which is to be assayed. Its business is to work up into itself, for its own greatening, whatever is brought to it by its several parts—brought to it, that is, by the successive experiences whereof it is composed. There must be a *positive* service of the whole by the part, and a *positive* using of the part by the whole, as much in the smaller as in the larger sphere. Which means, in sum, that every crisis is to mark as it were the birthday of something new for personality—that we are to wrestle with every visiting experience, refusing to let it go until it has told us its secret name and blessed us—that out of all the happenings, out of all the whirling circumstances and out of all the chance and change, we are to make ourselves morally greater than we were.

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## JOHN SYNGE'S ART.

In another hundred years from now this year of centenaries will be celebrated for its own events. People will be saying, "It is a hundred years to-day since Swinburne died, that exquisite lyric poet whose verses still sing themselves in every heart; a hundred years since Meredith died, that far-seeing writer who left us so fine a picture of nineteenth century life, and whose wide popularity among our forefathers is such a proof of their intellectual vigor. Ah, but those were the days of Shaw and Galsworthy and Wells! Hardy was still writing! What a galaxy of genius people lived in then! How glorious it must have been to be young in those great times of change!" So our great-grandchildren will talk, like babes to whom things are revealed now hidden from our prudence.

And perhaps among them all will be some close lover of literature who will add: "Yes, and that year, too, a hundred years ago, saw the death of a young poet named John Synge, who lived only to the age so often fatal to genius, and left behind him only a few short plays, a prose book on some desolate island off the Irish coast—at that time still subject to England—and this slim volume of verses, now very rare, which I bought for twopence on a second-hand bookstall in Park Lane." Thereon he will produce a little grey book with canvas back, under fifty pages in all, but bearing on its title page the valued mark of the "Cuala Press, Dundrum," as he will carefully point out, and containing a preface by William Yeats, with some account of the author's personality and genius.

"In a certain sense," he will go on, "the poet appears to have belonged to what we call the Irish Renaissance—that remarkable revival of the Irish literary spirit, Irish art, manufacture, and, above all, language, which is but one example of the general revival of nationalities and the emancipation of subject races during the twentieth century. In literature the historians generally connect the movement with the names of Douglas Hyde and William Yeats, but there were many more—Lady Gregory, A. E., Padraic Colum, and others besides—usually at open variance, but all converging towards the one great object. The peculiarity of John Synge appears to have been a desire to revolt, to break away from the prevailing mood of his fellows and introduce a new and a stronger note into the national literature. One observes, I think, the same desire in Colum and in the later work of Yeats, who, in fact, almost became a leader of revolt against himself.

But to Synge the rebellion was more native, more essentially a part of his nature. It would take a course of lectures at the Workpeople's University to explain exactly what the æsthetic intention and influence of the rebellion were, but one may see something of its meaning from this little poem, written after looking at a picture by A.E., whose real name I have discovered was George Russell—a man equally well-known in Ireland for his organisation of co-operative agriculture, his visionary and symbolic pictures, and his poems. The verses are called 'The Passing of the Shee'; listen:—

'Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
Ye plumed yet skinny Shee,
That poets played with hand in hand
To learn their ecstasy.

'We'll stretch in Red Dan Sully's ditch,
And drink in Tubber fair,
Or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch
The badger and the hare."'

"Now," the critic of next century will continue, "the note of rebellion is plainly heard in those lines. They mark a parting of the ways, a rejection of the legendary or visionary themes that had hitherto occupied the poets of the Irish renaissance. We may call them a wilful return to common, or even brutish life. The deliberate choice of such low pleasures as lying in ditches, drinking at fairs, and poaching proves it. The extreme poverty of the imagined speaker is also established by his desire to poach a badger, which was used as an article of diet only among the very poor even a century ago. Nor can I find that the badger was strictly regarded as game even by the English landlords, though they were ready to preserve anything on their estates, excepting human life."

In Synge there was indeed that persistent note of revolt. Perhaps he felt that imagination among his band of compatriots was becoming a little thin, a little too misty and impalpable in its symbolism. Was it that sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand were growing too sweet, a little wearisome even, in their regretful tenderness? Was the great national movement to be overwhelmed in melancholy dreaming as soft and stifling as a bog-slide? The artist will grasp at any weapon, any violence, any poison, to avert the deadly blight of prettiness. We see how painters now turn to scaffolding, iron bridges, factory chimneys, or flat wastes of mud in their loathing for the picture-postcard, and sugared verses and tales have no more to do with art than picture-postcards have. But it was not exactly prettiness that John Synge feared. It was rather a certain aloofness from the sharp reality of to-day, a habit of retiring for consolation into the lovely and cloud-swept regions of Irish myth, much as some fifty years ago English poets and artists retired into the enchanted Middle Ages of forests, bowers, and the holy bell. It is a fine thing to be borne into a far-off world by a whirlwind, with chariot of fire and horses of fire, but it is something also to remain on earth and purify springs, fill Edom with water, multiply the widow's oil, look after the Shunamite's son, and relieve the famine in Samaria.

Synge's part was to precipitate, as it were, the floating and rather formless elements around him. He brought to his country's literature "the astringent joy and hardness that was in all he did," as Mr. Yeats says in his preface. It was not that he made light of the art which he called the poetry of exaltation, but he recognised that exaltation itself can only be maintained if touch is kept with earth. In the brief preface written by himself to his few lyrics, he says:—

> "The poetry of exaltation will be always the highest, but when men lose their poetic feeling for ordinary life, and cannot write poetry of ordinary things, their exalted poetry is likely to lose its strength of exaltation, in the way men cease to build beautiful churches when they have lost happiness in building beautiful shops."

The danger of symbolic, visionary, and impalpable work is, not to be too exalted, but to become inane. As Synge says in the same preface, "The strong things of life are needed in poetry also to show that what is exalted, or tender, is not made by feeble blood. It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal." And so we bid adieu to sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand, and stretch in ditches, drink at fairs, or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch the badger and the hare.

How he won exaltation from ordinary life—how, with his "hunger for harsh facts," he reached the height of tragic sorrow—was best seen in his brief drama of Irish fisher people, called "Riders to the Sea":—

> "I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with everyone of them, and they coming to the world——and there were some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now, the lot of them."

But in his greatest work, "The Playboy of the Western World," there is exaltation too, though its chief motive must be called brutal, and its wealth of humor is grim. To be sure, the poet was helped by the very character and language of the people among whom he worked, for in Ireland, as he said, "for a few years more, we have a popular imagination that is fiery and magnificent, and tender." Take only a few instances, almost at random, from the "Playboy" itself:—

> "That's an unkindly thing to be saying to a poor orphaned traveller, has a prison behind him, and hanging before, and hell's gap gaping below."
>
> "Bravery's a treasure in a lonesome place, and a lad would kill his father, I'm thinking, would face a foxy divil with a pitchpike on the flags of hell."
>
> "Doesn't the world know you reared a black ram at your own breast, so that the Lord Bishop of Connaught felt the elements of a Christian, and he eating it after in a kidney stew!"
>
> "It's queer joys the girls have, and who knows the thing they'd do, if it 'd make the green stones cry itself to think of you swaying and swiggling at the butt-end of a rope, and you with a fine, stout neck, God bless you! the way you'd be a half an hour, in great anguish, getting your death."

It's a long way we have come from sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand, and yet, even in the "Playboy," the exaltation remains. Angus was the dear god of love, but what sweeter words could Angus himself say of love than those of the rough and murderous peasant when he cries, "Amn't I after seeing the love-light of the star of knowledge shining from her brow?" Or again:—

> "If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen of Troy, and she abroad, pacing backward and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl."

There, in the midst of ordinary life, is that gleam of exaltation, all the brighter for the commonplace, the violence, and even the brutality with which it is surrounded. We cannot call it realism, for people who talk of realism mean something squalid, and usually mechanical and uninspired, like most of Zola's work. But Synge was reaching out to an art that should keep its grip on this visible and present world, but reveal a reality exalted, in Walter Pater's phrase, by the aristocracy of passion. He was seeking for an art that might be produced and enjoyed by rich and powerful natures because it embodied all the instincts and activities and impulses of joy or sorrow in their lives, and neither dragged them for ever up and down a back street, nor carried them away to regions where, like indifferent mountaineers among Alpine precipices, they could hardly appreciate the full delight of exaltation because the foothold was so small.

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## THE ROSE AND THE SHOW.

The roses in the show tent are bewildering in their beauty. The impression they convey to the eye is after a while as confused as their mingled scent, and the eye, except of the keenest connoisseur, is cloyed with the eternal perfection of form and colour. The one best bloom from each of a thousand plants is there—reared with great care, selected and trained somewhat for several days before the contest, so that it could be brought up to the show bench in the nearest possible pink of condition. They are beautiful captives groomed and decked for the slave market—less perfect but more beautiful in the homes from which they have been

snatched. Or say that they resemble whole roses as an artist's most successful bust resembles the living man.

Even in the garden of the rose-lover these exhibition roses are but as busts. They do not swing on the free arch that makes the rose-bush one of the most beautiful objects in nature. They stand on chopped shoots stuck in the bare earth, as though someone had put skewers in the ground and then tied on paper flowers many sizes too large. The roses on the wind-flung arches are beyond the judging capacity of a flower show as the arches are beyond the capacity of the tent. So we bring here our choicest blooms of every kind, that incipient rose-growers may know, or guess, what may be the glories of his garden when he can make up his mind which of our captives to purchase and liberate there. For we can shock the vendor by letting his "dwarf maidens" fly upward and become hamadryads; his Parisian La France fling out into something of a Marseillaise; his sadly pensive Frau Karl Drushki regain her youth and exuberance. She, at any rate, as one of the most real of modern roses, will retain in liberty even the graces that appeal to the judges here. The pale pink of Caroline Testout shall keep her in countenance with almost equal grace as they ramble in the pergola or throw kisses to one another from old-fashioned standards.

We are indebted to the shows for reminding us of the infinite variety of the roses. The very wealth there is to choose from for a long time discourages him who wants his rose garden to do him justice. Of the making of roses there seems to be no end. Every year there is some new beauty for the public to run after, and we cannot always tell whether the chase is going to be of short duration or will establish a permanent favorite. As with books, so there are many roses that have unjustly perished under the avalanche of less worthy newcomers. We could not, perhaps, take a better instance than the old Cloth of Gold which came to us over sixty years ago. Its big golden bells and the tree's pretty way of wearing them seemed to strike a new and lasting note in rose-culture, but now for all practical purposes the Cloth of Gold is as extinct as the Dodo. Yet it grows here and there on some favored south wall, and perhaps will come again as a "new" rose when we have got tired of our last batch of teas or perpetuals. Cloth of Gold is (or perhaps was) a noisette, and therefore descends from the Indian strain, mingled with that of the musk rose, from which comes ottar of roses, and which flings its petals over Omar Kháyyam's tomb. Aimée Vibert has outlived her younger sister, but the other noisettes of early Victorian days have gone. Maréchal Niel would not be recognised as a descendant by those who loved Ophirie and Celine Forestier, and to-day the noisette race is lost in the great crowd of the "tea-scented roses" with which it has mingled.

The numerous cabbage roses of our grandmothers' days are supposed to be extinct, but surely their place is well supplied by the two thousand or more hybrid perpetuals which more or less justify their name by filling our gardens with heavy color the summer and autumn through. The Indian, French, Damascus strains that supply the hybridisers with their favorite material have thus far proved wonderfully complacent. Perhaps there are new triumphs ahead. Perhaps we are being led into a cul-de-sac. Perhaps, when the varying period of these roses has worked out, our own dog roses, the Banksian, the beautiful wild Carolinan, and the tribe to which the Japanese rugosa belongs may begin to produce that "swarm of mutations" which, some evolutionists say, comes to each species once in a thousand years or so. These are wilder roses than the others. They have for the most part resisted the beginnings of the policy that would end in making them into "dwarf maidens." Perhaps a worthier fate will make some of them the parents of more beautiful roses than Gruss an Teplitz, and of equally beautiful growth.

Our own wild *Rosa arvensis*, parent of all the Ayrshires, and aunt of the pillar and pergola ramblers that make our gardens exquisite in the month of roses, has won its triumphs by constancy and moderation in its variations. The nieces of our field rose are the daughters of *R. multiflora*. The Crimson Rambler is sixteen years old, and deservedly as popular as ever, where the pillar or the pergola is a feature of the flower garden. Almost as brilliant a crimson, but with open single blossoms showing the golden stamens, Leuchstern covers itself assiduously with clusters from head to foot, and strikes the eye as powerfully as Hiawatha, not of the same strain, but aptly associated with these crimson glories. Nor must Helène be omitted, one of the best of these climbing roses neither single nor double, a cheery grower and a multitudinous bloomer. The others are well-nigh legion. Let us mention two more—Euphrosyne and Psyche, both pink, scented, prolific, Psyche yielding a little in depth of color and clearness of scent, but none in generosity of bloom. Félicité Perpétue comes of another species of the same division, and adds to the charm of its blush clusters a glossier leaf that proclaims it an evergreen. Then what if, having exhausted the crimson and pink glories of our pergola, we find a rose throwing clusters of open, pale cream, clematis-like blossoms far along its appointed sphere of influence? It is pure and simple wild *Arvensis* herself, more than holding her own among her brilliant descendants and collaterals.

The hand of the hybridiser has already been laid on the *multiflora* group. A cross with the Indian rose has given us those perpetual-flowering dwarfs, the polyantha, good for garden borders and for exhibitions where the entire tree is invited. Etoile d'Or and La Paquerette are worthy members of the class, while Claire Jaquier is a notable undwarfed hybrid with its unusual Nankeen-yellow blossoms to reward those who take good care of it. Lastly, there is at Kew a large, clear crimson single rose, the progeny of Wichuriana and that gallant hybrid perpetual, General Jaqueminot. Shortly, no doubt, we shall have ramblers as numerous as the teas and the new cabbages.

Still the most beautiful of our English roses, the pink-white rose of Devonshire lanes, stands aloof from this rush of new kinds that the others yield to the insolent gardener. Still she flings her sprays along the hedge and compels us to admit that there is an untamable beauty of the wild above that of the garden. One variety, the sweet briar, has given us the exquisite chromatic series that has made the name of Lord Penzance famous in rose gardens. They are the very stuff for hedges to guard the pampered beauties of the rose garden's inner sanctuary from too close comparison with the barbarian world of the wild garden and the outer fields. And in inner and inmost rings within the sweet briar we can plant our roses as far as they will go, down to the creamiest, frailest, most artificial exasperations of witchery that centuries of horticulture have given us.

## Present-Day Problems.

### THE DIRECTION OF NATIONAL ENERGY.

Practically unnoticed by the Press which was devoting its best columns to reports of Lord Charles Beresford's speech, the National Peace congress met the week before last at Cardiff, where some 500 delegates from all parts of the country assembled under the presidency of Sir William Collins. The success of the conferences and of the public meeting which was attended by nearly 2,000 people was encouraging to all those who are following the movement with sympathy and interest. The portentous expenditure on armaments was deplored, the agitation of the National Service League condemned, the spreading influence for peace of the democracies of the world was welcomed with enthusiasm, and many speakers, among whom were those who had recently returned from the Continent, came forward to expose the highly fictitious nature of the supposed hostility of Germany, with whom messages of friendship and goodwill were exchanged. Of late years there has been a very marked increase in the

growth of a national desire for peace, but the movement cannot for years to come be regarded as a popular movement, though it will continue to gain support from the more intelligent and humanely disposed sections of the community who have the moral courage to stand out against the periodic gusts of jingoism. But it would be a mistake to underestimate the sweeping force of these gusts. Retired naval and military officers, who still desire to loom large in the public eye and have lost the restraining influence of responsibility, find a ready response for their preaching in the leisured class who believe Imperialism to be the only possible form of patriotism, and in the capitalist class who only regard Imperialism as a useful commercial asset. They know, too, how to make use of the Yellow Press in order to rouse the latent pugnacity in the more ignorant classes, and in response to the popular clamor thus artificially produced the nation may find itself one of these days swept off its feet. Among the many fallacies propagated by these self-constituted advocates of militarism there is none more readily accepted and yet more dangerous than the constantly reiterated statement that "to preserve peace the country must be prepared for war." Surely it stands to reason that if a nation devotes its inventive genius, its enterprise, its labor, its wealth, and the best of its manhood to the manufacture and perfecting of engines of war, whether animate in the form of navies and armies or inanimate in the form of ships, guns, rifles, explosives, &c., it is inevitable that those who compose this great machine and those who assist in producing and developing it should sooner or later want to test its efficiency. And its efficiency can only be tested and its capacity can only be measured by the number of human lives it is capable of destroying.

Powerless as the peace movement may appear to be against public opinion, once excited it would certainly gain a great acquisition of strength if in pursuit of its high ideal it could concentrate on some positively constructive policy in addition to protest and remonstrance. The most baffling problem to be confronted is the fact that every healthy people has inherent in it a great national energy, a great potential activity possessed in some degree by each individual separately and becoming immeasurably augmented in force when the community combine in some common pursuit. This energy has shown itself in wars because rulers and conquerors and Governments have known how to rouse its force and divert it into that particular channel for their own objects. The question which lovers of peace ought to study is how to find an outlet and scope for this national energy, in which it might focus its giant force not on the destruction and devastation of the social life of nations but on strengthening and stimulating the progressive and humanitarian tendencies which operate towards the enrichment of the life of man. It is essential that men should be shaken from ease, apathy, and indolence. The national fibre must be invigorated by strenuous effort and concentrated endeavor. But surely it is humiliating to have to confess in the twentieth century that there are no other fields besides battle-fields in which the national vigor can be exercised, and no other enemies against whom to turn the fury of national displeasure besides our fellow-men in foreign lands. Any pacific movement that fails to reckon with this great latent force is doomed to be fruitless. But to say that it is extravagant idealism to suppose that humanity can become sufficiently enlightened to turn its combative instinct against its real enemies, Ignorance and Poverty, and all their host of allies, is to deny that there is any hope of progressive advance in the world's history. A glance through the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission alone shows the limitless field of labor that presents itself in the work of real national defence, and in the industrial and economic fields there is great need of inventive enterprise and corporate effort.

The first step is to recognise the existence of this national energy and to appreciate its value. How to utilise it for securing a far higher degree of social well-being in our own country, for the advancement of international amity and mutual comprehension among nations, and for the extension of the best elements of civilisation throughout the world is a further question which requires careful thought and deep reflection, and one that ought not to be abandoned as hopeless before it has been fairly and completely examined. So long as the pacificist confines himself to repeated protest his cause will progress but slowly. This is only an indication of a possible line of constructive activity for him, in which he might enlist the co-operation of many new adherents.

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

# The Drama.

## THE CENSOR'S HEROISM.

In casting about for theories to account for the unaccountable suppression of Mr. Shaw's "Press Cuttings," some people have supposed the Censor to be animated by a personal grudge against a dramatist who has of late been a thorn in his flesh. This account of the matter is wholly unacceptable. It betrays a very shallow psychology in those who advance it. That the Censor, in his inmost heart, cherishes a warm affection for Mr. Shaw is, perhaps, improbable; but I am sure he is at once too honorable and too prudent to let personal resentment weigh with him for a moment in the exercise of what he believes to be his duty. He would a hundred times rather license than veto a play by Mr. Shaw. He would even, I am sure, stretch indulgence to its utmost limits in Mr. Shaw's favor, with the feeling that he was thereby manifesting a Christian spirit and securing, for the nonce, a quiet life. Nothing but an imperative sense of duty could have driven him, poor harassed gentleman, to veto "Press Cuttings." His act was not one of petty malice, but of conscience and of courage.

On the other hand, no human being save the Censor has been able to discover the ghost of a reason why this hotch-potch of topical tomfoolery should have been refused a licence. It is an absolutely harmless effusion in Mr. Shaw's happiest vein of thoughtful and stimulating whimsicality. Perhaps there is a little too much of it; I fancy the audience began to feel, towards the end, that its capacity for laughter was somewhat overtaxed; but who would seriously complain of being fatigued with merriment? When Mr. Shaw plays the irresponsible jester, he is always delightful; and here he is no less irresponsible than irresistible. He leaps upon the stage, armed, not with the rapier of satire, but with the bladder-flail of banter; and he deals sounding but quite innocuous thwacks to everyone and everything for a full hour by Shrewsbury clock. An undercurrent of sense, no doubt, runs through his nonsense; there are shreds of irony in his motley, and patches of serious purpose. But laughter is the be-all and end-all of his endeavor. He is a philosophic Pelissier presenting a clever little troupe of Follies (Mr. Loraine was admirable and Miss Agnes Thomas delightful) in a "revue" of things in general and the suffrage agitation in particular. He might have called the entertainment "Press Cuttings: or Shaw's Potted Politics."

Why, then, did the Censor feel it his duty to interfere? It was, we are told, because of actual or potential personalities contained in the play. I shall presently look into the general merits of the "personality" argument; in the meantime, let me point out that in this particular case Mr. Shaw had ingeniously taken the best and only way to avoid being personal. He had fixed as the date of his fantasy the first of April—as who should say the Greek Kalends—three years hence. Under these circumstances, if he had given his politician and his soldier purely imaginary names—such, for instance, as the Right Hon. Fusbos and General Bombastes—he would assuredly have been suspected of aiming at this or that individual, at an actual or possible Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief. People would have sought for and discovered all sorts of personal jibes, innuendoes, and insults. But by calling his Premier "Balsquith" and his General "Mitchener," and by

making them utterly and entirely unlike Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, he took the very best way of showing that it was no individual he had in mind, but a politician in the abstract, and an allegorical soldier. I do not mean to say that soldiers in general are likely to be pleased by Mr. Shaw's allegorical representation of militarism, any more than doctors in general are flattered by his Sir Bloomfield Bonnington, or Liberal politicians by his immortal Broadbent. But no one supposes it to be the Censor's business to protect whole classes and professions from banter, or even from satire. The "personality" theory means, in its very terms, that individual withers must not be wrung; and, in this case, Mr. Shaw has taken the utmost care to prevent his persiflage from going to any particular address. The one actual personality in the piece is a passing allusion to a certain episode of "tea and chiffons" in Downing Street. The allusion casts ridicule upon the outcry raised by that incident, and, in so far as it can be taken seriously at all, can only be gratifying to the lady concerned. Why, then, has the Censor screwed himself up to veto an entertainment at which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, might all sit in the front row of the stalls, and laugh heartily (if they have any sense of humor) without experiencing the smallest personal discomfort? There is only one explanation that I can suggest—namely, that the Censor himself has no sense of humor. This explanation, indeed, is all the more plausible as, if he had any perception of the ludicrous, he could not hold his office for a day. At the spectacle of Mr. George Alexander Redford wielding the rod over Sophocles and Shelley, Ibsen and Maeterlinck, Brieux and Shaw, he would resign in a burst of inextinguishable laughter.

And now, having seen that the "personality" theory—the doctrine that individuals must at all costs be protected from stage-criticism and ridicule—does not apply to "Press Cuttings," let us look for a moment on the intrinsic value of the principle.

For anything really defamatory or injurious uttered on the stage the common law provides a remedy. If we require a censorship of the stage to suppress libels before publication, there is equal, and, indeed, far greater, need of a censorship of the Press for the same purpose. Libels do constantly occur in the Press; whereas the Censor cannot, and, I am sure, does not, pretend that he has constantly to suppress personal libels, in the legal sense of the term. That is not the contention of the Lord Chamberlain's office; its argument is that the freedom of personal caricature, satire, banter, and general allusion, which is practically unlimited in the Press, cannot possibly be permitted on the stage. And why? There seems to be a vague idea that stage caricature gives more personal annoyance than caricature in "Punch" or the "Westminster"; but for this there is no evidence, nor is the argument insisted on. The real contention of the Censorists is that stage caricature has a tendency to lead to breaches of the peace. To this there are two answers. In the first place, owing to the inconsistent and (necessarily) ineffectual exercise of the Censorship, numerous personal caricatures of a sufficiently pointed nature have in our days been presented on the stage without leading to the smallest breach of the peace. But, in the second place, supposing the tendency to inflame party feeling were very much stronger than we find it to be, what harm would be done if a given performance were hissed off the stage, and even if some personal altercation took place between, say, "wholehoggers" and "free-fooders" in the audience, such as frequently occurs at political meetings? No bones would be broken, either literal or metaphorical. The one result would be that the manager would be particularly careful to suppress the inflammatory passage, and not to admit such passages in other plays; for no manager has any more liking than the Lord Chamberlain himself for breaches of the peace in his theatre. The idea that an autocratic official is required to obviate the danger of the theatre becoming a bear-garden is a monstrous absurdity. Such trifling disturbances as might possibly arise under a system of freedom would instantly and automatically correct themselves. To hear the Censorist arguments on this point, one would imagine that the theatre was, indeed, a "temple" of the drama, and that any difference of opinion within its sacred walls was as shocking as brawling in church. This is sheer nonsense. In regard to the public peace, as in regard to morals, the Censorship reverses the jesuitical principle, "To do a great right do a little wrong." Its existence is a great wrong which secures, if anything at all, only an infinitesimal right.

It would take too long to catalogue the glaring inconsistencies in the application of the no-personality rule—to show how some playrights may steal the horse while others may not look over the hedge. The cases of Mr. Barrie's "Josephine" and "Super-Punch" are recent and flagrant—pieces in which several leading politicians, to say nothing of Mr. Shaw himself, were presented by name and exhibited in various ridiculous situations. No one, so far as I know, blamed the Censor for licensing these plays, and they certainly led to no breach of the peace. But then, Mr. Barrie is a playright of the highest propriety, whose name does not, like Mr. Shaw's, set up a panic in the Censor's bosom, and make him feel that something desperately heroic must be done. I should like, moreover, to point to two still more recent and more flagrant cases of personal satire and invective, to which the Censor has made no objection. Only a few weeks ago, two plays were running in London (one of them is running still), the leading characters of which were unmistakably and undeniably intended to represent a prominent individual. I am far from saying that the Censor ought to have vetoed either of these plays; but I do say emphatically that in licensing them he conspicuously ignored the alleged rule of his office against personalities. How incredible is the in-equity of permitting two scathing—lampoons, shall we say?—upon "Sir Charles Worgan" and "Sir Felix Janion," and vetoing a little harmless banter of a fantastic politician and soldier whom the author has done his best to prevent people from identifying with any individual soldier or politician!

The performance of "Press Cuttings" was preluded by a very bright and clever one-act play, "The Fair Arabian," by Sydonie Colton. Also Mr. Forbes Robertson gave a reading of "The Ancient Mariner," which was highly appreciated. It was generally felt, however, that, under the circumstances, "Christabel" would have been a more appropriate selection.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Communications.

## THE "TIMES" ON INDIA'S FUTURE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—For a large section of the British public the "Times" newspaper is the chief instructor regarding Indian affairs. The man in the street finds time to peruse the telegrams from Reuter and the special correspondence which appear in its columns; and if his interest in the subject carries him further he may read the expert articles on India which have been a feature of the "Times" since, many years ago, the late Sir W. W. Hunter began his brilliant series of weekly essays on "Indian Affairs." Recently the British public, being more or less alarmed by the reports of unrest, has demanded more specific information about India; and accordingly the "Times" sent out Mr. Lovat Fraser, an experienced Anglo-Indian journalist, to visit important centres and report on the situation, as a special correspondent. Mr. Lovat Fraser has now returned from his tour, and has summarised his conclusions in an elaborate report, which occupies 3½ columns in the issue of June 28th. In a leader, the "Times," without any expression of dissent,

commends these conclusions to the careful consideration of its readers.

I have accordingly studied the report with care. The conclusions are remarkable, and even surprising, when we remember that hitherto the "Times" has shown itself so unqualified an admirer of our official administration. For this report is a gloomy one, as regards both the contentment of the ruled and the capacity of the rulers. It is true that Mr. Lovat Fraser is not alarmed by the aspirations of the Constitutional reformers, which he considers "neither unreasonable nor unnatural from their point of view." But, on the other hand, his diagnosis of Indian feeling towards our rule is ominous: he tells us that there is a widening gulf between the ruled and their alien rulers; that this gulf cannot be bridged; that we must reckon with "the permanent irreconcilable antagonism" of a large proportion of the population; and he gives his emphatic approval to the lurid metaphor according to which, "beneath the small film of white men who make up the Indian Empire boils or sleeps away a sea of dark men, incurably hostile, who await with patience the day when the ice shall break and the ocean regain its power of restless movement under its own laws." He believes that the anarchist organisation will continue to spread, and fears that a conflagration will break out when Britain is entangled in difficulties elsewhere.

I do not at all agree with this diagnosis. The Indian people are a law-abiding race, heirs of an ancient and stable civilisation; also, they are of a tolerant, placable disposition, naturally inclined to respect authority; and, as regards their rulers, they have little race prejudice: if the ruler is just and sympathetic, as Lord Ripon was, they will regard him with enthusiastic affection, whether he comes to them from the East or from the West. Moreover, they are well aware of the advantages of the British connection, provided always that it is placed on the proper footing of an equitable partnership; and they have no desire either for Russian rule or for the anarchy which would follow severance from the British Empire. The present antagonism to British rule is neither permanent nor irremediable. Resentment has been produced by definite causes, by disregard of Indian feelings and wishes. Remove the causes of the resentment, and the resentment will disappear.

Of course, there is danger if a course of irritation and repression is persisted in, but such danger will be of our own creation. Will the authorities rise to the occasion, putting aside Russian methods and returning to the sympathetic and conciliating policy which bore good fruit under Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Ripon? Our special correspondent does not seem to be hopeful. For if he is inclined to despair as regards the attitude of the Indian people, he is no less pessimistic as regards the capacity of their rulers, whether he turns his searchlight upon the Indian Civil Service, or upon the Secretary of State, or upon Parliament, or upon the British public. What are his conclusions under this heading? The British public is ignorant and indifferent. In current discussions "the name of India is rarely mentioned"; there is no proper "recognition of the realities of the situation." Then there is little to be hoped for from Parliamentary control, which "contains very serious possibilities of future danger." And the reforms of the Secretary of State are not likely to bring peace to a troubled land. These reforms have not abated the menace to British rule; on the contrary, "their ultimate and inevitable effect must be to accentuate it." According, therefore, to Mr. Lovat Fraser, we must not expect much healing virtue to emanate from this country. He considers that India should be ruled more on the spot, and less from the India Office. We come, therefore, to the Indian Civil Service, as the actual administrators on the spot, and here we might expect from the critic a blessing on our rule. But no such blessing is accorded. For he has little good to say of the group of prominent civilians who dominate the administration from the heights of Simla. He reports a fatal want of touch with the people. The high officials "live in little worlds of their own"; and he tells them that "they must come down from their hill-tops, and remain among the toiling millions." Further, compensation for this lack of practical aptitude is not to be found in any special excellence of temper or *morale*. It appears that the official attitude towards Indian politicians needs to be rectified. Indian officials are inclined to resent criticism. "They should school themselves to recognise that the Indian politician has every right to speak his mind boldly"; "the time is long past in India for the silent ignoring of the wishes and aspirations of the ruled"; "it will not do to continue to treat these aspirations with ridicule and contempt." "Argument must be met with argument, and not with petulant contumacy." Then as regards *morale*, a fear is expressed that the present race of civilians have fallen away from the higher ideal of independence maintained by their predecessors. They lack moral courage. While disapproving the policy prescribed from home, they are "afraid to speak out"; they are too ready to "come to heel"; they show an eagerness to crush private convictions in order to please master, and sit "silent and cowering on the mountain tops."

This is a pitiful account of "the man on the spot" to whom, according to some advisers, we should surrender our judgment and our principles. But while sadly admitting the element of truth in this description, we must be careful not unduly to blame the members of the Service on account of the vices of the system under which they serve. Taken as as a whole, the Indian Civil Service is probably the most clean-handed, industrious, and self-denying body of officials that the world has ever seen; but they work under a system which in its essence is that of the Russian or Chinese bureaucracy, aggravated by the fact that the officials are of a different race, language, and religion from the people over whom they exercise authority. It is creditable to them that things are not worse than they are.

Moreover there is reason to hope that Lord Morley's reforms will tend to cure the specific defects of our official rule. Co-operation is the key-note of the new dispensation. I have known the advantage and the pleasure of co-operating with such men as Mr. Justice Ranade, Mr. Justice Telang, and Mr. Justice Tyabji. They have passed away, but there are many now living who follow in their footsteps. Working with such men, the British official, though a foreigner, may gain touch with the people; and the race antagonism, bred of autocratic methods, will disappear. Then, again, we may have hopes from the sympathy of the British people. They may appear ignorant and indifferent; it may be true that, "as a nation, we do not possess the faculty of clear thinking"; but we generally get through in the end, though it may be in a muddling way. For my own part, I believe that the British democracy desires to act towards India, not only with justice, but generosity: in the judgment and temper of the English people as the court of final appeal we may put our trust, as did India's great advocate, Edmund Burke: "I have," he said, "absolute faith in the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature, and good humor of the English people."

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While I write these lines the grievous word comes that Lord Ripon has passed away, and I have no heart to go on: so good a friend lost at this time of India's sore need! I cannot express the deep veneration I have always felt for his personality. His noble life is quenched, but his example lives. His work in India, the love the people bore him, will remain a beacon of hope to those who trust that the connection between India and England will continue, to the welfare of both countries. His good and just actions will blossom in the dust.—Yours, &c.,

W. Wedderburn.

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# Letters to the Editor.

## FAITH AND CONDUCT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir—My article on this subject has aroused a wider interest than I expected. It has brought you valuable letters from persons far more competent than I am to deal with the question. The discussion has ranged and rather widely. My own point was simple enough. Given a man, who believes sincerely in a religious code and acts up to it in his individual life, how comes he to ignore or contravene it in his social, public, or commercial activities? Without raising the deeper issues I make a modest

attempt to explain the contradiction by suggesting that his religion is only one of many influences that determine a man's conduct, and affect his practice of the Art of Living. That is why a good Christian—or, for that matter, a good Moslem or Jew or Buddhist—may be a bad citizen, or a bad father: meaning by bad not so much sinful as ineffective or mischievous.

Some of your correspondents say that in putting the case this way I mix up religion and ethics. The one deals with spiritual experiences and the illumination of the individual soul; the other with a man's relations towards his fellow-beings on this earth. Religion is the bond that links man to God and to the spiritual forces that inform the Universe. It penetrates the whole nature of the worshipper, and cannot leave him unaffected in any moment of his existence or in any act that he performs. If I produce a person who does not act in a truly Christian spirit towards the associates he is trying to "scoop" in business, or to the rivals who are trying to "scoop" him, I have no right to call him religious, however kindly, moral, and generous he may be in private. Perhaps not; but this limitation or specialisation of the religious function rather considerably supports my own humble attempt to elucidate the enigma. Religion affects the character, it affects the soul. But the character and soul do not alone direct your path in a tangled, ill-lighted world; they do not always keep you on the right road or warn you from the wrong one. You may have a fine character, a noble soul, and yet drive your motor car,or your family coach, or your chariot of state, hopelessly amiss.

But other distinguished commentators take quite the opposite view. If the religious man acts badly, that, say Canon Scott-Holland and Mr. Chesterton, is because he has a bad religion. Mr. Chesterton calls the suggestion that creeds do not greatly affect conduct obscurantist, and oppressive in the worst degree. It is dealing a deadly blow at human reason to say "that even if we find the truth it will make no difference; that a man in a triangular world will behave just like a man in a square world; and a man in a good universe exactly like a man in a bad one." I will not question the truth of this any more than its wit; and I am the last person to maintain that it makes no difference what you believe or whether you believe anything. But here it is not a question of finding the truth, but of following it. We have men who have settled that it is a square universe and act daily as if it were triangular. We have, for instance, tens of millions of people who devoutly believe in the Teacher of a religion which is altruistic and communistic, and who, in their daily practice, are egoists and individualists. In a general, abstract, impersonal fashion that belief makes them respect certain virtues, dislike certain vices, cherish certain ideals. One creed inculcates a higher standard of temperance, another of justice, another of self-sacrifice. In that sense, of course, religious faiths affect the ethical conceptions of races and nations. But when you come to the application of the principle to individuals, you are again brought up by the concurrent, or, perhaps, dominating, influences of temperament, education, and social sentiment. Mr. Chesterton says that the pious American millionaire who can teach in a Sunday School while he is organising a rapacious Trust acts in this fashion, not in spite of his creed, but because of it. The world to him *is* triangular. His type of "Protestant individualism" makes virtues of pride and avarice, regards riches as a sign of Divine approval, and glorifies the plutocrat. Mr. Chesterton is far better read in "Puritan" theology and philosophy than I can pretend to be; but I cannot help wondering whether he could produce a single sentence from any "Protestant" divine or preacher of authority in support of this contention. Surely the Protestant form of the Christian religion has not, any more than the Catholic, given its sanction to covetousness and selfish greed. But the form of society in which the Protestant individualist lives may have done so. So Canon Scott-Holland holds as well as Mr. Chesterton. And if they are right, what are we to infer from the contradictory proceedings of our pious plutocrats? Obviously that an irreligious or an anti-religious social doctrine may cause them to act in a manner which their religious creed condemns.

But it condemns it only in that vague indeterminate fashion which produces little direct effect. When I say that conduct is not determined by religion, I do not say that it ought not to be so determined. I do not see how anybody who looks at the facts before his eyes can deny the separation between religion and conduct in modern life. In most periods and most countries religion and practical ethics were so closely connected as to be indistinguishable; and the Sacred Books were less occupied with telling a man how to obtain a future life than in straightly admonishing him how to behave in this. A creed which says that our *religio*, our tie with the Omnipotent, is weakened if we eat pork or drink wine or do not fast on Fridays, or fail to wash adequately—such a creed may be unscientific or unphilosophical, but it has, at least, a direct and practical bearing on conduct. And unless our religious teaching can be brought into a similar close relation with the problems that assail modern men and women at every turn, it is likely to become a spiritual luxury for the few, and mere formalism for the many. I come back to it that the conduct of life in society is an art, and, like other arts, it cannot be prosecuted successfully without a well-understood body of rules, without training and expert knowledge.

The efficient religions have been those which came home to "the business and bosoms" of men so intimately that they could not be ignored, though they might be defied.—Yours, &c.,

SIDNEY LOW.

July 13th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I am much interested in Mr. Sidney Low's suggestive article upon Mr. J. D. Rockefeller and the subsequent correspondence in your columns. Some years ago a friend of mine from America was discoursing to me about American business methods and commercial men—great and small—of the Rockefeller type. Upon his remarking that business men in America were far more devoted churchgoers than Englishmen, I was tempted to reply: "It seems to me that on Sundays Americans pray on their knees, and on week-days they prey on their neighbors."

The simplest explanation of the glaring contrast between the business and private lives of so many men to-day may be found in the fact that unconscious hypocrisy is, and always has been, one of the commonest characteristics of civilised man. It is inevitable that this quasi-moral infirmity must spread and intensify during the gradual evolution towards higher ethical standards, and towards a nobler conception of God. For it is a truism that the social customs and conditions existing at any given time in a state or community lag centuries behind accepted moral and religious ideals entirely opposed to such social customs and conditions. It is unquestionable that, even in the most highly civilised countries, custom so blinds us that we condone, and even sanction, a vast amount of gratuitous cruelty and quite needless suffering. In the hurry and pressure of this restless age few trouble to test their every-day lives by the ethical standard which they tacitly accept—it sufficeth for them to conform to the customs and conventionalities of the society in which they move. Still fewer realise how hopelessly at variance with the traditional teaching and social philosophy of the Jesus-God whom they worship are the conditions prevailing in the chief Christian countries, with their Multi-millionaires, Privileged Classes, and Smart Sets at one end of the social scale, and virtual slavery and "submerged tenths" at the other.

Mr. Rockefeller is but a typical product of a fierce, commercially competitive and gold-crazy age, just as the "guid religious drunken body" of a century ago was a typical product of Calvinistic Scotland.

The time may come when it will be the rule, and not the exception, for educated men to face fairly and squarely the why and the wherefore of the appalling discrepancy between the realities of human existence and even the lowest of our ideals; when men will be ashamed to encourage, either actively or tacitly, the propagation of religious beliefs which they themselves do not share. When, if ever, that time comes, there will be far less unconscious hypocrisy and far more intellectual honesty.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HICKS.

Upper Colwyn Bay,
July 12th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The thought revolved over and over again in this discussion—How can Mr. Rockefeller reconcile his religious principles with his practice as a man of business?—admits, I think, of an answer at once simple and sufficient. It has become customary to represent this individual, in relation to his methods of business, in a luridly odious guise. Is there not, I ask, something very unreal about all this talk of the "man-eating tiger of commerce"? Who, in reality, regards Mr. Rockefeller in the same sense which should ordinarily attach to these words? I venture to say, nobody does. If he had actually been the trickster represented, he could never have induced men to deal with him on the scale which has enabled his vast fortune to be built up, for, let it be remembered, business life is essentially ethical.

Who amongst your readers would not, if engaged in trade, feel himself highly honored by having business relations with the great Trust of which Mr. Rockefeller was the chief? On the plane which, relatively to matters religious and moral, is lowest and least—namely, that of commercial integrity—who amongst Mr. Rockefeller's rivals or competitors could be indicated as standing higher? Why should crocodile tears be shed for those of his rivals, who, having the will, failed to match him in the use of that faculty which resides in the brain of the great captain of modern industry, and which Spencer calls "the ability to apprehend assembled propositions in their totality"?

It is no use appealing to the halting reconciliation of ambiguous or opposing Scripture texts, as, if these are referred to as a principle of decision, those quoted by Mr. Lee and others of your correspondents can easily be matched.

Such expressions as that of "men being reduced to beggary by the subtle machinations of the Standard Oil Trust" merely suggest a sickly sentimentality, and people only delude themselves if they imagine that they mean anything beyond the fact that some men have not been able to pose and flaunt around as Trust magnates while others have.

It is admitted, by friend and foe alike, that Mr. Rockefeller's private life is a pattern of all the sober and domestic virtues, and there is absolutely no evidence that these, which express themselves as ethics or morality, have not received that higher consecration, which is called religion, in the true sense, and when operative in the life of the individual in full and balanced harmony, represent the relationships to man and to God.

It is time that the theory which is developed with detailed application by the rabid Socialist, and has, in fact, become an obsession with that individual, namely, that a man can only get rich at the expense of some other man, should be discouraged, and the fact recognised that, as men are not all equal in the sense of industrial efficiency, they cannot hope to be equally rewarded as the result of their efforts in that region.—Yours, &c., J. M.

358, King Street, Aberdeen,
July 13th, 1909.

## THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The discussion continued in your issue of the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Rackham on this subject is wholly to the good. Especially with regard to the new machinery suggested for Charge and Recovery there is room, as the Minority Report itself stated, for much useful inquiry. In fact, failing any Governmental investigation, the National Committee to Promote the Break-Up of the Poor Law is forming little unofficial "departmental committees" to work out such questions as the limits of Charge and Recovery for the various services, the best method of co-ordinating the various branches of municipal work with the Guilds of Help and Councils of Social Welfare, and the relation between the several branches of local work and the different central governmental departments. This new crusade against destitution needs all possible help. Will not Mrs. Rackham, and other persons of special experience, join us in the work, without committing themselves to details, and assist in preparing the Bill?

Let me say, however, that the proposal to place the work of recovering whatever charges Parliament orders to be made (as for maintenance in lunatic asylums, industrial schools, &c.) in the hands of a special municipal or county officer, in no way involves any extension of any of the municipal services; and, in particular, implies no supersession of provident medical insurance by universal municipal doctoring, which is quite another issue. At present the whole business of charge and recovery is a demoralising chaos of laxity and caprice. We think that, extensive or restricted, it should be made systematic and uniform.

Let me also point out that Mrs. Rackham is not "up-to-date" in saying that, "at present, the Education Authority, Health Authority," and the rest, are not "distributing any relief in the homes of the poor, but (are) only granting institutional relief." This is to miss the very point of the problem of to-day. This year, in a hundred towns (comprising half England and Wales), more than a hundred thousand children living in their own homes are actually being supplied with food and many with medical treatment by the Local Education Authority; in dozens of towns the Local Health Authority is, by means of its milk dispensaries, its health visitors, its free supply of certain medicines, its occasional allowances to the families of men taken to hospital and to "contacts," its domiciliary nursing staffs and the out-patients departments of its hospitals, giving in the homes of its patients what would, if given by the Board of Guardians, be styled out-door relief; in many other towns the Distress Committee is, winter after winter, helping the able-bodied unemployed and their families, sometimes actually paying "home aliment" in cash; whilst everywhere the Local Pension Authority (which is, of course, exclusively domiciliary in its operations) is giving "public assistance" to the extent of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds a week to a much larger number of the aged than are helped by the Poor Law. *In an uncounted number of these cases the Poor Law Authority is simultaneously assisting the same families*, often unaware of what the other authorities are dong. How is it proposed to stop the existing overlap without some official machinery of co-ordination, such as the Registrar? The present state of things will very soon make him inevitable, even without the proposals of the Minority Report.

But the essential point of difference between Mrs. Rackham's letter and the Minority Report is that she is thinking only of doing good to the family which *has actually sunk into destitution*, and of which, therefore, every member has necessarily to be simultaneously considered. This is the attitude of the present Poor Law, as it is of most private charity. What the Minority Report urges is the paramount importance of *preventing the oncoming of destitution*. This means a systematic attempt to arrest each of the principal causes of eventual destitution at the very outset, in the most incipient stage of their attack (which, be it noted, is always an attack on an individual, not on a family as a whole), long before their ravages in that individual have reduced the whole family to destitution. Hence it is vital that the Local Health Authority should be empowered and required to search out and ensure proper treatment for the incipient stages of all diseases. (If there is any disease which is not infectious, does not lead to eventual destitution, or is not a public nuisance, I am prepared to exclude it!) It is vital that the Local Lunacy Authority should be empowered and required to search out and ensure proper care and control for all persons certifiable as mentally defective, long before the family to which they belong is reduced to destitution. It is vital that the Local Education Authority should be empowered and required to search out and ensure, quite irrespective of the family's destitution, whatever Parliament may prescribe as the national minimum of nurture and training for all children, the neglect of which will otherwise bring these children, when they grow up, themselves to a state of destitution. It is becoming no less clear that some authority—we say a National Authority—must register and deal with the man who is unemployed, long before extended unemployment has demoralised him and reduced his family to destitution. If Mrs. Rackham concurs in this campaign for the prevention of the occurrence of destitution, by grappling with its principal causes at the incipient stage, *when they are just beginning to affect one or other members of a family only*, long

before the family as a whole has sunk into the morass of destitution, we can join hands. If, however, she believes that no public authority ought to intervene, and that no public assistance should be given, until the family as a whole has been actually reduced to destitution, then—like the Majority of the Commissioners and (as I must admit) the majority of Poor Law Guardians, as at present advised, and of the Charity Organisation Society—she is against us.

But the explanation, I fancy, is that Mrs. Rackham is thinking only of the families now actually in destitution, who must continue to be dealt with; and of those, in the future, who, as "missed cases," will have slipped into destitution, without having had their descent arrested by the preventive action above described. We think that each member of such a family requires, for restoration, specialised treatment, according to his or her need. The infant, the child of school age, the mentally defective, the sick, the infirm or incapacitated, the boy or girl above school age, and, finally, the able-bodied and able-minded adult, each requires that something different should be done for him or her, if *that individual* is to be properly dealt with. The alternative, namely, to treat the family as a whole, means to place it in the general mixed workhouse, or merely to give it a dole of outdoor relief. This, indeed, is to-day the dominant practice; and, as such, has been condemned by Majority and Minority alike. I do not think that Mrs. Rackham means to advocate this. She will, I think, admit the several members of the family, with their very different needs, cannot be wisely treated without calling in the public authorities specialising on those needs, such as the Education, Health, Lunacy, Pensions, and Unemployment Authorities. This does not mean that the needs of the other members of the family will escape consideration. Assuming that the cause of the destitution in which the family is plunged is the sickness of the breadwinner, and that the other members of the family are all normal, the Health Authority will, if it thinks domiciliary treatment desirable, not only give the necessary medical attendance, and look after the whole family environment by its health visitor, but, if there is no income, will grant (subject to satisfying the Registrar that the case comes within the Council's own by-laws) the home aliment that is requisite for the family maintenance. Would Mrs. Rackham suggest that the Health Committee, with its medical officer and its health visitor, should be excluded from this case? If there is a mentally defective person in such a family, can the Asylums Committee be kept out? If there are children of school age in it, is it wise to prevent the intervention of the Education Committee and the school attendance officer? We suggest that it is the business of the Registrar and his department to see (*a*) that these authorities do not overlap, and (*b*) that they are all consulted as regards such members of the family as come within their respective spheres of treatment. We see no need for any general "Public Assistance Committee" at all. But if other people prefer to leave *this work of co-ordination and allocation* to a committee of representatives, rather than to a salaried officer specialised to the function and giving to it his whole time, let them elaborate this alternative. On such a point there may be ample room for more than one compromise. What is vital is that each of the several preventive authorities (the Education, Health, Lunacy, and Unemployment Authorities) should be empowered and required to deal with the cases in which it can arrest, *at the incipient stage*, its own particular cause of eventual destitution; and, therefore, that it should treat all cases falling within its own category. What this negatives is the idea of relegating all distressed persons, whether children or adults, sick or well, to a Poor Law Authority, whatever its designation, having its own system of domiciliary relief and its own array of institutions for treating all the several sections; but necessarily limited to dealing with families as wholes, and with those families only in which destitution *has already set in*. A Poor Law Authority, even if you call it a Public Assistance Authority, can, in fact, only relieve destitution. We want to abolish it.—Yours, &c., BEATRICE WEBB.

National Committee to Promote the
Break-Up of the Poor Law,
5 and 6, Clement's Inn, London, W.C.
July 13th, 1909.

## THE POLICY OF DEPORTATION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The triumphant vindication of Mr. Lajpat Rai at the hands of the High Court of Calcutta from the grave charge brought against him in Parliament in June, 1907, of endeavoring to sap the loyalty of native troops, brings into clear relief the terrible danger of allowing men's liberty to depend upon the secret evidence of the police in India. Lord Morley, in deporting Mr. Lajpat Rai without charge or trial, acted in perfect good faith on the advice of the late Sir Denzil Ibbetson, and he, in turn, upon the advice of police informers. If the natural step had been taken of asking Mr. Lajpat Rai, before he was deported, for an explanation of the charge brought against him by the police, he would never have been deported, and the proprietors of the "Englishman" in Calcutta would not have been mulcted in £1,000 damages for maliciously libelling him by repeating the charges made in Parliament. Nor would he have rested for two years under the suspicion of being a dangerously seditious citizen. But what can be expected when deportations are carried out as they now are in India?

The whole procedure connected with this reactionary policy has been laid bare by the admissions, painfully extracted from Ministers, by questions in Parliament, and here it is in a few words.

It means arbitrary banishment and imprisonment in a common jail, founded upon no judicial proceeding and backed by no magisterial warrant. It is preceded by no warning of any kind to the victim. It is neither accompanied nor followed by any charge of any offence. There is no prospect of an inquiry or trial. However blameless may be a man's record, however long he may be kept in exile and prison, he is never told what he has done to make him an object of suspicion to the Government. He is refused the names of his accusers. He is prohibited from taking proceedings by way of *Habeas Corpus* for his liberation. He is debarred from bringing an action for false imprisonment or malicious prosecution against those responsible for his imprisonment. If he ever obtains his liberty—which, like his arrest, depends absolutely upon the will of the Executive—he goes down to his grave with the stigma upon him of some mysterious offence which it is impossible for him to disprove, because he is never told what it is. At every stage of his career, if he is allowed a career, he may find this untoward incident brought up against him to obstruct his progress and mar his success. His one hope is a libel action, if some newspaper is foolish enough to repeat any charges made against him in Parliament. All this takes place, not in a time of war or insurrection, or under a system of martial law, but in time of peace, in the oldest province in India, when all the Courts of Justice are open and active for the punishment of crime, and when the law for that purpose has been made more drastic and more summary than at any former period.

It was upon secret police evidence that, as Mr. Buchanan told us, the nine deportations were carried out in Bengal in December last, though it may be true, as Lord Morley has subsequently said, that the evidence was examined by the Viceroy in Council. But the point is that the most experienced officials appointed by Lord Curzon five years ago to investigate the condition of the police, reported them to be not only incompetent, but corrupt, and not only terrorists, but frequently torturers of the people whom they ought to protect. And the moment their proceedings are subjected to the searching tests of qualified judges, it is proved that their methods are to-day the same as those exposed by Lord Curzon's Commission. Evidence for the prosecution is manufactured. Evidence for the defence is kept back or destroyed. Witnesses are habitually "tutored" and terrorised. Confessions of guilt are extorted by gross cruelty and torture. It is in a part of the British Empire where these things are common that British subjects of unblemished character are deported thousands of miles from their wives and families without charge or trial upon secret police evidence.

Sir, has not the time come for Liberals to insist that arbitrary deportations in India should cease? Ought not a thorough reform of the police to be carried out at once? I urge this, not merely because of the flagrant injustice

and dangerous discontent provoked in India, but also because of the demoralisation of political standards which takes place when a great party is persuaded to sanction a violation of its most cherished principles. And in the whole creed of Liberalism, there is no more sacred rule than that a man ought to be heard before he is condemned.—Yours, &c.,

FREDERIC MACKARNESS.

July 15th, 1909.

## THE "REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION."

*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—There are at least two, perhaps three, questions in the issue that Mr. Graham Wallas raises under the above title, which, in the interest of the clear thinking which he rightly demands in the relations between the State and the Universities, it is well to keep distinct. There is the question of the requirement of the Education Department of a course of training which shall prepare students to give instruction in Biblical teaching, and there is the question of the manner, time, and other conditions under which the requirement has been made. Beyond these there is the further question of inspection and method of enforcement.

1. With regard to the time and manner, I think that there can be no doubt that the Board of Education would have done well to take the principals and teachers in training colleges, and of the Universities or University Colleges to which they are attached, into its confidence, explaining precisely what is wanted, and consulting them as to the best way of achieving it. More particularly we should have a right to expect ample time for re-adjustment of curricula and preparation on the part of those who are to be made responsible for this new form of instruction. If the matter is so important as to justify the new departure, it surely demands the utmost care in its initiation. As there is still time, it is to be hoped that the mistake that has here been made may still be rectified, in the interest of the logic of good feeling, which Mr. Runciman respects, if not of the syllogism which he despises.

2. The requirement itself is, as Mr. Wallas sees, a question of a larger logic. This is not the place to enter into a general discussion of the place of religious ideas in education. In view of the inevitableness of the present discussion, I have taken occasion to write of it elsewhere. What I here desire is to draw attention to a further distinction, which is somewhat obscured in Mr. Wallas's article, the distinction between what might be logical and desirable under other circumstances, *e.g.*, a national system of secular education, and what is logical and desirable under present conditions. I hold no brief for the present system, but merely accept the fact that, in the great majority of elementary, as well as secondary, schools, Biblical instruction is an obtrusive fact. It not only exists as a fact, but by far the most important fact of the time-table, whether for good or evil. This being so, what is to be said for a system of training which prepares, or tries to prepare, the student for every other subject and leaves this to chance—that takes every care that its students shall be adequate teachers of singing and sewing and cooking, but bestows no thought on their power of touching the deeper ethical and religious feelings? What I wish to submit is that there is no logic of any kind in such a system, and that only two alternatives are open to those who would seek to mend it: either the abolition of all attempt at direct ethical and religious teaching in the schools, or the courageous effort to meet the difficulty on the best available lines by the directors of our training colleges. I have no particular opinion as to the comparative eligibility of these two alternatives. I should merely like to add that it will be a great mistake to assume, as is usually done, that the first of them will make an end of the religious difficulty as far as training colleges are concerned. If the religious lesson is abolished, it will be all the more incumbent on those who are responsible for the training of teachers to see that they go forward to their work with some clear and constructive ideas as to the end that the old religious lesson sought to accomplish, and this will involve the treatment in their class-rooms of the great ideas that underlie the most inspired portions of Scripture. From this point of view I cannot think that Mr. Wallas would regard it as an adequate definition of the function of the State with regard to our Universities: "to abolish restrictions and provide adequate material resources." On the contrary it seems to me wholly in accordance with modern ideas that it should add to these the function of constructive suggestion as to the best means of realising the larger human ends of education. This, indeed, is the point of view from which the new departure may be most helpfully regarded, viz., as a call to the Universities to make prominent in their teaching the ideas as to the relation of human souls to one another, and to the eternal verities of life that underlie all the great religions, and thus to prepare the way for a better understanding between rival creeds and rival sects under the same nominal creed. In no other way could proper effect be given to the minute, and I can conceive no better effect.

3. With regard to the question of inspection, I have always been an uncompromising advocate of the freedom of the teacher, and would extend to the schoolmaster in this department the same liberty that I claim for the University lecturer. From this point of view Mr. Wallas seems to me to be entirely right in calling attention to the danger of subjecting the teaching which the Universities under this clause may decide to give, to the official control of inspectors who may have little or no insight into its aims and methods.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. MUIRHEAD.

University of Birmingham,
July 13th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—When a man of Mr. Graham Wallas's great experience writes of "a revolution in education," readers of THE NATION may well be alarmed at his words. I sincerely trust that just respect for Mr. Wallas may not lead them to be carried away by the force of his invective and to misunderstand Mr. Runciman's most recent administrative act, which should prove of the greatest utility to education. For, indeed, the new Regulations on the Training of Teachers may be said to mark a stage in the development of a happier relationship between the State and the problems of religious education with which it has to deal. To the entrance arrangements of denominational training colleges I do not propose to refer: the particular compromise embodied in the Regulations may well give way before long to something better. Mr. Wallas centres his attack on the provision which requires that, in the future, all training colleges shall provide a course of religious instruction in their curriculum, accordingly making this a duty for all local education authorities which have established training colleges of their own. It should be pointed out that this course is not to be compulsory upon the students, and that the Government Inspector is merely directed to see that such a course is provided, and that the instruction is given in a suitable way, without inquiring further into the subject matter. There is every latitude left to the different college authorities to adopt various courses of instruction, nor is it in the least likely that any monotonous uniform system will result.

On the other hand the gain to college life and to the majority of students will be enormous. As Mr. Wallas says, very few local education authorities at present make any provision for such teaching in their colleges. It is obviously unsatisfactory that one school subject only, and that the most important of all, should be omitted from the curriculum of the young men and women who are being trained as teachers. The vast majority of these future teachers, in the ordinary course of their work, will give daily lessons on the Bible to their classes. Why may they not have the benefit, while they are being trained, of teaching which may help to make these lessons not only more interesting, but truer, less conventional, and far more useful to the children? If it is desired to omit the Bible entirely from the school programme, it is, of course, quite logical to object to Mr. Runciman's new Regulations. But, if the Bible is to be maintained in the schools at all, it is surely necessary that the teacher should receive the best possible equipment for teaching it. One of the best ways

to make religious and biblical teaching unprofitable, unreal, and insincere, is to prevent the teachers from having opportunities during their training of coming into touch with the most recent research, and learning themselves (as henceforth they may), from the example of the greatest modern biblical scholars, how reverence and sincere regard for truth may be combined in the study of a history and a literature to which Christian and Agnostic agree in according a unique place of importance.

Mr. Wallas is rightly jealous of the freedom of University teaching. But surely the day of obscurantist intolerance is past. Can he imagine the principal of the London Day Training College being forbidden to allude to higher criticism in a course of Biblical Study? It is a very significant fact that Manchester University, which no one can suspect of clerical domination, has recently sanctioned the inclusion of classes on religious instruction in the course for the training of teachers. And here is seen the importance of the step just taken by Mr. Runciman. We are developing to a wider and more tolerant view of the relation of the State to religious life than that held in the negative liberalism, the child of the French Revolution, which was a protest against the intolerant claims which were made by the ecclesiasticism of a byegone age. The liberal state of the future will not simply cut out from its purview all the highest aspects of life and all its deepest problems by refusing to recognise the existence of religious communities and religious questions. Recognising that religion (whether it be Positivism or Christianity) is an integral part of the lives of its citizens, it cannot simply ignore its existence, but its educational system will allow, within the national framework, the utmost possible freedom of development, of religious conviction. In the hope of such a fruitful synthesis of the varying forms of religious belief which go to make up our national life, we may surely welcome most warmly the action of Mr. Runciman.—Yours, &c.,

T. Edmund Harvey.

Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, E.
July 12th, 1909.

## "THE POWER TO SUPPRESS OPINION."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Many of your readers must have wondered, as they read the article under this title in your last issue, how it could be that such sane reflections should find a place in pages usually so strongly colored with the fallacies of non-resistance? Can it be that Liberals, who do not wish to insult the Tsar one day and invite him to limit his armaments the next, are at last to find a supporter among your contributors? True, the writer does not draw the obvious deduction and show how the instances where tyranny has triumphed over truth and those brighter pages of history which tell the Victories of Light over Darkness all point to the same political moral, to wit, that he who wills the end must will the means. If we aim at spiritual greatness only, and have no wish for national glory, we should, to be consistent, covet the agony and bloody sweat, the scourgings and crucifixions of the patriots of Russia. If, on the other hand, our Kingdom of Heaven is of this World, then must the Servants of Truth fight, and fight as Cromwell fought, as Hoche and Lafayette fought, as Washington and Lincoln fought, as Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi fought, and as, in these last days, the Young Turks have fought. Mill's "Melancholy note of disillusionment' may sound a call to arms and not the funeral dirge of freedom if Liberals hear its warning, and are not tempted to despair, but nerved to action. As a free nation it is excellent to have a giant's strength, a supreme sea-power, an effective army of the Empire. It is the use of that giant's strength to bully, instead of to protect, that Liberals are by their principles pledged to protest against, and if, sir, the sad reflections on the power of force to suppress opinion, voiced in your recent article, lead some of us to direct our energies to the denunciation of oppression, rather than of armaments, our national prestige and imperial power may, in the future, as in the past, do something to ensure that Truth in the day of Trial shall prevail even in the Darkest places of the Earth.—Yours, &c.,

Sydney P. Turnbull.

Norbury, Scarborough,
July 13th, 1909.

## THE CHINESE AND MILITARISM.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In your fascinating article under the title "How Ah Sin Sang" in the issue of April 10th, are one or two statements that need slight qualification. "The Chinese honor the man of peace and despise the soldier" is in danger of becoming obsolete, however true it may have been in the past. Military drill is being rapidly introduced into the Chinese Government Schools, and even into many Mission Schools. The Chinese are as keen on a big navy as some of the nations of the West, and are only held back by lack of money from building a strong fleet. Further, quite recently an edict has been issued favoring conscription, and proposing four years' compulsory service under arms.

A month ago we threw open our school playground for a combined display, on the part of all the schools in this city, of athletic sports, and one, at least, of the Chinese schools wished to give an exhibition of rifle drill, but receiving from us an expression of opinion that this was not in accordance with our principles as Quakers, they very courteously substituted something more peaceful for it. Their drill instructors, however, were all dressed in military garb, which is far from having the appearance of "rags or anything." In fact, many of the military officers whom I have seen are dressed almost as neatly as, though somewhat more quietly than, a European officer.

In view of all these preparations for war, it can no longer be said of the Chinese, as it can be said of their poets of old, that "their songs are of peace, and war is mentioned only with abhorrence."—Yours, &c.,

E. W. Sawdon.

Friends' Mission,
Chungking, W. China,
June 9th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## WILD-ROSE TIME.

O no one, no one knows
Why I wear a wild-rose:
Not even I who wear it
Could tell you all it shows.

Surely it shows the thorn
On which my life is torn;
Surely it hints the sweetness
Too bitter to be borne.

Love's handwriting, I think,
Scribbled its blossom pink;
Your white soul was his paper,
And my life-blood his ink.

And in a childish tongue
He wrote a magic song;
And only I may sing it,
Who cannot live for long.

Yet would to God I might
Perfect one pure delight;
And not go empty-hearted
Into the outer night.

*O no one, no one knows*
*Why I wear the wild-rose.*

R. C. K. Ensor.

# Reviews.

## HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.*

THE standpoint of this book is what is called the "New Theology," a theology to which little but its name can be objected, and to the author's conclusion that "the Bible will always keep its place as the most precious treasure ever inherited by any 'people of the Book,' and will vindicate more and more against its ignorant, misled, or wilful misinterpreters of the past its claim to be a still living record of the struggle of man towards purity, freedom, and light," few will take exception. The reasoning by which it is reached may not always command assent. Whatever was the case with Puritanism, it cannot be said that the Reformation "laid hold of the soul" of the English people with any great "thoroughness of penetration": the Papacy, indeed, was never popular in this country—Englishmen dislike foreigners—but up to the accession of James I. half the nation inclined rather to the unreformed than to the reformed religion. The reason why the Medieval Church withheld the Bible from the people was not "reverence for the Word" carried to "fetichistic superstition," but a reluctance to invite a test of its teaching and practice by Scripture; while to class the Church of England with the "Greek and Roman Churches" as holding the ecclesiastical as opposed to the Evangelical view of Christianity, and as teaching that "one essential condition of communion with God is union with the Church, access to her sacraments, and obedience to her behests," is at least in contradiction to Articles 6, 18, 19, and 20. We have no doubt that what Mr. Picton means is that there are many English Churchmen who hold the opinions to which he refers, and he might fairly add that it was the teaching of the dominant party in the Anglican Communion. But such teaching is not yet established as that of the English Church. The sacerdotalism which underlies it was deliberately rejected by our Reformers. Hooker is classed as a "High" Churchman. But his contention against the Puritans was not that Episcopacy is necessary, but that it is not unlawful; while, of the Ordinal in the Book of Common Prayer, Article 36 declares, not that those otherwise ordained are not lawful ministers—for what constitutes a lawful minister, see Article 23—but that it contains nothing "that of itself is superstitious or ungodly." Mr. Picton identifies the Pauline gospel of the Resurrection of Christ with the belief held by the writers, or editors, of the Canonical Gospels in the resuscitation of His body and its coming forth from the tomb. "In him—Paul—a sincere belief that a questionable event has happened is a sure passport to salvation." Whatever its place in later theology, this surely was not the position of St. Paul, for whom the Resurrection of Christ meant the fact of His risen life, and faith the conviction of this fact; who did not know Christ "after the flesh." Mr. Picton adopts the opinion of certain scholars, mainly Dutch, of whom Professor van Manen is the best known, who deny the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Romans. This opinion has not found much favor in Germany, even with the advanced school. Writing in Joannes Weiss's "Schriften des Neuen Testaments" (1908), Professor Jülicher says, "The authenticity of the Epistle to the Romans can be questioned only by those who are prepared to take the personality of Paul out of history." With regard to the content of this epistle, the assertion of the Augustinian-Calvinist interpretation of Chapters IX., X., and XI. should not pass without question. The argument of the writer has to do not with the eternal destiny of souls, but with the vocation of the Jews to the acceptance of the Gospel. By those who approach the letter without preconceived opinions—a difficult thing to do—this can scarcely be doubted; the best corrective to the traditional commentary is the text. In urging the Jewish origin of the Christian sacraments, again, Mr. Picton is opposed by Pfleiderer, Bousset, and Loisy: and, as regards the Eucharist at least, their conclusion seems the more probable.

Mr. Picton is alive, and very rightly, to the mischief that has been done to religion by taking the Bible statically and as a fixed quantity; by reading the history of the Hebrew Patriarchs, according to an unfortunate phrase of St. Jerome, "for example of life and instruction of manners." This is pre-eminently not the reason why they should be read. *Admiranda potius quam imitanda:* times, men, manners—all have changed. The Christian of to-day who proposed to sacrifice his son in obedience to a revelation would find himself in a lunatic asylum; if he carried out his intention, he would, very properly, be hanged. But it is the survival of primitive standards that is mischievous, not their existence in their own time. They were an advance on previous custom; slavery is better than massacre or cannibalism; and in the legend referred to the opportune appearance and substitution of the ram show that the practice of human sacrifice was repugnant to the mind of the writer, and, if not extinct, on the way to extinction. To speak of the story as "demoralising," to see in the records of primitive usage "the coarse recitals of a barbarous age," is to miss the point. These records were meant for a wider public than that of England in the twentieth century. The morality with which they present us is relative: so, we may remind ourselves, is our own. It is probable that the men of the future will regard certain features of our civilisation—our wars, our prisons, our workhouses—in much the same light as we do the barbarism of the Middle Ages or the savagery of primitive times. "The times of this ignorance God winked at." It is the part of modesty for us to do so also; for we too are men.

How flat, how untrue to life would be a Bible which represented the man of "the antique world" as occupying the standpoint of a modern philanthropist! For this standpoint, excellent as it is in its place, is particular, not universal; it does not exhibit life. The Bible is a very old book: it reflects the mind of many generations, and depicts the slow, often at the time imperceptible, but unbroken development of mankind. The thoughts of the prophets and warriors of Israel were not our thoughts: "the time of figs" was not yet. Morality and knowledge are progressive; but in each case, the past conditions the present, which cannot be reached or understood unless the intermediate steps have been taken; it is impossible to pass *per saltum* to the goal. There are passages in the Old Testament which, in themselves, are disedifying reading: few, left to their own discretion, would include them in a lectionary meant for public use. Yet their omission leaves the history a blur: the Old Theology was the more truthful; it showed us the men and women of the Bible as they were. An Elijah was not built on the lines of an evangelical curate; a Paul would have been ill at ease in the University pulpit, or even in the City Temple: to criticise them on this account is to confuse standards; they were of another age.

The root of this confusion is that those who make it read scripture with "the veil upon their heart," forgetting that, if there is one fact clearly brought out in its pages and in history as a whole, it is this: that God loves a man who is a man. The resolute will, the strong head, the clear purpose—these things are after His heart.

> "For still the Lord is Lord of might;
> In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight;
> The plough, the spear, the laden barks,
> The field, the founded city marks."

The Old Testament worthies are not types of humanitarianism. They were men who struck hard, and were not over scrupulous. Their ethics were probably neither much above nor much below those of their contemporaries. We should find their counterparts to-day in the Bedouin camp or the Arab village; in the Emir, the Mahdi, the Dervish of the East. So, too, in the Christian Church. Its great figures—a Theodosius, a Pepin, a Charles the Great—were not pietists. Loud-voiced rather, and choleric; men of blood and thunder, used rather to the camp and the battle-axe than the cloister and the pen. Power meant much to them; ideas little. They moulded abstract theory, undisguisedly enough, according to the exigencies of concrete fact. And so throughout. An Elizabeth, a Cromwell, a Cavour, a Bismarck—such are the men who uproot tyrannies, disperse darkness, diffuse light. Not professional religionists, but men cast in a big mould, ruthless often enough and high-handed, who loved and hated, purposed

* "Man and the Bible. A Review of the Place of the Bible in Human History." By J. Allanson Picton. Williams & Norgate.

and accomplished, who, doing and daring, lived life out to the full. To criticise them from a standpoint which was not theirs is easy, but beside the point. The question is: Did they stand for light or darkness; for truth or falsehood; for right or wrong? If for the former—well, a man's life is to be judged as a whole.

It is because the Bible is, in this sense, in touch with life and with the kernel of things that it is invulnerable. "Jerusalem est sortie plus brilliante et plus belle du travail en apparence destructeur de la science moderne; les pieux récits dont on a berçé notre enfance sont devenus grâce à une saine interpretation de hautes vérités, et c'est à nous qui voyons Israel dans sa réelle beauté, c'est à nous autres critiques qu'il appartient vraiment de dire, *Stantes erunt pedes nostri in atriis tuis, Jerusalem.*" Its unequalled and inexhaustible power over men comes not from its harmony with later science and morality. In vain do we attempt to reconcile it with either: a gulf divides the two. Its secret is that we have in it what the early Church called "the word of prophecy"; that the religious instinct at its strongest and purest is there. And—*Digitus Dei est hic.* As Mr. Picton well puts it,

> "We must accept as a fact proved by the experience of three thousand years that the Jews had what we can only describe as a special genius for religion. . . . For Mahommedanism is at best but a pale plagiarism of undeveloped Hebrew religion. And though the Christian Church, an offshoot of Judaism, can boast great saints, theosophists and preachers, its Origens and Augustines and Luthers and Calvins are mere spiritual pygmies when contrasted with the Isaiahs, the Psalmists, the Evangelists, or St. Paul. Why it should be so is simply an unanswerable question. We might as well ask why Greece was so pre-eminent in literature, art or philosophy, and Republican Rome, on the other hand, in war, jurisprudence, and polity. The characteristics were in the soul of the people. But why they were so is a question the solution of which requires a greater knowledge of the interaction between them and the Universe than is ever likely to be attained."

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## A FRIEND OF BYRON.*

The material out of which these two volumes have been composed consists partly of extracts from the five volumes of Recollections which Lord Broughton printed, but did not publish, and from diaries that he left, and partly of extracts from his published works, such as his "Letters from Paris during the last Reign of Napoleon." Lady Dorchester has woven these extracts into a narrative. The volume now published ends at 1822; there is, therefore, reason to hope that more "Recollections" are to be given to the world later.

Lord Rosebery, in his brief and happy preface to these volumes, says that John Cam Hobhouse was the high priest of the Byron mystery. "Those who saw him in his old age—and he lived to be eighty-three—regarded him with unspeakable interest as one who knew all and could tell all if he chose. But he did not choose to tell." The volumes now published do not break that silence, though they contain, in full, the detailed account of the history of the separation, which Hobhouse prepared as a defence of Byron and of Byron's friends. That account cannot be said to throw much further light on the questions raised by Lord Lovelace, though it helps to show the kind of impression that Byron's temper and conversation might be expected to produce in a circle where they were not familiar or congenial. Throughout these painful proceedings Hobhouse was at Byron's elbow, sparing himself no trouble or unpleasantness. A year earlier he had stood by Byron's side in the quiet and unemotional wedding which ended with this explosion, and we have a full account of his experiences. Here is a characteristic entry on their journey to Seaham: "Off at twelve. Went as far as Newark in snow and rain. . . . Read the new Gibbon—delightful. The bridegroom more and more *less* impatient. . . . Never was lover less in haste." Hobhouse's friendship with Byron was honorable alike to his spirit and his constancy. He was no flatterer, and his criticisms of "Don Juan" nearly ended in its suppression. His loyalty stood every test, even a harder test than the odium that every associate of Byron's had to face at one time in his life. In 1819 Hobhouse got into prison for a breach of privilege, due, as he explains, to a misunderstanding of a sentence in his pamphlet replying to Erskine's "Defence of the Whigs." Byron chose his friend's misfortune as the opportunity for making merry at his expense in a malicious ballad. Hobhouse remarks of this incident, "I am exceedingly unwilling to record this proof of the nature of my friend. He thought me in prison; he knew me attacked by all parties and pens; he resolved to give his kick too. . . . Yet for a man to give way to such a mere itch of writing against one who has stood by him in all his battles, and never refused a single friendly office, is a melancholy proof of want of feeling. It has, at any rate, affected the mirage through which I have long looked at this singular man, and I know not that it is in the power of any suite of circumstances hereafter to make me think of him again exactly as I thought of him before." Byron had written to Murray, "Give the enclosed song to Hobhouse. I know he will never forgive me, but I cannot help it. I have no patience with him and his ragamuffins for getting him into quod." But the breach was repaired, and Hobhouse contented himself with telling Byron that he was "a shabby fellow." So the friendship that had begun at Cambridge, and was developed in the travels of 1809, which are here described with some lifelike touches, such as Byron's sulking over questions of precedence, or the scratching of their names by Byron and Hobhouse on marble pillars at Delphi, goes on to the end of the chapter.

Besides being Byron's chief friend, Hobhouse is an interesting figure in the politics of the first half of the nineteenth century, and many would have hoped to find in these volumes some glimpses into the Radical movement. In this respect the "Recollections" are disappointing. There is a great deal of introspection in the book, for Hobhouse could rarely let his birthday pass without lecturing himself on his shyness and his failures ("I have read nothing and done nothing"), but we never see into the play of feeling and reason that made him a Radical. It is true that he describes in 1820 the reforms to which he devoted himself: Parliamentary Reform, a Factory Bill, Vestry Reform, and the modification of the Quarantine Laws, but though we get occasionally a remark like this in the Diary, "Dined in Trinity College. Heard they have been throwing a collector of the Property Tax out of the window at St. Ives," the book says singularly little about domestic politics. It says more about foreign politics, and this is natural, seeing that his enthusiasm for Napoleon took Hobhouse to Paris for the last flash of the Hundred Days. "Regarding Napoleon and his warriors as the partisan of the cause of peoples against the conspiracy of kings," he wrote in the "Last Reign," "whatever may be my regret that that cause has not fallen into hands so pure as to command unqualified support, I cannot help wishing that the French may meet with as much success as will not compromise the military character of my own countrymen. But, as an Englishman, I will not be witness to their triumphs: as a lover of liberty I would not be a spectator of their reverses." His case, like that of Chateaubriand on the other side, forms a curious study in the difficulties that face a patriot when his country seems to him to fight under the wrong flag on a gigantic issue.

The chief interest of the book, apart from Byron, consists in its descriptions and stories of Hobhouse's contemporaries. His journal is, in this respect, something like Rogers' Table Talk. It is less racy than the Creevey Papers, but it contains some good sketches and anecdotes. Here is a good story of Erskine. The Emperor Alexander, when Erskine was introduced to him, said that he had read every word of Erskine's great defence of Hardy. Erskine was about to describe the scene, a task he would have greatly enjoyed, when he noticed that his nearest neighbor was Grenville, who could hardly be expected to share his enjoyment. There are several stories to illustrate Erskine's vanity and eccentricities, and one—relating how he induced Madame Tallien to allow him to release a tame stag that was to be hunted, by telling her she could not possibly enjoy such cruel sport—to illustrate his well-known tenderness for animals. There is a gruesome story of the

* "Recollections of a Long Life." By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). With additional extracts from his private diaries. Edited by his daughter, Lady Dorchester. Murray. 2 vols. 24s. net.

visit of Lady Bessborough to Sheridan three days before his death, and of the terror which she felt of him. "He took her hand and gripped it hard, then he told her that he gave her that token to assure her that, if possible, he would come to her after he was dead. Lady Bessborough was frightened, and said that he had persecuted her all his life, and would now carry his persecution into death. Why should he do so? 'Because,' said Sheridan, 'I am resolved you shall remember me.'" Sheridan told Hobhouse that the whole plan of the "Rolliad" was the work of Lawrence, who also wrote some of the poetry, that Fitzpatrick was the poet of the concern, and that he (Sheridan) never wrote a line but gave hints. There are some descriptions of Grattan's mimicry of orators. Grattan said that Pitt the younger was "a better rhetorician than his father . . that Chatham's manner, except when he was roused, was colloquial." But the best story in the book was told by Lady Byron's father, Sir Ralph Milbanke, when Hobhouse was staying at his house for the unlucky wedding. The hero was a sycophantic bishop, who, when a tutor at Oxford, thus began a remark to Lord Hampden, "The friendship which I have for my Lord, your father; my respect for my Lord, the Bishop, your uncle; and the peculiar situation in which I stand with my Lord God."

## THE BEGINNINGS OF BELIEF.*

THE heresy from which deliverance should be sought is the denial of continuity in human thought and action, since this is to import discord into a universe of unbroken order. Man, at the core of him, is the same everywhere, and observation of what seems to us his vagaries brings home how superficial are the changes which time has wrought since he expressed, in outward and visible signs, his philosophy of things—for such it was in the making. He remains a creature of instinctive impulses inherited from the lower animals; as an emotional being, his antiquity is dateless; as a reasoning being, he is a late product. And whatever he has evolved in thought, and put into practice, has justified its existence wherever his needs have responded thereto.

Such reflections are suggested by the reading of a book, slim only in bulk, as becomes an expanded lecture, wherein its learned and indefatigable author essays "Psyche's Task" in the sorting out of the seeds of good from the seeds of evil. Packed with examples in proof of its thesis, it shows what a necessary and useful place superstition has filled in the history of institutions. Dismissing those which are purely ecclesiastical, as foreign to his present purpose, Dr. Frazer selects government, private property, marriage, and regard for human life as the fundamental bases of society, and demonstrates what "soul of goodness" lies in these substructures. As to the first of the four, there is no difficulty in showing that the awe in which the lower races hold their chiefs has its source mainly in the belief that the latter possess magical or other occult powers, whereby they can influence the unseen, and, therefore, the dreaded—a belief which, crediting them with power to heal diseases, survived for centuries in this country in the custom of being touched by royalty for scrofula, or the "King's evil," and which had further and more remarkable development in the deification of Oriental monarchs, and, copying them, of Roman emperors. But what Dr. Frazer is concerned to show is the effect of such a belief in consolidating an institution on the strength of which depends the enforcement of order necessary to the existence of every State, large or small, savage or civilised.

His more elaborate studies have familiarised us with the often intricate tabus hedging a King's divinity, and the security which these afford to the retention of land and chattels has abundant example in his second chapter. Curses and charms and all other apparatus of the sorcerer are more effective than the prosaic "Trespassers will be prosecuted," because the punishment which may follow the thief or usurper is more terrible than the payment of a fine for damages or "doing time." He is kept in check by the fear that some horrible disease will follow the stealing of his neighbor's yams, or that he may go hag-ridden for the rest of his life if he stealthily removes his neighbor's landmark. The element of tabu was probably not absent from the conception of the god Terminus, to whom, as protector of boundaries, a place by the side of Jupiter was accorded on the Capitol. The examples of sympathetic magic in the shape of belief that irregular sexual relations will disastrously affect the success of the crops, with which Dr. Frazer fills many pages of "The Golden Bough," have their significance focussed in the chapter on marriage. Therein are explained the punishments with which incontinence is visited, and the consequent encouragement of orderly connections, although, contrasted with the complex restrictions on marriage which savage codes embody, the table of degrees in our Prayer Book is simplicity itself.

Only hints of the significance of Dr. Frazer's researches are given in the first edition of "The Golden Bough"; a larger courage has expression in the later issues; and this has example in the qualifying paragraph which precedes his argument on the enormous value of the belief in a future life as a protection against murder.

> "It might be maintained that no belief has done so much to retard the economic, and thereby the social, progress of Mankind as the belief in the immortality of the soul, for this belief has led race after race, generation after generation, to sacrifice the real wants of the living to the imaginary wants of the dead. The waste and destruction of life and property which this faith has entailed are enormous and incalculable. But I am not here concerned with the disastrous and deplorable consequences, the unspeakable follies and crimes and miseries, which have flowed in practice from the theory of a future life."

What stands to the undoubted credit of that belief is its deterrent influence on the would-be murderer, not because he is reluctant to kill any one, but because he is afraid of the dead man's ghost. And the belief that the ghost may wreak vengeance on the tribe to which the murderer belongs creates a feeling shaping primitive criminal codes embodying ideas of the sanctity of human life. In this connection Dr. Frazer aptly cites the story of Orestes, who was driven from one land to another, not so much because he had killed his mother, but because of the peril to others brought by him who was pursued by her Erinnyes. "The fear of ghosts is widespread, perhaps universal, among savages; it is hardly extinct among ourselves. If it were extinct, some learned societies might put up their shutters." Wherein lies a moral which the more credulous among psychical researchers may ponder over.

* "Psyche's Task." By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., &c. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

## COLLECTED AND NEW POEMS.*

WHEN a poet arrives at the dignity of "collected poems," it may, as a rule, be taken as a verdict in itself; and in these hasty days the reviewer will, perhaps, more conveniently take up his space with close considerations of new work. Two poetesses come before us here in collected editions, Dora Sigerson Shorter and Louise Chandler Moulton, and in both cases we can easily say that the implied verdict is deserved. The lover of poetry will be glad to possess, in single volumes, the work of two such genuine singers. Of the two, we should say that the acid of Time will prove Mrs. Shorter's work to contain the more insoluble stuff. At her best, when she is singing Irish legend and specifically Irish sentiment, she gives us something that is not easy to parallel, not even in the more elaborate art of her island's more famous poets. Her lyric is often a wonderfully musical and poignant cry. Mrs. Moulton,

* "The Collected Poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter." With an Introduction by George Meredith. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
"The Poems of Louise Chandler Moulton." Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
"Selected Poems." By Laurence Housman. Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.
"Betelguese." By Jean Louis De Esque. Jersey City: The Connoisseur's Press.
"Psyche, and Other Poems." By John Garth. H. R. Allenson. 4s. 6d. net.
"Roses and Shamrock." By L. Ann Cunnington. Alexander Moring, Ltd. 5s. net.
"A Few Lyrics." By Lawrence Alma Tadema. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
"Lancelot and Elaine." By Morley Steynor." George Bell & Son.
"Artemis to Actaeon, and Other Verse." By Edith Wharton. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.
"Gallio." By St. John Lucas. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 1s. net.

however, for all her charm, shares her qualities with many singers. And she does not often force her womanly emotion sufficiently into the rigor of poetic style; and there is little art where there is little rigor. Neither of these poetesses, indeed, ever achieved a very notable style; but Mrs. Moulton, being more universal in her matter than Mrs. Shorter, was much more in need of a style. However, though our grandsons may not know the names of Dora Sigerson Shorter and Louise Chandler Moulton, that is no reason why we should not take what pleasure we may from their works; and the pleasure is considerable. And, as regards Dora Sigerson, if we were in the mood to prophesy, we should be inclined to say that our sons will forget her, but that our grandsons will rediscover her with surprise and delight. But this is risky work. We cannot object to Mr. Laurence Housman's poems that they are lacking in rigor of style; indeed, this volume of his "Selected Poems" confirms an impression that his poetry is, on the whole, too ingenious. But that is vastly better than a slack craftsmanship. Rhyme occasionally becomes with Mr. Housman more a puzzle than an instrument of music; but poetry so subtle, so fastidiously worded, and at times of such exquisite simplicity, could carry, without being overburdened, a good many more faults than the most scrupulous critic can find in it. The series of lyrics called "Rue" is among the purest poesy that our generation has heard; it is much deeper in emotion, though, on the whole, perhaps less felicitous in expression, than that other, more famous, lyric series which also bears the name of Housman. There are many songs from "Rue" we should like to quote, especially that one which begins:—

"If you must do the thing you fear,
I would I were the sin,
To knock against your heart, my dear,
Until you let me in."

But, after all, Mr. Laurence Housman's work is known to all who love poetry; we need say no more than that the best of his work is to be found in these "Selected Poems."

We now come to a volume that is, at any rate, exciting. "Betelguese," by Mr. Louis De Esque, is described as "A Trip Through Hell"; and certainly the poem would make an admirable hell for a philologist. Never, we suppose, has a book contained so many misprints—we hope they are misprints; but we have some suspicion that the author does not perfectly understand English, or, indeed, grammar at large, as when he says in his introduction, "its nebulæ is slowly but surely disappearing." The poem is dedicated to

"Those that felt the wand of Muse—
Queen Posy's shaft of subtle art,"

and also to those that have "shed dim tears in Sorrow's pew."

Owing to the unusual richness of Mr. De Esque's vocabulary, we cannot always reckon ourselves susceptible to Queen Poesy's shaft as Mr. De Esque shoots it. The reader shall judge for himself. Thus it opens:—

"Caressed by crystal dew and light,
Beyond the realm of scale and fin,
Incarian Thought flits Fancy wings,
To hazards where a crimson win
Makes scarlet this eternal height."

Incarian Thought, flitting Fancy wings, soon perceives (we are already in hell) that

"Where pixies dance on wind-blown strands,
Lurke gyte incubi in a hall."

And, perceiving this, Incarian Thought exclaims:—

"Here, then, reigns gyving, batter'd Doom!
Where shadows vague and coffined light
Spit broths from splintered wracks and domes."

The fun now increases, and it is not long before we reach a person called Figgum (afterwards, no doubt justly, called "strange Figgum"); and round this gentleman

"Medeas in this vast plain,
Who blink at yon dysodile lamps,
Slap thenars and each bifurcous
As javels drink from scyphus' bright."

We pass "an immarcescible peak," and after shouldering our way amid "faffling gawks," "gangrel imps," "gyving hoodlums," and "skinless nudes," where, moreover, "afreets prance on blister'd sand," and "jarbling gumps ride hydras green," and another party "sweats cesspools" (a vigorous phrase), we come to a place

"Where syrt sucks jargling javels mad,
And carcants cast a luring light
From mildewed screes and mounts that scyle
Veiled angueries of battling Hell,
A charnel shard assails the damned
Thro' vapours green and siffling night;
Monastic caverns rasp each isle;
A poisoned skink croaks from a well."

In fact, as the author says,

"In vain we seek an isle of peace
Beyond the pale of siffling Doom!"

The only agreeable thing about this hell seems to be that

"Here Pat McCarrens filch no vote,
A Grady eats no mellow pea,
A Murphy owns no City Hall."

But against that there are "wowed witches with a gorce's lust," "noctivagous lepers," and "figent gawks," that "sken at a gnome":—

"Whilst scarn assails the morning light
And gumps haste to the Dawn's first show."

But enough; we should not laugh in Bedlam.

We are thankful to turn to Mr. John Garth's "Psyche." Here there are gentleness and quiet music, an unstrained beauty of phrase, and sane conception. "Psyche" is not a great poem, but it is a pleasant one; there are few memorable images or similes in it, no astonishing thought. It is rather like William Morris's narrative poetry, without Morris's frequent leaps into lyric. We shall hardly read the poem again; but we shall remember that we have read it. Mr. Garth's miscellaneous poems are not so good, but the serious ones have some solemnity of diction. There is much keener fragrance of poetry in the lyrics of Miss Cunnington's "Roses and Shamrock." The title would seem to imply that we must look for some blending of English and Celtic spirit in these poems; and unless we mistake it is noticeable. This, called "England," is surely a charming piece of fantasy:—

"Give me a book, and let it be
All lustrous-leaved and silver-writ;
Its binding fair the restless sea;
Let wild birds o'er its edges flit.
Let there be townships pictured there,
Drawn in their daily home-spun dress;
And moorlands in their purple fair,
Vast pleasant halls of idleness."

Miss Lawrence Alma Tadema is another lyricist who has something more than skill. In these "Few Lyrics" she sings of children, of "The Earth's Face," and of "The Heart." The nature-pieces are the best. There is in them that vivid observation of small things which the earth demands of her singers, as in this couplet:—

"The lapwings quiver in the sky,
Their breasts are stars as they turn on high."

But here is a delightfully playful verse:—

"Dame Hedge has got her mantle green
With never a speck upon it,
Her ferny feet show flowers between,
Her arms are filled with nests unseen,
And a thrush sings in her bonnet."

Mr. Morley Steynor is not, we think, well advised to write tragedies on "The Idylls of The King." It would seem that he has read up his subject in Malory, but the spirit of his play is Tennysonian. Only a poet of consummate ability should dare to handle Arthurian legend; and this Mr. Steynor is not. His touch is uncertain; indeed, the words seldom acknowledge him for master. Yet he has some power of presenting character, and might write a tolerable play if he would break away from the five-act form, which his talent cannot fill, and choose some unambitious subject.

We are now arrived at a music more stirring than delicate lutings, a grave melody sustained by elaborate harmony—Mrs. Edith Wharton's poems. The title, "Artemis to Actaeon," sounds as if it might be classicism; but it is no such thing. The book is modernity; and to be properly modern is perhaps the best thing that poetry can be. Here we have the perplexities and assurances of modern thought put into music—into a music, however, which is constructed after the unchanging traditional

manner. Mrs. Wharton has the insight into words, the swift startling visualisation, the power to form thought as well as speech, and the rest of the poet's needments. Two of the poems in the volume deal in the often-used pieces of Greek mythology, the tale of Actaeon and the tale of Orpheus. But Mrs. Wharton pours a new blood into them. As she handles them, these events happened but yesterday, and have a significance for us which subsists not only in their beauty. The best things, however, in the book, are a sonnet-series called "The Mortal Lease" and a magnificent rhapsody called "Life." The eight sonnets of "The Mortal Lease" describe the confused war between the elemental passion of love and the modern "sad self-knowledge"—with its obstinate questionings and acute perception of the "unintelligible world's" weight. The poetry all through is admirable. The second sonnet seems to contain the essence of the matter; here is the octet:—

> "Because our kiss is as the moon to draw
> The mounting waters of that red-lit sea
> That circles brain with sense, and bids us be
> The playthings of an elemental law,
> Shall we forego the deeper touch of awe
> On love's extremest pinnacle, where we,
> Winging the vistas of infinity,
> Gigantic on the mist our shadows saw?"

But the lover also feels the perplexities of human history in her soul:—

> "How can I be to you the nymph who danced
> Smooth by Ilissus as the plane-tree's bole,
> Or how the Nereid whose drenched lashes glanced
> Like sea-flowers through the summer sea's long roll—
> I that have also been the nun entranced
> Who night-long held the Bridegroom in her soul?"

The whole poem, however, with its feverish doubts and raptures, ends on a chord of serene beauty:—

> "But other hearts a long, long road doth span,
> From some far region of old works and wars,
> And the weary armies of the thoughts of man
> Have trampled it and furrowed it with scars,
> And sometimes, husht, a sacred caravan
> Moves over it alone, beneath the stars."

"The Mortal Lease" is one of the most vital things that English poetry has had of recent years. The quotations we have given will show the reader how rich and well-languaged Mrs. Wharton's thought is. And sometimes she achieves one of those rare phrases which are as vivid as a sensuous image, but yet are above the sensuous:—

> "And that deliberate rashness which beepeaks
> The pondered action passed into the blood."

To quote from the rhapsody "Life" would be to mutilate it. The poem shows how personality is first an instrument for life to play on, but at a supreme moment the positions are reversed, and personality plays music on life. It is a fine poem, which reaches to a noble height of vision and diction. We advise our readers not to miss Mrs. Wharton's poems.

We look for good poetry from Mr. St. John Lucas, and we are seldom disappointed. "Gallio" is a dignified, almost a majestic, poem, owing something of its form to Browning, but full of Mr. Lucas's own inspiration. It tells how before the weary-minded Roman Gallio came the face of Paul the Christian:—

> "His face, his face, beneath whose light my soul
> Saw herself judged; her philosophic robe
> Shrivelled; her dismal weed of self-esteem
> Burnt in the steady flame of those great eyes.
> The man was fire, all fire!"

Mr. Lucas would have been wiser not to have paraphrased St. Paul's own golden speech, but he has seized the topmost moment of Gallio's life with a dramatist's assurance:—

> "Is it not strange, O brother,
> That in this feverish moment men call life,
> This narrow ray betwixt the dark and dark,
> A thousand features that we love or loathe
> Shine, pass, and are forgotten, or remain
> Blurred in the soul's false mirror, till there comes,
> Terrible, without warning, like a fierce
> Amazing star that changes night to noon,
> The Master-face! This Paul the Christian,
> This sword-blade man worn lean and dark with strife,
> . . . . . .
> He was my star!"

Mr. Lucas's blank verse is so good that we wish he would use the medium more often.

## UNKNOWN TUSCANY.*

THERE seems to be some law of contraries by which we set out to accomplish a certain thing and usually end in accomplishing something else. Glowing with the enthusiasm that Italy evokes in the breast of most Englishmen, Mr. Edward Hutton has set out to give the "atmosphere" of unknown Tuscany. What he has really done is to illustrate with unusual forcefulness the point of view of the Victorians who went to Italy, were overwhelmed with its beauty, and wrote about their visit in the grand manner. In these days of staccato literature, "fine writing" is so nearly a thing of the past that examples of it strike us as stilted, even affected. But the reader has only to turn to writers of the 'fifties and 'sixties, to Disraeli, Lytton, to Ruskin himself, to see that, in spite of his not over-successful attempt, Mr. Hutton is perfectly sincere. Writing in an English that is now Biblical, now suggestive of a foreign idiom, Mr. Hutton is perhaps least successful in his attempt to convey his own emotions to the reader. Perhaps he is over-anxious; perhaps he leaves too little to the imagination; in any case, his is the art that reveals art. Of far more interest are such chapters as the "History of Abbadia S. Salvatore" and "The New Messiah." In both he gives the spirit of Tuscany old and new, a spirit which has changed but little with the centuries.

Siena and its neighborhood have been explored so thoroughly by devotees of St. Catherine, that there would seem but little material left to a latest enthusiast on the subject. Hitherto, however, history and description have been written from the point of view of Siena herself. We have heard time and again of the factions of Guelph and Ghibelline, of the struggle of Siena with Florence, with Orvieto, with the Pope, of her persistent attempts to crush the power of the nobles, to acquire territory. But from the point of view of the "signerotti," or of the people themselves, practically nothing has been written.

Mont' Amiata, the subject of Mr. Hutton's book, was the southern outpost of the *contado* of Siena. Here feudalism lingered longer perhaps than in any part of Italy. In Mont' Amiata was the eyrie of the Visconti of Campiglia, the great ecclesiastical "feud" of the Abbots of S. Salvatore, the well-nigh impregnable fortress of Santa Fiora, the capital of the Contea Aldobrandesca. Abbadia S. Salvatore is the most ancient and the most populous of all the villages of Mont' Amiata. The abbey, says the legend, was founded by Rachis, Duke of Friuli, and owed its origin to a belief that shepherds had seen a symbol of the Unity in Trinity high in the branches of a great pine-tree. This happened, said the legend, in May, 742. Whatever its true origin, from the days of the Carlovingians, Popes and Emperors vied with each other in conferring privileges upon the monks. One of the Imperial grants is as early as 816. The Emperor Henry II. took the monastery under his special protection, and decreed that not even a duke should wrong, beat, or oppress its dependents. Such good treatment did not improve the character of the monks, and in 1228 they were expelled from the monastery, and their place was filled by Cistercians.

Near the Abbey rose the Castello or walled village of which the inhabitants were originally the serfs and dependents of the monks. From this dependence they assumed rights of their own, which, three years before Runnymede, were recognised by Pope and Emperor.

This history, together with that of Radicofani, shows Mr. Hutton at his best. At Radicofani may be seen beautiful examples of Della Robbia ware; also a centenarian, steeped in sin, was carried off thence by the devil with concomitant tempest, thunder, and lightning. The next morning the road taken by the couple was covered with toads for seven miles. The country folk tell you that Ghino di Tacco still haunts the place. Ghino was a sort of Robin Hood. It was an injustice of fate which, having preserved him throughout his evil deeds, allowed him to be slain when he had made his peace with Holy Church.

"The New Messiah" is one of those characters which belong to all time. Actually, David Lazzaretti died as late as August, 1878. He was only thirteen when he first heard

* "In Unknown Tuscany." By Edward Hutton. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

the voices that later became so insistent, but he was thirty-five before he left his trade and went to Rome. He, too, withdrew to the desert, whence the spirit sent him forth again to preach what he had seen. While despised of some, David had a large following. Those who were incredulous paid him the homage of hatred. He promised his followers a kingdom, by which they understood that they would have a larger share of crops and harvests even than the masters themselves. It was at the head of a great procession that he met an end he had himself foreseen. Nowhere is Mr. Hutton so successful as in his account of this man—the New Messiah. Nowhere does he show so clearly that between myth and fact there is but an invisible borderline.

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## MR. MASEFIELD'S NEW NOVEL.*

Of all our novelists to-day Mr. Masefield is, perhaps, the most interesting. Others are surer, richer in creative force, but Mr. Masefield's books have the attraction of the unforeseen. As an artist he feeds on the surface of life, but as a poet he lives in the depths, and one can neither predict his point of view nor his development. "Multitude and Solitude," as brilliantly written as "Captain Margaret," deals with the problem that so often vexes the artist's soul—how if the man of action's work, in battling with realities, is far more real than mine in creating visions of life? This old question, put by Mr. Masefield in its modern aspect, "What if Science, so cleanly and fearless, is doing the poet's work, and poetry is a mere antique survival in an age whose revelation is scientific, not artistic?" is one that haunts Roger Naldrett, in the hour of spiritual crisis, when "the old world of the beauty of external image, well-defined, and richly colored, was shattered for him." The answer is double-edged. Roger Naldrett, who finds out "the insufficiency of his soul," abandons the life of a man of letters and sets out for the heart of Africa to study the sleeping sickness; while Mr. Masefield's success in "Multitude and Solitude" proves that to do away with the mirrors of art would be to destroy the most delicate instruments we have for apprehending life's character, for assessing wherefore we succeed or fail in our endeavors.

We are introduced to Roger Naldrett at the moment when his play, "The Roman Matron," is being hissed off the boards of the King's Theatre by a typical London audience of "first nighters." The tension in the heated atmosphere, the nerve of the struggling actors in face of the increasing hostility of the house, the vacuous chatter of smart people, languid people, and stupid people, between the acts, the absurd touch and go-ness of "the failure," precipitated by the cockney humor of a voice from the gallery and the huskiness of an actress, the closing storm of catcalls, whistles, and booings, with the vulgar insensibility of the wreckers angry with "a new mind," all this is rendered with an unerring touch. Equally brilliantly painted are Naldrett's sensations in the next twenty-four hours, when, after struggling in the yeasty tide of friendly commiserations and the omniscient critiques of Messrs. A—Z on the New Drama, which, it seems, like "The Roman Matron," is dull and occasionally disgusting, he misses, by a chapter of accidents, his meeting with Ottilie, the woman he loves, on her passage through London back to her home in Ireland. The feverish triviality of the true Londoner's days, his jaded appetite, the confused stream of his perceptions, and his spiritual cheapness and weariness, this is the mental background against which Naldrett's absorption in his own work of creating beautiful images is hinted at to prepare us for his discovery—that he himself does not know the purifying fires of deep or passionate emotion. The blow falls when, after pursuing Ottilie to Ireland, he learns that she is dead. The packet-boat, "The Lord Ullin," has been run down in a fog, and Ottilie is one of the eleven passengers missing. The stupid accidental irony of life, the meaninglessness of the tragic waste of a rare, beautiful, and gentle character, who is extinguished, while her cousin Agatha, hard and selfish, is saved, is touched upon very lightly, since Roger Naldrett passes swiftly into a mood of spiritual awe and acceptation. So sensitively and beautifully wrought are the passages describing Roger's stay at Ottilie's home, that many readers may fail to account for a puzzling sense as of something lacking. Is it a psychological flaw in the analysis that Mr. Masefield has treated the scene so subjectively that we should scarcely have divined, had we not been told, that Ottilie was really Roger's beloved? On the day of her funeral we find Roger gravely discussing with Ottilie's brother, Leslie, the question of the morality of the life of art and Ottilie's views. Temperamental differences count for much, but we submit that the argument here does not seem natural to the occasion, and that Roger's sense of loss must have passed into active agony. Ottilie's death, however, is the turning point in Roger's career. Chance now throws into his way a new acquaintance, Lionel Heseltine, a young doctor, who has been invalided home after studying the disease of sleeping sickness in the Congo, and Roger, who "wants to rebuild his life for Ottilie," to be worthy of her example, and who has discovered that "writing alone is not enough for a man," proposes that he shall join Lionel as his "sub.," and that the two shall start on a fresh expedition to Africa, in the hope of doing useful work, if not discovering a remedy for the sleeping sickness.

There is, perhaps, an artistic weakness in the structure of the narrative at this stage. We do not mean that the psychological analysis is untrue to life, but that behind its brilliant impressionism there is not enough sense of the cumulative force of nature. Roger's sudden action makes prominent the central thesis of the book, viz., that the artistic life "does not bring out the best in him," "use enough of him, or let him grow up evenly." And though there is no visible planning or dovetailing of the thesis (which would have destroyed the living illusion), at the close one feels that the central situation is episodic, and has not the force of an irresistible growth of character. Mr. Masefield is, however, one of those rare authors whose active sense of beauty is really a spiritual apperception of life as a whole. And, like nearly all our great writers, his æsthetic moral and intellectual perceptions are fused in a philosophy of life, in a struggle to wrest a meaning from life, to find and fit to it a master-key. The author is not afraid of discussing life, the conduct of life, and of pursuing stimulating trains of thought:—

> "Will," said Roger, moved, "I want to be quite sure of certain elements in myself before I settle down to a literary life. That life, if it be in the least worthy, is consecrated to the creation of the age's moral consciousness. In the old time a writer was proved by the world before he could begin to create his "ideas of good and evil." Homer never existed, of course, but the old idea of a poet's being blind is very significant. Poets must have been men of action, like the other men of their race. They only became poets when they lost their sight, or ceased, through some wound or sickness, to be efficient in the musters, when, in fact, their lives were turned inwards. Nowadays that is changed, Heseltine. A man writes because he has read, or because he is idle, or greedy, or vicious, or vain, for a dozen different reasons; but very seldom because his whole life has been turned inwards by the discipline of action, thought, or suffering. I am not sure of myself. Miss Fawcett's death has brought a lot into my life which I never suspected. I begin to think that a writer without character, without high and austere character, in himself, and in the written image of himself, is a panderer, a bawd, a seller of Christ." He rose from his chair. He paced the room once or twice. "Jacob Boehme was right," he went on. "We are watery people. Without action we are stagnant. If you sit down to write, day after day, for months on end, you can feel the scum growing on your mind." He sat down again, staring at the Correggio. "There," he said. "that is all it is—I sometimes feel that all the thoroughly good artists, like Dürer, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Dante, all of them sit in judgment on the lesser artists when they die. I think they forgive bad art, because they know how jolly difficult art of any kind is. I don't believe that art was ever easy to anybody, except, perhaps, to women, whose whole lives are art. But they would never forgive faults of character or of life. They would exact a high strain of conduct, mercilessly. Good God, Heseltine, it seems to me terrible that a man should be permitted to write a play before he has risked his life for another, or for the State."

In the earnestness of his thought the author is led here to negate the whole basis of our modern practice. The special value of "Multitude and Solitude" lies in its conjunction of a poet's insight and an intelligence freed from acquiescence in superstitions, modern or ancient. In the

* "Multitude and Solitude." By John Masefield. Grant Richards. 6s.

second half of the novel Mr. Masefield gives us a most brilliantly realistic narrative of the sufferings of his two white men in their struggle against death and disease in the African forest. The description of the hallucinations of a man in acute stages of fever has probably never been better done, and the sharp actuality of the details of the process of doctoring the victims of sleeping sickness, details which are of fascinating interest because "science is here doing the poet's work," are set off against admirable vignettes of savage and untamed Africa, "the black and cruel continent, the lustful old queen, smeared with bloody oils." The power of Mr. Masefield's imagination has never been better shown than in this triumphant visualisation of tropical scenes. His book is in itself an answer to the problem it raises, for in every page we find evidence of the man of action's working familiarity with things at first hand, conjoined with the poet's power of shaping the living word.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

We still have a few real conservatives in art matters among us, and Mr. C. E. Hallé has long shown by his method of painting that he is one of them. In "Notes from a Painter's Life" (Murray, 6s. net), he gives us the frankest possible expression of his views; that is to say, he declares war on modernism and all its apologists in the first few pages of the volume, and continues the battle intermittently throughout its 245 pages, never losing an opportunity—and often making one—of fulminating against "recent developments of insanity." While we admire plain speech and courageous convictions, whatever else they may be, we must confess that the diatribe grows a trifle wearisome; and this is not because Mr. Hallé's views are wholly unsympathetic, since we find ourselves in agreement with him on many points, but because they are so often unreasoning. Take, for instance, this passage from p. 42: "An axiom gravely put forward by one of the leaders of the new school, and widely accepted, is that 'the principal personage in a picture is the light.' The light, therefore, falling on a man is of more importance than the man himself, and, lest there should be any rivalry, the man selected should be a nonentity, and had better be employed in eating a potato than represented as doing anything which might detract attention from the lights on his boots." This interpretation of the passage is simply silly. A picture, as Mr. Hallé must know as well as anybody else, is no picture without unity, and, since light is the great unifying element, its importance can hardly be emphasised too forcibly. We turn with some relief from Mr. Hallé's art convictions to his narrative. Herein there is genuine interest. From the days of his youthful apprenticeship to Richard Doyle and Baron Marochetti to the end of his directorship of the New Gallery he was singularly fortunate in the people he was associated with, and his reminiscences of them are thoroughly entertaining. He has much to say of Ingres and others he encountered during his studentship in Paris; George Sand and Saint Saens, Thackeray and Landseer, were among these earlier acquaintances; and, of course, Burne-Jones, and the rest of the group who so staunchly supported the "Grosvenor" and the "New" Galleries are the subjects of many a personal touch. The origin and the career of the Grosvenor Gallery are intimately described, and the progress of its successor, the New Gallery, is traced up to the recent date on which it passed out of Mr. Hallé's control. The reader may derive considerable entertainment from the recital of the financial difficulties that beset the building up of these two institutions, and the younger generation of artists and art critics should study the appendix, giving a list of the winter exhibitions held at both galleries, in order to realise the really good work they did. The notes, too, on sundry journeys in Italy during the 'sixties are calculated to make one appreciate the facilities and the safety of modern travel.

* * *

"Richard Savage: A Romance in Biography," by Mr. Stanley V. Makower (Hutchinson, 16s. net), attempts, by blending fact with imagination, to bring before the reader a vivid picture of Savage's personality and of the time in which he lived. When noticing Mr. Makower's book on Mary Robinson, we expressed the view that this method of biography is on wrong lines, and can rarely succeed. While still adhering to our opinion, we must admit that Mr. Makower has produced a very interesting book, that goes some way to justify his method. Of course, Savage's case was a peculiar one. So little is known for certain about him that even the most careful biographer is continually thrown back upon conjecture. Mr. Makower invents no incident and no conversation, and though at first the reader may feel a little suspicious that authorities are made to say more than may rightly be asked of them, as the narrative proceeds he comes to think that Mr. Makower is right in his sympathetic interpretation of Savage's character. The *advocatus diaboli* in the case of Savage is Mr. Moy Thomas, who, in a series of articles published fifty years ago, in "Notes and Queries," reached the conclusion that he was a mere imposter. Mr. Makower, following Johnson, inclines to the belief that the poet was the illegitimate son of Mrs. Brett and Lord Rivers, and he certainly makes out a good case. But the chief interest of the book is to be found in the picture it gives of Savage's character and temperament. From this point of view Mr. Makower's work is undoubtedly successful, and makes a useful supplement to Johnson's "Life of Savage."

* * *

While the northern and central parts of the Indian Empire have received quite their share of notice at the hands of literary travellers, the south-west of the peninsula has been comparatively neglected. Pierre Loti, it is true, included the Malabar States in his Indian travels, and has left some attractive studies of these parts and of the peoples who inhabit them; but his sojourn therein was not very long, and he hardly attempted to fathom the peculiarities of a native race whose character and institutions are distinct from those of other Indians, and whose "elusiveness" is quite as pronounced. We are not sure that Mr. Henry Bruce's impressions of the land and life, as contained in "Letters from Malabar" (Routledge, 6s. net), penetrate the surface much deeper, but he has, at any rate, penned a pleasantly enthusiastic record of a rather delectable land. These letters, which are reprinted from the "Times of India" and the "Madras Mail," describe a leisurely tour through the principalities of Malabar, Cochin, and Travancore. They are written in a decidedly fresh style, are an adroit mixture of light and shade, the light predominating, and, while objective in their outlook—as all European literature on Indian life must be—are more sympathetic than most. The "matriarchal" customs of Malabar itself come in for a good deal of attention, and the author also discourses pleasantly on the scenery and buildings, the accommodation, the sects, certain potentates and officials, and such local horrors as elephantiasis, belonging to the places he visited. Loti's literary influence is, perhaps, a trifle too obvious in parts of the narrative, and the three concluding chapters on the administrations of Mysore, Cochin, and Travancore are too slight to be of much value; but the volume in no way pretends to be more than it is, namely, a good and very readable piece of journalism by a traveller who can use his eyes. The photographic illustrations, mostly of feminine types, are quite excellent. Mr. J. D. Rees, M.P., contributes an introduction, and the book is dedicated to "V. P. Madhava Rao, C.I.E., Prime Minister of Travancore during the two best years of its history."

* * *

Mr. Edgcumbe Staley does something less than justice to a fine subject in his "Famous Women of Florence" (Constable, 10s. 6d. net). He has undoubted knowledge of his subject, and a description of some typical women of the Florentine Renaissance could hardly fail of interest to readers unversed in Italian memoirs. But Mr. Staley writes in a style that often reaches the last degree of extravagance, and his tumid phrases repel. The seven women he has chosen as representative of Florence are Beatrice de'Portinari, Lucrezia de' Tornabuoni, Simonetta de' Cattanei, Giovanna delgi Albizzi, Alessandra de' Gherardini, and Bianca de' Cappelli. Their lives afford material for a collection of essays which would be of real value in lighting up some of the by-paths of Renaissance

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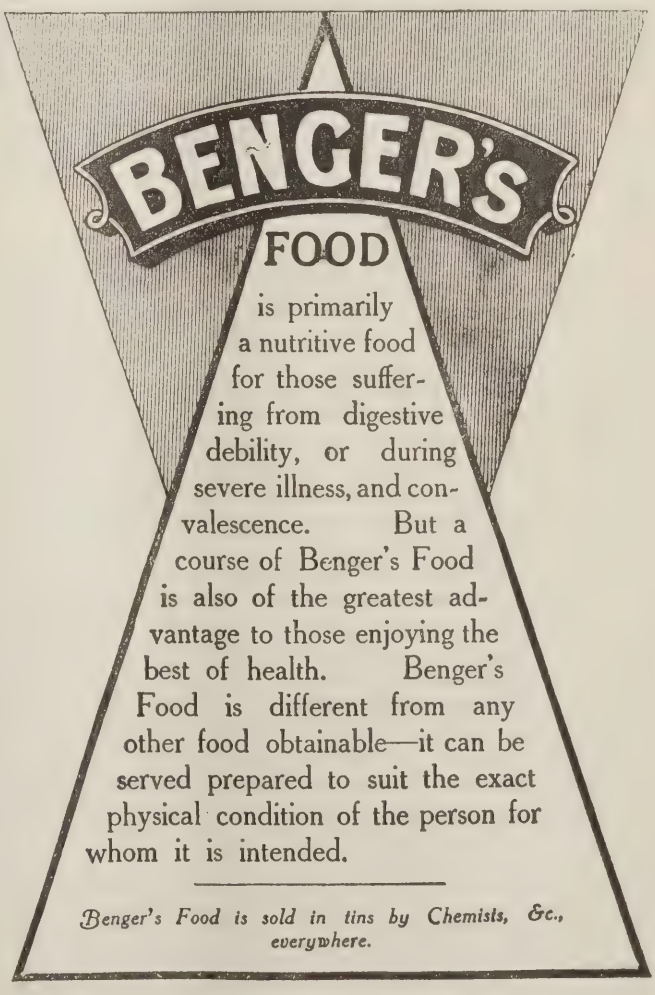
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history, and Mr. Staley shows that he has the knowledge to write them. It is all the more regrettable that his work should be spoiled by an endeavor to add color and picturesqueness to a theme naturally lacking in neither.

* * *

More than one writer has contributed to the making of the brief memoir of the late "Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, M.P." (Murray, 3s. 6d. net), issued under the editorship of Mr. Walter Durnford; Miss Violet Kenyon-Slaney and Mr. William Bridgeman, M.P., are co-authors with the latter. It is a pleasing enough sketch of a rather pleasing personality that they present. William Kenyon-Slaney was a Tory of the Old School and all that it implies in views of Church and State and tariff reform. Yet it was chiefly in connection with a clause in the Education Act of 1902, which was considered obnoxious—as was the Cowper-Temple clause—by many clericals, that he became politically notable. Concerning his earlier life, we are reminded that he received the orthodox Tory education at Eton and Oxford, that he served in the Egyptian campaign against Arabi Pasha, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, and that as a Shropshire landlord he was a model, as landlords go. He entered Parliament in 1886 as member for the Newport Division of Shropshire, and, being returned again in 1892, retained the seat until his death in April of last year.

* * *

Louise Renee de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, whose biography Mrs. Colquhoun Grant writes in "Brittany to Whitehall" (John Long, 12s. 6d. net), has been painted in dark colours by most English historians. She was sent from France by Louis XIV. with the direct object of attracting Charles II.'s fancy, and when she became the king's mistress she lost no opportunity of supporting the diplomatic schemes of the French Court. Both Louis and the Regent Orleans recognised her services in keeping Charles faithful to the French alliance. In spite of the fierce popular hatred which she excited, Louise de Kérouaille seems to have been rather better than most of Charles II.'s mistresses. She helped and advised Queen Catherine on more than one occasion, and though she cannot be defended from the charge of rapacity—when she returned to France several ships had to be chartered to convey the booty she had acquired—she was, at least, good-natured and, compared with her rivals, of a refined disposition. As the means of fetching Father Hudlestone, the priest who received Charles II. into the Roman Catholic Church, she won a certain regard among Roman Catholics. Voltaire thought her still handsome when she was seventy, but Evelyn said that she had "a mere baby face." Macaulay himself calls her "handsome," though he adds that she was "licentious" and "crafty."

* * *

Inasmuch as "The Philosophy of Self-Help" (Putnam's, 6s.) embodies a protest against the materialism in modern medicine and religion, it has much in sympathy with the doctrine of Christian Science; for which doctrine, indeed, it has no worse phrase than "an extreme idealism." We hasten, however, to add that it does not condone the more objectionable phases of Christian Science—such as that which contents itself with the attempted faith-healing of sick babies—but is merely in agreement with the saner theories, relating to the interdependence of mind and body, as already put forward by some enlightened intellects. The author, Mr. Stanton Davis Kirkham, sets out to show how mental health and physical well-being can be achieved through the training of the mind. The first part of the book is devoted to a discussion of "First Principles," and includes chapters headed God, Metaphysics, and the Personal Self; the second, and by far the most interesting, is styled "Practical Psychology"; and the third is a "Philosophy of Life," which is very much like the philosophy of any other reasonable being who can boast of a philosophy at all. However, the train of thought throughout is philosophic, and the lessons of self-reliance, harmony, will-power, &c., that Mr. Kirkham teaches are of such a nature that they are not beyond the power of the plain man to grasp and apply to practical use. We like the style also; in places it has that buoyant quality which one inevitably associates with the "good manner" of a successful doctor.

No one is likely to deny that the American genius has not, so far, expressed itself in music to any marked extent. There has certainly been nothing in what America has produced in this direction, that corresponds to, or equals, her literature. In Edward Macdowell, however, a study of whose life and art has been written with much insight and feeling by Mr. Lawrence Gilman (John Lane, 5s. net), she was possessed of a composer who, whatever his "national" qualities, had a very unique talent. Macdowell paid one visit to London, and several of his songs are known to the music-lovers of this country. He enjoyed, too, a cosmopolitan reputation which, had he lived longer—he died last year before he was fifty—would probably have increased. A serious appreciation, therefore, of his gifts is only a fitting tribute to his memory. His musical personality is not altogether an easy one to express in words. He can be claimed by no particular school, either national or musical. "His style," says Mr. Gilman, "was a subtle blend of opposing tendencies"; he must be dissociated equally from Wagner and Strauss, from the classics and from the modern school of Debussy and others, the while he owes a little to each and all. In plain words his music was of the eclectic order, but he was of Irish-Scotch extraction, though American born, and the Celtic blood in his veins was responsible for a romantic tinge that made his work colorful instead of cold. Mr. Gilman, indeed, goes so far as to claim that Macdowell's music did more to revive the spirit of the Gaelic legends than all the literary Celtic revivalists put together. Besides this, he was, unlike most thorough musicians, an intellectual; a man of wide literary and artistic sympathies, who might have succeeded as a painter or a writer had circumstances conspired to make him one. Indeed, it was urged at one time of his early career, in consequence of a display of precocious talent in drawing, that he should leave music and take to painting. This critical study of his art, and description of his life in Germany, the States and elsewhere, is eloquent and interesting. Many of his lucid and rational opinions are quoted; the essential dignity of his compositions and the limits of the field in which he worked are well brought out; and his success as a teacher of others is fully vindicated. His biographer has brought musical knowledge and literary skill to the performance of an obviously congenial task.

* * *

"A Summer Garden," by Annette Furness (Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net), is written in the first person, and consists of the author's recorded observations of her husband, called Peter; of Finella, a relative; of Sir Anthony, a neighbor; and of less personal matters, such as "Courtyards" and "Finalities." Over all there broods the comfortable air of an English country house, where a literary lady has plenty of time for self-communion and for the indulgence of *cacoethes scribendi*. In the written result, which has now been given to a presumably interested outside world, a little vein of romance is provided by a love affair betwixt Sir Anthony and Finella; and the chapter "Concerning Peter" gives that worthy away with the intimate detail characteristic of a treatise on a zoological specimen. Lest, however, the reader should imagine the book to be wholly concerned with trivialities, we give a sample of the dialogue. "Tell me, Dorothy (says Finella), why we are born with such a wrong notion of time, why our sense of its proportion should be so utterly out of gear?" "I have often wondered (replies Dorothy). I think, perhaps, our universal instinct of permanence is our divine spark of eternity, which defies all limits of time. That is probably why the long, long thoughts of our youth are too great to be accomplished within the narrow space of our earthly time." "I understand what you mean" (says Finella, giving her arm "an affectionate little squeeze"). Finella, perhaps, is a person of rare perspicacity, as well as of a forgiving disposition—but they can all talk like that.

* * *

In a volume of considerably over 300 pages, interleaved with several nicely printed photographs, the Rev. L. S. Milford sets forth the history of "Haileybury College" (Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net). Although the school is less than half a century old, it has produced its fair proportion of politicians, warriors, and poets, and at least one painter (the late C. W. Furse) of renown, and doubtless this roll

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of fame, and the very detailed account of Haileybury institutions, will find eager appreciators among old Haileyburians. The ridiculous incident of Ladysmith Day—a mild revolt of the boys against the decision of the head master not to grant a half-holiday then and there, which led to an outcry in the Yellow Press, and the denunciation of Canon Lyttelton as a "pro-Boer"—is detailed with due solemnity. Apart from this reminiscence, there is perhaps not much that can be considered to be of public interest.

* * *

Strahn & Kenyon's "Digest of Equity," second edition (Messrs. Butterworth, 17s. 6d.), is an excellent manual, written with care and lucidity. It is an admirable text-book for students, but the practising lawyer will also find it exceedingly useful as a concise statement of principles, with sufficient illustrative cases.

# The Week in the City.

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The Bank Reserve, at 29½ millions, is nearly three millions stronger than at this time last year; but discounts hardened a trifle on Thursday, owing to a rumor of heavy gold exports to Argentina. Easy money, however, is confidently expected for some weeks longer, unless the trade revival quickens its pace. Some improvement is at last definitely reported in Lancashire, and it is obvious, from the Bank return, that more money is being employed in the country. On the Stock Exchange the American market has been strong, and United States Steel still maintains an extraordinarily high price. Generally speaking, speculation is dull, but a lot of investment purchases are proceeding, especially in the foreign market. Quite a number of dishonest plutocrats are still buying foreign bonds payable in Paris, or other Continental centres, in the hope of evading the income tax. It is to be hoped they will be heavily dropped upon. The Bolivian apology to Argentina brought some relief, but there is still anxiety about the friction and bad feeling that evidently exists between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia. None of them can afford to go to war; but the Spanish-Americans are a very quarrelsome race. Reports from Argentina show that the drought has done a good deal of mischief, but rain has fallen in the district round Buenos Ayres. Brazilian politics are more reassuring, as the chances of the warlike Marshal de Fonsecas for the Presidency seem to be dwindling.

### Canada's Debt.

Canada has just made up its figures to the end of the financial year, March 31st last. The ordinary revenue was eight-five million dollars, and the ordinary expenditure eighty-four millions. But the capital expenditure on the new transcontinental railway, &c., was actually forty-six millions. The debt, therefore, rose by forty-five million dollars, or more than half the total revenue. The figures are rather alarming in themselves, and fully justify Mr. Fielding's efforts to enforce retrenchment. Luckily—though there has been both waste and corruption—the Canadian debt has been incurred on public works which have helped in the development of the country.

### Colombia and Colombian Bonds.

Alarmist rumors have lately come from Colombia, and investors have feared a revolution. I have been officially informed that the reports were greatly exaggerated, and that the real incident was little more than a riot. A band of disaffected persons seized a small town on the coast, but they were quickly defeated. Order has been restored, and the affair is stated to have been in no way connected with the absence of General Reyes. It is, of course, apprehension of political trouble that is the chief hindrance to the fine country of Colombia. General Reyes remarked a few years ago: "Everyone in the country is now convinced that Colombia owes it to her civil wars that, in progress, she has fallen behind such countries as Brazil, the Argentine, and Chile. Our country requires not only peace, but repose: and believes that, with twenty years of peace, its progress and wealth will astonish the world." If this happy condition was to prevail, Colombia's numerous advantages would certainly secure prosperity. Larger than France and Spain combined, she has a smaller population than Holland; but she is not as under-populated as Peru, Bolivia, or Venezuela. She is the only northern State on the Continent with a sea-board both on the Atlantic and Pacific, and this circumstance is of increasing importance. She is rich in gold, silver, emeralds, iron, and salt. In bananas Santa Marta is becoming a serious rival to Port Limon, and hides, coffee, and tobacco are largely exported. Scarcity of labor and communications retard development, but these evils will disappear if and when the great evil of political insecurity can be removed. It may be necessary to follow the example of Panama and import colored labor, but all material difficulties could be overcome under healthy political conditions, and the President has done much in that direction, and seems determined to do more. In that case Colombia might be a promising field for the investor. At present the investor is naturally shy; and, in fact, a week or two ago some of the Colombia railway securities were practically unsaleable. Some severe losses have fallen upon holders of Colombia bonds which fell from 50 to 45, and some of the sufferers complain that the whole story of the revolution was manufactured by unscrupulous operators.

### The Joint Stock Banks.

The banking dividends are proving very much what they were expected to be, and a few even of the larger banks have had to reduce their rates while the majority remain at the old level. The money market was so sluggish all the six months, and the margin of profit was so narrow, that profits were certain to fall, and the only question was how far the dividends would be affected. In one point, of course, the banks are gainers by cheap money, for low rates mean higher prices on the Stock Exchange, and higher prices obviate the need for writing down investments. This relief has been the salvation of bank shareholders in the last eighteen months, and we may devoutly hope that, now most of the Consols held have been written down to 80, they will stay there for many years to come. The banks whose dividends are lower than at this time last year include Lloyds, the London and Westminster, the Capital and Counties, the Union of London and Smith's and the United Counties, which used to be called the Birmingham and District. In several of these cases, however, the dividend, though lower than in last July, is as high as last January, the reduction having been made after the bad six months of July-December, 1908. Most of the reports still remain to be issued, but one or two of importance are out and show some interesting changes. The London, City, and Midland, for instance, which now includes the North and South Wales, has increased its deposits as against last year by about £15,000,000, its cash in hand and at the bank by £3,500,000, and its money at call and short notice by only £1,500,000. It has been pointed out more than once recently that the large banks are far more free with information about the state of their accounts than the small banks, and that with every amalgamation we get at a truer knowledge of the bank's position. This has occurred in the case of the London, City, and Midland, as the old North and South Wales Bank did not separate its cash in hand from its money at short notice. In the arguments for and against banking amalgamations, the advantage of greater publicity has scarcely been appreciated at its full worth.

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Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO. LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

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"The Nation," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by The National Press Agency Limited, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by The Nation Publishing Company Limited, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—Saturday, July 17, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 17.] SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

The series of bye-elections caused by Ministerial changes is over, and every one of the new Ministers—Mr. Samuel, Mr. Gulland, and Mr. Partington—and a new Labor representative, Mr. Hancock, have been returned. The elections have all been fought on the Budget, so that one hope of the Opposition, the Tariff Reformers, and the Lords has utterly withered. The best result has been that in Mid-Derbyshire, where a magnificent joint Liberal and Labor majority of 2,348 was secured. Mr. Partington's, Mr. Gulland's, and Mr. Samuel's majorities have been reduced, and, indeed, no one dreamt that the results of 1906 could be sustained. But the Liberal polls have generally increased, and the returning Liberal members all declare that the Budget has strengthened the party, and that the only formidable opposition is that of the liquor trade.

* * *

Nine clauses of the Budget—covering the increment and reversion duties—have now been passed, largely by means of all-night sittings, but nineteen more clauses dealing with land remain for discussion. Their defence has been conducted by the Chancellor with brilliant ability and complete success, emphasised by admirable temper and self-control. The Liberal Party in the House remains enthusiastic and practically solid, if we except a few useful criticisms on points of detail, the furtive objections of a handful of personally aggrieved or very timid members, and such openly disloyal and grossly inaccurate attacks as those of Sir Robert Perks. Again, a series of handsome abatements and concessions have been made. It is now understood that the land valuation, which will and must be universal, will be conducted at the cost of the State, that the scale of duties on grocers' licences will be lightened, that the licence duties in London will be levied on the basis of sales, not on rateable value, and that no duty will be payable on reversions purchased before April 30th of this year, and determining within forty years of the date of purchase. The original term of exemption was thirty years. The future conduct of the Bill will be expedited by the proposal to give a power of closure to Mr. Caldwell, the Deputy Chairman of Committees, as well as to Mr. Emmott, the Chairman, and to give the Chairman the power of selecting amendments for debate. But the Government must see to it that the land clauses are passed in their full strength, and that the attempt to break the back of the Bill is defeated. The country will stand no weakness.

* * *

The Constitutional issue has been dealt with during the week both by Lord Lansdowne and by Mr. Churchill. Lord Lansdowne, speaking to the National Union of Conservative Associations, in the midst of a bitter criticism of the Budget from the landowners' point of view, used a phrase which has led to much controversy. Stating that though he could not tell his audience what the House of Lords would do, he would tell them what they would not do, he added that he did not think that they were at all likely to proclaim that they "had no responsibility for the Bill," or that, because it dealt with the "financial affairs of the nation, we were obliged to swallow it whole, and without wincing." Most of the reports of Lord Lansdowne's speech contained the word "mincing," whereon Mr. Churchill properly retorted in Edinburgh that the Government would stand no mincing, and Lord Lansdowne and his friends would have to eat their mince again. Lord Lansdowne then stated to the Press Association that his word was not *m*incing, but *w*incing, and he wrote to the "Times" explaining that he accepted its report as correct, and also the "Times's" interpretation of his speech. The word in the "Times's" report was "hesitation." The "Times's" comment was that Lord Lansdowne had proclaimed the right of the Lords to deal with the Budget, but had not announced their intention of exercising their right. It is only necessary to say that the Lords are free to *w*ince as much as they like over the Budget. But there must be no *m*incing it.

* * *

Mr. Churchill's Edinburgh speech was, in the main, a powerful exposition and defence of the land clauses. On the question of the right of the Lords, its language was uncompromisingly direct. "When the Finance Bill leaves the House of Commons, it ought to leave it in its final form," and the Government would agree to "no amendment, excision, modifying, or mutilating." But he added that if Lord Lansdowne did not swallow his *m*ince, Parliament would be dissolved. This phrase has been criticised, and probably misconstrued. On Wednesday Mr. Asquith, questioned upon it, ex-

plained that Mr. Churchill had said nothing of immediate dissolution, and only meant that a Constitutional conflict between the two Houses must ultimately be settled by an appeal to the country. Meanwhile, the Government could not, of course, tell the country what advice it would offer the King under circumstances which might never occur. We may add that if the Liberal Party and its organs stand to their guns, they never will occur.

* * *

Meanwhile, the "Westminster Gazette," recurring to its virile practice of throwing up the sponge in the middle of the first round, calls on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to drop valuation so far as purely agricultural land is concerned, and hints that if this is not done the Bill in its present form may give the House of Lords an excuse for meddling with it. We cannot imagine a more uncalled-for intervention. It obviously gives a handle to the Peers, and also proceeds from the fact that the "Westminster" has not understood the Bill. No valuation under it will be made except for the sake of the taxes which it imposes. Individuals can, of course, claim exemption from these taxes as a man may now claim exemption or abatement from income-tax. But it is impossible to set up a fixed category of land and call it agricultural land, because all over England and all the time land will be passing from one category into another. Valuation as the Bill proposes will, as has now been hinted, cause no expense to the individual, and it is the regular and scientific method of giving the nation the benefit of the land taxes. Does the "Westminster" mean that if it is adhered to the Lords will have the Constitutional right to throw out a money Bill? And, if it does not, what does it mean?

* * *

A well-informed correspondent writes:—"Up to the present, the operations of the Budget Protest League have been an almost complete failure. Their meetings are dull and lifeless, speakers and organisers are a mere stage army, the same faces appearing on the platforms again and again. In the North the breakdown has been conspicuous. Hostile resolutions have been carried at several meetings, and the promoters' hope of a popular rally against the Budget has quite disappeared."

* * *

On Thursday, on the Foreign Office vote, Sir Charles Dilke made an interesting critical examination of our recent foreign policy. His main point was that its tendencies, notably in last year's controversy with Austria on her action in Bosnia-Herzegovina, were to convert our *ententes* with France and Russia into a new Triple Alliance, with an anti-German intention. This tendency was fostered by the "Homeric rumor" of the Continental and British Press. Sir Edward Grey's most reassuring answer on this point, coupled with a stout defence of our rally to the cause of the Young Turks, was that understandings with one set of Powers were only meant to improve our relations with them, not to spoil our association with other Powers. This, of course, is the right theory; but in effect, with France calling for a British Continental army to back a British Continental policy, we are tending to the Alliance which Sir Charles Dilke describes. England has come out from her "ivory tower," as the "Temps" calls it, and now she is being pressed to arm herself for her new *rôle* in European politics.

* * *

The other two points of criticism were the Congo and the Tsar's visit to Cowes. On the Congo question the Foreign Secretary made no new declaration. So long as forced labor remained, we could not recognise the Belgian annexation; but, on the other hand, Belgium must have time to set her new house in order, and forcible action on the Congo, an international stream, would excite not merely Belgian but European resentment. The situation was to be revised at the end of the year, when, perhaps, we shall insist on the removal of our subjects from Belgian law and authority.

* * *

More serious was the encounter between Sir Edward Grey and Radical and Labor opinion on the Tsar's visit. On this point the estrangement between the Foreign Secretary and the old Gladstonian and the new democratic feeling on foreign policy was marked, and his able defensive speech was received almost in silence by the Liberal benches. The chief points of its rejoinder to Mr. Henderson's moderately worded attack were that it was "an impossible position" for a Foreign Minister either to defend or to repudiate attacks on the inner concerns of another State, that the Tsar's visit was in the nature of a "courtesy" journey to us and other European neighbors, and that we could not refuse to receive him without offending not only the Russian Government but the Russian people, with whom it was our interest to be on good terms. Sir Edward Grey's view almost denies the right of moral judgment, and is far removed in tone and purpose from Cobden's theory of non-intervention.

* * *

In effect, however, Sir Edward enlarged on this position, and assumed the defence of the Tsar, stating that he had established Constitutional government, and that the executions were an answer to 6,000 assasinations by Russian terrorists. Much the same defence could be made for the late Sultan, but Liberal England was unanimous in disapproving German association with him. The expression of Liberal opinion was divided; some members, like Mr. Atherley Jones, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. J. M. Robertson, suggesting that the visit was part of the informal terms of peace settled between Russia and Great Britain, while Mr. Ponsonby insisted that the way to friendliness with the Russian people was not through patronising their oppressor, and stated the obvious truth that the Tsar's reception would be official, not national. The division strongly reflected this view. 187 members, Liberal and Conservative, opposed the reduction of the vote, and 97 Radicals, Irishmen, and Labor men, supported it.

* * *

The Prime Minister, addressing the Eighty Club on Thursday night, gave an interesting definition of Liberalism, claiming that it stood between Conservative and Socialist tendencies, and that it had never lost ground save when it "ceased to keep abreast of its best traditions and to be true to itself." On finance he claimed that its later forward policy had been to reduce both the National Debt and taxes on necessaries, to apportion burdens to the "strength and breadth of the shoulders" on which they were laid, to graduate and differentiate the income tax, and finally to tax social values, for which individual owners had little or no responsibility.

* * *

M. Clemenceau's Government, after triumphantly surviving a comprehensive attack last week, went to pieces quite unexpectedly on Tuesday. The Chamber was discussing the report of the Naval Commission, but with no anti-ministerial bias. M. Delcassé, however, the Chairman of the Commission, made a fierce attack

on the Government, to which M. Clemenceau retorted bitterly on the man "whose vast schemes of European policy" had led to Algeciras and humiliated France. M. Delcassé replied with equal warmth, and had the Chamber with him, for, on a vote, the Government was defeated by forty-six votes, and at once resigned. The Clemenceau Cabinet had lasted thirty-three months, longer than any other Cabinet in the history of the Republic, and it had fallen when everybody expected it to ride out the elections of next year. The defeat of M. Clemenceau is generally taken to be personal, the result of a duel with M. Delcassé, rather than a condemnation of his policy. Failing M. Bourgeois, whose health is weak, M. Briand has consented to form a Cabinet, which will be almost a replica of its predecessor. M. Briand, the former organiser of Parliamentary Socialism, and the author of the Church Separation Bill, is probably the ablest living French Parliamentary statesman. His temper is colder and more equable than M. Clemenceau's, and his powers of constructive statesmanship are far greater. He is also an orator.

* * *

The Persian Nationalists have triumphed. On Friday last the Shah fled to the Russian Legation, and the assistance of the Cossacks at once ceased. The Nationalists pronounced the Shah deposed, and declared his infant son his successor. The Shah and the Russian and English Legations accepted this decision, and it was arranged that the Cossacks under the command of Col. Liakhoff should be taken over by the new Government to preserve order, but be in future under the direct control of the War Office. The Sipahdar has become War Minister and the Sardar-as-Sad Minister of the Interior, while Nasr-ul-Mulk has been summoned home to become Premier and Foreign Secretary. The new Shah has been brought to Teheran, and the ex-Shah will go to Russia. The Russian troops remain at Kazvin, and there is no intention now of sending them to Teheran. On the other hand, there is a most untimely desire to send a force of British bluejackets to Shiraz, a step which would encourage Russia to push forward troops, or at least to maintain those she has.

* * *

The Home Secretary has been compelled to release a dozen of the imprisoned Suffragettes, who have carried on a "hunger strike," as a protest against their treatment as second-class misdemeanants. Wrong on some points of tactics, in this respect the Suffragettes have been absolutely right, and we are astonished that a humane and enlightened Home Secretary like Mr. Gladstone has not long ago admitted their case. Even on the point of tactics, the Government has made a mistake. With the crowd, the physical courage of Suffragettes has gone far to redeem their violence; and when this courage is exercised in the just cause of the rights of political prisoners a Liberal Government is disarmed.

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The Belgian Cabinet has suffered a serious defeat in connection with its Army Bill. The Belgian Army is fixed by law at 42,000 men, recruited so far as possible by volunteers; any deficiency is made up by means of the ballot, tempered by the right to hire a substitute. This arrangement has failed to preserve the legal strength, and it obviously gives wealth a huge advantage. It is therefore opposed by all parties of the Left, who favor general compulsory service. Some of the Young Clericals take the same line, but the backbone of the Clericals is the Flemish peasant, who will not have conscription, so that the majority of the Clerical members are opposed to general compulsory service. The Government brought in a compromise, exacting one recruit from each family, and retaining the principle of substitution. This scheme has been rejected in Committee, and it will probably be rejected by the Chamber. The Government will have to resign or drop the Bill; the Old Clericals favor the latter course. They anticipate an Opposition victory at the next elections, and would prefer to leave to the Opposition the odium of imposing conscription on the peasantry.

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The fighting strength of the British Fleet in battleships has been shown to the people of London and the counties that line the reaches of the lower Thames. The pageant of ships stretched from Southend to Westminster Bridge, beginning with the "Dreadnoughts" and the greater of the battleships, twenty-four in all, and ending with destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines, two of which were anchored opposite the terrace of the House of Commons. The Lord Mayor paid a State visit to the Southend fleet, and on Wednesday 1,200 men from the battleships were feasted at the Guildhall after a triumphal march through the streets. The enthusiasm shown has been remarkable, the crowds lining the Embankment having made a continual picnic of the visit. It is noteworthy that the Conservative County Council, by selling the last of its fleet of steamers at enormous loss, has done much to curtail London's view of the Fleet.

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An attempt is being made to satisfy the claims of American capitalists to a share in the financing of the Canton-Hankau railway. Under an agreement made in 1903, English and American capitalists have a preferential right to provide each one-half the capital. The Germans, however, made arrangements to furnish the whole, but, after a good deal of squabbling, consented to divide equally with French and English financiers. When everything seemed settled, the Americans, whose rights had been completely ignored, stepped in. It is understood that this is part of Mr. Taft's scheme of an active Chinese policy. The Americans insisted on their full rights, and refused to take a quarter share. It is hoped to satisfy them by raising the loan in amount by one-third, but it is not yet known whether this compromise will suit America.

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Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, died at Varese on Sunday, at the age of 61. He had neither talent nor character, though he managed to maintain an irregular campaign on Spanish soil from 1873 to 1876. Since then he merely existed, with brief intervals of self-assertion.—On Monday Mr. Latham's attempt to cross the Channel from Sangatte in an aeroplane failed, after the voyager had accomplished only seven miles of his journey, and had attained a height of 1,000 feet. The engine then stopped, and he glided into the sea, and was rescued by a French destroyer.—The false charge of drunkenness against Mr. Thorne, a Labor member, brought by Lord Winterton, having been completely disproved, the record of his expulsion from the House for calling his accuser a liar, has been expunged from its journals, on the motion of the Prime Minister, generously supported by Mr. Balfour.—The Lord Chancellor has foreshadowed the appointment of a Royal Commission to examine into the appointment of justices of the peace. The difficulties of partisan nominations are considerable, the more so as one party has contrived to pack the majority of benches with its friends. But we doubt whether the system works as badly as it looks.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE PRIVILEGE OF THE COMMONS.

We observe with considerable interest that the most effective blow at the revolutionary Constitutional doctrine which a section of the Tory Party is endeavoring to thrust upon the House of Lords comes from an historic authority on Toryism, the "Quarterly Review." The "Quarterly" has no doubts or reservations on the subject. Politically it declares that the suggestion of the rejection or amendment of the Finance Bill—the two forms would, in effect, be identical, for the Commons would treat all amendments as questions of privilege, and would refuse them—would expose the party to "the risk of irretrievable disaster." It insists that no sufficient cause for such action exists in the character of the Budget itself. It is, says the "Quarterly," an "exaggeration" to call the Budget revolutionary in the sense in which the Reform Bill of 1832, and the Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1892, were revolutionary. It adds that such "mischief" as it threatens is not irremediable by ordinary political means, *i.e.* it may be modified in the House of Commons or by the later action of a Conservative Government. And it adds an unqualified protest against the attempt to revive the obsolete veto of the Lords. It admits that the action of 1860 and 1861 settled the question of amendment, and, reversing the childish argument of the "Spectator," points out that the difficulty of dealing with a Bill imposing a single tax is as nothing compared with the difficulty of touching a Bill embracing the whole financial proposals of a year. "When," it says, "all the financial proposals were grouped in a single Bill, the rejection of an item became a privilege amendment to that Bill, and was accordingly refused. Thus the policy of 1861 practically took away, not, indeed, the right, but the power of exercising the right of amendment which the Lords had hitherto possessed, however sparingly it might be used. We may and do regret this, but we can hardly evade the fact." Amendment being barred, rejection, nominally permitted, would, in fact, be a mere gambler's throw. If it failed, a stronger Budget, followed by Home Rule and the reduction of the Upper Chamber to impotence, would be the consequence. The Budget does, in the view of the "Quarterly," inflict "injustice": but injustice would be preferable to "a fatal blow dealt at the foundations of the State."

We may, therefore, gather that a pause will take place in the revolutionary counsels of the Tory Party, and that its leader will hesitate before adding to its official programme the overthrow of the British Constitution. For our part, we believe that these distracted advices are watched by our own side with the utmost calmness and confidence. The House of Lords may do exactly as it pleases. It may pass the Budget. It may try and amend it by the omission of the land taxes or of the machinery necessary to their assignment and collection. It will then beat itself to pieces on the rock of privilege. Or it may reject the Bill, and in that case to-morrow's sun will not rise more surely than that the things foreseen by the "Quarterly" will come to pass. Let the House of Lords assume, with Lord Lansdowne, any "responsibility" for the Budget beyond that of passing it into law, with or without "wincing," and straightway the foundations of the deep are broken up, and every existing relationship between the three governing Powers in the Constitution is changed. Whether the Lords were immediately beaten, whether the Budget were reinstated or temporarily lost, the destruction of the House of Lords, which would by that act have claimed the supreme authority in these realms, would become not merely an object of Liberalism, but the only object for which it could exist, and subject to which its chiefs could offer the King or his successor any further service to the Throne and the country. It is not for a Radical to declare that he would regret such a position. It is enough for him to say that it opens up totally new political territory, the inevitable scene of a revolutionary struggle.

Meanwhile, we have a word to say on the immediate consequences of an attempt on the part of the Lords to interfere with the sole power of taxation by the representatives of the British people, who alone present Money Bills as a "gift" to the Crown, and alone determine the incidence and methods of taxation. We need not waste a moment's time in discussing imaginary distinctions between the imposition of a tax and the rejection of a tax, between one tax and another, between one-tax Bills and many-tax Bills, or between a tax and the machinery for imposing it. All are so many parts of the great instrument of democratic privilege forged and shaped by our ancestors, and perfected by our last great democratic statesman. The only doubt which seems to arise in the minds of Liberals is as to the precise weapon which the Government and the House of Commons would conjointly use in resisting the encroachment of the Lords. We have no doubt that the Prime Minister correctly interpreted the meaning of Mr. Churchill's reference, in his brilliant speech at Edinburgh, to the method of a dissolution. Clearly such a step would come, not as the answer to the action of the Lords, but as the last of a series of efforts by which the people of this country would be made to realise the character and scope of that action. If we decline to recognise the Lords' claim to force the dissolution of the House of Commons by the rejection of an ordinary Bill, and thus place every Liberal Government at their mercy, far less should we recognise it in the case of finance. Consider the situation which would arise on the excision by the Lords of the land clauses, which is the most probable form of an attempt to tamper with the Budget. The wrong done by the Lords would be a wrong done to the House of Commons in its most intimate function and exclusive privilege. Money Bills originate only in the House of Commons, in whose taxing powers the nation believes so entirely that it is willing to pay over millions of money to the tax-gatherer solely on the faith of resolutions which its representatives pass without even going through the form of consulting the Upper Chamber. The disturbance of this process, the attempt to get rid of that part of the taxing machinery which happened to be distasteful to great landlords, must, as Lord Salisbury said in 1894, create a "deadlock." Who is to end it? The House of Commons, thus vitally attacked,

would have to defend itself before it went to the people for aid, and when it did so, it must either be to celebrate a victory or to call for a new Constitution. Meanwhile the country would see the Speaker—whom we believe to be a thoroughly loyal servant of the House—acting for the Commons, and putting his impartial authority against the selfish, audaciously partisan, and utterly irregular and unconstitutional action of the Lords. It would also feel all the embarrassment consequent on the fact that, the sole taxing authority having been held up in the discharge of its duty, the finances were in confusion, and no man knew whether his payments were regular or no. But it would not be driven far on such a course. The House of Lords, having no power to impose a farthing of taxes, no power to force the Government or the House of Commons to accept its rejection of any part of the Budget, no power to end or heal the confusion it had caused, would have to yield. The Government, as the "British Weekly" well says, has only one thing to do—now and at every phase of this controversy—to be firm. On this matter of the Constitutional rights of the House of Commons, it stands on impregnable ground, and there is not a power in the land, high or low, that dares shake it.

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## THE WORKING OF THE LAND TAXES.

The debates on the Land Increment taxes in the House of Commons are complicated and prolonged, and we note that any variation or even explanation of the original clauses is taken as a "concession," and exaggerated or distorted by one set of extremists or the other. It is important, therefore, that those who have been accepting these taxes as the most desirable division of the Budget, who recognise the essential justice of their principles, and have the foresight to appreciate their enormous future effect upon the National Revenues, should clearly understand what alterations have been made in their passage through Committee.

The Increment Tax—at once the most fruitful for the future and the most far-reaching in its effects—has practically passed through Committee. There are later Clauses, dealing with the machinery of valuation necessary for its imposition, and with the questions of definitions and appeals. But in effect its substance is laid down in the first six clauses; and various announcements and modifications of later clauses, already indicated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if not yet embodied in the Bill, are sufficiently definite as to be reckonable in a general review. The principle of the Increment Tax remains unchanged and unchallenged since the first day it was unfolded. That principle is one of extreme simplicity. The Land of the British Isles is to be valued as on the 30th of April of this year. In case of any subsequent increase of value of any portion of that land, which is not due to the industry and exertion of the individual owning that land, one-fifth of such increase goes to the services of the State. Half is to be allotted to purposes recognised as national, half to purposes recognised as local. From this broad principle certain exemptions and abatements have been granted. These abatements in part consist of boons designed to meet hardships which may be due to the sudden and unexpected imposition of the tax. In part they are designed permanently to exclude (*a*) certain classes of taxpayers, or (*b*) certain classes of increments, from the obligation of making this payment. The increment attaches to the land, not to the persons. A normal or basal line is drawn across the value of the land in April, 1909. Below that line no increment tax is paid. Above that line increment is paid to the extent of one-fifth of any rise in the site value on any piece of land. That piece of land is then "franked" up to that value by the Government, and no more increment will ever be demanded from that particular piece until it rises again above the value upon which increment has been paid. The "franking" process will be performed by the Commissioners and their representatives at Somerset House or its branch offices, and will take the form of a stamp placed on the instrument of transfer, the deed which already has to be stamped for conveyancing.

The only important exemptions at the start are two. The first (which was in the Bill as drafted) makes allowances for those who have actually bought land during the past twenty years at a higher price than its value to-day. In such cases they are allowed to substitute the site value of the land when they bought it for the site value as it exists to-day. This will secure them from payment of a fifth of money subsequently received, which may, in fact, be merely a recovery of their original expenditure, and no real increment at all. The second, which is a concession in Committee, is that in these and all other cases the rise of the first ten per cent. in the site value shall not be subjected to increment duty.

We pass now to the exemptions of certain classes of taxpayers or of increment. Occupying owners of small holdings in the country or of small freeholds in the town will not be subject to the increment tax so long as they remain occupying owners. The limit of the small houses appears to be that of the limit of "working-class houses" in the new Housing Bill—those with rents of under £40 in London, £26 in the big towns, £16 in rural districts. The limit of the small holder appears to be a total value of £500. As to the exemption of certain kinds of increment, the only important class exempted (in addition to increment which is the product of individual industry) is agricultural increment. Land whose value for any purposes other than agriculture is less than that for agriculture will pay no increment value duty so long as this condition remains. Immediately, however, its value for building, business, or any non-agricultural purpose rises higher than its agricultural value, it will pay its tax, upon the increment calculated from its original site value. A concrete example may illustrate what is really a simple proposition, though difficult to express in words. Land exists (for example) in the neighborhood of a village. Its agricultural value is, say, £50 an acre. Through a rise in prices it goes up to £100 an acre. Meantime its value for building remains small—there being no demand for building expansion—say £40 an acre. That is its site value—a value for prospective building purposes quite apart from its agricultural value—which the "site" would

sell for, quite independent of its agricultural uses. It pays no increment. But suppose the demand for building sites in that village increases, and the value of this piece of land goes up for building purposes beyond the agricultural value—say to £150. It would then pay—on its non-agricultural value—the difference between its present site value for building (£150) and its previous site value for building (£40). An increment of £110—an increment duty of £22. A further general exemption has been given to cover small variations, loss of possible interest, expenses of sale and transfer. That is a general abatement of increments of less than ten per cent. of the site value on each transaction so long as the total amount of these abatements does not exceed (within a period of five years) twenty-five per cent. of that value. Any increase above that amount is to pay increment about the twenty-five per cent. This 10 per cent. will be deducted from all increments, however large.

It will be seen that the main scheme of the Bill remains untouched by any of these explanations and abatements. Every acre of the land of England must be valued for the starting line, because every acre of the land of this country may find increment accruing to it which may be subject to the tax. Every acre of this country must, on sale or lease (for more than fourteen years), come under the auspices of the Commissioners, who alone can decide whether it is taxable or whether it is exempt from taxation. And each acre, with the instrument of conveyance as stamped at present, will be also stamped by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, to show that it is clear (up to the amount of the value on passing) of any obligation to pay increment.

The practical machinery is really the simplest which can be devised. The particulars of the sale will be furnished to Somerset House or its branch offices in the big towns. With the deed the owner will claim his exemptions—as being a purely agricultural value, as being the site of a small freehold, as being an increment of under ten per cent. of the site value at the last transaction, or as being an increment under the definition of the kinds which are attributable to the industry and expenditure of the owner. Such claims will be made on forms and according to rules supplied by the Commissioners. Immediately a stamp may be fixed on the deed, denoting that, as these particulars have been supplied, the title is clear, and the complete transfer effected. Payment due on the transfer may subsequently be made, on the Commissioners accepting or criticising the statement furnished. Against the decision of the Commissioners there is (in the Bill) an appeal to one of a panel of Referees—and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised (in deference to requests advanced from all quarters of the House) to consider an appeal to the Court of Justice. If obviously no increment value is due on any transaction, the Commissioners may affix a stamp signifying that no duty is payable.

To sum up. The "concessions" given have been almost entirely in the direction of simplifying machinery, of exempting small increments and poor men, of protecting the taxpayer against possible grievances. The statement that the Bill is being turned into a valuation Bill is as absurd as the statement that its possible revenue has been wasted away in boons and limitations. There is no valuation in the Bill except that which is absolutely essential to its future smooth working—to ensure that those who should pay shall pay, that those who are not under the legal obligation to pay shall escape that obligation. The alternative to the scrutiny by the State of every transaction which is an occasion for taking increment duty, is to allow the whim or caprice of each particular landowner to declare whether or no there had been increments payable—a system which would convert future land purchase in this country into a gigantic gamble. No single purchaser could be guaranteed by the only guarantee worth having—that is, the guarantee of the State—that his land did not carry a still undischarged obligation of increment duty which he might be compelled at any time to pay. The alternative to the universal present valuation would be a random system of harpooning pieces of land here and there by the Commissioners, with the assertion that these had some building value above the agricultural worth and those had none. The present system, after the first novelty of the change, will settle down as much a part of the integral system of taxation as the conveyancing duty or the valuation of estates at death.

"All this fuss," gasps the critic, "for a few thousand pounds a year—this year estimated at but fifty thousand!" So said the critics of Sir William Harcourt's Budget of 1894. Lord Goschen then accused the Liberal Chancellor of spreading confusion and inextricable complexity in the British land system for the sake of a "few hundred thousand pounds a year." To-day the "few hundred thousands" mean a reckonable and definite income of some twenty millions. If the increment tax, with all its exemptions and abatements, had been imposed fifty years ago, it would to-day be contributing at least a similar annual revenue without imposing a penny on commerce, industry, or labor. In fifty years' time that revenue may be even greater. For the spreading of towns beyond their present boundaries, the development of entirely new centres of industry where now are green fields, the expansion and partial repopulation of the countryside due to improved locomotion, will all mean the creation of increments, unforeseen and unearned, in unexpected quarters of rural England. And of these unexpected and unearned increments the community which has created them will take a modest toll of 20 per cent. for public expenditure on national defence and social reform.

## M. CLEMENCEAU'S FALL.

The best that can be said of Parliaments is that they sometimes are human. For months on end the organised machine works with its tedious and irrational regularity. The party chief masses the party votes as steadily and as inevitably as a clerk manipulates his mechanical calculator. Reputations are made, ideas are launched, policies set in motion, but the average party man never rises amid it all to the dignity of an individual who dares to give effect to a spontaneous emotion. But there comes the exceptional moment, and in the French

Chamber it arrives rather more often than with us. It was such a moment in which M. Clemenceau fell from power. One seeks in vain for any colder or more prosaic explanation. There was no elaborately planned lobby plot. There was no new phase in the political situation. M. Delcassé, it is true, had made a powerful speech to expose the really scandalous condition of the French Navy. But the facts were dismally familiar. A scathing report had been for some weeks before the country. It was not the first of its kind. There was, however, no reason to blame M. Clemenceau or his present colleagues for this state of affairs. The real culprits are MM. Pelletan and Thomson. M. Clemenceau had got rid of the latter of these Ministers. He had put in his place a mediocre but energetic man, M. Picard, of whose general capacity and good intentions no fair-minded critic entertains a doubt. He had already done something; he promised to do much more. It was not the navy scandal that proved fatal to the fallen Premier, but simply and solely his personal recklessness. He turned on M. Delcassé with bitter taunts. And in overwhelming M. Delcassé he flung to the winds every vestige of restraint. He talked of the unpreparedness of France for war in 1905, publicly and in the face of Europe, as few of the unofficial extremists in the Chamber would have dared to talk. He spoke of the "humiliation" to France involved in the Algeciras Conference in a way that must have made her enemies rejoice and her allies shudder. The Chamber, in a flash of clear perception, saw before it in the tribune a powerful but vindictive man in a rage. It did not depose him. It took note of his fall.

Such a retribution cannot be called unjust. For it is this intensely personal note which is the key to the man, and the only clue to the "incoherence" of his policy. A more daring and effective combatant one could hardly find in Europe. But it is for his own hand that he has always fought. To no principle, to no party, to no ally, has he been constant. One cannot read his speeches without detecting in every sentence the sense that his opponents are, for him, largely private enemies. Be they the Germans or the Pope, the Socialists or the Royalists, his former comrades or his life-long antagonists, revolted postmen or miners on strike, he seems invariably to face them as though in a mortal duel. The sense of himself colors every pose and every argument, and every quarrel is fought with unbuttoned swords. There lies the man's strength. He is so emphatically a person, so invariably dramatic, that he is always exciting, always interesting. In forty years of public life he has never, even by inadvertence, succeeded in boring France. He is the personification of courage. He shrinks from no risk, and carries his forlorn hopes with an epigram. But Charles Lamb would have found him the aptest illustration of his thesis that brave men are often bullies. The tactless assault on M. Delcassé was, morally, no worse than a dozen of his earlier personal encounters. We remember nothing meaner in recent politics than his aspersions on the personal honor and courage of his old friend, Francis de Pressensé, one of the bravest and most disinterested personalities in the politics of our time. He had the habit of turning, with distorted versions of half-forgotten facts, dragged from some inaccurate *dossier* of delation, on working-men deputies, on members making their maiden speeches, on every antagonist a little less adroit or less assured than himself. He ruled by fear, in the Chamber and outside it. His critics dreaded his tongue. For laborers who had got out of hand in some desperate strike he had usually his dragoons. His own party followed him with apprehensive loyalty, trusting to his skill and nerve to save them from the situations into which his passions hurried them. The governing class were coldly grateful to any man who would face unpopularity in their service. But with it all one may doubt whether he had left himself anywhere a sincere or disinterested friend. The Chamber may have felt that his personal encounters with Socialists were not in good taste. But it was quite another matter when he fell upon M. Delcassé, a man whose resolute, though highly dangerous, diplomacy at one time achieved brilliant results for France.

How little the vote which overthrew M. Clemenceau was political seems to be generally recognised. No one has thought of a Premier chosen from any of the Opposition groups. M. Briand, his coming successor, is more advanced than M. Clemenceau, and far more of a constructive statesman. Nor is there a suggestion that M. Delcassé should return to his old office. The chances are that a change of men may facilitate a return to the more fruitful Radicalism of the Combes period. M. Clemenceau had fought so hard and raised such redoubtable enmities that in the end he could do nothing but fight. Even a temporary reconciliation with the Socialists was hardly thinkable. Yet without Socialist support he must have failed to carry either of the two central reforms which Radicalism has striven throughout these years of turmoil to achieve—the old age pensions scheme and the income-tax. It would as certainly have been fatal to the party to go to the country next May with empty hands. A re-arrangement of personalities may effect some democratic concentration, and bring a truce to the furious conflicts which seem to have condemned French Radicalism to legislative sterility. M. Clemenceau's career is not at its end. He will live to overthrow more Ministries, to fight more duels, to wield one of the fiercest pens in Europe. But we shall be surprised if he again controls the destinies of France. He was born a century too late. His courage came of the time when the guillotine kept statesmen young, when the Republic met a Continent in arms, and France went out to seek the Tsar at Moscow.

## THE CASE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PROTECTORATES.

The Act for the Union of the South African Colonies, which will be introduced next week into the House of Lords, has been discussed this week in conference between the delegates of the Colonial Parliaments which have endorsed the Act and the Colonial Secretary. Upon the merits of the Act in establishing a strong central government, to undertake most of the important functions hitherto vested in the four Colonial Governments,

a happy unanimity prevails. Dutch and British South Africans are prepared to enter upon their new and large career in a spirit of harmony, and the difficulties raised by the greed and perversity of Natal have been overcome by the conciliatory policy of the statesmen of the other Colonies. So far as the general structure of the new instrument of government is concerned, the work of the Imperial Government is very light. These white self-governing communities understand their interests and the best methods of attaining them far better than the Parliament or people of the Mother Country, thousands of miles away, can pretend to do. Even as regards the interests of the black and colored subjects who form five-sixths of the population of South Africa, it will be at once admitted that their safety, prosperity, and progress must in the long run depend upon the success of the new Union Government. But in the initiation of this great experiment it is equally clear that the Imperial Government cannot divest itself of the responsibility of seeing that the new powers which it confers are such as are not easily abused.

Two issues have been raised regarding the native policy of the Union Act which deserve consideration. One has reference to the proposed safeguards of the native franchise in Cape Colony. It is no secret that the majority of the delegates from the other Colonies, where a less liberal native policy prevails, would have liked to level down the Cape franchise, so as to debar all natives from exercising any voice in the election of the Union Parliament. To such suggestions the Cape delegates, aided by a Liberal minority from the other Colonies, offered a successful resistance, and the Constitution provides that the repeal of the native franchise can only be attained by a vote of at least two-thirds of the members of the two Houses in the Union Parliament. A sharp division has arisen upon the degree of security attaching to this "safeguard." Mr. W. P. Schreiner and a small number of influential white politicians and philanthropists are vehement in denouncing its inadequacy, and there can be no question that a widespread fear exists among the educated Kaffirs and colored men lest an organised attempt should be made in the Union Parliament to take away their vote. The reality of this danger is, however, as stoutly denied by the entire body of the Union delegates, among whom are to be ranked men who, like Mr. Sauer and Mr. Merriman, have pursued a strong pro-native policy throughout a long political career. Much as we dislike the failure of the South African Act to provide political equality of opportunity independently of race or color, we recognise that no equal franchise forced upon the South African nation by the Imperial Government could be accepted, or, if accepted, would be fairly administered. Nor are we in a position to pronounce upon the adequacy of the protection accorded by the Constitution to the native franchise in Cape Colony.

A more critical issue for the judgment of the Imperial Parliament is raised by the terms provided in the Schedule of the Constitution for the transfer of Basutoland, Swaziland, and the Bechuanaland Protectorate from the Imperial charge to the South African Union. There is no reason why at the very opening of a necessarily arduous career the new Union Government should be saddled with this new burden. Their statesmen did not initiate the proposal or the terms of the transfer. Though they naturally expected in the future to have under their single Government the whole of the British territories south of the Zambesi, they were not in a hurry to enlarge their sphere of operation. Lord Selborne appears to have been responsible for pressing forward this proposal to shuffle off Imperial control of the protectorates, and to hand over the government to the virtually unchecked autocracy of the party politician who may happen at any time to be Prime Minister. For a careful reading of the Schedules shows that complete legislative and administrative power is placed in the hands of the Premier and the Ministry, with no real control by Parliament. The Premier appoints Commissioners to assist him with advice in administration; if he acts contrary to their advice, they can bring the matter before the Governor-in-Council, that is to say, before the Premier and his Ministers; should they still be dissatisfied, they can call upon the Premier to refer the issue to Parliament, and he can refuse this at his discretion. All checks verbally furnished in the provisions of the Schedule are quite illusory. No power is vested in the Union Parliament either to legislate or to influence legislation in those territories which are nominally incorporated in the Union. No wonder the natives of Basutoland are alarmed; no wonder the South African Parliamentarians resent this extraordinary restriction upon Parliamentary government. If these territories are to be brought into the Union, the laws imposed upon them and the taxation imposed upon them should be sanctioned by Parliament, and not placed at the arbitrary disposal of the Premier and his Commission. Unless we are prepared to place full confidence in the ability of the Union Parliament to govern these territories in a wise and disinterested manner, it would be better to maintain them in their present status of Imperial charges. Lord Selborne, in the very speech in which he foreshadowed this injurious policy which now, through the unwise pressure of the Colonial Office, is urged upon South Africa, bore striking testimony to the good government of Basutoland: "I say deliberately that the King has no more loyal subjects than the Basutos; that if the Basutos are justly and wisely governed, they will cause no serious trouble; and that the one thing they desire is to be left alone. They know perfectly well that no change could take place in their position except for the worse, and they will never wilfully give cause for making a change necessary."

Why then force on them a change which will be "for the worse"? The South African delegates do not ask it; the Basutos, by their Press and public meetings, have testified extreme alarm at the proposed transfer. The deletion of this Schedule will cause no dissatisfaction in South Africa; on the other hand, our insistence on their acceptance of terms of transfer so derogatory to the dignity of the Union Parliament may rouse resentment when it is understood, and will be a source of constant friction in the working of the Constitution. We hope that the House of Commons, when the Act comes before it, will take the view that it is wiser to

retain these Protectorates under the Imperial control until proposals are made on the part of the South African Government for their admission into the Union upon terms acceptable alike to the Union Parliament and to the natives.

## THE FUTURE OF COWPER-TEMPLEISM.

Mr. Runciman's withdrawal of the new Training College Regulations gives us all an opportunity of considering, without heat or haste, the difficulty which they were intended to meet. What we have to deal with is, broadly, the effect of the Higher Criticism on that undenominational Biblical instruction which has been given since 1870 under the Cowper-Temple clause. The main conclusions of the Higher Criticism are not, of course, new. A century ago Thomas Paine put the gist of them into his "Age of Reason." What is new is the manner and degree of their acceptance. When I was a boy at school we learnt from each other that some people denied the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and others, say, the ascription to St. Paul of the Pastoral Epistles. This knowledge strengthened the "doubts" against which we were warned in the school chapel. We all fought against our doubts; those who succeeded in the fight mostly became clergymen; those who failed became agnostics. Nowadays submission to the rapidly growing evidence for the "critical" position does not necessarily involve a violent break with the past. The majority, one supposes, of the clergy go already much further in that respect than did Bishop Colenso.

But the evidence which has so transformed the position of those who still believe in the supernatural origin of Christianity has also altered that of the believer in its natural origin. Many of those who thirty years ago were anti-Biblical undergraduates of the most combative type must be surprised, as I am now, to find how interesting a book the Bible has become. We follow, with almost as much sympathy as the supernaturalists, the stirring of a spiritual religion in Amos and Hosea, the triumph-song over the victories of Cyrus in the Second Isaiah, and on through the story till the prophetic organisation of the early Christian Church was superseded by episcopacy, and the unknown author of the Third Epistle of John found that "Diotrephes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not."

The new evidence, however, though it is so widely accepted by students both inside and outside the churches, has had, as yet, little effect upon the teaching in the elementary schools. Clergymen, indeed, and ministers have actually complained to me of the crude orthodoxy taught both in the "non-provided" and the provided schools. Many elementary teachers are ignorant of the critical literature. Practically none would think of implying any acceptance of it in their teaching.

It is under these circumstances that a group of religious philosophers, including Professor Sadler, Professor Muirhead, Dr. T. B. Napier, and Mr. T. E. Harvey, supported, and perhaps originated, Mr. Runciman's requirement that every Training College should prepare teachers to give "instruction in and explanations of the Bible." They hoped thereby (if I may quote their letters of last week) to produce a race of teachers "instructed in the broad results of modern Biblical research and thought," who would make the religious lessons "not only more interesting, but truer, less conventional, and far more useful to the children."

They were, I myself think, grievously mistaken in their expectation that a system of compulsion applied to local authorities and universities would produce the end which they desired. Compulsory religion would, I believe, have been, in most places, as formal and insincere as it is, say, in Prussia. They forgot also that the conflict for the control of the religious teaching in the schools, which politicians try to think so unimportant and feel to be so important, is still going on. Denominationalists and Secularists are both waiting, in the hope that they will some day have an effective majority in Parliament, and will not tolerate that the "claim" should be "jumped" by the instruction of compulsory Undenominationalism through administrative regulations.

But the evil to which attention has been called by Mr. Runciman's proposal—the growing divergence between the traditional Cowper-Temple teaching and instructed opinion—is very real; and it is worth while to ask whether there is any change in existing methods which the three bodies of secularists, undenominationalists, and denominationalists can accept as an improvement, and which does not inflict, as Mr. Runciman's Regulations did, an open defeat upon any one of them. The decision now depends upon the local authorities, and I believe that at least one such change would be widely accepted by them, if only they would go behind the false simplicity of words, and examine the infinite complexity of existing and possible facts.

I have been myself led by hard experience into advocating the "secular solution"; but I group under that name an enormous variety of possible expedients, including in some cases "facilities" for such denominational instruction as parents may demand, and perhaps ten years hence, in a freer atmosphere, the study of the Bible "as literature," or as part of a course of "moral instruction." A Broad Church denominationalist might be equally ready to discuss possible variations of "denominationalism," and I think that we two might agree on improvements in detail, without abandonment by either of us of his main policy.

On the other hand, the Liberal Education Ministers who have succeeded Mr. Birrell seem quite unable to conceive of "undenominationalism" as including any other possibility than the teaching for three quarters of an hour every day of that London County Council syllabus which they imagine to be an unchanging fact. Mr. McKenna proposed in 1908 to put the London syllabus which happened to be in force in 1906 into a permanent Act of Parliament; and Mr. Runciman attempted last December to closure, three days after its introduction, a clause which required exactly three-quarters of an hour's religious instruction to be offered on five days a week to every child in attendance throughout England and Wales, from the baby of three, who cannot hold his little mind on anything for more than ten minutes, to the Lancashire "half-timer," who would be giving about a third of his school hours to the subject, or the girl who would otherwise be attending the weekly cooking class a mile away.

It is therefore the undenominationalists whom I ask to consider possible variations in their system, and the particular expedient on which I should lay most stress is the adoption by local authorities of the arrangement which is universal in secondary schools, by which the religious instruction is confined every week to one, or at most two, lessons, varying in length with the age of the children.

The immediate effect of this would be that the instruction would be specialised. Much of the unreality of the existing teaching is due to the fact that, if the school is to be carried on at all, practically every teacher must give it to his class every day, whether he is interested or instructed in the subject or not. If my suggestion were carried out, some one or more teachers specially interested in the subject could in the course of the week teach all the classes. For the moment the teaching might become even more orthodox than it is now, but I should, as a "secularist," be prepared to risk that, if it became more real. And if better results could be obtained in less time the gain to other subjects of the curriculum would, of course, be important.

The teachers of Scripture might then be encouraged to form "reading circles" of their own on lines which are already familiar in other subjects. In the University Training Colleges, if not in those of the local authorities, the extraordinarily difficult experiment might be further developed, which is now going on under London University, of providing Biblical instruction of an "academic"

kind, to be withdrawn if, as would certainly happen in some places, it produced insuperable friction.

That is my main proposal, but I would add to it the suggestion that local authorities might free themselves from the bondage, not only of the daily forty-five minutes, but also of the typical London County Council syllabus, and adopt a more vital selection of passages from the Bible itself. We had before us the other day, on a County Council Committee, a suggestion that Amos should be omitted from the syllabus, and that there should be substituted the Book of Esther! It is a sign of the times that Esther was rejected on the ground, apparently (which had never been admitted into such a discussion before), that the events therein described were neither edifying nor historical.

Such are my suggestions. I put them forward with a full recognition of the difficulty of the subject, but at any rate I neither propose that they should be closured through the House of Commons next Tuesday, like Mr. Runciman's Bill of 1908, nor that they should be "in force from August 1st," like his Regulations of 1909.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

# Life and Letters.

## A DOUBLE STANDARD OF MORAL CURRENCY.

DOGMATIC Socialists find no difficulty in reconciling the unscrupulous business career of Mr. Rockefeller with his religious character and the austerity of his private morals. With them it is no case of watertight compartments, still less of mere hypocrisy. The prevailing mode of production or of exploitation moulds the moral and religious ideas of a people, as it determines the course of their politics and the forms of all their social institutions. It appears to them inevitable that the economic struggle for subsistence and wealth which absorbs the bulk of the time and energy of a people should "exploit" all the other interests and activities. So Protestantism and its creeds, Puritanism with its virtues and its abstinences, have come into being, survived, and flourished as spiritual and intellectual adjuncts of that energy of individual business enterprise which is the dominant spirit of the age. Wanted, a religion of enlightened self-interest, which, by throwing the whole stress of spirituality upon the quality and career of the individual soul, shall evoke certain hardy virtues of self-respect, temperance, forethought, industry, and individual responsibility, while subordinating and well-nigh extinguishing that enthusiasm for an organic spiritual society, with its common fund of spiritual life and its single centralised authority, which was the Catholic Church. A new type of Christian conformable to the needs of our more complex industrial age was evoked to realise the Pauline ideal, "not slothful in business, fearing the Lord." Mr. Rockefeller is that man. His success is the success of Puritan individualism.

But there is danger of misapprehension in paying too much attention to his case, or even to that of the crop of trust-making and financial millionaires which grows around him. In all the straiter sects of Puritanism, as also in that great perennial Puritan Church, the Hebrew people, the ideals and practices of individual and of domestic life, which have absorbed the very name morality, have been pre-eminently favorable to business success, in a period when individual initiative, industry, and enterprise have for the first time in the history of the world had free play among a large section of the people as economic instruments. To the dogmatic Socialist, we repeat, the whole process means the selection and elevation of a class morality of successful exploitation, the temperance, self-command, domestic purity, and all the other personal excellences, ranking as mere by-products or accessories in a distinctively economic process. Even the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller and of many of his fellow millionaires in the endowment of colleges, churches, libraries, &c., is imputed, on this theory, to the instinct of self-protection, itself an economic method, by which the edge of public envy is turned and the apparatus of education engaged in the support of ethics and a sociology which shall regard benevolent rich men as trustees of the commonwealth.

To this economic interpretation of "ideology" the culminating triumph of this moral individualism consists in gaining a general acceptance for itself as a complete system of morals. If every man looks after himself and his family, makes the best of every advantage he can seize, works hard, saves hard, invests his savings as profitably as he can, a society of such men, each minding his own business, will prosper and progress. This is the familiar Smith-Smilesian doctrine by which the selfish individual is "led as by an invisible hand" along a narrow line of self-seeking which, by a pre-established harmony, compels him to contribute his best to the good of society. The naïve reflections of Mr. Rockefeller compel us to believe that he adheres to the view that he has been providentially entrusted with great riches as a reward for his public services. It is the simple sociology of Jack Horner, who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum, and said 'What a good boy am I!'" arguing his moral excellence from his personal success.

Excessive, often perverse, as is this economic determinism, it contains an important half-truth, the neglect of which has been a real barrier to moral progress. For though sobriety, chastity, thrift, honesty, are not mere by-products of the play of economic forces, but have independent spiritual sources, the monopoly of morality accorded to the private virtues and the individualistic conception of society which competitive business life has fostered, has obscured the clear vision of a true society, and weakened the emotional incentives for attaining it. Even those business men who are concerned at the wide prevalence of dishonest practices in commercial life commonly shirk the deeper scrutiny into valuations that is demanded. We have before us a little volume entitled, "Morals in Modern Business" (Frowde), containing essays read by leading business men and economists before the students of Yale University, professing to confront the problem we are considering. But the very setting of the issues renders solution impracticable. Everywhere the note of individual initiative alone is sounded, everywhere the appeal is made to the personal honesty of the employer, the financier, the trader, a sole supreme reliance on the very Puritan morality which has been distorted into conniving at the practices it is now invited to condemn. Now, there are certain malpractices in the business world which are amenable to this moral treatment. Illicit bargains for rebates with railroads, bribery of inspectors, "tax-dodging," secret commissions, evasions of Factory Acts, gambling with trust money, and a score of other profitable sorts of illegality, fall under this category. Moreover, there are certain sorts of crude brutality in crushing weaker trade competitors, certain infamies of sweating labour, certain injuries to the consumers in raising prices or in withholding supplies, which are such flagrant violations of humanity that no reputable firm will openly commit them. So many charges under both these heads, illegality and cruelty, are brought against the great industrial and financial trusts in America as to engender in large sections of the people a genuine sentiment of moral indignation against all wealthy and powerful corporations as criminal and tyrannical bodies. If the sentiment is fainter in this country, it is because the evolution of this type of capitalistic monster is less advanced, and its claws are pared by Free Trade.

Now, even in America, much of this virtuous indignation of the people is wasted. The morality, the humanity of the big, successful trust in its treatment of the trade, the consuming public, and its employees, is certainly no lower, and in some respects is usually higher, than those prevalent in smaller and less flourishing concerns. The moral crux of modern business is made manifest in the fact that half the immorality is charged against competition, the other half against its opposite, monopoly. One of the most interesting essays in this

American volume resolves this paradox. "Yet there is a consistency pervading all these seemingly paradoxical conditions; each man tries to get rid of competition in what he sells, and secure it in what he buys. The working man sells labor, and wants no competition in it; so he forms his labor trust, and tolerates all the other labor trusts. But he buys commodities, and wants all possible competition in this; so he attacks the capitalist trust. The captain of industry buys labor; so he wants all possible competition in it, and therefore disapproves the labor trusts. But he sells commodities, and therefore wants no competition in them; so he forms his own trust, and tolerates the other capitalists' trusts. The legislator, administrator, jurist, sells neither labor nor commodities, and buys both; so he favors competition in both, but tempers his advocacy of it in labor by a tenderness for the labor vote."

In other words, the unconscious hypocrisy, or contrast between religious professions and business practices, charged against Mr. Rockefeller, is all-pervasive in the business world. Only by ignoring the nicer analysis of business operations is it possible to find "an entirely honest merchant." John Ruskin, in thus describing his father, doubtless meant that he sold sound sherry at reasonable prices. But when we ask for any reliable standard for reasonable prices, fair profits, or living wages, we find ourselves at sea. A business man, struggling in the trough of competition, can only keep his head above water by "taking advantage" of his neighbors, *i.e.*, by paying lower wages than he would like to pay, by ousting his competitors from the market, by cheapening the quality of his goods while preserving false appearances of excellence. A business man, outside of effective competition, can run his business on more philanthropic lines, so far as treatment of his employees is concerned: he can sell a good article at a price which in his eyes is at once reasonable and remunerative. His conscience may seem to be at rest, undisturbed by any qualms. But he soon comes to realise the precariousness of his position. In the determination of fair conditions for labor and reasonable prices he is a law unto himself: he has no social standard of fairness and reason. A moral autocrat in the business world, he sets an example which others cannot follow: he can furnish no social solution of any social problem. No merely personal acceptance of the Golden Rule can really reconcile the business life with Christianity. So long as the structure and operation of industry and commerce are such as to enable or require one man to take advantage of the poverty, weakness, or ignorance of his neighbor, whether as employee, competitor, or customer, it is idle to select this or that millionaire in order to accuse him of an inconsistency between his weekday and his Sunday ethics which is equally applicable to his less successful neighbors. Not until we can reform the social structure of our business world so as to substitute a direct sense of social service for enlightened self-interest as the commercial spirit, so getting the Golden Rule into business practice, shall we get rid of the double standard of moral currency which runs through Mr. Rockefeller's conduct, and through yours and mine.

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## VANISHING NAVIES.

The return of the British Fleet to its ancient quarters in the Thames has given the greatest city multitude the world has ever known the kind of pageant which it most enjoys. Keen as was the pleasure, the intellectual directors of our nation have contributed little enough to the more refined and reflective aspects of it. We, who almost bar out English history from our schools and universities, and when we teach its literature present the tongue that Shakespeare spoke as a puzzle in Anglo-Saxon philology, cannot complain if the mass of the people who went to see the fleet took their main view of its story and development from the street hawkers. Not a great number, we suspect, could recall the name of Blake; not many schoolboys of the upper and middle classes, fully instructed on the tactics of Themistocles at Salamis, could describe those of Nelson at Aboukir. For a people so self-centred, so full of the pride of achievement as our own, we are singularly lacking in the historic sense. This is the reason why, when the Englishman's past is recalled to him through some striking symbol of his present power, he misses the thrill that comes from the knowledge of who sowed the seed and how the flower was raised. To-day that thrill is especially hard to capture. Nothing, or very little, of our famous sea history belongs to the period of the modern navy. None of these great shooting platforms, practically devoid of masts or sails, divided into self-contained steel castles, and worked, not by sailors so much as by engineers and skilled mechanics, almost blindly obeying the call of the "fire-control" from above, have ever figured in a great naval fight. They are the children of modern science, of engineering and mathematics, of carefully thought out theories of warfare which leave little initiative to the fighting chieftains. Every British war-ship within two thousand miles of London, says Mr. Arnold White, is hung by invisible threads on to its strategic master in Whitehall, and in time of war would come and go, fight or fly, in obedience to the war-director's commands, much as if it were a piece on a chessboard. But all these conditions are untried, and their working can only be dimly guessed. The wooden hulks, whose still beautiful shapes adorn the mouths and lower reaches of our English rivers, recall all the substantial glories of the British Navy—glories sustained, not merely in years, but in centuries of warfare. Yet a single modern second-class cruiser could sink every ship that fought at Trafalgar.

And what will happen twenty or thirty years hence to the fleet that occupies forty miles of Thames water? Will it ever see a naval war? Will there ever be a naval war as we imagine it? The development is already rapid beyond all previous experience. There is less difference between the ships that hung on the skirts of the Armada and those which fought at Navarino than between the ironclads which bombarded Alexandria and the new Temeraire. Already the critics of the fleet talk of the "Dreadnought" as a "back number." What will be its successor? Mr. Wells's airships? Or some shapeless mass of floating iron pouring out, not 850 lb. shells, but explosives powerful enough to destroy a "Dreadnought" or a dozen "Dreadnoughts" with one impact? Already one type of ship succeeds another so rapidly that the "tail" of a big fleet of war-vessels like our own is always being cut off because the head has outgrown it and destroyed or greatly qualified its usefulness. From "Majestics" to "King Edwards," from "King Edwards" to "Dreadnoughts," from "Dreadnoughts" to "Super-Dreadnoughts"—each new step has been taken more quickly than its predecessor, until the eye of the naval sensationalist is now fixed not so much on something fresh in ships as on the possibilities of an engine of death and destruction, able to make all ships obsolete, and to involve attackers and defenders, experts, admirals, and mere common lives in universal ruin. Thus, in the very hour of seeming stability and overpowering mechanical force, the increasing volatility and subtlety of the mind of man create an atmosphere of complete uncertainty. Who can talk confidently of the balance of power when it may be possible for a clever chemist to alter it decisively in the interest of this Power or that, even to destroy or largely to modify the distinction between Powers that can defend themselves and those that rely more or less on the good graces or the written covenants of their neighbors? What may be the result of the next daring "bore" into the innermost depths of Nature's secrets? So, like an unsubstantial pageant faded, the solid marvels of the Thames may pass away within the vision of a single generation, as the eye of faith presumes even greater wonders to pass before the unchanging gaze of the Eternal.

An outlook like this clearly confuses merely material calculations, and brings us back almost by necessity to the rule of spiritual and intellectual forces. In a world of rapidly shifting physical values, the only

safe national ground is the average individual's reliance on character as his last and surest refuge against the assaults of fortune and circumstance. Whatever happens to British ships, British men and women will remain. If science should be so fortunate as to light upon the means to ensure an enormous release of human effort for human ends, they will not only be relieved of an immense strain on their physical resources, but will be enriched by a hitherto undreamt of capacity to *advance* civilisation, instead of keeping it merely in being, with a constant tendency to relapse. Probably what attracts most men to admire war-ships and sailors is the thought and the actual vision, which thousands of us have realised this week, of the high degree of skill, training, physical well-being, and cheerful acceptance of great dangers, which a well-conducted naval service involves. The soldier is also popular; but he does not embody the idea of adaptability, of nimble, all-round capacity and practical sense, which we identify with the "handy man." It is consoling to think of this power of creating fine character even out of unpromising material. But the process gets more costly and less remunerative every year. Methods and machinery are changed every few weeks, till the national scrap-heap mounts heaven-high.

Equally wasteful is the dealing with the human element. Some of it is demoralised or thrown away in peace, and much of the rest the nation is bound to devote to death and oblivion in war. In civil life, on the other hand, the net gain is far greater, the waste much less serious. The aims, moral in themselves, stimulate all the good qualities excited by war, where the aims are immoral. Civil life on dry land makes almost as much demand on physical courage as life on a war-ship, and the merchant service and the fishing industry exact a greater toll of their workers than the Navy, whose normal functions are mainly peaceful. Horse-keepers, engine-drivers and guards, miners, chauffeurs, all pursue more or less dangerous lives, and usually meet accidents and sudden perils with calm. Men will die in stopping a runaway horse, or in rescuing a brother-worker from fire-damp, or in sucking poison from a diphtheritic throat, from a truer voluntary impulse than drives them to die on a battle-ground or be roasted in a gun-turret on a "Dreadnought." In support of the first kind of action society has the immense advantage that all the force of its accepted religions and pieties freely rallies to it and applauds it, and is joined by the instinctive voice within. Whereas, in support of the latter only man's sophisticated conscience can yield full approval, while a state of strife is set up between his ideals and his passions, which depraves the one and gives a furious and uncontrolled power to the other.

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## THE YOUNG CUCKOO.

As the month of June wanes and July rises to its climax a natural drama is every year in progress throughout the land, references to which fill the folk-lore of European peoples. Its actual details have to be closely followed and observed first-hand to understand what an interest they are calculated to inspire, even in these prosaic days of science—an interest which, indeed, probably exceeds that attaching to anything else of the kind in nature. When the cuckoo comes amongst us towards the end of the month of April, a certain air of mystery attaches to it. It arrives in fresh plumage, fully and beautifully dressed, having changed its feathers in other lands during our winter. The migrations of the bird are unusually extensive. The cuckoo of Western Europe is said to travel far south into Africa, and even across the Equator into the sub-continent. The young cuckoo, which leaves us at the approach of winter, has ingratiating habits, which are probably the result of its dependent position. But the mating cuckoo, which arrives in the spring, is a peculiarly unsociable bird, shy, passionate, and restless, and possessed of a series of habits which, though suggested and rudimentary in some other birds, are nowhere else in life so consistently adapted to attain their malign end with such precision and inevitableness.

When a female cuckoo has settled down in any locality, it thoroughly explores the whole neighborhood for suitable nests, and, moreover, pursues this business with systematic and unexpected thoroughness. In early days it used to be thought that the cuckoo possibly laid only one egg, or, at the most, a few eggs each season. It is now established that this is incorrect, and that the bird lays an unusually large number of eggs, seldom less than ten, and probably often as many as twenty or more. The eggs, however, are not actually laid in the nest chosen, but on the ground. They are then carried by the mother cuckoo in her bill and carefully placed in the nest of the selected victim, which is nearly always a bird feeding its young on caterpillars or similar soft food, which is alone suitable to the young cuckoo. It is one of the most interesting facts established that a particular cuckoo lays her eggs each season in the nest of the same species of bird. The writer, during the present season, was fortunate enough to find as many as four cuckoo's eggs in the same locality, all obviously placed by the same bird, and all in hedge sparrow's nests. This is in agreement with a number of similar observations, two or more eggs evidently laid by the same cuckoo being not uncommonly found in nests of the same species of bird in the immediate vicinity, the sedge warbler and meadow pipit being favorite victims in other parts of the country. That in the case mentioned there had been no random placing of the eggs, but that the mother cuckoo had gone to work in a most systematic manner, was proved. A thorough exploration was made of all the hedges and bushes in the district. No other hedge-sparrow's nest beside the four in question was discovered. A great number of nests of other small birds were, however, found, but in none of them had a cuckoo's egg been placed. It was plain, therefore, that the cuckoo must have gone to work on an exhaustive method, in that she had thus discovered and utilised all the nests of the same species in the neighborhood, and had neglected all the others. This tendency of particular cuckoos to place their eggs in nests of the same kind of bird is possibly hereditary. It is a well-known fact that the cuckoo's egg varies in a surprising manner in size and markings, and, although always slightly larger, it has been observed to resemble, generally in size, and sometimes roughly in appearance, the eggs of the bird chosen. It is obviously a necessity that this should be so, for there would be no young cuckoo if the egg differed sufficiently to attract the hostile notice of the owner of the nest.

It is within the first few days after it is hatched out that the young cuckoo begins to exhibit the peculiar train of instincts which have made it proverbial. But for the fact that these instincts have been observed again and again in every detail in action, many of the results would appear to be incredible. As the little creature which has been hatched out from an egg hardly bigger than that of a hedge-sparrow, but destined to grow into a bird almost as large as a pigeon, lies at the bottom of the nest, it is a striking object to look at. It is nearly black in color, and peculiarly imp-like in appearance, even when newly hatched. A feature which strikes the eye immediately is the peculiar broad, flat back. About the second day it begins to exhibit extraordinary restlessness. It matters not at what stage the cuckoo's egg has been dropped in amongst the others in the nest, for the result is the same in all circumstances. If the young cuckoo is hatched out first it begins to eject the eggs. In one of the nests which the writer had under observation this year the little cuckoo had put one of four hedge-sparrow's eggs over the side on the second day of its existence. In another nest under observation at the same time, the young hedge-sparrows were hatched out so long before that soon after the cuckoo was hatched its nest mates were at least four times its size. But at this stage the young cuckoo was seen to put the hedge-sparrows, one after another, over the side of the nest till it was the sole occupant. No one who has not actually seen the process of ejection of the other young

birds can fully realise the uncanniness and almost incredible purposiveness of the whole series of actions. At the time when the bird's instinct is at its maximum the young cuckoo is only a few days old. It is blind and naked, without the vestige of even the beginnings of a feather, so that it presents the very image of weakness and helplessness. Yet in such circumstances it sidles up to the other occupants of the nest, using as feelers the long and bare wing processes, which have an appearance strangely suggestive of the arms of an ape. Getting gradually under its fellow nestling, it lifts it on to the flat back; then, using the ape-like arms as props and the strong legs as levers, it partly raises and partly pushes the victim upwards, clambering backwards up the side of the nest. When it reaches the edge the victim is hitched over, and the last scene of all almost takes one's breath away, for the blind little creature, before returning to the bottom of the nest, feels round as if to assure itself that the difficult business had been in all respects successfully accomplished. After its efforts the cuckoo appears completely exhausted. But it resumes its attempts when rested, and it will continue for days to eject any other birds or eggs that may be placed with it in the nest. It is usually stated in books on the cuckoo that the young bird is aided by a circular depression in the back. The writer has observed that this is a mistake. There is only the broad, flat back, but, in the process of straining, the thighs are lifted, and this gives the appearance, and possibly assists the bird in the manner of the supposed depression.

The instincts and actions that follow the ejection of its fellow nestling are scarcely less remarkable. The young bird, as the sole occupant of the nest, appears to exercise an exceptional power of fascination on the foster-parents. It sits at the bottom of the nest with its mouth opened expectantly, and showing a deep orange gape at the slightest rustle. It utters the while a series of soft, twittering notes, resembling, not one young bird, but a whole nestful of young birds. The foster-parents feed it continually, for it is always hungry and always clamoring to be fed, the unusual distance between its small size at the beginning and the adult stage necessitating rapid growth, and consequently making the claim for food incessant. No less remarkable are the ingratiating habits of the young bird as it grows older. There is no doubt that the foster-parents become devoted to it with a degree of affection far beyond that which their own offspring would have awakened. The attendant hedge-sparrow sits on the young cuckoo with extreme solicitude to protect it at times from the weather. The writer has even seen it in a rainstorm sitting on the cuckoo when the latter was four times its size and almost fully fledged, the appearance being quite ludicrous. Every movement of the cuckoo at this stage is that of a creature which expects to be provided for and helped and taken care of. If it be brought up by hand, it exercises a fascination scarcely less on human beings. It becomes a bird absolutely without fear or distrust. Almost every movement and gesture is an invitation which cannot be resisted to those about it to take care of it. All the bird's actions, indeed, suggest it to be what it actually is—one of the most extraordinary instances of parasitism in nature.

## Contemporaries.

### FATHER GEORGE TYRRELL.

In Father George Tyrrell a figure of exceptional charm and distinction disappears. To literature, to religion, to his many friends, and to those, a still wider circle, to whom his writings and his personality were an inspiration the loss is irreparable.

> "Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
> Tam cari capitis?"

It is not easy to class him either as a thinker or as a religious teacher; he united gifts seldom found in combination, and appealed to men of various and widely differing types. His personality was the key both to his position and to his influence; it was the man who spoke to men. A Celt by blood, he was essentially a Celt by temperament; his fire, his humor, his unexpectedness were those of his race. Racial, too, was what was perhaps his most characteristic quality—his unworldliness. Not only was he detached from material things; the shadows cast by them—reputation, influence, the praise of man—left him indifferent; he lived on another plane. He possessed in a singular degree what Renan called "le discernement des nuances." But his mind, subtle as it was, was direct; and his speech was as unequivocal as his thought was clear. He could be silent; but, if he spoke, he made his meaning unmistakably, sometimes disconcertingly, plain. To Moderates of the political type he was an incalculable element; and his movements were those of an erratic, often highly inconvenient, star. He was built on lines too different from theirs to make understanding possible. His nature was conservative; no one was more sensible of the fallacy of intellectualism or of the onesidedness of extremes. But he was intolerant of the moderation which comes of loose thinking and timidity. He preferred a fanatic to an opportunist. He had little reason to love the Vatican of Pius X., to approve the measures, or to respect the men. But he resented violence less than hypocrisy. The tyranny of the present Pontificate was less distasteful to him than the diplomacy of the last years of Leo XIII. With the former one knew what to expect; the latter was hybrid: "the more educated temporising ultramontanism that shrinks from an inopportune pressing of principles which the world has unfortunately outgrown; that loves to rub shoulders with democracy and science; that would make a change of circumstances and opportunities pass for a more tolerant spirit," was not to his mind. Injustice and falsehood roused his indignation; his fierceness against clericalism was less intellectual than moral. For him, as for Gambetta, it was "the enemy": he saw that it was unscrupulous, and he believed it to be insincere. Those who crossed swords with him in controversy—Cardinal Mercier is an example—had reason to regret it. *Impar congressus Achilli.* Since Newman there has been no such master of the craft as he. He had something of the Irishman's love of a fight. But his battles were impersonal. He fought not for his own hand, but for larger interests compromised, he believed, by that "all-permeating mendacity which is the most alarming and desperate symptom of the present ecclesiastical crisis." For him the Modernist controversy was not one of correct as against incorrect opinion; but of right against wrong, of the truth against a lie. The contention is strong; but the facts are stubborn, and no one had better means of knowing them than he.

> "Those Modernists who put their trust in the spread of truth will labor in vain unless they first labor for the spread of truthfulness; nor are they faithful to the 'method of immanentism' if they hope for an intellectual before a moral reform. What would it avail to sweep the accumulated dust and cobwebs of centuries out of the House of God; to purge our liturgy of fables and legends; to make a bonfire of our falsified histories, our forged decretals, our spurious relics; to clear off the mountainous debts to truth and candor incurred by our ancestors in the supposed interests of edification; what would it avail to exterminate those swarming legions of lies, if we still keep the spirit that breeds them? The only infallible guardian of truth is the spirit of truthfulness. Not till the world learns to look to Rome as the home of truthfulness and straight dealing will it ever look to her as the citadel of truth."

How a man who felt and thought in this way ever found himself in the Church of Rome is inexplicable; that he should have gone into it of his own free will is more inexplicable still. The Celticism of his nature is the key. To a man of his temperament the Protestantism in which he was brought up was not inspiring; its outlook was narrow, its atmosphere cold. A born mystic, he was cramped and chilled. The spacious horizons, the unique spiritual life of Catholicism presented themselves as an escape from the particular to the universal, from a somewhat narrow provincialism to the freedom of the

great world. Leanness of soul followed; the mirage proved sand. Rome was world-wide, venerable, picturesque, consoling. But—it was not true. To the sentimentalist or the sceptic this is matter of indifference. He was neither. The question of truth was vital to him; neither his heart nor his understanding could rest till it had been solved. He was too honest to sophisticate; the sum did not and would not work out.

He did not conceal this either from himself or others. "Le cri de réforme contre les abus du sanctuaire part toujours du sanctuaire." He framed argument after argument to justify the position in which he found himself; argument after argument broke down. As each in succession failed, he was driven further from his moorings; he launched out from the landlocked waters of Catholicism upon the great deep. This was what differentiated his attitude from that of Newman. The great Cardinal has been called the Father of Modernism. He was so; but the legitimacy of the child is doubtful; Newman was a medieval, not a modern man. Tyrrell, on the other hand, was radically emancipated. If he endeavored to bring about a synthesis between the old and the new, it was by no compromise or confusion of issues; he hoped rather than believed that this synthesis could be effected in the Roman, perhaps in any existing, Church. But in religion, he knew, search is more than achievement. His work was preparatory; it looked beyond itself, and to the larger days to come.

From one point of view—it was the most obvious—his was a drifting, a broken life; the original false step was neither retraced nor overcome. But it was, in fact, the key to his activity, the condition without which its best results could not have been obtained. It made his platform not English, but European; it associated his name with a world-wide and abiding work. For, whatever the future of Modernism in the Roman Church, Modernism, as a tendency of life and thought, is indestructible; it is in the movement of things. Pioneers fall. That he was broken against the opposing forces is true. But he would have held it immaterial. He fell face forward, as soldiers fall.

For England the Vatican has ceased to be a danger; between them, happily, "there is a great gulf fixed." But the stream of secessions, if thin, is persistent, and to those, an increasing number, who find Rome impossible, Protestantism seldom suggests itself as an alternative. Is it entirely without our own fault that this is so? "Have we not in part ourselves to blame if men of the high type of Loisy and Tyrrell feel themselves repelled by Protestantism?" asks a German critic. "Is their charge against it of being stiff and narrow, wholly without foundation in fact?" ("Modernismus." Professor Karl Holl, p. 47).

> "The very paganisms with which the Church is reproached assure me that all the streams of religious tradition from the most ancient times and the most distant quarters of the earth have met in her bosom, to be mingled with and purified by the living waters of the Gospel of Christ. Profoundly as I venerate the great truths and principles for which Protestantism stands, I am somewhat chilled by its inhumanity, its naked severity, its relentless rationality. If it feeds one half, perhaps the better half, of the soul, it starves the other. The religion of all men must be the religion of the whole man."

Forgetfulness of this is at once the weakness of reform and the strength of reaction, which lives, not on its own merits, but on its opponents' defects.

ALFRED FAWKES.

# Letters from Abroad.

## THE NEW CHANCELLOR AND THE OLD GAME.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—A versatile diplomatist has gone and a cultured bureaucrat has come—this is almost all that can be said of the political situation created by the retirement of Prince Bülow into private life. The change of persons in the Governments of Prussia and the Empire has no political significance at all. It is neither a concession to the Clerico-Conservative majority nor is it an open defiance of this new Parliamentary combination. The right word to characterise it has already been used by THE NATION—it is a shuffle, and nothing else.

Can anything more clearly demonstrate the deficiencies of German Parliamentary life than the proceedings in regard to the change of the Chancellor of the Empire? After the rejection of the new succession duty by a small majority of the Reichstag, Prince Bülow travels to Kiel to see the Kaiser—who enjoys himself yachting—and tenders his resignation. It is accepted, but no official communication is made to the elected representatives of the nation. Only by semi-official *communiqués* and back-door blab do they hear of what is going on. They do not even know whether the session will be prorogued or closed. At last some members are given to understand who the successor will be, but no official intimation reaches the Reichstag or the parties. Then, on July 13th, without the Reichstag being asked, the session is closed by Imperial decree, and, only the day after, is it made known by the "Reichs-Anzeiger" who is the new Chancellor. The unparliamentary character of his office, his *rôle* as the mandatory of the Kaiser, could hardly be more impressively emphasised. And the parties concerned are quite content. The Liberals, because they detect in the new Chancellor some faint leanings to some Liberalism, and the Conservatives because they have gained a Parliamentary victory, without true Parliamentarism advancing one step. It is mock Parliamentarism which serves their interests best, and the persistence of mock Parliamentarism has been confirmed anew.

Some democratic papers have described the acceptance of Bülow's resignation by the Kaiser as the "revenge" of the latter on Bülow for the scenes of November last in connection with the so-called interview of the "Daily Telegraph." But that is pure imagination. It *is* revenge, but revenge on the *nation*. All the clamor, all the protests against *personal* government have been forgotten. Unable or unwilling to achieve self-government, the nation submits without a murmur to the re-affirmation of personal rule.

This is the one fact to be realised at this juncture. Only outsiders or dreamers, enthusiasts, can detect a step forward to self-government in the fact that Bülow ceded to a parliamentary majority. Bülow did not go simply because a majority of the Reichstag voted against him. He went because the one partner of the majority, the Conservative Party, is a party he does not seriously want to fight. He goes because he does not want to appeal to the nation against that party. And why not? Because it is the declared party of unparliamentary monarchism, the pillar of resistance to democracy. In his confessions to the editor of the "Hamburger Korrespondent," Bülow says frankly and bluntly: "*I could not warm myself up for an electoral fight that would have had to be fought against the Right, and have as a necessary result an immeasurable strengthening of Radicalism, and particularly of Social Democracy.*" This is the key to the whole situation.

For Bülow's sentiment in this respect is also the sentiment of his successor.

Herr Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, the new Chancellor, is the scion of an old lineage of wealthy merchants and bankers. Whether the pedigree of the Bethmanns rests on Jewish ancestors, as was first hinted, is doubtful, and is vehemently disputed. For centuries the family has been Protestant Christian. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the then head of the house, a protector of arts and literature, was ennobled. His partner and brother-in-law, Johann Hollweg, put the family name of his wife in front of his own name, and called himself Bethmann-Hollweg. This was the great-grandfather of the present Chancellor. His grandfather, who adopted a legal career, was in 1870 ennobled, and from 1858 to 1862 was Minister of Education and Religion in the first Ministry of William I., then Prince Regent of Prussia. The second son of this man became the owner of a large country estate some

forty miles from Berlin, and by this a member of the rural squirearchy of the province of Brandenburg. He had married a daughter of the aristocratic house of the De Rougemonts, a family of nobles of the Swiss Canton Neuchatel, which, till 1848, was a principality under the sway of the Kings of Prussia. Hence the traditions of the De Rougemonts have always been strongly Prussian and Royalist. One of them had in the 18th century been the financial agent of Frederic II. in Paris.

The son of the ruralised descendant of bankers is the Chancellor, Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg. Born on his father's estate, he, like his grandfather, studied law. He then entered that section of the Prussian Civil Service which is practically the preserve of the squirearchy of that State, became president of a county, and afterwards—in 1900—High President of the Province of Brandenburg, in which capacity he had dealings with Berlin, still an administrative part of that province. A scheme elaborated by him for the realisation of the old idea of making Berlin a province of its own would have curtailed the already restricted self-governing powers of the town, and had to be dropped; otherwise he has, with some skill, avoided friction with the Berlin municipality.

Only a few years older than William II., Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was his fellow student at the Bonn University, and also his fellow in the aristocratic student *korps* of the *Borussen*, in Bonn, one of those corps which are reputed to offer the first step to high position in the State. Even in 1899 William II. wanted to make his *Korpsbruder* Home Secretary of Prussia. But the other cautiously declined, because the question of the canal from the West to the East of Prussia, the reason of the revolt of the Junkers in the 'nineties, was not quite settled. And a good dose of caution seems to be one of the main characteristics of the new Chancellor. He is polite, but without the geniality which for many years made Bülow popular with the great public. He is more of an official softened by culture. People speak of him as a man of great knowledge and a painstaking worker. But if he is a good worker, he has hitherto been a small doer, unless temporisings and adjournments are regarded as achievements. In March, 1905, he became Home Minister in Prussia, and in 1907 Home Secretary of the Empire. But his record is, so far, almost empty of political and social reform. And the Bills brought forward by him had very objectionable features.

As Home Minister of Prussia, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, in 1906, brought a slight alteration in the three-class franchise for the Diet of that State. It is, in substance, a very insignificant measure, and would hardly be recalled at all but for the fact that it was avowedly made for the purpose of preserving all the bad features of the Prussian franchise, and was accompanied by a speech which gave the new Chancellor the name of a philosopher, but showed him a determined enemy of the democracy. He declared the adoption of the Reichstag franchise as "inacceptable" for Prussia, declared against the "tendencies to democratic levelling," and to "flattening down" the political life of the nation. He appealed to the "uplifting forces" in science and art, in agriculture and trade, and conjured up Kant, the "great intellectual aristocrat." Divested of its modern varnish, it was the usual philosophising apology for the maintenance of privilege. And the sworn parties of privilege, the Junkers loudest of all, cheered the Minister, whilst even the Freisinnige hissed his speech. Ten days afterwards—April 2nd, 1906—he repeated, amid the cheers of the Conservatives and the Catholics, that "universal, equal, direct, and secret vote is the demand of a time that lies far behind us. The ideals which guide us to-day are very different."

It is, then, more probable that Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg will at a given moment be a willing hand in the anti-Democratic revision of the Reichstag franchise than that a Democratic reform of the Prussian franchise can be expected from him. The reform will be patchwork at best, if there is to be reform at all; for through the mouth of one of their few eloquent spokesmen, Herr von Heydebrand, the Junkers have, three days before the closing of the session, made it known that their opposition to Bülow was due much more to the announcement of a reform of the Prussian franchise than to the proposed succession duty. And, together with the Catholic Centre, the Conservatives have a clear majority in the Landtag. Combined, they can obstruct any change in the distribution of seats which the Minister may propose as a concession to industry and commerce, now badly under-represented. Any reform, however trifling, will mean a fight with the Conservatives.

Thus far the new Chancellor's plans are absolutely unknown. It may be that at some future date he will be driven to risk a passage-at-arms with those whose opposition caused Bülow to resign. There is no doubt that William II., who more than ever shows his tenderness for the captains of industry and commerce, is discontented with the behaviour of the Conservatives, and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is, before all, the tool of the Kaiser. They have certainly come to some understanding between them in regard to the next steps in home politics, as it is well known that in foreign politics the new Chancellor will be the mere mouthpiece of his sovereign.

Of the other Ministers, the new Home Secretary, Herr Delbrueck, has, as a Minister of Trade and Commerce in Prussia, shown some unconventionality in action. When the new mining law was in preparation he went so far as to invite the Christian, and even the Social Democratic leaders of the miners to state their wishes, and in a speech to the magnates of industry he advised them not to show their workers too much overlordship, but to treat them in the spirit of elder comrades. This may in practice mean very little real progress, but it betrays some insight into modern conditions. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Herr Wermuth, is at least a well-informed official, particularly conversant with questions of international trade and commercial treaties, but the shuffling of Herr von Sydow from the Imperial Exchequer to the Prussian Ministry of Commerce can only be described as a bad practical joke. For if conceived as a punishment—the post is worse paid and altogether inferior to that previously held by this unprincipled inventor of taxes—it is doubtful whether trade or the man will be punished the more severely.

Altogether the *revirement* changes very little in the real condition of things. It indicates no tangible progress and no palpable reaction. The parties are split up as before, and consequently incapable of forming a *responsible* government. There has been much noise, and the cry has been given out: "Down with the blue-black *bloc*, down with the SCHNAPSBLOCK of squire and priest!" But it is all idle clamor. The parties whose *entente* would be necessary to bring about a genuine reaction—the Social Democrats and the Freisinnige—stand in hostile attitudes, and the Democrats of the group founded by that brave man, the lamented Theodore Barth, are so angry with their old party that, far from promoting an understanding between the two forces, they act as a wedge that drives them still farther asunder. We have still to look to the silent but effective action of industrial competition and the economic organisation of the workers as the most vigorous forces for progress. Party politics are paralysed.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin,
July 18th, 1909.

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## THE FIRST YEAR OF THE TURKISH CONSTITUTION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The first year of the Turkish Constitution is now passed. The Young Turks have safely brought the ship of State through two revolutions and various minor

storms, into calmer waters, though once or twice destruction seemed inevitable. But perhaps the hardest time is yet to come. Danger from foreign interference is generally averted by the intervention of other Powers, equally interested: but home perils can only be complicated from outside, never warded off. Looming large on the Turkish horizon are difficulties which are by nature peculiar to the Empire, and so do not appear to those outside. The writer has lived in Palestine for over twenty years, and the extraordinary changes in that part of the Turkish Empire may well claim some consideration on this first anniversary of the Constitution.

All must admit that the Constitution is a splendid movement: also that it is one of progress. It is, then, strange that so many brand it as useless because it did not immediately result in complete order. Ottomans themselves are less impatient than some English people, who forget what centuries of stern discipline and struggle have secured to our generation its prosperity. Brought face to face with exposure of corruption of every kind, they say: "So much for this vaunted Constitution! Look at all this going on!" True; but "this" has been going on quietly for years, and no notice was taken of it. That scandals are now being exposed every day should be counted for righteousness to our reformers.

The most extraordinary reform of all was the declaration of religious freedom. When we consider the intolerance of some Christian Powers (and our own Catholic Emancipation Bill only dates from 1829), it is astonishing that such an act was amongst the first carried through. Naturally, a section of the Moslems greatly disapproves: the ignorant dislike sharing their privileges with Christians and Jews; the fanatical think it lessens the power of the "State religion." But nothing else would have bound non-Moslem subjects to a Moslem Government as this has done. The mutual distrust between Moslems and Christians will be almost the greatest obstacle in the way of reform. It will probably take many generations of fair treatment on one side, and fair response on the other, to overcome it; though the fact that there are Christian members of the Committee of Union and Progress may go far to break down the barrier.

The inclusion of Christians and Jews in the army has long been desired by them, and when the permission was granted the Christians were delighted. That military service is to be compulsory was something of a damper. It is one thing to offer yourself for the service of your country, but quite another to have the offering exacted. Nor is it certain that men so devoid of the soldier spirit as they must be at first will raise the army.

The first-fruit of the Constitution was a strong national feeling; its existence was not suspected even by those who had lived long in the country, and knew the people well. It was most disheartening in former days to hear them say, "The country belongs to the Turks; what share have we in it?" "We must emigrate, for there is nothing for us under the Turkish Government." But with the Constitution a full-grown national spirit sprang suddenly to light. On every side were heard the triumphant words, "*Our* country," "*Our* Government," even "Our Sultan." Had Abdul Hamid only kept faith with his people, they would certainly have been true to him. The feeling that now they have part and share in the Empire, that they are no longer Turks, or Arabs, or Syrians, but *Ottomans*, heirs to a great past, and architects of a great future—this will greatly steady them. For years emigration has bled the country. There was no place for enterprise or energy, and those in whom lay the chief hope for the future had no choice but to emigrate.

Naturally the people do not yet understand what liberty is. The iron yoke of oppression has been suddenly broken, and the victims of long injustice count freedom as licence. Men will stare at and jostle you in the street; the fellah will answer back and behave with an impudence that would have been impossible even three years ago. "What do you mean by *liberty?*" a lawyer asked a soldier. Without hesitation the answer came, "It means that if my officer strikes me, I can hit him back!" The small police force is at a discount. "You dare not touch me—it is *houriyeh*" (Constitution), is the challenge to any attempt of theirs to exert authority. Were it not that the people are really tractable and orderly, despite their quick Eastern blood, matters would be decidedly uncomfortable. A schoolmaster in one of the provinces was explaining to a country audience the blessings of the new Parliament. He was hustled out. "We know the Sultan, and we know the Constitution," they shouted, "but who is Parliament? You are a traitor!" The element of danger is there, though not uppermost. The people have seen the power of their will in a revolution, complete and almost bloodless, and the deposition of the sovereign; the wine of success is strong and sweet. Everywhere is found the same spirit of resistance to authority—amongst the native Christians, expressed in the late remarkable movement in the Greek Church, and the steadily growing opposition of the Latin Arabs to monkish rule; in the bearing of the lower classes towards the upper; in the very schoolboy to his master. This was bound to follow in an undisciplined people suddenly freed from crushing oppression. But not for this should the Constitution be banned: movement is *life*, and when the excitement has abated the real authority will be felt. To expect an Eastern people to settle calmly down at once, after a complete subversion of the life and traditions of centuries, is merely to prove oneself absurd.

Taxes will now be fairly imposed. Of late years they had become so cruel that all heart was crushed out of the people. Case after case of horrible extortion occurred; I choose one at random. The small plot of a fellah yielded him one year exactly 20 francs (16s.) profit; he was taxed 30 francs because it could have yielded that in a good harvest. Doubtless under the new *régime*, foreigners, till now exempt, will have to take their share. Money is badly needed; it must be raised by fair means. One fruitful source of income may be tried. The Jews (already so strong financially) may be invited to colonise and finance the country. This is still only a conjecture, though many people think it is more. Already the Jews are buying up land and houses; this, with the feeling that property is now secure, is raising the prices everywhere. A narrow strip of land between two houses, perfectly bare, was worth £100 last year; it was bought by Jews this year for £550.

The compulsory teaching of Turkish in the schools presents many difficulties. Before the Constitution a knowledge of Turkish was necessary to obtain a Government post; now, as well as being compulsory, it may possibly be made the language of all schools. This means disaster. It will neutralise the foreign schools, in which the whole educational hope of the country lies; and it will cramp national growth in the limits of a minor language. Turkey has never been great in literature or in commerce, nor has she ever forced her language and customs on those she has conquered. Is she now going to try the experiment of treating her provinces as colonies? The Romans enforced their customs and language only in the towns, and rode the countryman with a loose rein.

We English may be proud of the high regard of Ottomans for our King and country. The strict justice of England's attitude before and since the Constitution is acknowledged by all. She alone did not wrench privileges from Turkey in her weakness, or use the time of national peril to further her own ends. The Arabic newspapers waxed enthusiastic over the King and England; and a rumor that he would visit Constantinople, Egypt, and Palestine was received with delight. Were he to come now, he would have a welcome far beyond that accorded to any royal visitor before.

Turkey is now well started, we may hope, on the path of progress. The effects of generations of misrule have to be remedied; the temper of a once conquering race, accustomed to Eastern despotism, to be moulded to modern service; the lack of population and revenue to be supplied. The task before the reformers is stupendous, but surely the very fact of the revolution is a

guarantee for its ultimate success. One word to lookers-on. Let not our very sympathy with these workers make us impatient of slow progress, even of occasional reverses. These things must be. England was not set in order in one year after Magna Carta or the Constitutions of Clarendon. We have seen the tree planted; we can hardly hope to see its fruit. Let us watch in sympathy and hope, not withholding our tribute of admiration from one of the most wonderful exhibitions of energy and self-restraint the world has ever seen.—Yours, &c.,

ESTELLE BLYTH.

Jerusalem, July, 1909.

# Communications.

## THE BACHELOR BLUE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The financiers and politicians who calculate the cost of our Navy have to leave out of their reckoning the personal factor. But there is a greater expense entailed in the support of armaments than that which can be measured in balance-sheets. Life is more than gold, and insurance against war swallows up a premium of manly strength and vigor immeasurable by the ordinary actuaries' tables.

Those who know the bluejacket on intimate terms of friendship, and have studied his nature and environment, are often saddened by the thought of this great bachelor community, who remain celibate so that England may be peaceful and prosperous. For what chance has the "Blue" of marrying? Owing to the necessary isolation of men on a ship, and the long periods of absence on foreign stations, they cannot enjoy the opportunities of the soldier for settling down into married life. The very terms of service give them no chance or help to do so. As mere boys at the age of fifteen to seventeen they join the Royal Navy, often fascinated by the glamour of the sea, and soon bitterly disappointed in the reality. For, despite the great improvements in feeding and barrack life made recently by a wise and thoughtful Admiralty, the "Blue" is seldom contented with his lot. As mere boys, then, they go into the barracks at Shotley. At eighteen they become men. The significance of this change is that now they can obtain all-night leave, with the privileges of smoking in public and drinking beer. At the age of eighteen they sign on for the first period of twelve years, and begin to specialise in their respective departments. At thirty they can go out without a pension into the world of which they are practically ignorant, and certainly incapable of competing with landsmen, the masters of a trade. For only the ships' artificers know a trade, and the able-bodied seaman has no qualification for earning his bread and butter, except in some unskilled employment like that of a night watchman. The other alternative is to sign on for a second period of ten years; then at the age of forty he can retire with a pension. In short, the terms of service are such that marriage is not economically justified before the age of forty, and then only if the men have reached warrant rank, or succeeded in finding a good berth in the world.

The writer has known various men, who disregarded this obvious economic situation. They had reached the age when the glance of two bright eyes works a revolution in the heart; their sweethearts were waiting; everything except the economic standpoint urged them to marry, especially the warning of comrades, who trusted too well to feminine faithfulness. For with many it is the old story. Jack goes off on a long commission and says goodbye to Poll. She is lonely. In time parental foresight, which fears the uncertainties of a sailor's life, and Poll's yearning as a woman, combine to attract her to an immediate marriage with some artisan of her native town. Jack returns. The sea and isolation from feminine society have developed the sentimental side of his nature. The result of the disappointment is often that a steady young fellow is transformed into a taciturn blackguard. So some will not risk losing by delay the girl whom they love. There is no rule against marrying, and for youth to wait till forty is to wait a lifetime. They marry. An analysis of the result is instructive. Last year there was a mess on a battleship stationed in the Mediterranean, in which two men were unmarried, two married. On an average each man may be said to have received fifteen shillings a week, and, of course, his food, and an allowance of grog and tobacco. The bachelor does very well indeed on this. The married man has to send home at least ten shillings on remittance allowance. Moreover, the Admiralty rightly does not waste the public's money on luxuries of food, and there is always a man, cunning in housekeeping, who acts as caterer to every mess. This entails an extra expense, which is inevitable, if the man is to share the social life of those around him. This distinction between the sailor and the townsman must be kept clear in any comparison of expenses. The latter can live without much male society; the former has to live with other men and share their expenses. The average mess account for a month is roughly ten shillings. This leaves the married man 2s. 6d. a week to spend in the canteen and on stamps. But soon the little Jackies and Pollies begin to appear at home, and the wife needs more than ten shillings to keep them properly clothed and fed. The result is that the married man is always at a great disadvantage to the bachelor on board. The visitor finds him in a corner making "diddy-boxes," or washing other men's shirts and stockings in order to increase his income. When the ship stops at Crete, his messmates get up an excursion, but he cannot afford to join, for prices have a knack of doubling when a "Blue" approaches. No doubt this enforced thrift is excellent as a discipline of character, but it is a warning to his comrades not to go and do likewise. To make a broad generalisation: in the Navy the few fools marry; the many wise avoid matrimony.

A heavy price is paid in consequence. The "Blue" is, on the whole, as fine a man physically and morally as can be found in Great Britain. He is selected usually from a country stock, or from respectable townsfolk. (In this analysis the stoker class is excluded.) According to eugenic teaching the "Blues" above all are best fitted to become the fathers of the next generation. Their open-air work has kept them hard and fit, but strength and health are not the only qualities to be desired. There are the more important considerations of mind and character and soul. What a noble man the average "Blue" is, for all his obvious faults! He is strong, tactful, loving, simple, true, and loyal, and forms a refreshing contrast to the shifty, weakly, putty-faced fathers who flock in suburban men's clubs. Nature, aided by environment and training, have produced a noble race on our battleships. But this race can have no children, unless either an unwise marriage is risked, or parental responsibility is totally avoided. The streets in our naval ports are significant of the balance-sheet which might there be drawn in figures of flesh and blood. The Service man often finds himself in a dilemma between vice with many, or a foolish marriage with one.

This is the problem which has always had to be faced by a Naval Power, and no Admiralty can be blamed in the least for conditions out of its power. A short service system considering the complexities of naval machinery is impossible, for it takes a man some years to learn his work. If the state of the Exchequer allowed, there are two courses which might relieve the difficulty. When a man has reached a certain rank, if he wished to marry, he might be granted a special marrying allowance, or else, on the analogy of the Army, wives' quarters might be instituted. At present the expense takes both suggestions out of the range of practical politics. Yet the taxpayer should realise the great price paid by modern nations both in the loss to the future breed and in the disease and vice produced by naval conditions.

Possibly a sailor cannot be at the same time both a handy man and a family man. But now he is but a cog in the national machine; his personality is often forgotten, since he has to stand aside from the life of the ordinary citizen. However there is a virtue flowing from the ideal of a European peace, which tends to elevate men above the mere interests of commerce or the necessities of self-defence. We must work for an unseen future in this world as in another. The Bluejacket will gain his place in the life of citizenship, when Peace Conferences have done their work, and the great nations do not need to insure so expensively against the horrors of modern warfare.—Yours, &c.,

B. S. T.

# Letters to the Editor.

## LORD LANSDOWNE'S DOCTRINE OF COMMON SENSE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I offer the following observations with reference to Lord Lansdowne's remarks on the relations of the Lords and the Budget—as reported in the "Times" of July 17th? He is reported as saying: "I do not think you will find that when the time comes the House of Lords is at all likely to proclaim that it has no responsibility for the Bill, and that because it is mixed up with the financial affairs of the nation we are obliged to swallow it whole and without hesitation. That, to my mind, would be not only a mistake, but an unconstitutional proposition. I could easily supply you with authorities from text-books, but I am not going to do anything of the kind." It is a pity that the noble marquis did not do so, because it is difficult to know on what text-books he relies, and from a certain acquaintance with the subject I confess myself at a loss to discover them. Did he derive them from the text-books of Bagehot, of Erskine May, of Sir William Anson—his colleague—from the verbal commentary of his colleague, Lord Salisbury. or from his organ—the "Times"—with its array of precedents against him, on July 5th? Let me, however, quote two opinions against him, from two very recent publications, by two men whose knowledge of the Constitution even he is not likely to question. Sir Spencer Walpole's account of the disputes of 1860-1 (pp. 334-5, "Cambridge Modern History," Vol. XI., Cambridge, 1909), leaves the clear implication behind it that they established the principle that the Lords can neither amend nor reject Finance Bills. Turn to another authority—Mr. A. L. Lowell—who, being an American, has every claim to impartiality, and who has derived his information from English politicians of every school. His work (published at the end of 1908), and universally acknowledged as the most valuable of recent text-books, says, II., pp. 400-1: "Although the Lords have never expressly admitted the claim (right of the Commons to control finance), they have, in fact, submitted to it. . . . It is now the regular practice to include all the taxation in one Bill, and, as the Peers never venture to reject as a whole either this or any of the great measures granting supplies, it is truly said that the House of Lords cannot initiate or amend, and practically cannot reject, any money Bill."

I think these statements make it clear why Lord Lansdowne goes on: "In cases of this kind I prefer to rely not only upon text-books, but upon common sense." The appeal here is even more dangerous. On what principle of common sense are a hundred of our constitutional customs justified? Why should the King's assent be in French, why should the House of Commons go into full committee, why should the King be legally permitted a veto and practically forbidden to use it? But there is a still more practical question—why should legislators be hereditary? None of these things can be justified—if precedents are to give way to common sense. The application of common sense, irrespective of tradition and precedent, to the Constitution—especially to the constitution of the Upper House—is about the most revolutionary doctrine which could be proclaimed. In a Constitution—depending almost wholly upon custom—everything is to be revised according to common sense. No Democratic or Socialist orator could wish for more; the only difference between them and Lord Lansdowne is that, in the one case, the people, and, in the other case, the Lords are to judge what is common sense.

Let us follow out Lord Lansdowne's conclusion. That House (whose only defence in its existing condition is that it is a security against revolution) is now to inaugurate a revolution, to tear up precedents, to curtail the powers of the Lower House, to increase those of heredity, to alter the Constitution—in the name of what?—of common sense! These are the results of common sense, and they seem to me quite as startling as the noble Marquis's knowledge of textbooks. Let me address to him the following counsel from Shakespeare's "Love's Labor Lost":—

"BIRON: What is the end of study? Let me know.

"KING: Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

"BIRON: Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?

"KING: Ay, that is study's godlike recompense."

—Yours, &c.,

H. W. V. TEMPERLEY.

July 22nd, 1909.

## THE CASE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—By the mail steamer which will carry this the latest of the South African delegates will reach England. Their work will be that of advising the Imperial Government from the South African point of view on the passing of the draft Act of Union through Parliament. It is understood that they have powers from their respective Governments to agree to alterations which do not involve any new principle. The schedule to the Act wherein the question of the native protectorates is dealt with stands, however, in a special category. Admittedly it is at present incomplete. Modifications of its wording are as much expected by the delegates as they will be inclined to demur to any re-shaping of the body of the Act. Several, if not most, of the clauses in the schedule have been purposely left vague with a view to close definition of the ideas they convey. So much is to be gathered from the published letter of the Chief Justice of the Cape, Sir Henry de Villiers, to Lord Selborne. I would like to point out that there is here afforded an opportunity to the Imperial Government to secure at least a part solution of the native problem in this country. Probably the concession in the draft Act in regard to the Cape native vote represents the farthest which the northern Colonies will be willing to make for some years to come. To them it is a real concession to agree to send their representatives to a Parliament in which they will meet other representatives who depend largely on native constituents. The native vote at the Cape is so far entrenched that it can only be removed by a two-thirds majority of the two Houses sitting together. There are some who read this provision to imply that the Imperial Government will not veto the decision of such a majority. Unless that view is dispelled by the Secretary for the Colonies from his place in Parliament there can be little doubt that the adverse two-thirds majority will speedily be got together, and that the natives will become throughout South Africa a disfranchised class. I write as knowing personally the average sentiment of three out of the four South African legislatures, and I have reason to believe that in the fourth legislature, that of Natal, the feeling is still more adverse to the granting of votes to natives. There will exist no security for the native vote at the Cape unless it is understood that its withdrawal, even by the vote of a two-thirds majority, will be subject to the Imperial veto. It would be still better if any alteration of the Cape franchise could be reserved, like the principle of equal vote values, for the signification of the King's pleasure.

If the future Union Government know beforehand that the Imperial Government retain their right of veto on any alteration in the status of native voters at the Cape and that such veto would probably be exercised, they will be led the more earnestly to try to devise some form of representation which shall include all the natives in South Africa, and not those of one colony alone. It is clear that we cannot continue to deny citizen rights to the majority of our civilised natives merely because they live on a particular side of a certain river, while their kinsmen on the other side are in receipt of the privilege I have named. All the Imperial Government need to do is to block any withdrawal of the native vote at the Cape, and they may leave it to the South African Government to decide how they will remedy a situation which will become more impossible year after year.

Meanwhile, the Imperial Government can secure the future of the tribes who dwell outside the white areas. There are the great protectorates which embrace about one-fourth of the whole area of South Africa, and there are the native reserves scattered over the country—some of them, like Pondoland, the Transki, Zululand, and Swaziland, of considerable size. If these are secured to their present native inhabitants and to such other natives as may in

future find room to dwell there, the black race will possess a country of their own, pending such time as it may be considered safe and wise in the interests of both races to throw the reserves open and create for the whole of British South Africa a franchise which knows no distinction of color. Such a day, it may confidently be said, will not dawn during the lifetime of anybody yet born. Meanwhile, the reservation to the natives of the lands they at present possess will enable them to assimilate our situation in such of its elements as they may find helpful, and to attain to a development of their own. They may thus finally be able to enter into political partnership with the whites on a more equal footing than is possible for them to-day. If the territories and reserves are firmly secured there will be a favorable reaction on the position of the natives in the European areas. Such natives, if ill-treated, either by their employers or the Government, will have a home to which they can flee, and the knowledge of that fact will act as a restraint on the Europeans. For one thing, it will probably lead to the general creation of native councils, perhaps on the Glen Grey model, wherein the natives can voice their wants and views, the European Government retaining, of course, the last word. A safety valve of this kind would ease matters for some years, until the natives became as a mass more fit for a vote, and the whites, on the other hand, more educated to the advisability of granting it.

The crux of the whole problem is to preserve the entrenchment of the veto for (1) the native vote at the Cape; (2) the native reserves throughout South Africa. And it would be better still if the veto in both cases could be converted into a reservation.—Yours, &c.,

DEWDNEY W. DREW,
(Member Legislative Council, O.R.C.)
Bloemfontein, July 8th, 1909.

## THE SUFFRAGETTES AT BYE-ELECTIONS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have been a member of the Women's Social and Political Union for little more than a week, and the impressions I have received of its bye-election work are, to myself, so interesting that I hope they may be equally so to others.

Every woman who sets out on a railway journey from London, wearing for the first time the colors of this organisation, and perhaps carrying some of its literature, probably prepares herself to hear a certain amount of ridicule and unpleasantness. She has in her ears the phrases of London journalists. She has read that the country regards her with "apathy or disgust," if not as a "howling dervish." But what does she find? Up and down the country, from London to Buxton, from Buxton to Dumfries and back again, nothing but courtesy, interest, and real kindness await the suffragette. Everybody knows the colors, and, apparently, everybody likes them. Best of all, everybody begins to discuss the suffrage. Men in railway carriages borrow "Votes for Women," and then ask questions on points they don't understand. People on platforms come up with hurried questions, station-masters wish you luck, and the guard will come to tell you how he is trying to get off early one night in order to hear Mrs. Pankhurst. "Why oppose the *Liberal* Government?" is the question asked oftenest; but when the absolutely reasonable position of the W.S.P.U. is put before them, they have no argument to set against it. We found in Dumfries that the "canny" and logical Scot was particularly quick to grasp our position, and particularly troubled by it. One speaker said to me: "I like to see that worried look on the men's faces. It's better for us than applause." Electors are beginning to see that Liberalism ought to be more than a fancy name, and to accept our distinction between Liberal principle and the Liberal Party. Our outdoor meetings in Dumfries were mostly composed of men, but women flocked to those held indoors. We had women of every class, and this is remarkable, because before the bye-elections Dumfries had never seen a suffragette. "My!" said a young married woman to me at the close of one meeting, "I never got such a surprise in my life as when you folk cam' here. Ye'd never think the things we'd heard about ye. It was awfu'." I pressed her to tell me, and she blurted out, "Well, we had only the papers to go by, and we thocht ye was jist a lot o' bad wimmen, oot for the fun o' the thing." This woman and her mother are now members. The W.S.P.U. has every form of calumny to fight against, and yet, wherever it goes, it wins adherents at once.

A woman who keeps a restaurant in Buxton said much the same. "Oh, you know what the Press is, mum; but we knew nothing of these ladies except what the papers told us. When they held their first meeting here the hall was packed; all the young men of the place had gone for a lark. Well, the lady who spoke there held everybody spellbound. People *were* astonished; and now you'll not find anyone in Buxton to say a word against the suffragettes."

I asked if she thought they were turning votes.

"As to that I can't say," she said; "but whether you do that or not, you're educating the people, making them think." I don't know to what political party this woman belonged. People have grasped the fact that members of the W.S.P.U. belong to no party.

I give these instances to show the popularity of the Union. This was to me a great surprise, and as a new member, almost an outsider, I think I may say frankly what is the reason for it. The Union commands immediate attention because of the excellence of its speakers; it commands respect by the perfection of its organisation in which everyone is always busy, but no departments over-lap; but, above all, it commands admiration because of the character of its workers. I have been in many communities and concerned in various philanthropic works, but I have not before been in touch with a body of people so entirely self-less as the members of the Women's Social and Political Union. This absolute devotion to their cause, a devotion that stops at nothing, and fears nothing—is acting like a magnet, drawing supporters slowly and steadily from all over the country. Nothing can stop this movement. It is beyond the control of any Government with all its backing of police and punishment cells. And it is because we feel this that it is possible to face the knowledge that comrades are starving in prison, hunger-striking for the dignity of their cause, while not a newspaper in the country will raise its voice for them, not a member of Parliament take up their wrongs.

But I should like to ask members of the great Liberal Party if they have ever thought of the effect on the minds of, say, a group of quarry-men, when some refined womanly woman who is addressing them suddenly begins to tell them about her arrest and imprisonment as a common criminal with the consent of a Liberal Government; or when they are told about the hunger-strikes. Working-men understand about hunger and about strikes. That goes home to them. But between a well-fed Cabinet, daily sacrificing its principles on a full diet, and a group of women facing starvation and maybe death for *their* principles, no mental link is possible.

Votes are being turned. Mr. Arthur E. Piggott, who has votes in Manchester, Stratford, and High Peak, sent Mrs. Pankhurst a copy of a letter he addressed to Mr. Par tington, stating that he would refrain from voting at this election on account of the question of women's votes. The letter appears to-day in the "Sheffield Telegraph." In the course of it he says: "I am a life-long Liberal . . . but I place principle before party, and have felt for some time that our present attitude on the votes for women question was totally unworthy of the party of progress. The Prime Minister's action in refusing even to receive a deputation from the Women's Social and Political Union is, in my opinion, detestable, and I will no longer be a party by implication to the Government's taboo of the women's cry for justice and fair dealing."

Again, a doctor, well-known in Buxton, tells us that many Liberals are, for similar reasons, abstaining from voting, and also that many men who never troubled to use their vote at all are so stimulated by the Suffragist campaign that they are coming forward at this election.

Surely self-interest alone will induce the Government to take its head out of the sand and see for itself that it will soon be in danger of being destroyed as it is already being humiliated by this just and truly Liberal movement.

I fear, sir, that I have already written too much. My excuse must be the importance of the subject.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. M. BRAILSFORD.

Buxton, July 21st, 1909.

## FATHER TYRRELL'S POSITION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Father Tyrrell's review of the Italian version of Mr. Lloyd Thomas's book suggests some questions to which one would like some answers. Father Tyrrell speaks of "a religion that is one and catholic" (catholic with a small c) as necessary to those who desire contentment. At the end of his review he speaks of this religion as recognising "as its supreme authority the freely formed and freely criticised mind of the whole body of the Church—lay and cleric."

Now, does this whole body of the Church, lay and cleric, embrace only those at present within the Roman Catholic communion? Or, if not, is it to embrace only those at present within the Christian fold?

If either of these questions be answered in the affirmative, then "the whole body" of Father Tyrrell's Church will still be only a fraction of humanity. There will be no place in it for the millions of Buddhists, of Moslems, of Shintoists, and all the other millions of the human family. In that case this religion, that is to be "one and catholic," would only, strictly speaking, be one more sect.

If, on the other hand, the Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, &c., are to be regarded as belonging to the real body of the Church, are equally sincere and high-minded Positivists, Agnostics, and Atheists to be similarly embraced?

If the answer is in the negative, then the religion that is one and catholic will still exclude some of the highest and noblest servants of humanity, like Comte and Mill and Spencer, and it will still be faced with almost insoluble difficulties for those who desire contentment.

Lastly, if Father Tyrrell would desire to include either all sincere religionists of every kind, or all sincere men, whether religionist or not, then the Church of his dream will have no more relationship to the idea of the present Roman Catholic Church than to the present idea of Islam.

In short, as one who has read a couple of Father Tyrrell's books, I would like to know whether he is concerned merely with a domestic readjustment or with a human problem?—Yours, &c.,

F. R.

July 12th, 1909.

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## "WILD MEN."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your article on "Wild Men" you go out of the way to speak of people with whom I am associated in the following language: "Your anti-vaccination monomaniac is a faddist." You are perfectly at liberty to call me and my friends any names you like, if you think it advisable, but in the interests of accuracy I should like you to define a "monomaniac" and a "faddist." If, for instance, one-half of the parents in this country strongly object to vaccination, would you call the advocate of their cause a "faddist"? Thanks to the accident of the ballot, and for other reasons, I was able, in the years 1906 and 1907, to bring great pressure on the Government, and with the aid of a requisition signed by, I think, about 180 Members of Parliament, I got the President of the Local Government Board to bring in a Bill, which became an Act, dealing with vaccination exemptions. In 1908, the first year in which this Act came into effect, 160,000 people made use of it to claim exemptions. Do you characterise the whole of those people as "anti-vaccination monomaniacs"? I believe—but I have not got the statistics by me, as I am writing this letter from my country house—that at least another 160,000 do not have their children vaccinated, but omit to obtain the legal exemption. Therefore we have something like 300,000 parents in one year, out of a total of, say, 800,000, who strongly object to vaccination. Are they "anti-vaccination monomaniac faddists"? Or would you reserve the term "monomaniac faddist" for the man who thinks it is right to compel his fellow-creatures to undergo a process which they think is not only useless and injurious, but disgusting? In addition to those who get exemptions and to those who defy the law, there is a very great number who submit to vaccination to avoid the annoyance and cost of a prosecution. So I am probably within the mark in saying that at least half the parents in England object to vaccination.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

Sleaford, July 13th, 1909.

[The term used was, perhaps, too sweeping.—ED. NATION.]

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## THE DESTRUCTION OF DIALECT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. T. Maben, in his letter in this week's issue, makes the statement that in Roxburghshire the purest form of Scotch is spoken.

I know not whether Mr. Maben is himself a native of that county, but from his statement I should imagine so.

Now, I know Roxburghshire fairly well, but in no part of it have I heard the soft, mellow tone of the pure Inverness-shire accent. There is a cadence in the pronounciation of his words which gives to the "Invernesian's" conversation a musical sweetness possessed by the native of no other district in Great Britain.

I have heard comparisons made as to the merits and demerits of the various dialects at representative gatherings of Scotchmen in London, and cannot recollect a single instance in which it was not admitted that for purity of diction and sweetness of tone, our language, as spoken in Inverness-shire, is the most perfect form in use in any part of the country.

However much we may dislike it, we cannot but admit that Mr. D. H. Kemp is right in his assertion that dialect cannot be fostered by artificial means. The diction of the English language—and the term English includes, of course, modern Scotch—is undoubtedly deteriorating, and our present educational system seems powerless to prevent this deterioration. Throughout Essex, Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, in all the larger towns, one finds the "Cockney" accent in its vilest form prevailing in nearly all the middle and lower class families, and except in a few of the smaller villages, the dialect of these counties is now simply that of the Mile End Road. Even in the North of Scotland there is a growing tendency to "mince" words in imitation of what the inhabitants imagine to be the manner of the upper classes.

Those of us who are exiled for the greater part of the year from—as Mr. David Wilson quotes—"that secluded valley which to us is home," cannot but lament this tendency. Which of us does not delight to lapse into the broad mother tongue of his particular district on his—alas!—too short visits to the old country-side; and which of us does not feel his heart throb responsive at the sound of the old words and phrases spoken in the old way.

I fear there is little likelihood of the education authorities adopting any scheme for the preservation of dialect, but if we cannot save our dialects, we can, at least, impress upon the instructors of the young the necessity of their teaching in theory and in practice the purest English; so that if the day which sees our tongue universally used ever dawns, we shall have given to the world a language of which we may be justly proud.—Yours, &c.,

DUNCAN R. LEITCH.

Scotch Street, Carlisle,
July 13th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There is one English dialect (that of Yorkshire) which is noteworthy, not only on account of its vocabulary, but of its pronunciation. Now there is no more reason why the vocabulary peculiar to the Yorkshire dialect should be preserved than that of any other county; but I do wish to put in a plea, not only for the retention, but for the extension of the pronunciation, which, as regards the stressed vowels, is closely akin to that of the great Continental languages, and far preferable to that of regulation English.

Our pronunciation of Latin has at last been reformed on rational lines, and the pronunciation of Greek will, to all appearance, soon follow suit. Is it too much to ask that the pronunciation of English should now be taken in hand, with the view of adopting the values, or something like the values,

which we have now determined to attach to the vowel symbols in Latin, which they still have, for the most part, in the Yorkshire dialect, and which they had in standard English up to about three centuries ago; so that it may be as easy, phonetically, for foreigners to understand us when we speak our mother tongue as when we speak Latin?

If their Majesties would graciously set the fashion of talking Yorkshire from above, and the sub-almighty Board of Education would issue edicts from below, the thing would very soon be done.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN R. CLARK HALL.

Flintoftsgarth,
Heworth Green, York,
July 13th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondents in favor of the maintenance of dialect will presumably approve of the course events are taking in Norway, where the "Maal" has become a solemnly authorised national language. This Norwegian "Maal" is not only dialect, but it is a conglomeration, so to speak, of dialects, an essence of sundry isolated and more or less antiquated rural dialects, lest any part of the country should feel neglected. It is consequently, to some extent at least, an artificial product, with the manufacture and blending of which politics have had more to do than is desirable from a linguistic point of view. A storm of opposition has been raised against the new language, if one may so term it, and no one denounces it more powerfully or more vehemently than Björnstjerne Björnson, whose words in this matter carry more weight than the sum total of the "Maal" supporters.

It is interesting to note several words of Danish extraction amongst those examples of Cumberland dialect mentioned by Mr. Slater in his letter in your issue of July 3rd. Thus low (flame) is Lue in Danish; reek (smoke) is Rög, buse (box in stable) is Boos, and whye (female calf) is Koie; stye (ladder) is Stige, and to lake (to play, I take it) is lege, the Danish pronunciation greatly enhancing the phonetic similarity of most of these words.

Whilst on the subject of dialects I may, perhaps, be allowed to draw attention to a most peculiar Anglo-Scandinavian similarity in dialect, to be found in the old historic province of Dalecarlia, where dialects still abound, as do many old customs. The Dalecarlians of the Eastern parishes not only drop their h's, but they also stick them on in the wrong place, just as in Cockneyland—and elsewhere, both in talking and writing. This, to my knowledge, is an isolated case, at least, as far as the whole of Scandinavia goes. Can any of your readers explain this peculiarity, or, perhaps, record similar instances?—Yours, &c.,

GEORG BROCHNER.

Copenhagen, July 17, 1909.

[This correspondence may now close.—ED., NATION.]

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## "REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I have read with interest and some consternation the article by Mr. Graham Wallas in last week's NATION, called a "Revolution in Education." As I have no special and practical, but only a general and indirect, acquaintance with the national scheme of elementary education, I was one of those to whom the new regulations, so vigorously attacked by Mr. Graham Wallas, brought an agreeable surprise. I had for a long time realised the absurdity of the situation with regard to religious education and general biblical knowledge, both in our secondary and in our primary schools. There is, on the one hand, the demand on the part of the educated public that the Bible and the leading principles of the Christian religion should have some place in general education. On the other hand, the instruction of the teachers of those subjects has been, as a rule, utterly neglected. Neither in the preparation for a degree nor in the training of the teaching is there, as a rule, any time or opportunity allowed to the hard-worked student for acquiring an intelligent acquaintance with one of the subjects which he or she may be required or may specially desire to teach. During the last few years a good many leading head mistresses of secondary schools for girls have been coming to recognise the fact, and to afford opportunities for young assistant teachers to become a little less incompetent and out-of-date in biblical and religious study. But the case has not been adequately met. To some of us who read the new regulations, it seemed that in the elementary schools, at least, the anomaly was to cease, and that teachers were to be required to be equipped in this as in other subjects, and to be responsible for the soundness of the teaching they undertook to give.

It is not easy to see the ground on which Mr. Graham Wallas objects to putting this kind of instruction under the ordinary inspector. The inspector is supposed to be a man of liberal education, and it is religious and biblical knowledge as a branch of liberal education—not as the traditions authorised by any church. He may remember that when Matthew Arnold was a school inspector, he regretted that the teaching of the Bible was outside his sphere. If he had had to inspect it, would he have countenanced anything superficial and unsatisfactory?

As Mr. Graham Wallas most clearly shows, it is for the universities to help us in the present difficulties, and even the newer universities have given hope of rising to the occasion. I need only refer to the Manchester School of Theology, and to the lately-started Certificate Examination of the University of London. There is yet some hope that if the training colleges have to furnish a modest equipment of knowledge to such as have no conscientious scruples against receiving it, the universities will find both teachers and tests (tests of knowledge and not of opinion). If, through shortness of time, some of the colleges have to begin before there has been much university discussion of the subject, cannot they reform their methods in the light of experience?

Again I apologise for giving the views of a non-specialist. I desired that Mr. Graham Wallas, who is behind no one in his hatred of shams, should discern how it is that some people hoped, from the new regulations, the death-blow to a piece of arrant hypocrisy—the demand for teaching without any care for a competent teacher.—Yours, &c.,

ALICE GARDNER,
Lecturer of Newnham College, Cambridge.
July 15th, 1909.

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## "WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Mr. William Archer, in your issue of the 17th, said: "Only a few weeks ago, two plays were running in London (one of them is running still), the leading characters of which were unmistakably and undeniably intended to represent a prominent individual." Mr. Archer, of course, refers to Lord Northcliffe. I wish to say positively that the leading character in my play, "What the Public Wants," was not intended to represent Lord Northcliffe. I have no acquaintance whatever with Lord Northcliffe, and there was no portraiture in my principal character. My endeavor was simply to create a suitable person as the head of an enterprise of a class which is peculiar to the modern epoch. The leading actual example of this class of enterprise is undoubtedly the Harmsworth Press, of which Lord Northcliffe is the head. But surely one may criticise a class of enterprise without producing a "scathing lampoon" (Mr. Archer's phrase) of a particular individual. I object to Mr. Archer's statement on two grounds: First, I should regard a scathing lampoon of an existing individual as basely unworthy of a serious artist. Second, I am quite sure that my Sir Charles Worgan bears no resemblance to Lord Northcliffe the individual, and to call the one an intended portrait of the other is to accuse me of gross incapacity in my craft. Further, I venture to think that Mr. Archer's description, "flagrant case of personal satire and invective," as applied to my play, is ill-considered.

An artist whose aim is creatively to criticise the institutions, habits, and tendencies of his age has no time to squander in the facile game of copying individuals.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Villa des Néfliers, Avon-Fontainebleau,
July 19th, 1909.

## THE ASSESSMENT OF LAND IN THE UNITED STATES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—A brief statement of American habits of taxation may not be without interest at this time in Great Britain.

In every one of the forty-six states, so far as I am aware, all land and all personal property is at the same time and by the same local officers periodically assessed for the purposes of taxation at a conservative market value. This includes equally occupied and used and unoccupied and unused land.

Upon this single assessed value is based a percentage which covers the requirements of the State, and differing other percentages for the county, city, township, school district, &c., respectively. The system is very simple, and, doubtless, as just in its operation as any taxing system is likely to be. An income tax upon rents would obviously be double taxation and is therefore not in use.

The theory is that all values are approximately equally protected or benefited by the State and its Government.

In the city of about half-a-million population from which this is written the aggregate of all these taxes is now about one and eight-tenths per cent. upon this valuation. (This has no relation to the Federal system of taxation for national purposes).

This State system in its effect easily disposes, substantially, of "The unearned increment" question. The greater the saleable value becomes the greater is the sum of the taxes paid upon the land for the benefit of the public which has been the principal cause of the increment.

The payment of these taxes and the loss of interest and income upon the investment amount to a considerable reduction from accumulating increment and in practice cause rapid gravitation of the land into hands that will beneficially use it, obviously a desirable result.—Yours, &c.,

GEO. WHITNEY MOORE.

Detroit, Mich.
July 12th, 1909.

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## FAITH AND CONDUCT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—For the benefit of those of your readers who have not yet had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of that most delightful of philosophers and critics, M. Bergeret, the principal character in M. Anatole France's remarkable series of books, entitled "L'Histoire Contemporaine," may I quote a passage from one of M. Bergeret's discourses on the above subject?—Yours, &c.,

W. J. B.

July 19th, 1909.

"Il y a, dans chaque temps, des habitudes de vie qui déterminent une manière de penser commune à tous les hommes. Nos idées morales ne sont pas le produit de la réflexion mais la suite de l'usage. Comme à l'adoption de ces idées sont attachées des notes d'honneur et à leur répudiation des notes d'infamie, personne n'ose les remuer ouvertement. Elles sont admises sans examen par la communauté tout entière, indépendamment des croyances religieuses et des opinions philosophiques, et elles ne sont pas plus fortement soutenues par ceux qui s'astreignent à les mettre en pratique que par ceux qui n'y conforment pas leur actes. L'origine des ces idées est seule en discussion. Tandis que les esprits qui se disent libres croient retrouver dans la nature les règles de leur conduite, les âmes pieuses tirent de la religion les règles de la leur, et ces règles se trouvent être les mêmes, à peu de chose près, non parce qu'elles sont universelles, à la fois divines et naturelles, comme on se plaît à le dire, mais, au contraire, parce qu'elles sont propres au temps et au lieu, tirées des mêmes habitudes, déduites des mêmes préjugés. Chaque époque a sa morale dominante, qui ne résulte ni de la religion ni de la philosophie, mais de l'habitude, seule force capable de réunir les hommes dans un même sentiment, car tout ce qui est sujet au raissonnement les divise; et l'humanité ne subsiste qu'à la condition de ne point réfléchir sur ce qui est essential à son existence. La morale domine les croyances, qui sont sujettes à dispute, tandis qu'elle n'est jamais examinée.

"Et précisément parce que la morale est la somme des préjugés de la communauté, il ne saurait exister deux morales rivales en un même temps et dans un même lieu."

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED., NATION.]

# Poetry.

## A SUSSEX CHURCHYARD.

BEAUTIFUL home of the dead,
Lit by a sunset of May,
Even thy sepulchres gay!
Spring-blossom laughing above
Dead men sleeping below,
Redthorn exultingly red,
Whitethorn enrobed in its snow,
Lilac as lovely as love,
Irises blue in their bed,
Blue as the sea in the bay,
Blue as the sky overhead,—
Life out of dust of the dead!

2.

Dead! Is there anywhere death?
Earth given back to the earth
Nurses the blossom to birth
Spicing the air with its breath,
Yea, though abased to the worm,
Out of the innermost germ
Aiding to fashion again
New generations of men.

3.

Twain are we?—body and soul—
Or but a multiform, one,
Interdiffusible Whole,
Ending not, neither begun,
Now but an atom, and now,
After the sleep of the tomb,
Moving, a babe of the womb,
Waking, we know not when,
Living, we know not how,
Woven by Time's vast loom
Into the pattern of men?

4.

Beautiful home of the dead,
Fitly from such a prison
(Shrouded at first and dark,
Then, as the centuries passed,
Warmed to an animate spark)
Life has been built at last,
Fancy and intellect fed,
Love of the lovely arisen,
Very perception of thee
Out of thyself being born,
Soul from the bloom of the thorn,
Sense from the sap of the tree,
So, from the coffin awoke,
Thrilled through the air and the flower,
Moulded by might of the oak,
Blent with the blood of the rose,
Fused into passion and power,
Lord of his life for an hour
Man to man's heritage grows.

4.

Scorned is the thought for a dream?
Were it then wiser to deem
Souls re-embodied shall rise
Swift, when the trumpet shall call,
Souls re-invested in all
Olden humanity's guise,
Human, for human assize?

5.

We but believe, as we see
Infinite sequences ranged
Kin to the dust and the dew,
Mortal, immortally new;
Not altogether man dies,
Not in a moment is changed;
Slowly, and out of a deep
Peace of impalpable sleep
His resurrection shall be.
So saith the churchyard to me.

A. H. B.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

WE learn that at the time of his death Father Tyrrell had practically completed an important work bearing the title "Christianity at the Cross-roads," which his literary executors will at once prepare for publication. The book is an outspoken statement of Father Tyrrell's views and a denunciation of the rule of cast-iron dogma, against which his later career was so great a protest.

* * *

FOR publishers, at least, the great event of the coming autumn season will be the experiment in issuing novels at a cheaper rate. The general view is that the step will be successful, though some of the libraries and a number of authors are bent upon a vigorous opposition. Of other aspects of the season it is as yet premature to form an opinion. One fact, however, may be safely predicted. Biography is sure to hold its pride of place, and many biographies of special promise are already in the press. Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Memoir of Sir Wilfrid Lawson," which was announced some time ago, will be one of the early autumn books. It has been based on a volume of reminiscences which Sir Wilfrid Lawson had written towards the end of his life. The authoritative biography of the late Duke of Devonshire may be expected by the end of the year, and is sure to contain a good deal relating to the inner political history of the latter half of Queen Victoria's reign. The Duke's association with Gladstone, Bright, Lord Granville, W. E. Forster, and Lord Salisbury, and his correpondence with these statesmen, provides an abundance of material. The work has been entrusted to Mr. Bernard Holland, who was at one time the Duke's private secretary.

* * *

OF greater literary interest will be "A Memoir of the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky," by Mrs. Lecky, which Messrs. Longmans have in the press. It will contain a large number of unpublished letters, as well as Lecky's recollections of the men of letters whose friendship he enjoyed, chief among them being Carlyle and Froude. It is noteworthy, by the way, that several recent English historians—S. R. Gardiner, Stubbs, Acton, and Maitland—have not as yet received the biographical honors they deserve. Something has been written about each of them, and Mr. Herbert Paul's introduction to the "Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone" is excellent, but it is a pity in these days, when so many nobodies are thought worthy of bulky memoirs, that the lives of these great men have not been presented in fuller detail.

* * *

THE Crusade of Children which began in France in the early years of the thirteenth century furnishes such attractive material for the novelist that it is surprising no book on the subject has as yet appeared in English. The crusade seems to have been instigated by the Old Man of the Mountain, the head of the sect of assassins in Syria, who, desiring to recruit his bands, made use of the religious feeling in France and sent two emissaries—William the Swine (Guglielmus Porcus) and Iron Hugo (Hugo Ferreus)—to induce the children to enter upon the crusade. The theme has been treated by Marcel Schwob in his charming "La Croisade des Enfants," and a coming volume by Mr. Henry Baerlein also deals with it. Mr. Baerlein puts his narrative into the mouth of the father of Stephen, the boy leader of the crusade, and though his book is in part imaginative all the incidents are based upon historical documents. Its title is "On the Forgotten Road," and Mr. Murray will be the publisher.

* * *

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL is, we understand, engaged upon a work called "A Century of Empire," the aim of which is to present the events of English history during the nineteenth century from a Conservative point of view. We should have thought that Mr. Fletcher's recent volumes had almost made such a work superfluous, and if Sir Herbert Maxwell, usually a moderate writer, proves more of a partisan than Mr. Fletcher, his history will be a remarkable production. We have no great liking for the modern "scientific" historians. As a rule their writing is dull and colorless, and this is a high price to pay for impartiality. But there are clear limits within which historical bias should be confined if the writer wishes to avoid making his work a political pamphlet instead of history, and of late these limits have not always been observed. Sir Herbert Maxwell's book will be issued by Messrs. Arnold.

* * *

UNDER the title, "The Last Years of the Protectorate," Professor C. H. Firth has written a continuation of S. R. Gardiner's unfinished "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate." The volumes announced cover the period from Cromwell's second Parliament in September, 1656, to his death in September, 1658, and among the subjects treated are Cromwell's refusal of the Crown, the victory of Santa Cruz, the campaign in Flanders, and the condition of Ireland and Scotland during the Protectorate. Professor Firth is one of our foremost authorities on the period. Besides his "Oliver Cromwell," "Cromwell's Army," and "Scotland and the Protectorate," he has produced admirable editions of "The Life of Colonel Hutchinson," "Ludlow's Memoirs," and other works bearing on the epoch.

* * *

A VOLUME of letters written by Lady Burghersh, afterwards Lady Westmoreland, has been edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall, and is announced for publication by Mr. Murray. Lady Westmoreland was a niece of the Duke of Wellington and numbered among her friends King Leopold of Belgium, Talleyrand, Brougham, Melbourne, Madame de Staël, and others famous either in politics or literature. Her husband, Lord Burghersh, was British Ambassador at Florence, Berlin, and Vienna, and as she made a habit of relating in her letters all that was passing in the social and political world in England, the coming volume promises to be of unusual interest and value.

* * *

MR. E. V. LUCAS has written a book on Paris, which will appear in the autumn. It is on somewhat similar lines to his entertaining volume, "A Wanderer in London," special attention being given to places and buildings that call to mind the famous names and deeds of the past.

* * *

MR. BENJAMIN RAND, who, a year or two ago, published a volume of selections from "Modern Classical Philosophers," is now preparing a companion work called "The Classical Moralists," intended as a text-book for those who wish to study ethics from original sources. It is divided into three sections—Ancient, Medieval, and Modern. In the last section special notice is given to English writers upon ethics. It ends with extracts from T. H. Green and Dr. Martineau.

* * *

Two books of poetry to be published during the autumn are a collection of verses by Mr. William Watson, which will contain a considerable body of new and important work, and a volume of Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, which Mr. Elkin Mathews has in the press. Mrs. Taylor's "Poems," published some years ago, was highly praised, and among those who have encouraged her to issue the new collection are Professor Gilbert Murray, Sir W. M. Ramsay, and Professor Patrick Geddes.

* * *

PROFESSOR JAMES, of Harvard, has written a sequel to his book on "Pragmatism," which Messrs. Longmans will publish under the title "The Nature of Truth."

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Life and Times of Lawrence Sterne." By Wilbur L. Cross. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Town Planning: Past, Present, and Possible." By H. Inigo Triggs. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"The Cliffs." By Charles M. Doughty. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

"Seven Short Plays." By Lady Gregory. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

"A Short History of English Agriculture." By W. H. R. Curtler. (Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d. net.)

"The Government of American Cities: A Program of Democracy." By Horace E. Deming. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

"Pre-Historic Rhodesia." By R. N. Hall. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Shadow of the Cathedral." By Vincent Blasco Ibañez. (Constable. 6s.)

"Auguste Comte et son œuvre: Le Positivisme." Par G. Deheme. (Paris: Giard et Brière. 2fr. 50.)

"Etudes revolutionnaires." 2e Série. Par J. Guillaume. (Paris: Stock. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.*

In the admirable volume which he contributes to the "Political History of England" Mr. Leadam covers the period of the great Whig supremacy. Mr. Lecky has remarked that the political history of England in the eighteenth century falls naturally into two divisions. On the accession of George the First the Whigs acquired an absolute ascendancy that lasted for forty-five years. The accession of George the Third put an end to that supremacy, and from 1770 to 1830 the Tory Party was in power with only one brief interruption in 1782. Mr. Leadam takes up this series before the balance of parties had been determined, for his first twelve chapters are occupied with the military triumphs and the political intrigues of the reign of Queen Anne. England was suffering from the confusion and difficulties due to a divided movement and a disputed throne, and Defoe, in a paper that was published two years ago in the "English Historical Review," urged Harley to provide an escape from this situation by making himself into a Minister of the type of Richelieu or Mazarin. He saw that there were many obstacles to be overcome, and that Englishmen would not take kindly to this form of government, but he thought that his ideal might be realised if Harley employed all the means Defoe could suggest to him. As a matter of fact, there was one fact alone that made it impossible to set up a Richelieu Government, and that was, of course, the power of the English aristocracy.

With the accession of George the First began the long Whig ascendancy, and it was marked by the growth of the Cabinet system which Defoe wanted to see abolished. Bolingbroke had hoped that the absolutist tendencies of the new King would provoke a rising, but, as Mr. Leadam says, he forgot to take account of the sterling common sense and natural moderation of George the First. The new sovereign was, in fact, pre-eminently qualified for his position, and the Whig ascendancy owed a great deal both to his deficiencies and to his virtues. "The king himself, surrounded by his English Ministers, was often like a man in a fog. . . . Not one of them spoke German; not all of them spoke French. Walpole was reduced to Latin. To sit in Council with them as Queen Anne had done was mere wearisomeness. He speedily came to prefer leaving them to discuss affairs without him and receiving reports from one or other of them as to their conclusions. Such deliberations, unattended by the Sovereign, had been common enough, and had gone by the name of sittings of the Committee of Council as distinguished from the sittings of the Cabinet Council itself. When the absence of the monarch became normal, this distinction gradually disappeared and the Committee of Council and the Cabinet became a separate entity playing an increasingly important part in political life. With this development was associated that of the Minister who replaced the sovereign as chairman." If the special situation of George the First was one full of good fortune for the Whigs, the special situation of the French Regent was another. For Orleans, like George the First, had to fear a rival. If his ward, Louis XV., had died, as was not unlikely, he was to succeed to the French throne, but there were grave reasons for thinking that Philip V. of Spain would make a fight for the succession, and the Regent was well aware of his own unpopularity in France. Spanish policy was largely in the hands of the brilliant and daring priest Alberoni, whose head was price of ambitious designs. The Regent was consequently inclined to an alliance with England, in the form of a reciprocal guarantee between the two rulers. England, for her part, had good reasons, national as well as dynastic, for desiring peace with France. She had also, in Stanhope, one of the Whig leaders, an extremely accomplished diplomatist with a great knowledge of foreign affairs. It was said of him that he always deceived foreign Ministers by the simple device of speaking the truth. An interview between Dubois, the Regent's Minister, and Stanhope, at The Hague, gradually led up to the formation of the Quadruple Alliance. M. Casimir Stryienski gives us in his vivid sketch of the history of the eighteenth century in France an interesting picture of these transactions, and of Dubois's long period of patient waiting in different disguises for the opportunity of an interview with Stanhope. The new policy was not congenial to Englishmen, for whom Frenchmen were natural enemies, but its consequences were all important. It enabled Walpole to give the country twenty years of peace, and to use that time for laying the foundations of its prosperity and its Parliamentary system. That system represented the government of a class, but it was not until later that the interests of that class and the interests of the poorer classes of England came into violent conflict.

It would have been well for France if she had had a Walpole during this period. M. Casimir Stryienski's volume opens with the dying words of Louis XIV. to his great grandson. "Vous allez être un grand roi; ne m'imitez pas dans le goût j'ai eu pour les bâtiments, ni dans celui que j'ai eu pour la guerre. . . Tâchez de soulager vos peuples, ce que je suis assez malheureux pour n'avoir pu faire." There is an echo of these words in the dying message of Louis XV. sixty years later. "Messieurs, sa Majesté me charge de vous dire qu'il demande pardon à Dieu de l'avoir offensé, et du scandale qu'il a donné à son peuple; que, si Dieu lui rend la santé, il s'occupera de faire pénitence, du soutien de la religion et du soulagement de ses peuples." Unhappily it was only on the deathbed of their kings that the miseries of the people were remembered. At other times the only classes that obtained relief were the classes that had already shirked their share of the public burdens. De Tocqueville lamented that the French aristocracy had had privileges and no power. The Regent tried during his first year of power to give effect to the ideas of Fénelon, and assign to the aristocracy some part in the work of government. He substituted for his predecessor's system of secretaries a system of committees, composed of aristocrats. The idea had been favored by Saint-Pierre as well as by Fénelon. But, as M. Casimir Stryienski says, the experiment only justified the decision of Louis XIV. to keep the "grand seigneurs" out of administration: "They showed themselves unable to forget their interests, their privileges, and their futile pretensions, or to take their public duties seriously." The committees were dissolved in 1718, and France reverted to the old system. Louis XIV. had indeed given its final form to the French monarchy. He may be said also to have given it its final and mortal disease. If Louis XV. had been governed by a Walpole, the monarchy might have recovered. He began his reign in great popularity, but by 1749 public feeling had turned. He was the target of lampoons and Philippics. "Louis, si tu fus un temps l'objet de notre amour, c'est que tous tes vices ne nous etaient pas encore connus; dans ce royaume, dépeuplé par ton faute et livré comme une proie aux histrions qui règnent avec toi, c'est pour t'abhorrer qu'il reste des Français." A Whig journalist said in 1820 that of all monarchs since the Revolution the successor of George the Third would have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular. No king was more happily situated in this respect than the successor of Louis XV. For one moment it looked as if that opportunity might not be wasted. M. Casimir Stryienski quotes from Mdlle. de L'Epinasse's letter to Guibert the account of Turgot's first interview with Louis XVI.

"Vous ne vouliez donc pas être contrôleur général?"

"Sire, j'avoue que j'aurais préféré conserver le Ministère de la Marine. . . Mais ce n'est pas au roi que je me donne, c'est à l'honnête homme."

"Vous ne serez pas trompé," répondit le roi en lui prenant les deux mains.

"Sire, je dois recommander à Votre Majesté la nécessité de l'économie et Elle doit la première donner l'exemple. M. l'Abbé Terray l'a sans doute déjà dit à Votre Majesté."

"Oui, il me l'a dit, mais il ne me l'a pas dit comme vous."

But the honest man was no match for a frivolous woman and her intriguing friends, and Turgot disappeared. M. Casimir Stryienski criticises his methods, quoting the

* "The Political History of England." Vol. IX. "From 1702-1760." By I. S. Leadam, formerly Fellow of Brasenose College. Oxford. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

"Le Dix-huitième Siècle." Par Casimir Stryienski. Hachette. 5fr.

epigram contrasting him and Terray: "He does the right thing badly and the abbé does the wrong thing well." But he admits that he was the only Minister who could have saved the throne.

## MR. HEWLETT'S NEW POEMS.*

This book is an ample justification for those who have protested they could perceive poetry always implicit in Mr. Hewlett's prose. Here his poetic faculty has put off all its masquerade; and, graceful and charming as it was in its disguises of essay and romance, it is a very much more radiant and winning creature in its own proper habiliments. We must not, of course, forget "Pan and the Young Shepherd"; that delicious fantasy has been, for all these years, the top of Mr. Hewlett's achievement. It has always seemed to us the one book of his that was almost certain to endure; indeed, were we to visit this earth a hundred years hence, we should not be surprised to find "Pan and the Young Shepherd" reckoned alongside of "The Faithful Shepherdess" and "The Sad Shepherd." But here, also, in "Artemision," we have stuff that looks like lasting, fine metal mastered by beauty. The book is all worship of an idea, of chastity. These are pagan times, Mr. Hewlett thinks, for those who would bend their minds in such worship:—

> "We give no crown where love may not be sped.
> We think not sacrosanct a maidenhead;
> We bid such seek their master in a man;
> Woman we say's no woman till she wed.
> But she that roams the wood is of such plan
> No love could woo her to a bridal bed."

Accordingly, Mr. Hewlett sings "Chastity going arm'd, yet quick to take Cold pleasure or hot rage." Our quotation is enough to show that he has here no dealings with the ideal that served for Milton, with "married chastity"; nothing less than vestal purity does for Mr. Hewlett. It may well be that, ethically, this is a barbarous and inhuman ideal; but we have nothing to do with that just now. Certainly this chastity, as Mr. Hewlett instances it, is a cruel, a ruthless, yes, and a savage thing; but then so are most of the vehement and exhilarating ideas that supply the mind with its clearest, hottest fires of thought. The three most important poems in "Artemision" are re-tellings of the myths of Callisto, Niobe, and Endymion. In the first two, as every one knows, Artemis appears as a goddess very far from soft-hearted. In the last we are accustomed to think of her as in a milder mood; but Mr. Hewlett does not tolerate this. He will have no thawing of Diana's heart; and, though she amuses herself with Endymion, it is but her "cold pleasure." In fact, the way Mr. Hewlett takes the myth results, for all his skill of handling and fierce partisanship, in a goddess behaving perilously like a baggage. But it must not be thought that Mr. Hewlett's adoration of chastity is a mere idolatry. Artemis, or, as Mr. Hewlett prefers to call her, Hymnia, is the image of his idea, and is perhaps not always a completely satisfactory image. But also the idea, this chastity, is itself an image, the image of a spirit; and it is this spirit, under this two-fold imagery, that is Mr. Hewlett's worship. And the spirit which he praises in the exquisite poesy of "Artemision" is the spirit sacred to all poets—maiden, inviolable Beauty. Thus, at the end of "Leto's Child," Callisto's fearful doom is justified in these words:—

> "And thus sink they who serve Beauty
> Otherwise than on bending knee,
> Or dare to quench their fleshly dreams
> At holy wells, in holy streams
> To bathe their bodies. Beauty is rare
> And delicate withal, so fair,
> So thin a fabric, 't is a breath
> Of God's, whose prisoning is death."

Again, when Artemis, after her flirtation with Endymion, rebukes him for his very natural passion and deserts him, the poet adds:—

> "With that her pure throat let a little moan
> That she was made so fair, that all alone
> Her way must be, until in mortal man
> That grace of God be given to look upon
> Beauty for what it is, not what it can
> Give unto us for sop to batten on."

There we have the essence of Mr. Hewlett's adoration; Beauty must be loved for itself, not for the pleasure it can give us. A high creed, truly, but the creed which is demanded of poets.

The way Mr. Hewlett has made imagery of the spirit he worships extorts the highest admiration from us. The idea, the primary image, chastity, is a rigid one; but that is necessary, and we are not to make common applications of a poet's thought. But the secondary image, the goddess Hymnia, is exquisitely wrought, full of subtleties and changes. Mr. Hewlett has a quite personal love for her; he often calls her "my Hymnia." For all her divinity, she has womanly heart and brain, and we feel a real personality as we read of her, fearful of her own godhead, but accepting it almost as a doom, "envying our lives of love, perhaps our death." Indeed, it is remarkable all through with what reality of psychology Mr. Hewlett treats these classical myths. The early relations of Hymnia and Callisto are unfolded with a wonderfully daring analysis of their mutual feelings. So that to the mere beauty of the tales themselves is added the interest of drama. But perhaps most people read poetry for the diction, and it is time to say something of this. Here again Mr. Hewlett shows fine courage; he does not shrink from oddity or queerness. He means to express all his thought, and he means us to feel the same wonder in words that he feels. The two intentions result in a diction which is continuously interesting and stimulating. Whether he be describing sensuous or mental things, he has our attention, for the exertions of his thought are tireless. There are few passages which are of sheer verbal beauty, but there are no feeble or thoughtless passages. Beauty indeed is never far from his poetry, but it is more often an almost athletic vigor that we have to admire. These verses from his story of Endymion will give some notion of his diction:—

> "Beardless he was and tender, yet he had
> The nervy look of something swift and glad,
> A mountain look of merlin or spar-hawk:
> Strain'd sharp his lips were; peasant-like yclad
> In sheepskin and white linen, his light walk
> On sprinting toes show'd him no peasant lad.
>
> "Below him as he lay the muffled sheep
> Like tombs adown the hillside seemed to creep.
> On that blue silence the far dog-wolf's bark
> Came moaningly, as if one in his sleep
> Mutter'd and turn'd round to watch out the dark:
> The air was thick with moon-dust, golden, deep,
> All the night tense for witch-craft."

It is almost too Elizabethan; and we are dubious of the "sprinting toes." But it is, beyond question, admirable language. We have not left ourselves room to speak of the shorter poems in the book; they are not so good as the legends, but they are very good. One of them indeed, "In a Church," is perhaps the most perfect poetry of all, but this is the only one we set above the longer poems. But there is nothing in the whole of "Artemision" that is not to be read with gratitude.

* "Artemision: Idylls and Songs." By Maurice Hewlett. Elkin Mathews.

## THE CHARACTER OF BEETHOVEN.*

While Thayer's life of Beethoven was always more of a biographical compilation than a critical study—the critical level of it being below that of Spitta's "Bach" or Jahn's "Mozart"—as a purely biographical work it is a masterpiece of accuracy and fulness of research. Thayer himself, though he devoted his life to the task, brought out only three volumes, in 1866, 1872, and 1879 respectively. He died in 1897, leaving a mass of material for the rest of the work, which was completed by Dr. Hermann Deiters by the publication of the fourth volume in 1907, and the fifth a little time ago. Before this last appeared Deiters himself died, and the volume has been edited by the learned and

* "Beethoven's Letters." Critical Edition, with Explanatory Notes, by Dr. A. C. Kalischer. Translated by J. S. Shedlock. Dent. 2 Vols. 21s. net.

"Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben," von A. W. Thayer (weitergeführt von H. Deiters). Band V. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. Marks 12.

indefatigable Dr. Hugo Riemann. It deals only with the last three years of the composer's life, from 1824 to 1827—the period of the completion of the ninth symphony and the last great quartetts. Dr. Deiters analyses and discusses these with great acumen, but refrains from any attempt at a complete critical estimate of Beethoven's art. This seems the one thing lacking in the voluminous biography. Beethoven is surely distant enough from us now in time for us to be able to see him steadily and see him whole. But perhaps, after all, the work of research and the work of criticism are better done by different hands. No critic of imagination, tingling with the desire to see to the centre of Beethoven's soul, could devote his life to the patient accumulation of mere documentary detail. Now that we know probably all that is to be known about Beethoven's outward existence, perhaps some genuinely constructive critical mind will give us a new study of the man and his music, looking back at him and his epoch as Dr. Schweitzer and M. Pirro have recently done in the case of Bach, through a temperament that has assimilated all the new culture-elements of the music of the past hundred years.

It will be a task for a consummate artist in criticism—one who is psychologist as well as musician—for the outward record of Beethoven's life gives comparatively few clues to the soul of the man. This is evident from the complete collection of his letters which Mr. Shedlock has now translated into English from the edition of Dr. Kalischer. It is amazing how little these nine hundred pages tell us of the inner mental world of Beethoven. There is any number of details of his various bodily ailments, of his negotiations with publishers, of his troubles with servants, of his rough jokes with his friends; but little that lets us into the real mind of the composer. The one thing we can be really sure of is his susceptibility to the charm of women; he was always in love with one "unsterbliche Geliebte" or other. But this is a trait in him that, however important to Beethoven the man, counts for comparatively little in the output of Beethoven the artist. What we should like to know is how the world around him mirrored itself in his eyes, what he read and thought, what he saw, what he cherished from the past of man's history, what he learned from or felt about the troubled movements of European life in his own day. About all this we still know astonishingly little. The history of the Eroica symphony shows that, for a time at least, he was conscious of the vastness of some of the political and social changes that were going on around him; afterwards his sole concern with the great European upheaval seems to be its lowering of the value of his pension, and the poverty and suffering it wrought in the neighborhood of Vienna. He admired Goethe, but otherwise seems to have had no particular taste for or interest in modern literature. Of the plastic arts he seems never to have spoken. Even upon music he rarely utters an opinion that tells us anything of himself, of his aims, of the influences that worked upon him. He had no friends of striking intellectual power; good fellows there were in abundance among them, but among the kindly aristocrats, the jovial quartett players, the amiable professional men like von Breuning, or the commonplace hangers-on like Schindler, was there one man capable of understanding Beethoven's deepest artistic confidences, even had he been inclined to bestow them? Among all the life-stories of modern musicians there is no such record of mental isolation and spiritual reserve.

It is quite possible that Beethoven had no ideas to express upon all these things, that art and literature and the greater movements of humanity affected him consciously very little. He fled, indeed, from men to nature. "I love a tree better than a man," he once said; and, again, speaking of the fields and the woods, "Here is no envy, no deceit." The keynote of the man's mind, in its relation to the outer world, was its simplicity—a simplicity that may easily have shown up, in some circumstances, almost as lack of intelligence. He did not need cultivated intellects to associate with; his own level of general thinking being probably no higher than that of the Schuppanzighs and Holzes of his acquaintance, he was quite content to live his outward life on their mental plane, satisfied with their chatter and their fiddling and their man-in-the-street humor, and ready to meet them gleefully on their own ground. What they saw, for all their admiration for him, was only the surface of the man; the real soul of Beethoven flowed on in a rich current deep below his outward life, silent and invisible. He touched the great world, indeed, mainly through his sufferings; touched it seemingly without even understanding it, conscious only that it had smitten him with poverty and distressing sickness, and laid upon him heavier burdens than he could bear. This simplicity of soul is evident in his earlier portraits, with their open gaze, their serious, but unsubtle, mouth, and their wondering, child-like eyes; even in the well-known mask of him in later life the lower part of the face carries the same suggestion of ingenuousness. The whole record of his dealings with the ungrateful rascal of a nephew shows a unique simplicity of soul, a unique inability to see men and things as they really were. It was this simplicity and the boundless goodness of his will towards men that brought him so much disillusion, so much suffering. In Dr. Deiters's volume are collected a number of reminiscences of men who met Beethoven during the last year or two of his life; almost all were moved to tears by the tragic intensity of sorrow that his face revealed. One of them, Rellstab, was particularly struck by the benevolence and tenderness of expression in his mouth. Surely, in all the history of art, no man has ever turned such ignoble sufferings into such noble philosophy. We can understand experiences like those of Wagner turning easily into great stuff; even to himself Wagner must have seemed like a Titan struggling for life against an evil world, and the greatness of the things for which he fought, and the vastness of the stage upon which the fight was set, must have been a splendid exhilaration. But in poor Beethoven's struggle there was no romance. He had to fight against coarse realities like deafness, where no romantic illusion is possible; against vulgar and rascally servants, who cheated and tormented him and poisoned him with bad food; against the daily annoyance of some of the most disgusting of bodily diseases. Out of this welter of pettiness and ignominy he made, by some incomprehensible alchemy, some of the noblest music of the world. What gives it its grand simplicity and universality and fathomless depth is just the candor of soul, the selflessness, that we see in a thousand passages in his letters. Wagner did well to speak of "the truthful Beethoven."

## GEORGIAN WITS AND BEAUTIES.*

Mr. John Fyvie's "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era" is a fair specimen of the "made" book about the eighteenth century, with which we are becoming a little too familiar nowadays. It would seem that the public is thirsting for information about the picturesque Georgian people; obviously that thirst must be satisfied. So the maker of books spends some weeks at the British Museum; skims a dozen volumes of Georgian memoirs and letters; extracts from these volumes a collection of facts and anecdotes concerning, say, a dozen celebrated persons of the period; and serves the result up with a catchy title—generally something about belles and beaux. At this point enter the publisher, who designs a catchy cover, adds a few illustrations, and issues the volume to the thirsting public at twelve and sixpence net. It is all very harmless, of course, this book-making; it gives pleasure to a number of simple people; but it has nothing to do with literature. And it has, we fear, a peculiarly irritating effect upon the student and lover of the eighteenth century. Consider this book of Mr. Fyvie's. It contains eight sketches of as many well-known Georgian men and women. In one only of these sketches is there the slightest evidence of original research—that on Samuel Foote: the others are merely more or less accurate summaries of certain familiar volumes like Mr. Jesse's "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries." It is, of course, possible that Mr. Fyvie adopts the scissors-and-paste method deliberately. He knows his public; he knows what they want; and he sees that they get it. For the rest, Mr. Fyvie writes agreeably, if without any special distinction of style, and the not too critical reader may pass an hour pleasantly enough in his company.

* "Wits, Beaux, and Beauties of the Georgian Era." By John Fyvie. Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

The first sketch in the book, on Foote, is also the best. Foote, as Mr. Fyvie rightly observes, has had "something less than justice" done him by the literary historians of the eighteenth century. But Mr. Fyvie exaggerates when he says that "for Thackeray to include Gay (in the 'English Humorists') while he left out Foote, seems much as though a lecturer on the English novelists of the nineteenth century were to include G. P. R. James and leave out Thackeray." The parallel is far from apt. Gay was a man of letters, and a poet; Foote was neither. There is, as Thackeray himself said, "a pathetic sweetness and melody" in every ballad, even the slightest, which Gay wrote. Can you imagine Samuel Foote writing—

"'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring
All on a rock reclined:"

with its exquisitely simple close:—

"When, o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd.
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died."

Nevertheless, the long series of farces written by Foote have a real value of their own, quite apart from their literary value which is not always considerable. They are a perfect mirror of the manners of the time. They reflect for us, in a vivacious and amusing way, the various types of men and women that flourished in Georgian London: wits and belles and beaux, authors, doctors, lawyers, preachers, Nabobs: and Mr. Fyvie has done a service in calling attention to them. Foote's best known play, "The Minor," is a bitter satire upon the Methodists, who were then (1760) beginning to be a power in the land. Like all Foote's plays, it abounds in personalities. George Whitefield, for example, had a "natural infirmity" in the shape of a squint. Accordingly he appears in "The Minor" as Mr. Squintum: Foote left nothing to the imagination. History does not record what Whitefield thought of Foote's caricature of him: probably he did not think about it at all. But there were others who took up the cudgels on his behalf, and on behalf of the sect satirised in the play. Foote's "Letter" in reply to one of these critics is a vigorous piece of work. One is inclined to agree with John Forster when he declared that, if all the other works of Foote had perished, this letter alone would conclusively have established his wit, scholarship, and sense, as of the rarest order. Foote, however, will continue to be remembered, not as an author and playwright, but as the greatest of English comedians, a maker of "loud, obstreperous, broad-faced mirth." "Foote, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "*quatenus* Foote, is superior to them all." And so he was.

A wit of a very different kind was George Selwyn, who is the next upon Mr. Fyvie's list. A good deal has been written about Selwyn of late, rather more, perhaps, than his achievements deserve. But he will always be interesting as the really characteristic figure of Georgian society in the days of the American Revolution. Mr. Fyvie takes the conventional view of Selwyn: that he was a very much overrated wit, who owed his reputation to the manner in which he delivered himself of his witticisms. This is probably right; but Mr. Fyvie goes astray when he repeats once more the legend of Selwyn's "fondness for executions." It has, we think, been conclusively shown that this "almost uncanny propensity of Selwyn's," as Mr. Fyvie calls it, had very little foundation in fact. But we have the old stories re-told, including Wraxall's myth about Selwyn's journey to Paris to see Damiens broken on the wheel. Selwyn never went to Paris for this purpose, nor did he, in fact, see the execution. The original of this story is to be found in Grimm's "Corréspondance," and it is there related of La Condamine, the apostle of inoculation. Again, Mr. Fyvie holds a brief for Selwyn in the great case of "Selwyn *v.* Fox." Frankly, we are on the side of Fox, and think, with Sir George Trevelyan, that Selwyn was consistently unfair to his friend. But this, to be sure, is a matter of opinion. By the way, we notice a goodly number of inaccuracies in this brief sketch of Selwyn. He was born, not in London, but at Chislehurst; he was made Surveyor-General of Crown Lands, not of Works, in 1784; his Registrarship in Barbadoes came to him on the death of Anthony Cracherode in 1752, and not in 1779; and, finally, he did not "decline a contest" at Gloucester at the General Election of 1780, but was beaten at the polls. Mr. Fyvie succeeds better in his essay on George Selwyn's "chaplain," the Rev. John Warner, D.D. Whatever we may think of Warner's character, we cannot deny that he was a most amiable and amusing man. His letters sparkle with wit and humor. Was he a glutton and a toady? In Thackeray's opinion, yes; but, says Mr. Fyvie, "Thackeray's characterisation may be promptly dismissed, as founded on a total misconception of the purport of some of Warner's correspondence." We are not so sure about that. Warner's letters speak for themselves. They are certainly the letters of a toady, if that word has any meaning at all. Still, we can forgive Warner much. He was a poor—a desperately poor—parson, and he lived in days when poor parsons, like poor authors, were compelled to flatter some patron or other if they wished to get on in the world. And Warner had many virtues. His friendship with "Mie Mie," Selwyn's adopted child, was a very genuine thing, and he was one of the first to recognise the goodness and greatness of John Howard of Bedford.

Most ungallantly, we have left ourselves little space in which to speak of Mr. Fyvie's budget of "beauties": Elizabeth Chudleigh, Mrs. Howard, the Duchess of Queensberry, and Melesina Trench. Miss Chudleigh and Gay's Duchess do not matter: neither of them can be called really attractive. Mrs. Howard—well, everybody must love Mrs. Howard; but it cannot be said that Mr. Fyvie gives any fresh information about this charming woman. There remains Melesina Trench. Mrs. Trench wrote a diary of her travels on the Continent in 1800, which was praised by Edward Fitzgerald. It is, in its way, a vivid chronicle, and Mr. Fyvie has done well to rescue it from oblivion. But it is odd to find this mother of Churchmen in the company of Kitty Queensberry and the Duchess of Kingston.

## A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.*

This is the third or fourth of the one-volume dictionaries of the Bible which have been issued recently at varying prices and on varying levels of merit. Dr. Hastings claims special significance for his volume as being a new and independent work; in this respect at least it is unlike one of its rivals. It is also declared to be "abreast of the average scholarship of the day," which is a much more important matter. A perusal of the volume shows that this means a moderately critical standpoint. The contents are neither ultra-conservative nor ultra-radical. In the Old Testament, the names of Dr. Skinner, Dr. G. B. Gray, Dr. G. A. Barton, and Dr. G. L. Robinson will serve to indicate the critical standpoint, as well as the competence of the contributors. In the department of the New Testament much the same caution has been observed as by the writers in Dr. Hastings' previous dictionaries. Thus Professor Falconer sums up his article on the Second Epistle of Peter by suggesting that "a disciple of Peter, who remembered how his master had dealt with an attack of Sadducaic sensuality in some of the Palestinian churches, being confronted with a recrudescence of similar evil, re-edited his teaching." Dr. David Smith even admits that the record of the death of Judas, in Acts i., 18-19, is a legend (p. 502), but in general a note of restraint is struck, particularly in the articles by Bishop A. J. Maclean and Principal Garvie. The editor has done wisely in taking this line. He knows as well as any man the religious public of this country, and we hope that this dictionary will help to educate the very class of Bible-readers who are untouched by more technical and expensive works. It is likely to discharge this very important function, for its combination of scholarship and reverence is sure to make it specially persuasive in circles where crude radicalism would only stiffen prejudices, and where pious conservatism would fail to serve the purpose.

* "Dictionary of the Bible." Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 20s. net.

The proportions of the dictionary are well preserved, as one might expect from the practised hand of the editor and his coadjutors. The length of the articles on the Versions is perhaps a trifle excessive, and one almost wonders if an article on Flavius Josephus was exactly relevant; but on the whole there is little to cavil at, although it was surely not worth while to put the names of authors to minor articles of four or five lines. The contributors have generally managed to be succinct without being scrappy, and one or two of the longer articles, such as that by Professor H. R. Macintosh on "The Person of Christ," are capital specimens of popular theological pemmican.

The book is thick, but not unwieldy. It runs to more than a thousand closely-printed pages; the print is clear, the paper is good, and there is a generous margin to the page. There are four maps, but no illustrations. Principal Stewart writes an introductory article upon the "Pronunciation of Scripture Proper Names," which may be commended specially to the clergy and to all occupants of "places where they do read." But the work ought to circulate also among the laity who have neither time nor money for a larger dictionary. They may rest satisfied that the contents of this volume are reliable, and they should be told by reviewers as well as by their booksellers that it is wonderfully cheap at the price.

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## A CONSCIENTIOUS STORY-TELLER.*

Mr. James Lane Allen states in his preface to "The Bride of the Mistletoe": "Any one about to read this work of fiction might properly be apprised beforehand that it is not a novel; it has neither the structure nor the purpose of the novel. It is a story." And he quotes on one of his preliminary pages Maupassant's views on his art: "Not to reason overmuch: to observe life intently and think over what one has seen: to see with one's own eyes and not with the masters': to find a fresh signification in things, one hitherto undiscovered, and to express this in a personal manner." Admirable counsel! but a writer who adheres to all Maupassant's precepts may yet fail to produce a true work of art. And "The Bride of the Mistletoe," both in its merits and its faults, is an example of the fact that sincere purpose, a striking subject, and conscientious treatment cannot compensate for lack of grace, naturalness, and lightness of touch.

Conscientious is the term that best describes the spirit and the workmanship of "The Bride of the Mistletoe," as of so much of the work of the best American novelists. Perhaps one of the drawbacks of addressing a democracy is that the conscientious writer is led to take his responsibilities over-seriously, and is careful to enunciate nothing that is not sanctioned by severe ethical standards or upheld by common sense. This underlying correctness of mental and moral tone is apt to be destructive of artistic grace, spontaneity, and intensity; and even in the most unstudied moments of Mr. Allen's story he never lets the significant detail speak for itself, but swathes it with commentary, didactic or sentimental. When Maupassant advises the young writer not to reason overmuch he implies that the force of the thing in itself and of its atmosphere, which art conveys, is impaired by any obtrusive desire of a writer to play Providence to his readers. Mr. James Lane Allen is too accomplished a writer to err by gross didactic underlining, but a multitude of subtle touches betray that he, like his hero, is conscious of a "task," of a "message" which may "kindle in American homes some new light of truth, with the eyes of mothers and fathers fixed upon it, and innumerable children of the future the better for its shining."

The first three chapters of "The Bride of the Mistletoe" introduce to us, with a leisureliness and firmness of stroke that are in themselves interesting, the figures of an American professor and his wife who are keeping together, with private domestic ritual, the anniversary of their wedding day in their old Kentucky home. Mr. Allen communicates with much skill the feeling of the winter landscape at their door, and the mental outlook of three generations of his hero's forbears whose portraits look down from the walls; "the great grandfather, the pioneer with a lonely, stern, gaunt face, the timeless face of the woods; the grandfather with the countenance of the Southern slave-holding feudal lord, and the father with the American look—a new thing in the American face, undefinable but unmistakable." With equal cleverness the author indicates the secret bitterness in the wife's mental attitude towards her husband, and we may say here that we do not question Mr. Allen's psychological insight or the artistic power he shows in his slowly deepening disclosure of the spiritual alienation between his husband and wife. What we do criticise is his didactic touch, and the ponderous and highly unnatural style of conversation between his characters. In the first two chapters the professor's hesitation to comply with his wife's demands, and her feminine insistence, are ably but a trifle heavily emphasised. In the third chapter the professor produces a manuscript, the sociological history of the Christmas Tree seen through the labyrinth of ages. He has worked at this for a year in secret, shutting himself off from her, whereas formerly he and she have "shared everything." And in the fourth chapter the professor proceeds to give his wife a lengthy digest of his learned researches, while she is burning to ask him the question which has been torturing her for a year—"Am I much or little to you now?" After one hundred and twenty pages of this slow-moving and cumbrous machinery the professor conveys to his wife by means of a highly-colored and over-modern description of an ancient Druid festival the fact that she, his former "Bride of the Mistletoe," is no longer alluring to him, and that his desires, whatever they may be, are no longer for her. And this chapter ends with the disclosure: "'This is what I would have kept from you, Josephine,' he said quietly. . . . She sat there with the whiteness of death." In the last two chapters we are presented with a close analysis, again psychologically acute, of the bitter turmoil of the wife's feelings, as she passes through stages of revolt, hatred, and acquiescence, while she sits watching the sleeping man.

It is always a little ungrateful, and often a sign of obtuseness in a critic, to say to our author, "How much better would your story be if you had told it another way," but since Mr. Allen has invoked the example of Maupassant we may remark that "the personal manner" of telling a story, which the master counsels, cannot be held to cover sins against naturalness. We could enlarge on the striking absence of economy of line in Mr. Allen's method, on its deliberate impressiveness to which are sacrificed grace, ease, and the flash of the unforeseen. But, passing much artificialness in the literary style as in the description of a brook which is likened to "a band of jewelled samite," or as in the phrase "gray-eyed querist of actuality," when the husband addresses his wife, we may point out that the story loses all illusion of actuality in passages of conversation such as the following:—

> "Frederick," she said, "for many years we have been happy together, so happy! Every tragedy of nature has stood at a distance from us, except the loss of our children. We have lived on a sunny pinnacle of our years, lifted above life's storms. But, of course, I have realised that, sooner or later, our lot must become the common one: if we did not go down to sorrow, sorrow would climb to us; and I knew that on the heights it dwells best. That is why I wish to say to you to-night what I shall: I think fate's hour has struck for me; I am ready to bear it. Its arrow has already left the bow and is on its way; I open my heart to receive it. This is as I had always wished. I have said that if life had any greatest tragedy for me, I hoped it would come when I was happiest; thus I should not know it all. I have never drunk half of my cup of happiness, as you know, and let the other half waste; I must go equally to the depth of any suffering. Worse than the suffering, I think, would be the feeling that I had shirked some of it, had stepped aside or shut my eyes, or in any manner shown myself a cowardly soul."
>
> After a pause she went over this subject, as though she were not satisfied that she had made it clear.
>
> "I have always said that the real pathos of things is the grief that comes to us in life when life is at its best—when no one is to blame—when no one has committed a fault—when suffering is meted out to us as the reward of our perfect obedience to the laws of nature. In earlier years, when we used to read Keats together, who, most of all of the world's poets, felt the things that pass, even then I was wondering at

* "The Bride of the Mistletoe." By James Lane Allen. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

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the way in which he brings this out: thus to understand sorrow it must be separated from sorrows: they would be like shadows darkening life's clear tragedy, thus rendering it less bravely seen."

It does not need much insight to perceive that every sentence here of Josephine's speech is false to nature and quite impossible to a woman in her situation. The imagery and the carefully balanced periods smell of the lamp, of the highly literary endeavor of the conscientious writer whose strength lies in meditation and not catching or conveying to us the movement and interchange of living things. In the calculated effect of Mr. James Lane Allen's slow periods we are often reminded of Hawthorne, and while the originality of Mr. Allen's feeling and imagery is not to be questioned, it is possible that the formality and unnaturalness of his spoken dialogue is partly derived from the practice of a literary school of two generations ago, a practice which is now antiquated.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

The art and science of heraldry is one of those subjects in which everybody is vaguely interested, but the number of people who know anything about it is exceedingly small. Of recent years attempts have been made to popularise the study of it by the issue of inexpensive handbooks dealing with it from both the antiquarian and the artistic points of view, and very informative some of these are. "English Heraldic Book Stamps," by Mr. Cyril Davenport (Constable, 25s. net), is more important, however, than the majority of the modern volumes that have been published. True, it deals with only one phase or manifestation of heraldic art; but that is a specially fascinating one, since it is inseparably connected with the craft of bookbinding, and thereby with the bookbinders of yore. Moreover, the compilation of this work is admirably systematic. It contains reproductions of about three hundred English armorial bearings. To each are appended an heraldic description and a short biographical note concerning the owner. For the guidance, too, of the uninitiated, the introduction explains the meaning of the different heraldic terms, and gives as much of the history of titles as it is good for the average person to know. The owners of the various coats of arms are set forth in alphabetical order, and, though this method of classification has some disadvantages, it is the most handy one for quick reference, and is probably the best that could be devised to meet all requirements. Its principal disadvantage seems to us, in the present case, to be that the book-stamps of kings and queens are scattered among those of mere members of the nobility, famous book-collectors, and others. The English Royal book-stamps are absolutely complete from Henry VII. to his present Majesty. If these could have been given in a separate part of the book, and in chronological sequence, the achievement of so unique a collection would have been enhanced by the greater facilities for studying the royal heraldic developments from reign to reign. One would not, for instance, after studying William III., be obliged to turn back over 300 pages in order to find what changes in the quarterings were made by Queen Anne. However, this is only a minor point. As it stands, the work is a most business-like and accurate encyclopædia of notable book-stamps, with those of royalty as its special feature. We call attention to the latter because it is in the royal coat-of-arms that the great political changes of the last four centuries are mirrored. Thus the advent of the Stuart and Hanoverian dynasties is symbolised by well-marked modifications in the bearings owned by their immediate predecessors; with Queen Anne it is the legislative union between England and Scotland that is celebrated, and with Victoria the coat-of-arms of the Hanoverian dominions, included in the English coat since the reign of George I., is left out. The origin of heraldry was, of course, a military one, but, as wars and tourneys gradually ceased to be the principal object of existence, so heraldic symbolism widened its scope and included political events of any description. While, therefore, heraldry itself is an exact science, and an exact science is apt to be dry, the dryness in this case liquefies very considerably when one comes to study the subject in the light of general history. This book, with its capital introduction, should help the student, not only towards a sound knowledge of heraldic principles, but towards the recognition of their connection with great historical events since the Middle Ages.

* * *

By adopting a system of conscientious exploration from different centres, Mr F. G. Brabant has made his "Rambles in Sussex" (Methuen, 6s. net) a comprehensive and trustworthy record of a home county that is second to none in its scenery and historic interest. In regard to the Sussex country, we could have wished, perhaps, for a little less quotation and a little more original observation than we find in the descriptive passages; but all writers are not gifted in the same way, and Mr. Brabant's *forte* plainly lies in recounting the more prosaic, though highly important, archæological features, and letting the poets—Swinburne, Tennyson, and Kipling have all celebrated Sussex—tell its scenic beauties in their own words. Similarly the unkind things that have been said of the country folk are dismissed with the briefest refutation and a reference to previous authors, notably the Rev. J. C. Egerton, who have striven to show that if "Silly Sussex" deserves its name in some respects, its people are sometimes surprisingly rich in native wit and proverbial philosophy. It is but fair to state that Mr. Brabant disclaims any intention to present a study of the people in the country districts or of the industries by which they subsist, and, as we have intimated, his observations of natural features are not from the poet's, but rather from the geologist's point of view. There is an interesting fact in connection with the South Downs, which is here brought to notice. It is that the average height of this range of hills, which most people who have looked upon them casually imagine to be something very considerable, is less than 800 feet. The illusion of great altitude is produced, as Mr. Brabant explains, partly by the configuration of the hills themselves, and partly by the circumstance that there are no loftier objects in the neighborhood. Other interesting discussions are provoked by the comparative modern prosperity of some towns, such as Lewes and Chichester, and the comparative obscurity into which others, like Bramber and Steyning, have sunk. Mr. Brabant's remarks on the Sussex seaside resorts are not as unflattering as were Charles Lamb's; but, although he shows some partiality for Eastbourne and Hastings, his book tends to shift the interest from the seaboard to the interior. Six pictures by Turner are reproduced as illustrations to this volume, and the remaining twenty-four photographic views are artistically chosen and finely got up.

* * *

Almost since the days when Lyndin, the ancient British forerunner of London, was a stockade in the Essex woods, the pleasure-ground which we now call Epping Forest has been very closely connected with the Metropolis. For this reason, if for no other, the book which Mr. P. T. S. Perceval has written about "London's Forest" (Dent, 3s. 6d. net), should make a special appeal to Londoners. The recent history of the Forest will be familiar to most people. Of old a royal possession, it was transferred to the Corporation of London in the 'seventies. In 1882 it was declared open to the public by Queen Victoria, and since then it has been a place of unalloyed delight to thousands of holiday-makers, who have found in its natural beauty, recreating air, and proximity to town, a combination of advantages not offered by any other resort. Probably, however, the majority of Londoners know as little of the history of Epping Forest as they do of that of London's other historical possessions; and to these Mr. Perceval's book will be a revelation. It is a summary of the Forest's history from beyond the recorded beginnings to the present day. For centuries—until the nineteenth, in fact—it was a favorite hunting-ground for royal and ecclesiastical sportsmen. Its proximity to London, which draws the bank-holiday crowd to-day, attracted also the kings and bishops, Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian, who wished to follow the chase, and were allowed to assure themselves of good sport by the imposition of stringent forest laws. The City's Mayors and Aldermen hunted, too, though it was by the king's courtesy, not by their own right; the picturesque legends regarding their having obtained this right from one or the other medieval

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monarch are not supported by documentary evidence. It has been told, for instance, that Richard I., in order to recompense the citizens for the loss of their favorite sport of "Jew-hunting" during the Easter holiday, granted them the Forest for a hunting-ground, and that in this way arose the annual custom known as the Easter Chase. The latter was kept up in various forms until well on in the nineteenth century, but there is no historical charter authorising its practice. After the Revolution the Forest became the haunt of desperadoes, and sport languished. Leisure from business grew less, and the ridicule to which the latter-day followers of the Easter Chase were subjected helped to kill the custom. The climax, perhaps, came when, at the invitation of the Corporation, who were alarmed by the increase in the number of the wild deer, a number of cockneys went to Epping, not to hunt, but to stalk, and one of them slew a donkey by mistake. Sport is only one of the topics dealt with in this really fascinating volume. The grazing and other uses to which the land has been put from time to time are fully dealt with; and we glean some interesting facts as to the enclosure, by individuals, of parts of the Forest from time to time. In the latter connection the royal land-grabbers of the middle ages were followed in later days by imitators of lesser rank, including Forest officials. Even as late as 1831 a lord warden of the Forest enclosed and sold "desirable building plots" without a shadow of legality, and many other instances of unlawful acquisition are piquant reading in view of some landlords' present indignation against the taxation of increment values.

# The Week in the City.

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The fall of the French Ministry on Tuesday was a sensational event, and seems to be regarded with some dismay by official circles in Germany, where M. Delcassé is looked upon with suspicion as a firebrand. But the Paris Bourse took it very cheerfully, and actually put up Rentes on Wednesday to celebrate the fall of M. Caillaux. The American market is disturbed by fears that the Tariff will not be so easily settled as was supposed. President Taft is reported after all to be taking a strong line, and may refuse to sign any Bill which does not make substantial reductions in the cost of living. In any case some of the American railroad and industrial securities are now standing far above the normal, though perhaps good corn crops and high prices of grain may justify a certain appreciation. The Bank return shows very little change on last week, but there was a large export of gold on Thursday to South America, which had some slight effect upon discounts. But money is likely to remain cheap for some time longer; and this accounts for the firmness of the stock markets.

### Argentina and Bolivia.

In spite of pacific assurances last week, it is announced that Argentina has recalled her Ambassador from Bolivia on the ground that the Bolivian Government has insulted the Argentine President by declaring its intention of not accepting his award until it has been submitted to Parliament. The idea of submitting an award to the decision of the party which does not like it is thoroughly American, and reminds one of our own past diplomatic troubles with the Senate at Washington. The territory which has been in dispute between Peru and Bolivia, upon which the Argentine President has made his award, lies, I am told, between the rivers Madre de Dios and Beni. A well-informed correspondent writes: "It is impenetrable forest, through which even the wandering Indians can hardly find a passage. It produces barely enough maize and bananas to support its scanty and primitive inhabitants; and some of the tribes who wander over it and scratch from it a scanty subsistence number not more than forty individuals. Bolivia possesses thousands of square miles exactly similar to this unpromising tract, and has only three persons to every square mile of her undisputed territory. Whatever State finally obtains it ought to put it under an honest Governor, who would protect the Indians. They are being rapidly exterminated by spirits, and by rubber-hunters, who entangle them in unpayable debts, frequently representing advances to buy alcohol. But, in fact, Peru avows her inability to develop the vast territories that are coming under her sway, and it is the height of folly to squabble over such white elephants. In course of time gold and rubber may be yielded in paying quantities, but both Peru and Bolivia have vast forests of rubber, as well as old and rich gold mines, which they cannot utilise for want of transport. It is hardly to be thought of that blood will be shed in such a cause. A main reason for the prosperity of South America proper as opposed to Northern South America and Central America is that the former has long avoided wars and revolutions, and has therefore gained the confidence of capitalists. It is to be hoped that the English, American, and German security holders will put pressure upon Bolivia, and induce her to accept the undoubtedly correct award of the Argentine President."

### The Home Railway Dividends.

The dividends declared this week have for the most part been satisfactory, and the hopes of the market are, so far, not disappointed. Writing on the eve of one or two important announcements that will be known before these words are read, I hesitate to generalise, but the Great Eastern and the Brighton dividends both point to good results and make one feel optimistic. The Great Eastern's rate is increased from 1 to 1¼ per cent., and the London and Brighton's undivided ordinary rate from 2¼ to 2¾ per cent., so that there have been considerable economies in working. Of course, the half-year compares with a terribly bad period, for the first six months of 1908 saw a heavy reduction in traffics and practically stationary expenses. The reports as a result were tragic documents, and we may hope never to look upon their like again. With reviving trade and comparatively low working expenditure the railways ought to do well this half-year, but until the coal crisis is finally settled one can scarcely feel comfortable.

### The Rubber Market.

A month or so ago we were all rubbing our eyes at the sight of a 6s. per lb. quotation for rubber, and this week our powers of amazement are further taxed by a quotation of 7s. 9d. This sudden jump is really most extraordinary, but I do not pretend to say whether or not it is reasonable. What is quite clear, however, is that it creates as fine a playground for the gambler as any one could imagine. Here we have a raw material saleable at 7s. 9d., and produceable at 1s. 6d., a number of companies already turning out fairly large quantities at an enormous profit, the price still rising, and fresh acres being brought under cultivation every day. It is a race between the consumer and the producers of two hemispheres, with the London capitalist betting heavily as one of the producers. The situation is extremely interesting, and the lucky investors who got in three or four years ago are at present coining money, the Vallambrosa Company, with a capital of £50,000, actually making £41,395 net profit in a single year, and paying a dividend of 80 per cent. Opinions on the future of the market vary enormously, and there is obviously room for a frightful slump in case anything happens to affect the value of tame rubber.

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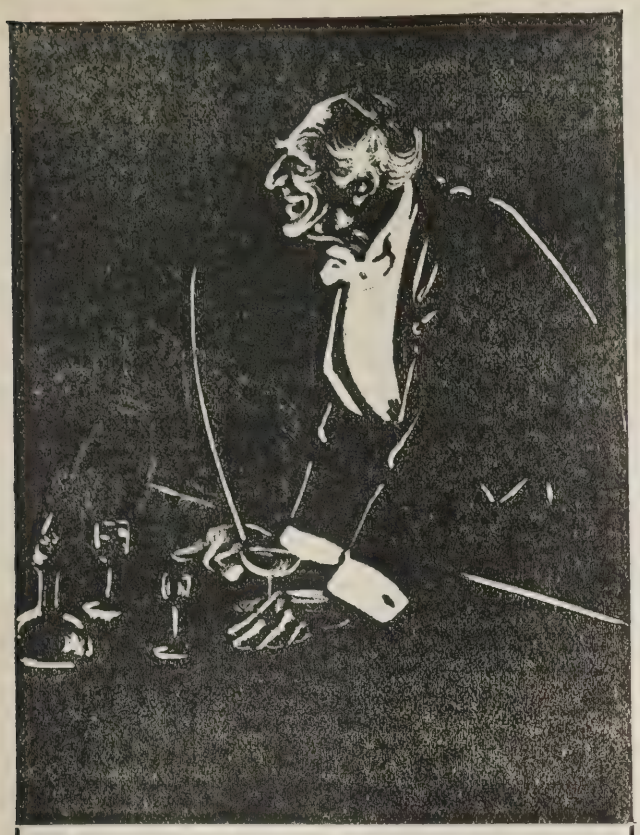

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 18.] SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

A descendant of Lord John Russell has been so kind as to send us the original of the following deeply interesting letter from Gladstone on the action of the Lords in throwing out the Savings Banks Bill. The letter is dated from 11, Downing Street, August 14, 1860, the date of the great controversy over the repeal of the Paper Duties:—

> My dear Lord J. Russell,—I am sorry not to find you to-day, the more so as I understand you go to-morrow.
>
> Pray look to the proceedings of the Lords last night on the Savings Banks Bill.
>
> This was a Bill sent up unanimously by the Commons—it consisted of two clauses—it could not be amended. Its object was to effect a saving of public money, and to oblige an account to be laid annually before Parliament of all the transactions of the National Debt Commissioners.
>
> The Peers voted (by a parity) that it was not urgent (thus to save the public money) and discharged the Bill.
>
> Sir J. Graham thinks this should not be suffered, but that the clauses should be sent up again in one of our Money Bills.
>
> Mr. Glyn suggested to him that they should be put into the Fortifications Bill.
>
> Lewis thinks the proceeding very bad and is ready to do this or to send up another Bill.
>
> Mr. Speaker largely shares their feelings and is considering as to the *modus operandi*. I have seen no other member of the Cabinet except Gibson, whose opinions you can guess.
>
> What do you think we should do in this matter? Probably you could not let me see you to-morrow or attend a Cabinet, which would be much the best thing; but it would be of great consequence to know your opinion.
>
> If it is for doing nothing I hardly think I shall move. But it seems to me an opportunity for rubbing off some dirt from the scutcheons both of the Ministry and of the House of Commons.—Very sincerely yours,
>
> W. E. Gladstone.
>
> Please mark your answer immediate.
>
> My Lord John Russell.

* * *

The Spanish adventure in Morocco has led to desperate fighting with the Riff tribes, and to a very grave internal crisis in Spain. On the 18th the tribesmen nearly captured General Marina's encampment near Melilla; on the 20th they almost cut off his vanguard, killing sixty and wounding seventy men; on the 23rd they inflicted losses of 400 killed and wounded and drove the Spanish forces into Melilla. After a few days' pause the attack was renewed on Tuesday, and although no details are to hand, the fact that a general and numerous other officers were killed, and that the Spanish loss in killed and wounded is 3,000 men, indicates the desperate and disastrous character of the fighting. Some of the Spanish troops are said to be mutinous. The Spanish Government is apparently determined to go on with the business. Reinforcements are being hurried to Melilla, and it is apparently intended to have there a force of 40,000 men, equal to half the strength of the standing army, though no hint is permitted to escape as to the character of the operations it will be entrusted with or the ambitions of the Spanish Government.

* * *

The war has been intensely unpopular in Spain from the first. Spaniards know that it has been undertaken in the interests of financial adventurers, and they fear that it will cause the ruin of their country. Their dissatisfaction was increased by the heavy slaughter and by the sending to the front of reservists, many of them fathers of families. The Government made matters worse by imposing the strictest censorship on all war news, forbidding anti-war meetings, and refusing to convoke the Cortes. The result was that riots broke out at the departure of the troops, and some of the soldiers themselves proved mutinous. The trouble was most intense in Catalonia. In Barcelona a general strike was proclaimed. The Government replied by declaring a state of siege. Fierce street fighting has taken place, and the movement in Catalonia is said to be nothing less than a revolution, which it is feared will extend throughout the country. All Spain has been put in a state of siege. The censorship is so strict that very little can be learnt of what is going on, but it may well be that the Morocco expedition has given that signal for the fall of the Spanish Monarchy which, in the view of competent observers, could not long be delayed. It is noteworthy that the Queen, who is personally popular, is at Bayonne, and is likely to stay there, and there has been a great demonstration of protest, in which soldiers took part, before the King's palace in Madrid.

* * *

On Monday, Mr. McKenna, in Committee on the Navy Estimates, stated the Cabinet's decision as to the

four conditional "Dreadnoughts." They are to be laid down next April, and to be completed by March, 1912. There will be preparations this year in the way of plans, specifications, and orders. The reason assigned for this policy was not the development of German shipbuilding, but the four "Dreadnoughts" arranged for by Italy and by Austria. This tacitly abandons the old ground. It appears that one of the four ships of this year's programme is to be an enormous cruiser, in other words, a huge commerce destroyer.

* * *

The policy thus announced satisfied neither the Opposition nor the Radicals, Mr. Balfour declaring that the Government were letting down the Two-Power Standard, and that their plan made it necessary to build twelve "Dreadnoughts" next year. The Prime Minister spoke moderately, admitting that naval expenditure was entirely unproductive and wasteful, and that it promoted bad rather than good feeling. Insisting that the Government was still eager for an arrangement with other Powers, he added that we were forced to build on account of what has been done by friendly nations. The four ships were to be without prejudice to next year's programme, which would be fixed on the circumstances of the time. Mr. John Ellis, in moving the reduction of the vote, said truthfully that, so long as we lived in this atmosphere of suspicion, we should want not 35 millions, but 50 or 100. Ninety-eight members, including thirty-seven Liberals and Radicals, divided against the vote, though it is probable that, if the Government merely mean to quicken up the completion of the 1910-11 programme, the main body of Ministerialists will support them.

* * *

Lord Crewe moved the second reading of the Union of South Africa Bill in the House of Lords on Tuesday, the commander of the Raid standing with General Botha on the steps of the Throne to hear his speech, and Mr. Steyn, the late President of the Orange Free State, listening to it from the gallery. Lord Crewe truthfully claimed the special credit of the Act of Union for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the policy of self-government which was its necessary preliminary and condition. Lord Lansdowne proposed to include Lord Milner, as well as Lord Selborne, in his tribute, but the only service to the Union of South Africa which it was in Lord Milner's power to render was to leave it alone. For the rest, the debate on both sides was almost entirely harmonious. Lord Crewe has, it appears, rejected the proposal of the delegates to eliminate the schedule which establishes the conditions for transferring the Protectorates from the British Crown to the Union. This, we think, would have been much the best solution, for it would re-establish the *status quo*, and give breathing space to both parties. On the other hand, the provisions for safeguarding native rights have been somewhat strengthened. Lord Courtney protested very firmly against the complete bar which the Bill puts upon the political future of the native and colored populations, and stated that he would propose the cutting out from the Bill both of the schedule and of the words limiting membership of the Union Parliament to persons of European descent.

* * *

On Thursday night the Prime Minister made an interesting statement of the findings of the sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, of which he, at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's suggestion, became Chairman. The object of the Committee was to deal with Lord Roberts's attack on the voluntary system and his theories of invasion. The Committee's findings were hostile on all points. It assumed the improbable (we should have said the impossible), viz., that the regular expeditionary force was absent on one war, and that then another Power sprang a second surprise war upon us. In that case the Admiralty reckoned, and the Committee agreed, that no great body of troops, say 150,000, could possibly land unless the fleet had been disposed of, and that if it had been, our "subjection" would be inevitable. The Committee might well have stopped there. But it also found that, though it was improbable that a raiding party consisting of 70,000 men could slip through, if it did the 70,000 could be amply dealt with by the Territorials. We should have thought that 300,000 Territorials, *plus* 100,000 Reserve —a force of six to one—might be a slightly excessive provision. But at least the Committee has disposed of conscription, "an Imperial Army," and other visions. Mr. Balfour accepted its conclusions, which, indeed, were practically identical with his own.

* * *

On Tuesday Mr. Balfour, addressing the usual gathering in the City on the Budget, with Lord Rothschild unaccountably absent, gave a modified hint to the House of Lords to attack the Budget because the Government have "tacked" valuation on to taxation, and then declared for a very modified form of Protection. He inveighed against taxing the accumulations of wealth, suggested that the taking of 26 millions in death duties from rich men cancelled the millions a year raised for reducing the National Debt, and generally took a view of taxation which, as the "Manchester Guardian" says, would lead to the exemption of the big income and the full taxation only of the small. On Protection, while he insisted that the Budget was converting moderate men to it, he was more negative than positive. Thus, he stated his disbelief in any scale of duties likely to "hamper industries" or "divert trade," or whose cost would be "other than insignificant," or which was likely to promote "combinations or trusts." On the other hand, he favored fiscal reform "of a moderate, equitable kind." In other words, Protection was poison, but a "moderate" dose of it would do no harm. This "moderate" declaration has been received with very moderate enthusiasm by the Protectionist Press. It is needless to add that Mr. Balfour's duties would not pay for a tenth part of Mr. Balfour's "Dreadnoughts."

* * *

Hyde Park demonstrations are getting a little out of fashion, but all observers agree that the great assembly in favor of the land taxes on Saturday compared well with its predecessors in point of numbers, seriousness, enthusiasm, and absolute unity of purpose. Numbers cannot be accurately fixed when we have to deal with dense masses of men in the open air, or moving rapidly through the streets. But twelve platforms, stretching from the Serpentine to the Marble Arch, each beset by an enormous crowd, mean a very great gathering. A special feature of the demonstration seems to have been the rounds of applause with which Mr. Lloyd George's name was invariably received. The best phrase used by the speakers was an epigram by Mr. Sylvester Horne. "They want us," he said, "to turn our eyes to the sea, but we are determined to keep them fixed upon the land."

* * *

We observe that Mr. H. C. Malkin, writing in the new "Quarterly Review" on the privileges of the Commons in the matter of money bills, makes the extraordinary statement that it is an established principle that the Lords "may without breach of privilege omit

the whole of a clause which they cannot amend, or the whole of a subject." Mr. Malkin suggests, but does not specifically state, that this action is relevant to a money Bill. But the only precedents which he adduces make it perfectly clear that it is not. These precedents are two. In 1839 the Lords were allowed by the Commons to strike out from the Dublin Police Bill a clause limiting the power of extending the Metropolitan Police district, and thus affecting the City's rating. In 1888 the Commons also accepted an amendment by the Lords of a Scottish Roads and Bridges Bill which restricted certain borrowing powers to burgh authorities, instead of extending them to burgh and county authorities alike.

* * *

What these precedents have to do with a Budget Bill we cannot even guess. Even if they had any such connection, they relate simply to a voluntary waiving of their privileges by the Commons, and do not touch an attempt by the Lords to excise a clause from the Budget against the will of the representative House. Mr. Malkin adds a postcript which is even less intelligible than his main statement. He says that some critics have contended that the supposed right of the Lords to omit the whole of a clause or a subject which they cannot amend, was destroyed by Gladstone's procedure in 1861. But Mr. Malkin says that this precedent is worthless, because it has never been proved, "or even suggested," that any Finance Bill since 1860 has contained provisions which the Lords would have rejected if they had been sent up in a separate Bill. Has Mr. Malkin ever heard of the Budget of 1894, of Lord Salisbury's embittered objections to it, and of his conclusion that the Lords could not reject it, because of the form in which it came to the Peers, and the constitutional consequences of meddling with it?

* * *

We note that the "Spectator," which invents a constitutional theory in one number and declares it proved in the next, recurs with touching fidelity to its doctrine that the Lords have a right to amend tax bills. "We must repeat," it says, "that it is abundantly clear from the precedents that the Lords, though they have no right to impose a tax or alter or amend a tax either in degree or in kind, have a right to amend a tax Bill by leaving out altogether any particular tax or series of taxes." With all respect to the "Spectator," this sentence seems to us to be as nearly devoid of meaning as it is possible for grammatical English to be. But we gather that the "Spectator" intends to emphasise the superior power of the Lords in dealing with omnibus Bills as compared with single tax Bills. Is it not extraordinary that this theory directly reverses the lesson of the last great precedent? In 1860, the Lords threw out the separate Bill embodying Mr. Gladstone's repeal of the paper duties. In 1861 the form of repeal was embodied in the Finance Bill and the Lords at once took their hands off it. This was the incident that fixed the power of the Commons over finance on the firm rock of privilege.

* * *

The Conference of Senators and Representatives on the Tariff has practically finished its work of revision. Mr. Taft has sent it an ultimatum, insisting on reduction in the lumber, gloves, leather, and hosiery rates, and on free hides, and his action has produced a temporary deadlock. But the tariff remains, in the words of the Republican Senator, La Follette, "the crowning infamy of its sponsor," based not on principle, but "on greed, graft, and pull." Some timely statistics have just appeared which throw light on American tariff policy. Between 1896 and 1909 food prices doubled, leather went up 50 per cent., and textiles 60 per cent; in other words, the cost of living is something like twice as much as thirteen years ago. The McKinley tariff has thus more than neutralised all the advantages of scientific and industrial progress, and the Aldrich tariff will prove a scorpion where the McKinley tariff was only a whip.

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M. Briand's Cabinet includes six members of the Clemenceau Ministry, among them M. Pichon, the Foreign Secretary. M. Caillaux, the inventor of the Income-tax Bill, retires—it is understood that he was disappointed in not succeeding M. Clemenceau. The most interesting of the new recruits is M. Millerand, the Minister of Public Works, who broke from the Socialist party to join the Cabinet of Waldeck-Rousseau. The Ministerial programme was read to the Chamber on Tuesday, and approved by 306 votes to 46. M. Briand will, in foreign and domestic affairs, follow in M. Clemenceau's footsteps. The Old Age Pensions Bill and the Income-tax Bill are to have the first consideration, and to be pushed forward with vigor; an experiment in proportional representation will be made at the approaching municipal elections, and the Bill regulating the status of officials will be persisted in. In religious matters the new Government will be tolerant, but it will continue the laicisation of education. M. Briand's opening speech took the form of a personal confession, in which he described himself as a friend of ideas, but also "un homme de réalisation"—a phrase which embodies the point of view of the French Radical-Socialist.

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Early on Sunday morning, M. Louis Blériot succeeded where Mr. Latham failed and crossed the English Channel, in a monoplane of his own construction. He took thirty-three minutes to pass from a village near Calais to a cliff in the neighborhood of Dover, a distance of about thirty-six miles. M. Blériot stated that at one time his speed reached forty-five miles an hour, with an elevation of 250 feet. During some part of the journey, the monoplane travelled against a stiffish S.W. breeze. Mr. Latham tried to emulate M. Blériot's feat and nearly succeeded, but his monoplane fell into the sea within two miles of the English coast. M. Blériot's feat was a brilliant one, for he was lame when he started, but these brief and hazardous voyages throw little light on the practical uses of the so-called art of flying. Thousands of balloons have already crossed the Channel, and M. Blériot's machine is almost as much the creature of wind, rain, air, and light as they.

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The Censor in person was examined before the Joint Committee on Thursday, and made some interesting and valuable disclosures. Asked to describe his qualifications for the work of literary suppression, he explained that he had been a "bank manager," and had written some (unperformed) plays. He could not say on what "principle" he came to his decisions, but he tried to detect "indecency," and to eliminate personalities affecting any public character. But he had no power to prohibit the production of Wycherley's plays—perhaps the most indecent ever written—and he did not deny that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Shaw had been caricatured on the stage. He also allowed "a good deal of latitude" to French plays, we suppose on the ground that the morals of people who speak or understand French are hopelessly corrupted already. German plays were read by his wife, as he did not understand German. He objected to any appeal from his (or his wife's) decisions, on the ground of expense, and for other reasons.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE RE-HEARTENING OF LIBERALISM.

Every observer of our politics must be conscious of the great change that has come over them since the introduction of the Budget, a change wholly to the advantage of the allied causes of progress and Free Trade, or, let us say, of Liberalism and Labor. At the beginning of this year it seemed doubtful whether the good fortune which followed the Government during the first two years of its life would be sustained. Up to the close of 1907 it was clear that, though the mass of the electorate seemed to shift a little between a more and a less advanced propaganda, the general cause of democratic politics stood firm, and Protection made no progress. Next year saw a change, and from Mid-Devon onwards a series of elections attested at least the temporary success of the sensational campaign for Tariff Reform. The new appeal was based on lavish expenditure, and a lively presentment of a nation living lightly and handsomely on the proceeds of duties drawn exclusively from the foreigner. Peckham saw the new electioneering in full blast. The Licensing Bill gave it a familiar bogey, and the Government, stepping somewhat aside from the broad paths of democracy, reaped all the disadvantage that flowed from the impression that it could neither produce a popular measure nor curb the growing licence of the House of Lords. A thwarted Government is an unpopular Government, be its merits what they may; and, though Wales and Scotland stood firm to Liberalism, the less stable English electorate fell away from it. The results in Newcastle, Wolverhampton, Leeds, and elsewhere showed that Protection was becoming a power in the English towns. The Government might win back, but it would lack a clear mandate to maintain Free Trade, still less to deal with the House of Lords. Men saw again a period of unsettled politics, with the Irish Nationalists holding a wavering balance. In such a situation, reaction must in the end have found its account.

To-day we survey a country so changed that politicians hardly know it for the same. Four bye-elections have just been fought, avowedly on the Budget, and three Ministers have appealed directly for re-election as part architects of the worst, most unjust, oppressive, and vindictive measure ever proposed to the House of Commons. All have retained their seats, and the four supporters of this iniquity have registered a joint majority of nearly 4,000 votes in its favor. High Peak, one of the constituencies, was undoubtedly a "sporting" one. It was Tory till 1900. It had a considerable element of wealth and leisure, and two great ducal houses labored in vain for a Liberal defeat. But High Peak has kept its Liberal faith, and Mr. Partington's striking success was avowedly based on a steady and able presentment of the case for the land taxes. The majority, here and elsewhere, is a little smaller than at the General Election. But we shall take the comparison with 1906 to be of no consequence whatever. It is not flattering to our opponents to say so, but 1906 was fought partly on Liberal and democratic policy, partly on Free Trade, and partly on the quite extraordinary demerits and unpopularity of Mr. Balfour's Government. At least one of these causes for the heaping of all kinds of votes on Liberal candidates has disappeared, and we recur to the normal conditions of our politics, when an avowed and combative Liberal measure has to be defended, and every regular Tory voter has long gone back to his old allegiance. The result has been very remarkable. In the first place, it is clear that the Budget has re-heated the force out of which all Liberal triumphs grow, the enthusiasm of the main body of the party. Popular as it is in the House of Commons, it is more popular still with the rank and file. Anyone acquainted with the movement of economic thought among the progressive workers could have seen that the principle of the taxation of land values, growing not only out of the fiscal issue but from the development of the rural question and the expansion of town life, had taken firm hold of the people, and would furnish one of the historic rallying grounds of Liberal action. The Liberal Party has got something to fight for in which it believes with its whole heart, which is intelligible and just, and on which it is going to win. That is the true reason why we are back to normal electioneering, with a normal Liberal victory at the end of it.

The Budget has reacted not less notably on the Tory Party. They have chosen to speak and act as if the care of landlords (especially ground landlords) and very rich men were the special, if not the sole, object of their existence. Ignoring the remarkable movement of the municipalities in favor of the taxation of ground values, in which hundreds of their provincial workers have been interested, the huge fines exacted by the land magnates from the activities of London, Sheffield, and scores of manufacturing centres, and the deep and wide grievances aroused by the abuses of the leasehold system, they have talked as if landlords were the darlings of democracy. Equally mis-directed has been the platform appeal against the Budget. Hardly an attempt has been made to reach the masses of the electors. Rich men have simply wept in public on rich men's shoulders. With the City as his headquarters, and Lord Rothschild as a recurring decimal in all his calculations, the Tory leader has argued as if the taxation of wealth were equivalent to the destruction of the nation's capital, and, though he halts ostentatiously at a "moderate" tariff, the workmen and all men of moderate incomes have been led to expect a general assault on industry and labor as the result of the triumph of the party of dukes and millionaires. Thus the pseudo-democracy of Tariff Reform has been completely overlaid by the display of timid and egoistic class passion which lies behind the obscure and meddling obstruction of the Budget in the House of Commons, and the reckless signalling to brother landlords on the other side of the corridor. The milder, philanthropic aspect of Toryism has, in our view, received an equally severe blow by such letters, and there have been many, as the communication from the Duke of Somerset. If it be true, as every word of such writing suggests, that the charity of the squire is a sop to poverty and dependence, to be roughly snatched away on the first approach to democratic finance, a powerful moral argument has simply been added to the strong

political and economic case for the Budget, and the anti-popular side of the Tory position is completely unmasked.

Under such tactics, indeed, every force which made for a Tory and Protectionist victory at the polls has been arrested. Nothing is more easily detected than class selfishness, and the Tory attitude to the Budget strips its policy of its two most attractive disguises. The Jingo cannot shriek for "Dreadnoughts" while his mouth is full of curses against the Budget, nor the Tariff Reformer for taxing the foreigner when it is quite clear that his real objection is to taxing the rich. But the most serious of the blows which the Budget has dealt is at the pretensions of the House of Lords. Not even the "Spectator" can represent the Lords in this matter as wishing to "save" anybody but themselves. In view of the recent elections, the pretence of "the country behind the Lords" disappears, and, disabled from touching finance without risking a revolution and giving Liberalism its best and most popular opening against it, the Upper Chamber sinks to its proper significance in our scheme of politics. It cannot be openly violent and irregular in its own interest in a country where violence and irregularity do not pay even on public grounds, and it cannot speak its real mind about the Budget without revealing the need for a vital change in its own constitution.

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## THE MALADY OF ARMAMENTS.

We shall take leave to assume that when the Prime Minister, quoting Sir Edward Grey, tells the House of Commons that the four "Dreadnoughts" which are to be laid down next April are "without prejudice" to next year's programme, he means precisely what he says, no more and no less. The naval programme of 1910-11 will, as he says, be considered "by reference to the circumstances of that time." There will be, in other words, a state of almost perfect freedom. We shall be considering not this year's programme, but next year's. The Government ought to be free to say that the four may not be wanted so soon. Failing this, they are certainly at liberty to urge either that they will be wanted, but that no more will be wanted, or that more will be wanted. The House will be free to consider, and to reject or approve, either of these propositions. This simple statement vitiates the attempts of the Opposition to treat the new four ships as a supplement to an average programme of four "Dreadnoughts" next year, or even to an unthinkable enlargement to the tune of eight. We claim for the Liberal Party entire dissociation from each of these calculations. It is a tribute to the never-ending audacity of elected persons that Mr. Balfour, in face of his attitude to the Budget, should have advanced them at all. But when he calls for deficit on deficit, and rails at the "preposterously meagre" programme of eight "Dreadnoughts" finished in three years, and laid down in one, the Liberal Party will, we hope, make it clear that they have no part or lot in any such proposition. When the Naval estimates for 1910-11 are presented, they will be considered with reference to the state of Europe, the needs of national defence, the advance of the programmes of other Powers, and, above all, the aims and policy of this country. Private Liberals go into this controversy unpledged to a single new "Dreadnought." They may be disposed to look leniently on the novel form of insurance against panic under which the Government propose to place twenty such vessels on the home seas by the spring of 1912. But they have not taken one step further in the "grammar of assent" which their opponents kindly propose for them.

Meanwhile we must assert with some emphasis the disappearance of the case on which the scare of last March arose. In its place, we are offered an entirely new argument in defence of the programme to which the scare gave birth. Four months ago the Admiralty presented us with a thoroughly alarmist statement as to an all-round acceleration of German ship-building, and a development of naval power which had practically annulled our own superior capacity. It was further suggested that this advance had been secretly initiated in defiance of Germany's public engagements. Mr. McKenna then (March 16th) pleaded a general speeding up of all the four "Dreadnoughts" belonging to the German pro-programme of 1909-10, an acceleration so great that they would all be completed by April, 1912. On the same date the Prime Minister stated that "in one or two cases, possibly in more, ships were actually laid down," and that these proceedings showed that our "substantial advantage" in construction had been destroyed by the "enormous" German development. Of these statements barely a fragment remains. Mr. Asquith admitted on Monday that he believed "our capacity (in ship-building) to be substantially greater than that of Germany." Mr. McKenna did, indeed, hint that one ship of Germany's 1909-10 programme had been laid down at the beginning of this year, but he completely destroyed the importance of this statement by the details of this so-called acceleration, with which he furnished Mr. Middlemore on June 29. He then said that the contract for one ship of the 1909-10 programme had been "given out" on the first of April last (*i.e.* some days after he first spoke)—not a word about laying down—and that the others had not yet been ordered. Where, then, are the "one or two ships" or "possibly more," which in March last the Prime Minister thought had not merely been ordered, but laid down? And if none of these German vessels are thus advanced, where lies the material for the hypothesis that the whole four can be finished by March, 1912, or for denying the official, reiterated statements of Admiral von Tirpitz and Prince Bülow that none of them can be completed before the end of 1912, and that no design of acceleration exists?

We come, therefore, to a situation in which we have committed ourselves to the production of twenty or (with the "Lord Nelsons") twenty-two "Dreadnoughts" by the spring of 1912, against an almost certain German eleven, or a barely possible thirteen. Considering our enormous preponderance in new "pre-Dreadnought" vessels, and in armored cruisers, we cannot describe this as other than an extravagant provision, which relegates the talk of eight "Dreadnoughts" next year to the region of phantasy. If a British strength of three to one

against Germany is not enough, nothing will ever content us. But the German Navy practically fell out of account in Monday's argument, vitiated as it was by the old extreme reliance on a single fashion in huge battleships, which may pass out of date as quickly as their predecessor, the useless and almost forgotten Italian "Dandolo." Instead we were bidden to look to what Italy and Austria were doing, and other nations "with which we had no quarrel," or even the closest ties of affection. We do not know by what perversion of every rule of common sense we are bidden to regard *both* the Austrian *and* the Italian shipbuilding programmes as concerning ourselves, when every politician in Europe knows that they neutralise each other—four "Dreadnoughts" against four "Dreadnoughts"—and that Italy in particular would no more use one of her warships against England than against her own ruined children of Messina. It cannot be that either of these Powers is preparing to rival our Navy, or to use the two forces in a combination which would shatter the Triple Alliance. All we see is that on this principle any random sum in simple addition can be used to confuse friends and foes, to disguise our real position in the European world, and to defeat every calculation of the physical, moral, and intellectual forces that used to group itself under the word statesmanship. No matter how smiling the world's prospect, how completely relieved of all peril to these shores, of all hinted or possible combinations and designs of aggression, we find that our statesmen, while they write the sacred word peace on their phylacteries, still keep us and our neighbors expectant of a momentary outbreak of European war.

While we proceed on these lines we are bound to give both Europe and our own countrymen a false impression of the state of the naval world. Mr. McKenna, for example, told the House of Commons that within the last three years Germany had laid down eleven ships of the Dreadnought type, and we only eight. But this ignores the point that our "Dreadnought" building began in 1904, which gave us three years' start of Germany, and has enabled us to put seven "Dreadnoughts" on the seas before she is able to float one. To-day our building and repairing votes, as they stand in this year's estimates, represent together nearly twenty-two millions, a sum larger than the whole German naval estimates, while by March, 1912, we shall, in eight years, have spent about forty millions on completed battleships of one type alone. If, therefore, the German Press declares the refusal of their statesmen—and a refusal it is—to curtail their armaments on such a basis, our own politicians cannot be surprised if their tender of a naval agreement is set aside. The world does not heed our declared fears of invasion; is, in fact, utterly sceptical of their sincerity. It thinks, not that we are endangered, but that we endanger others. It holds us largely to blame for the fact that the European Chancellors, our own included, plough along through a thickening forest of obstacles, not the least of which is the revolt of the wealthy and directing classes against the burdens which their own fears create. We said some time ago, when writing on this subject during the lifetime of the late Prime Minister, that our continual raising of the general world-standard of naval strength, the example of our unrivalled wealth and power used to maintain an Armada of unparalleled costliness, must end in laying a grievous burden on the poorer nationalities in Europe. The important Spanish correspondent, whose letter we print elsewhere, states in terms that this result has already been reached in Spain. Popular Spanish opinion attributes the building of a new Spanish fleet to the direct and indirect pressure produced by the Anglo-Spanish *entente*. We hope, at least, that no word or action of Liberal statesmanship has called upon Spain for any such sacrifices. But we cannot plead not guilty to the scarcely less grave charge of moral responsibility. England used to send out a certain range of influences over the world; they were widely prevalent, they gave her a fixed character and force, which now and then changed the destinies of States. We are afraid she now acts in a different sphere. Europe is plagued, and is beginning to be convulsed, with the malady of armaments. Not a Government is safe from this infectious disease; not a policy but is twisted and maimed by it. And not one sign of relief does any European statesman hold out, least of all our Liberal leaders; though, as far as this island is concerned, it is impossible to state in coherent terms a cause of war with any Power in the world, least of all with Germany, or a combination either of wills or of material forces designed to shake our Empire.

## SPAIN'S TWO WARS.

In the course of a single week Spain has contrived to involve herself in two wars. To carry on her campaign against the Moors, she must first repress her own subjects and take away their civil rights, and the casualty list from Melilla is swollen by a formidable catalogue of killed and wounded from Barcelona. From its first origins this adventure was as wanton as it has been ill-starred. There has never been in Spain the faintest trace of any enthusiasm for a forward policy in Morocco. A Spanish force was sent to Casa Blanca to co-operate with the French. It ostentatiously refrained from taking any real share in that bloody expedition, and its officers were at constant dissension with their allies. The operations around Melilla, if not more popular, have at least been more deliberate. Behind them was an intrigue in which it would be difficult to disentangle the dubious finance from the shady politics. There are in the mountainous Riff Hinterland behind the old Spanish fortress of Melilla iron and lead mines of uncertain value. Two companies, one wholly Spanish, the other formed with French capital, had obtained from the local Pretender, El Roghi, concessions to work them. Who and what El Roghi is, is something of a mystery. He may be a creature of Franco-Spanish policy, like the ex-Sultan Abdul Aziz. For the anarchy in Morocco the support given by foreign Powers to one native party or the other is largely responsible. But legally El Roghi had no title to bestow concessions. In order to work the concessions the companies constructed a short railroad, and, as at Casa Blanca, a few of their workmen were killed. The next step was the occupation by Spanish troops of the

country traversed by the line, and against this invasion the warlike Riff tribes, well armed, determined, and apparently well led, rose in force. The fighting has been nothing but a series of disasters. A force of 15,000 men has been driven in from the hilly country to the environs of the town. They have had a general and three colonels killed. One regiment lost almost all its officers, while guns and an ammunition train are said to have been captured. The casualties in the whole series of engagements must reach a total between 4,000 and 5,000, and it is doubtful whether all the facts have yet been divulged. The abnormal loss in officers suggests that the men must have required a great deal of leading, and, indeed, there are rumors that some detachments refused to fight. The ground is difficult, and, even if it stood alone, this disaster would not be easy to retrieve.

But the really grave and at the same time the only hopeful fact is that the Spanish nation is resolutely opposed to the war. Every element of discontent, from the Republicans and the Socialists to the Catalan Nationalists, is actively hostile, but even outside their ranks there is no approval, still less enthusiasm. The working-class asks why it must send its sons to enable two companies of financial adventurers to seek their illicit gains in a country not their own. The Government dare not send the Reservists to the front. It has to face a revolutionary strike in Barcelona and the regions round it. It has had to suppress all uncensored news and all free comment in the Press of Madrid. The news that "constitutional guarantees" have now been suspended throughout the kingdom suggests that the unrest must be general and formidable. It is not, so far as we yet know, organised or inspired by any larger aim than the desire to protest against a disastrous and unnecessary war. But the very possibility of such a protest is an evidence of the utter alienation of the people from its Government. When the disasters in Manchuria, so far from inspiring among the Russian masses a determination to avenge the honor of the flag, were received almost with satisfaction as so many blows dealt to a hated autocracy, wise observers knew that the revolution had begun. In Spain, also, it is obvious that the average citizen feels a degree of discontent which might in the end drive him to generalise his protest. On some of the causes of his indignation the interesting letter which we print from Señor de Maeztu dwells with much plainness of speech. It is obvious that a good deal of this indignation, in the minds at least of educated men, is directed against the King and the Court. Among the less conscious masses it is probably simply such a deep common sense as inspired the women of Italy to stop the foolish war with Abyssinia after the disaster of Adowa, to save the lives of their husbands and sons. Behind this simple realism of the people there is also, no doubt, the influence of a more deliberate and intelligent anti-militarism. In a country which relies on a conscript army, the masses, if they are resolute enough, and dare to be themselves, can undoubtedly stop an aggressive and unnecessary war. There lies the larger interest of these events for the civilised world. Against such an enemy as these Moorish tribes a civilised Power can afford to take its time and delay its blow. But a very much less formidable movement than this would suffice to render aggression dangerous, because it would make victory impossible in a war against a European Power. Whatever be the consequence of these events in Morocco and in Spain, of this we may be sure, that all over the Continent they will be followed with an anxious and critical interest by every Socialist who has come under the influence of the theoretic anti-militarism of Jaurès, Liebknecht, or Hervé. Here is the first experiment which will show whether a general strike can impose peace.

The pointed question which our Spanish correspondent addresses to us in this letter deserves a candid answer. But, unfortunately, the exact motives and mechanism of the Moroccan adventure are as much a matter of mere conjecture to the democracy of this country as they apparently are to the people of Spain. As we have read the history of the past five years, it was rather M. Delcassé than any British influence who pressed forward the penetration of Morocco. We preferred the presence of France in Morocco to that of any less friendly Power, but it would surprise us to learn that we had urged her forward. That our diplomacy joined with France to make Spain a partner in the affair was quite intelligible. Spain had certain rights, and, if those rights had been ignored, she might have been tempted to throw in her lot with Germany. She derived certain advantages from the connection, for the security of her coasts has been guaranteed. There has clearly been a desire, by diplomatic and dynastic ties, to make her an adherent of the Triple Entente in the general struggle for a balance of Power in Europe. But we fail to see what interest either the French or ourselves could have had to lure her further into the Moroccan adventure than she herself desired to go. Opposition, or even a cold neutrality, on her part would have been a source of weakness to the Triple Entente; but her active participation should not have been necessary. That, however, is *a priori* reasoning. The fact undoubtedly is that France did put pressure on Spain to induce her to share in the Casa Blanca expedition. It also looks as if British influence were used to encourage the rebuilding of the Spanish Navy—to the profit of British firms. We have more than once in these columns regretted this tendency, which has diverted Spain from her wiser course of self-development, by luring her into the European maelstrom, and assisting her to squander her resources on ships. But if any foreign influence was used to spur the Spanish Government into this wanton adventure behind Melilla, the inference would seem to be that it must have been financial rather than political, and French rather than British. The power which stands behind most of these North African adventures is that of Messrs. Schneider, the great armament house of Creusot, which is interested not only in selling armaments to make war, but also in working the concessions which cause war. It made the difficulty at Casa Blanca. It is significant that a financial arrangement between the French firm of Schneider and the German firm of Krupp to exploit in partnership the iron ore of Ouenza, in Algeria, preceded the rather sudden *détente* between the two Governments in Feb-

ruary last. If our Spanish friends inquire who pushed them into the Melilla adventure, we can answer only by asking a further question. Who supplied the capital to the Franco-Spanish company there? If it was, as we suspect, the same gentry who were at work in Casa Blanca, there is no deep mystery to be solved. We are no warm admirers of Franco-British policy in Morocco. The wisest thing which Lord Rosebery ever said was his prediction that that Convention would bring disaster. But it is fair to point out that Creusot is not in the United Kingdom, nor are Messrs. Schneider a British firm. We suspect the French and German ordnance firms of a considerable share in aggravating the Moroccan trouble, as we suspect the British and German ordnance firms of a large part in promoting the naval rivalry of the two countries. If we want to know why all the world is building "Dreadnoughts," it is well to begin by asking, *Cui prodest?*

## THE HOLDING UP OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

The new American tariff, which is now virtually complete, furnishes the most striking example of our time of certain serious defects in democratic modes of government. Though no great political party and no large proportion of American citizens are convinced Free Traders, there has been manifested during the last few years a keen general desire for a genuine revision of the Dingley tariff in the direction of lower rates. The country has been passing through a period of deep economic depression shared by all trades and all sections of the population. But the workers, who form the vast majority of citizens, have suffered most, and they have cause to attribute no small share of their sufferings to the direct and indirect effects of the high protective duties. Prices of food and clothing have risen enormously since 1896, and, except for a few grades of favored workers, wages have made no commensurate advance, so that the working classes as a whole find that no share of the enormous growth of wealth which the rich resources of the country have yielded to recent capitalist methods has passed into their hands. Their share, indeed, is not only relatively but absolutely smaller per head than it was before the Dingley tariff came into operation. Protection, they say, has not protected their wages. Neither has it secured for them employment, for the depression, which has thrown out of work hundreds of thousands here, has literally thrown out millions in America. Moreover, the part played by the tariff in building up trusts and combines and in empowering them to tax the necessaries of the people has become manifest to the meanest intelligence. Hence the politicians of all parties before the last elections committed themselves to a policy of lower rates on common articles of consumption, and in particular to a removal of protection for the trusts. Inside the Republican party two powerful sections, one in New England, the other in the Middle West, under energetic leaders pressed for radical reforms, and challenged the "stand-patters" to defy the evident will of the people. The press of both parties, with remarkable unanimity, favored a genuine reduction.

But the business interests which govern America and the politicians who represent them have felt strong enough to set aside the popular will as mere empty clamor, and to force through the two Houses a measure more complete in its offensive and defensive structure and in the support it renders to vested interests than any which has preceded it. "It constitutes," writes the New York representative of the "Times," "a work of art in the international gallery of tariff legislation and deserves the place of honor. Its framers have industriously gathered in all the stray industries which Mr. McKinley and Mr. Dingley overlooked, and when in full operation, in combination with its *maximum* provisions for combatting hostile tariffs, its new methods of ascertaining cost to prevent under-valuation, its inquisitorial system of invoicing, and its improved administrative clauses, it will present to the foreign markets of the world the most formidable barrier that European importers have ever been called upon to scale." So far as it is possible to foretell from a first view of the elaborate schedules, no considerable damage will be done to British export trade. The duties upon textiles, largely prohibitive, remain much as before, and though there are increased duties on a few metal goods there is no great alteration of the scale upon metals, machinery, leather, and other articles which make up the bulk of our export trade of thirty-one millions to the United States. It is even suggested that we may indirectly gain by the operation of the maximum scale in turning over to us some of the trade hitherto done by other foreign countries which may fall under this ban. For one of the significant features of this Payne-Aldrich tariff is that it provides for a constructive application of a surplus tax of 25 per cent. upon all imports from countries which in any single matter discriminate against the United States. This method of retaliation will have the effect of limiting the power of important customers like Germany or France to negotiate with a single eye to special trade with other countries than the United States. Should Germany, France, or any other important customer prove recalcitrant at this interference, the clapping of 25 per cent. on to the tariff rate is likely to exterminate her trade, and possibly enable our merchants to displace foreign by British goods. Even under existing conditions some apprehension is manifested in Germany lest her protective measures, masquerading as sanitary, directed against American imported meat, should furnish a sufficient fiscal reason for the imposition of this maximum tariff. The greatest immediate sufferer from the new tariff, however, is likely to be France, for substantial increases have been put upon the wines, silks, and other luxury goods which she supplies. Thus does Free Trade guarantee this country against the reprisals which continually threaten her Protectionist neighbors.

Even if President Taft succeeds in getting the Senate to admit to the free list coal, iron ore, lumber, hides, and oil, which are the objects of the final struggle of this week, the Tariff will nevertheless stand as a crowning act of perfidy and tyranny, committed by men elected by a "free" vote of the whole body of American citizens to execute the popular will. For another decade, it seems, the great, intelligent people of America

are to be forbidden to take advantage of the superior natural resources, the higher skill, the better machinery, organisation, or labor, which other friendly nations may happen to possess. Forbidden to buy these better or cheaper products, they are compelled to put up with dearer or inferior goods of their own making. America is full of seats of learning in which Political Economy is taught. Yet such is the control which business interests exercise over the intellectual machinery of the country, that the most elementary truths regarding the nature and the benefits of international exchange are either "boycotted" or else are so doctored and sophisticated that they become inoperative for practical policy. Every person of ordinary information in America is fully aware of the trick that has been played upon the people by the politicians. They even know how it is done; for the lobbyists for woollens, chemicals, or steel have been at work naked and unashamed. They know that their Senate is composed of or controlled by the great manufacturing trusts, the railroads, the banking and insurance corporations and their lawyers, and that it is used primarily and openly to safeguard the business methods and enhance the private fortunes of the little oligarchy of wealth which is able to pump down its will into the great democratic machine and get it up again duly registered as the will of the people.

The complete collapse of American Radicalism in the last presidential election must, doubtless, have emboldened Mr. Aldrich and his pirates to their work. But they have also been materially assisted by a conspicuous revolt of Southern senators against the traditional democratic policy. The new manufacturing South is brewing its own big business interests, and its business politicians are clamoring for a finger in the tariff pie. Thus the solid party opposition which in earlier years the Democratic party would have offered has been broken. It is not, in fact, difficult to explain the result in terms of machine-politics. The adoption of the protective idea and its embodiment in legislation have indeed been historically the most important factors in the construction of the perilous machine which has mastered American democracy. This ignominy and injury suffered by the nation nearest allied to us by race, institutions, religion, and morals, will assuredly be suffered here if we once permit this accursed system of organised corruption—to which Mr. Balfour invites by the sophistical epithet of a "moderate and equitable" tariff—to set its foot again on English soil. Once empower our rich, able manufacturers and merchants to keep out their foreign competitors by taxing their goods, to organise combinations, control markets, and to charge consumers monopoly prices, our Houses of Parliament, Lords and Commons alike, will similarly find themselves unable or unwilling to "reform" the tariff in any other manner than by raising rates which rob the consumer while they antagonise the foreigner. This is of the essence of Protection. The Payne-Aldrich Tariff furnishes a crushing rejoinder to Tariff Reformers of Mr. Balfour's type with their silly talk of little 10 per cent. duties which "nobody will feel." Once put our Protectionist into the political saddle and he will "go the pace" like any other Dick Turpin.

# Life and Letters.

## THE RIGHT OF PLAIN SPEECH.

THERE is in the history of constitutional rights a vast chapter which still remains to be written. It is the manner of our historians to treat the winning of rights as the old-fashioned novelist used to treat the loves of his juvenile heroes. The romance of history ends with a charter or an Act or a sensational trial, much as the novel used to end with a happy marriage. For a few centuries or decades or generations the life of a people is turmoil and strife, the beheading of kings, the making of civil wars, the imprisonment of popular champions, and the trial of bishops. But there always comes an auspicious moment when the right is at last conceded, and then we are left to suppose that people and rulers live happily ever afterwards, like the model couples of the old three-volume tales. To our thinking history is rarely so simple as that. The real fight is much more to secure the effective exercise of a right than to obtain its formal recognition. Coercion is the earliest and the crudest of all the weapons of a governing class. It is really formidable only when it begins to smile and to organise. The old way was to send Wilkes to prison. The new way is to make Sir Alfred Harmsworth a peer. Rights are stifled much more effectively by the steady use of social pressure and the adroit dispensation of patronage than by the public and violent punishment of rebels. To make rebellion and plain speaking dangerous is also to make it heroic, interesting, and, ultimately, popular. To make it slightly disreputable and rather bad form is to place it, in modern conditions, under a much more formidable ban. It is the latter process which has, on the whole, succeeded in silencing the greater part of our Press in the face of the coming visit of the Tsar. The prosecution of a newpaper for using critical language towards Nicholas II., had it been possible, would have raised a tempest of indignation. The subtler method was that of the Windsor Garden Party incident, by which members who voted against the King's visit to Reval were placed under a social boycott.

The right of free speech we still possess, and always shall possess. The less it is used, the less is it assailed. What we have lost is the habit of plain speech, one might almost say, the right of plain speech. It was a right which our forefathers exercised a little roughly in their comments on the doings of other peoples. We were secure in our splendid isolation. We made neither alliances nor understandings. We feared no Continental Power, we courted no Continental Power. Our voice amid the contemporary tragedy was, in its freedom and its impartiality, a Euripidean chorus, commenting in bold words on the doings of the protagonists on the stage beyond the Channel. Nor was it an obscure or chaotic chorus. It had its leaders, who spoke as boldly and as bravely as the mass. Those were the days when Mr. Gladstone dared to say of a foreign ruler that his Government was the "negation of God." We made enemies among the great of the earth. Our independence, our supreme indifference to consequences, made us envied and sometimes disliked. But it also caused us to be regarded as the friend of every national cause, and made of our public opinion a force which was dreaded by tyrants and invoked by the oppressed. There were then, as now, powerful influences which resented this directness and fearlessness of speech. Queen Victoria, to judge by her letters, seems to have spent a good deal of her political energy in attempting to curb it. The answers of her Whig Ministers are on record. They always insisted that, at least, they had voiced the national mind, and made of our foreign policy a true expression of the national will. "Somewhat of the good opinion of the Emperor of Russia and other foreign Governments may be lost, but the good-will and affection of the people of England are retained." So Lord John Russell wrote to the Queen in defence of Palmerston's condemnation of European despotisms. The sentence survives to point the contrast to the habit and attitude of our modern

Whigs. We have won the good opinion of the Emperor of Russia. But no one who witnessed Sunday's demonstration in Trafalgar Square against the dishonor of his visit can claim that our Russian policy retains in this respect the "affection" of the people of England.

In this respect Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House of Commons supplied the measure of our loss of the old tone and point of view. It was not merely a defence of the policy of our quasi-alliance with the Russian Government. It waived the old claims of sympathy and free judgment in foreign affairs. "It is not our business," he declared, "even to know what passes in the internal affairs of other countries." That our policy should be color-blind in its relationships, that it should not see the stain on the hand it grasps, that it should allow no consideration based on the character of the government with which it deals to influence its conduct—that would be the natural consequence of this doctrine that it is not our business to know what passes in foreign countries. Sir Edward Grey was answering an indictment of the Russian prison system, the indiscriminate hangings, the tortures and the exile of untried suspects, which recalled Mr. Gladstone's exposure of the Neapolitan dungeons. He did, indeed, suggest that some of Prince Kropotkin's figures are inaccurate—an answer which is sufficiently disposed of when one states that all these figures were laid before the Duma by the Russian Government itself. But his main answer was not a charge of inaccuracy. It was that we have no business to know what passes in Russian prisons, that the abominations of Jewish massacres and Siberian convict settlements are not relevant facts which the director of our foreign policy can be expected to consider. For our part, the name of Nicholas II., whom King Edward will welcome next week at Cowes, recalls to our mind principally this one sentence which appeared among the foreign telegrams of the "Times" on September 26, 1906:—

> "At the instance of M. Stolypin, the Tsar has made a grant of £2,500 to the Union of Russian Men, which is now endeavoring to organise a pogrom at Odessa."

Such are the facts about the internal condition of Russia and the character of the nation's guest, which it is not our business to know. It was our business in 1906. But that was before the consolidation of the Triple Entente. The fact which appears most to impress Sir Edward Grey about the Tsar is that "during his reign a constitution was granted to his country." Mr. Bernard Shaw's retort is conclusive, "It would be almost equally relevant to say that during the reign of Charles I. Parliamentary government was firmly established in England, and that under Leo X. occurred the Protestant Reformation."

It is not in regard to Russia alone that this doctrine of diplomatic indifference is sapping our influence on behalf of humane causes. Everyone who has taken the pains to follow the recent history of Turkey is aware that as yet the Turkish Government has failed to punish any of the real authors of the Adana Massacre—it has punished the Armenians. The Court Martial has published its findings. It announces that, since 80,000 persons are more or less guilty, it would be well to pardon everyone. This pitiful confession of weakness was received in silence by nearly all the English Press. There were two exceptions. The "Daily News" recorded a vigorous protest. The "Westminster Gazette" expressed its satisfaction that no one, or very few, should be punished for the slaughter of 16,000 Christians, on the ground, as it put it, that one cannot bring an indictment against a nation. It is quite untrue to accuse the Turkish nation of this Hamidian massacre. But, if it were true, the conclusion would certainly not be that we ought to embrace that nation. The considerations which have imposed this nearly unanimous silence are not at all obscure. An influential young Tory, who has travelled in the East, and was connected for a time with the diplomatic service in some honorary capacity, remonstrated last week with a member of the Balkan Committee, who proposed to raise this question in the presence of the Young Turkish delegates. "For Heaven's sake, say nothing," he declared. "If you do, it will be reported in the 'Osmanischer Lloyd' (the German organ in Constantinople). The Young Turks are already leaning to a German alliance. If you talk about Adana, you will push them over the line." There in all its apprehensive cynicism is the working theory of our foreign policy to-day. We must abandon the right of plain speaking, in order to play our hand with more effect in the European game called the Balance of Power. We must learn to adopt the habits of the flunkey, that we may enjoy the delights of hegemony. The maxim must fail even in its own ends. We shall not find our prestige enhanced because we dare not discriminate in our public courtesies between the French President and the Russian Tsar. We shall not be more powerful in Turkey because even in London we dare not speak of Adana. We have entered the climate of fear; we have succumbed to the twin and banded phantoms of panic and hatred. We are not the stronger because we have put a gag on our own lips, or more formidable because we no longer stand erect to speak a fearless word.

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## "OH, FOR THE WINGS!"

When M. Blériot lumbered noisily across the sunrise last Sunday morning and alighted with toilsome mechanism upon our shores, the organist of Dover's parish church was inspired to raise the familiar anthem which cries and cries for the wings of a dove. In that strain of almost excessive sweetness he was uttering the long desire of all mankind. To leave the common world on wings, to fly into the wilderness and have rest, or with Faust to follow the setting sun upon the pinions of a crane—"the day before me, and the night behind"—is a yearning persistent in the human soul. Perhaps it springs from a dim reminiscence of unrecorded time; just as they tell us that the sense of falling into an abyss as we go to sleep, is a reminiscence of days when a creature arboreal in its habits missed its hold among the branches and fell down, down into the depths of the primeval forest where crawling monsters of the fen stood waiting with open jaws. Far more precious, at all events, would be the memory of that still more distant age before the thing that was to be man made the greatest error in its development, shed the plumes from its pinion joints, and took to liquid mud and spiky rocks instead of the bright plains of air.

Passionate regret for that irretrievable error still haunts the imagination of every race. Victory flies upon the wings of an eagle; fairies flitter through the twilight on the wings of butterflies or moths; the ocean nymphs rustle on feathers to the cliffs of Caucasus; Iris is borne upon the wings of the rainbow, angels upon the wings of swans, love upon his own. Without wings the great emblems of strength and terror are incomplete, and there have been religious symbols that were little else than wings. Even to monsters they are added, and the Furies, though lame of foot, pursue with the wings of vultures. The good horse Pegasus and the lion of St. Mark are winged; but the Harpies, for all their woman's breasts, are winged in like manner, though for evil intent. So were the Griffins that guarded the hyperborean hoards of gold, and so is the Griffin that now stands sentry to the City at Temple Bar.

In nearly all cases the common mind has made the anatomical mistake of attaching the wings to the shoulder-blades, though sometimes artists have pictured them sprouting from the heels, or even from the head. But throughout man's history we find the same longing for flight, the same mournful desire to recover that precious faculty lost so long ago. The soul is imagined winged, and so are thoughts, and so are even words. In one of his earlier books, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt suggested how much the world might have gained if its dominant genus had developed from another stock. Let us suppose them sprung from peacocks instead of apes. How much more beautiful men and women would then have been! How finely clad in their own nice

down, instead of being wrapt and decorated in the putrifying relics of other beasts and birds! How many disagreeable and apelike habits they would have escaped, what jabbering, what ill-temper! But, above all, on what oarage of wings they would then have launched from the battlements of the sky! Similarly, Anatole France has imagined a race of creatures that was developed out of penguins owing to an ecclesiastical misconception. But from generation to generation that brood came to resemble the present human stock with more depressing deterioration. For penguins, like ourselves, have but rudimentary wings, and cannot fly.

The finest wit of man has been expended in the vain endeavor to recover that early gift and to move from place to place with ease. In all ages prizes have been awarded to those who traversed space most quickly even on their own poor legs, and swift-footed Achilles was honored by his constant epithet because he could beat a tortoise. Perhaps the supreme moment in man's history, since his fall from air, came when it occurred to some semi-human being to avoid peril or reach new pastures by clinging to another animal's surface. "I am slow and weak," he said in his gibbering gabble; "you are swift and strong. You shall move me to yonder place." Driving his black nails into the hide of a furry mammoth, lying with all four legs extended upon his victim's back, steadied by a prehensile tail lapped round the creature's flanks, man started upon his first ride—his first essay in vicarious locomotion—and from that moment his supremacy over all the beasts of the field was assured. Thence came his conquest of nature, and his diffusion through the world; thence Alexandrine invasions, and passages of the Alps, charges of light brigades, the rapturous applause of Derby winners, and man the sum and crown of things.

Many and various are the fellow-creatures which he has impressed to aid his transport. By lashing himself to the neck of the giraffe, he avoids sliding over its tail; by fastening a step on each side of the horse, he clambers on its back and retains a fairly upright posture; by constructing a platform upon the elephant, he stalks through the land as on a conning-tower at sea, and he has taught the elephant neither to break his master's head against overhanging branches, nor to include him in the tepid shower drawn up through its nose from an internal reservoir to refresh the dusty way. Balanced upon the swaying hillocks of a camel, man ventures across the ocean of sand, defying the seasickness which has earned for the camel its title to be called the ship of the desert. Strength of spine and the disposition of cast-iron slaves have saved the horse and the ass from the extinction due to their antediluvian forms and solid hoofs. The rolling ox is the charger of Central Africa, and since the silly ostrich chose to run instead of fly, man has fitted a bridle to its beak.

It was a cunning thought that suggested to man thus to become a parasite of movement, to walk with knee-joints not his own, to assume the Centaur until he was thrown, and to deem a king dishonored in his statue unless the bronze sufficed for a horse as well. But next to this thought, man's subtlest invention in his endeavor to console himself for the loss of flight has been the wheel. The wheel is of the same divine order of inspiration as the Promethean gift of fire or the sublime convolution of successive sounds by which the sons of apes have rivalled the choiring of the birds and spheres. Harnessed to wheels, lions and panthers have drawn the gods made in man's image; horses have collected Olympic dust and sped the scythed chariot through the crops of war; oxen still drag the spiked wagon of Eastern peasants on axles revolving whole; zebras once bore beauty to the shops of Regent-street; goats delight man's young on Margate sands; and a woman and a dog together trot the milk-cans round in France. Attached to wheels, a steaming kettle will outrun the wind and whirl us in its wake, indifferent to the proximity of the grave; ignited oil bears vulgarity's superman through a stricken countryside; and the nursemaid lightly pushes the perambulator of the twins. On wheels we writhe like snakes beneath the surface, we outstrip the guides upon the Silver Horns, and stand stock-still in County Clare.

Our fathers set two wheels in line, and, balanced as on a razor's edge, they sped downhill upon the hobby-horse. We added crank, chain, and pedal, and the cycle bears us along the level and up the hills besides. But time would fail to narrate all the many devices that man has elaborated to spare his legs and compensate him for unfledged arms. The elk that draws his sledge he calls a reindeer, as though God made it to be driven; and the faithful dogs that drag him to the Pole are eaten, instead of feasted, for their reward. Strapped to long walking-sticks, man stalks like a flamingo over the sandhills of Biscay. Binding boards to the soles of his feet, he leaps like a goat, rushing down Norwegian snows, and the inhabitants of Dunge Ness waddle over their shingle like the duck-billed platypus. Nor is it only birds and beasts that are imitated by our aping race. For want of fins, the savage sits astride a log and paddles over the unbreathable water with a flattened stick; university students gasp at Mortlake; and "Dreadnoughts" are propelled by a fish's tail. "White wings, they never grow weary," cries the sailor in the only beautiful line that popular songs have given us in twenty years, but the sail of Ulysses came nearer the model of a nautilus than a seagull, and, though the submarine may be called a clumsy parody on the Northern Diver, no naval constructor has yet approached the combined mechanism of the flying-fish.

At this moment there is among us in London a human being who has wagered to encircle the globe by a million means of motion. He seems a man of all-round-the-world talent, for he proposes to hop, skip, jump, skate, ski, ride, drive, walk on his hands, swim, slide down the bannisters, and do 999,990 other things upon his way. Were not his purpose to keep himself alive, we should suppose such a method of spending the brief interval of this earthly existence indicated a mind diseased. But is he not, after all, the mere epitome and emblem of mankind in our secular craving to recover the power of the bird and be in two places at once? The better half of man's ingenuity has been expended on aids to movement, and more than on Platonic philosophies he prides himself on the comfort and rapidity with which he can go somewhere else. And now a new crisis in that long endeavor has arrived. After the desire of prehistoric ages and the toil of unnumbered generations, after the most delicate employment of mechanism and subtle calculations of the invisible forces that bind the stars together, one or two men of dauntless courage and heroic persistence have accomplished the movement of a card that you toss against the wind. We extol M. Blériot, we feast and reward him, we flock in thousands to gape at his machine; and it is no wonder, for he has restored to mankind some remote semblance of the lost faculty we have been so long seeking to regain. With whirring motors and an infinite elaboration of planes and angles he has done at great peril what an eagle does daily without a visible movement of its silent pinions, what a swift does a thousand times an evening with screams of delight, and a tomtit by cheerful flapping of its tiny feathers. On the strength of feats like these, man rightly calls himself the paragon of animals; but what does an albatross call him when it sees him fly?

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## THE SPEECH OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

> "An old woman, at least eighty, was seated on a stone, cowering over a few sticks burning feebly in what had once been a right noble and cheerful hearth; her side glance was towards the doorway as I entered, for she had heard my footsteps, I stood still, and her haggard glance rested upon my face. 'Is this your house, mother?' I demanded, in the language which I thought she could best understand. 'Yes, my own house, my own house, the house of the broken-hearted . . my own house, the beggar's house, the accursed house of Cromwell."

The passage is from "Lavengro." The phrase used by the old Irish-speaking woman is memorable in a book that contains many memorable phrases. Here Borrow

is true to the dignity that is always in the heartfelt speech of the Irish people. Anyone who knows the peasantry could recall phrases of their making to go beside the one that Borrow has recorded. The writer went into a house where a quarrelling couple lived. There was silence when he entered, but the atmosphere was still tense. "What is the matter with you, Nora?" he said to the woman. She answered with a single phrase that was like a line of tragic poetry. "There is an old devil eating the flesh off me." Outside the man made an apology. "I'm running the four winds of the world striving to get them bread. I would not know why the people were dressed nor when the holidays came, I'd be that bent to the hardship."

Along the Gaelic districts, speech in English is neither abundant nor picturesque. The English language has come through the newspapers and the school-books, and it has received little temperamental coloring. When they wish to express something that is intimate, the old people turn from English to Irish. A vigorous English is spoken in the Irish Midland Counties. "Did you know such a person?" the writer said to an old man who was breaking stones by the roadside. "Did I know him? Do I known my own oul' shirt? Ay, I know him as well as I know bread!" It was an answer that might be given by one of the popular characters in the Arabian Nights, by the fisherman or the porter. With their descriptive power goes a fine sense of style. "The water of that well. . . . When the sun would be splitting the flags the coldness of it would shiver the teeth in your head." The people have a remarkable power of illustration. Describing the night of the great wind, a man said, "It was a wind to blow the world out." You saw the poor little world flickering like a candle. Of a child that was self-contained a woman said, "Maggie's one in herself. She wouldn't be 'put out' (perplexed or embarrassed) if she saw you coming down the road with horns on you." When the same child attempted to make the sign of the cross with her two hands a man said, "She's like a dog at a rat-hole, striving to take it right and left." A fine impression of a yell is given by their phrase, "He let a red roar out of him." Of an adventure, such as going to the agent's to get the rent reduced, they say, "It is like going down to hell to take law against the devil." They can improvise little proverbs, "A borrowed horse should have hard hoofs," "Money was made round to go round." They have expressions that seem to have been invented by literary people in imitation of folk-speech. The people actually say, "She's as sweet as the heather," "The dread never left their hearts nor their eyes," "You're like the flowers that grow up—everything is welcome to you." Naturally, they think little of poetry written in the language they use. A countryman said, "No good ballads are made now; the people that make the songs haven't the language." Against his own vigorous and picturesque speech he set this ideal of poetic diction:—

> "Like Hercules, undaunted, he did them oppose,
> But being far from his friends, in the midst of his foes,
> And having no armour, no sword, and no shield,
> At length valiant Reilly was forced for to yield."

A contribution to the study of the Irish dialect of English appeared in the April and May numbers of the "Fortnightly Review." The writers, Miss Hayden and Professor Hartog, show that the dialect is naturally formed and logically constructed, that every deviation from the standard tongue has its reason and its explanation. Many idioms in the Irish dialect are survivals from the Gaelic: "I saw him and he coming down the road." According to the writers in the "Fortnightly," the use of "and" in this way survives from Old Irish. "I am after writing a letter" is a sentence puzzling to a non-Irish person. The speaker does not mean that he is in train to write a letter; he means that he has just written one. The majority of Irish people regard the use of "after" in this way as logical and right; they will be surprised to learn that Sir John Rhys, not finding the form in any other Indo-European language, is inclined to believe that it came into Irish as a literal translation from some pre-Aryan tongue. Perhaps the writers in the "Fortnightly Review" have not dealt sufficiently with another interesting tense in the Irish-English dialect. In reply to the query, "Does it rain here?" the native says, "It bees raining," or "It does be raining." The native is striving to get an exactitude that is possible in Gaelic. As the student of O'Growney knows, there are three different ways of saying in Irish "Edward is a Ruler." The use of the first form would imply that Edward was born a ruler, the second that Edward became a ruler, while the third would convey the idea that Edward rules intermittently. The verb in the third form corresponds in sound with the English "be," hence "bees" and "does be" are used in Irish-English as a frequentative tense, thus: "He bees lame in the winter," or "He does be a cripple in the winter."

The faculty of expression is part of the Gaelic genius; it develops in a country where there is no great pressure of affairs, where the intellect is at the service of the imagination rather than of the practical will; it is fostered by an environment created by a highly-developed social sense. "Isn't my wife a well-discoursed woman?" said a young farmer, speaking of one in whom the social and literary sentiment had run to seed. His father made answer: "She thinks she's as famed for her conversation as Daniel O'Connell, but there's as much heed given to her as to the dog barking on my ditch outside."

The energy and the extravagance of the people's language is well reproduced in the dialogue of Mr. Synge's plays. Here is a speech from "The Playboy of the Western World":—

> "It is that you'd be saying surely if you had seen him and he after drinking for weeks, rising up in the red dawn, or before it maybe, and going out into the yard as naked as an ash tree in the moon of May, and shying clods against the visage of the stars, till he'd put the fear of death into the bonavs and the screeching sows."

Mr. Synge's dialogue is not a transcription; it is a re-creation. There is a selection of words and phrases. Gaelic idioms unused in English are boldly translated. All the speeches are in the same rhythm. Mr. Synge's dialogue is a splendid convention; it is related to the language of the cabin as the dialogue in Oscar Wilde's comedies is related to the language of the drawing-room. Of all writers of Irish dialogue, Carleton is nearest to absolute authenticity, and the speech that Carleton records is vigorous and dramatic. "We'll decide it now," says the brother of a girl to her lover, in one of the stories of the faction fights; "we'll decide it now. I'm as good a man as you, O'Callaghan. And let me whisper it in your ear. You'll never warm the one bed with Rose while God is in his heaven. It's past that now. There can be nothing but blood between us."

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## HISTORY BY PAGEANT.

On a pleasant lawn, flanked with trees, and closed in, save for a glimpse of ancient windows and towers beyond, by beautiful ruined mouldings of old grey stone, silvered over with decay, stand two long lines of singers, chanting to the occupants of a Grand Stand the eternal song of Hope and Memory. Memory (in blue and white) sings in appropriate bass of the things buried in "æonian sleep," while Hope (in orange and yellow) lightly invokes the golden train of years to come. Memory, with venerable beard and air, suggests, as well he may, a measure of ruth. Hope, in jerkin and hose, is full of pleasure in the joys to come. Both unite to chant, like Virgil, the founding of a City, the great northern City of York. Presently their voices cease, and as the two divisions of the chorus break up, we look across the lawn, and see the earliest dwellers in "Caer Ebrauc." They are the skin-clad Brigantes living in hive-like huts, and slaying each other and their foes with ineffectual flint implements. Enter

from near the Abbey walls a band of warriors, glistening in casques and armor of bronze. They are Ebrauc and his gallant comrades from Troy, scions of old Anchises' line. They teach the simple Brigantes the value of gold, and their daughters the charms of ornament and the delights of marriage (not unknown to their male descendants) with well-to-do strangers. Their colloquy over, the huts disappear mysteriously, rising from the ground with a vision of modern legs moving beneath them. British Queens, at once falser and less fair than Boadicea, and betrayed and hunted British warriors, shadowed by the eagles of the world-conquering legions, take their place. History and civilisation have begun; York is launched—through seven episodes and seventy times seven scenes—on her long road to greatness, culminating, a little mysteriously, with the successful siege of the Roundheads in 1644.

On her way she certainly seems to have come across a great deal of stirring human history. Here come the great Romans—Hadrian and his wall; Severus and his sons; Constantine and his mother, Helena. Severus died and was quite possibly buried in York; Constantius died there too; his son, Constantine, passed from it on the shoulders of his legionaries to tread his long and bloody path to the purple. The temptation to make much of Constantine has proved too great for the scholarly organisers of the pageant. So we have the sagacious opportunist, of whom Gibbon wrote that "as he gradually advanced in the knowledge of truth, he proportionably declined in the practice of virtue," elevated to the character of the Christian hero, and the famous legend of the conquering sign of the cross transferred from the plains of Italy to the forests of Britain. According to Gibbon, "the devotion of Constantine was more peculiarly directed to the Sun, the Apollo of Greek and Roman mythology"—a devotion barely closing with his death. But the authors of the York pageant suggest an earlier and less interested leaning to Christian evidences. Christian bishop and priest of Apollo set out before him the ever-warring doctrines of the two creeds. The one preaches vengeance, the other pity. Constantine inclines to Bishop Eborius. "If your teaching is true," he exclaims, "Apollo can wait. But if *his* be true, I cannot wait." History tells us that he waited thirty years.

The pageant is on surer ground when it deals with the early Christian scholars and doctors of Northumbria. In these York and the North were rich. Paulinus, Aidan, Alcuin, Hilda, Abbess of Whitby—a kind of she-St. Patrick, sworn enemy of snakes—all have their place. Later come the feuds between the old and the new orders, and the long, inconclusive struggle for the mastery of Yorkshire between Saxon princes and Danish marauders. Close on their heels march the figures and fighters of Kingsley's "Hereward," Waltheof, Edwin and Morcar, the two Godwins, and the great conqueror of them all, William. One hero follows another so quickly that, as the dead Siward is borne off to the solemn music of the lyke-wake dirge, the chanting nuns are almost jostled by Tostig and his housecarles. The pageant moves faster even than life, and we are in the Middle Ages almost as we lose sight of Harold's queen galloping off after her hapless lord to the field of Senlac.

The scenes which follow are the most brilliant of the pageant. The details of heraldry have been thought out in more than a year's toilsome search and rehearsal. The blazoning on shields and standards, the coloring of the banners of the guilds, the head-dresses of queens and ladies, all the bright adornment of those glittering "beasts of prey," as Mr. Coulton calls them, who ravaged and sported through that childish world—even the bells and ribbons of the gay little morris dancers, delighting in their part—are as like the old models as the scholarship of city and county and Minster can make them. Descendants of famous Yorkshire families have helped to revive the glories of the past. Lord and Lady Garnock play Richard Crookback and his queen—Shakespeare's hapless Anne. A Fairfax gallops into York, accoutred like the great Sir Thomas, to receive the city's surrender after Prince Rupert has flashed away from the stunning blow of Marston Moor. All that York's pride in her past can invoke of the historic sense has been done to illustrate York's and Yorkshire's part in the tale of England's martyrs, heroes, wars, passions, deaths for the wrong cause, deaths for the right cause, alternate embracings of truth and error, good and bad. So we canter pleasantly through Middle and Reformation and Puritan England, to the accompaniment of Cathedral music. York survives it all. The weakest of the Edwards and the worst of the Plantagenets woo her; bluff King Hal raves at her; Charles and Cromwell fight for her. But she lives to receive the filial kiss of New York, and a score of little Imperial Yorks besides, as she stands enthroned in the finale of the pageant, with the kings and queens, maids and horseboys, of twenty centuries at her feet.

It was interesting to see how a homely, vivid piece of acting and some bye-play of human story, culled from the Chronicles, lit up the long procession of capital incidents. Hugh, an early citizen of York, paid for his pig with heathen coins, which were a sin for a Christian man to touch, or Nigel, the pompous Mayor, pestered by girls of the period for places in the tournament (true mothers these of the suffragettes), made the pageant live more than a dozen solemn parleys of kings and bishops, knights and men-at-arms. Would not these splendid photographs have been more human still if they had been fixed more on the life of the times and the people—the pilgrims, pardoners, singers, friars, merchants, jugglers, peasants, bandits, who fared among the streets and roads and alehouses of old England—and less on the figures whom history blazons as her masters? These the critic and censor alone discover for us; with Chaucer's and Langland's lantern we peer for a moment through the veil that covers the unreturning past. But for most Englishmen such books are sealed; and for thousands of them the pageant is their first real dive into the abyss of time, the first treasure of Memory (in blue and white) and Hope (in orange and yellow) they have plucked from it.

## Short Studies.

### THE SECRET RACE.

On a mild autumn afternoon I was seated alone in a remote portion of Kensington Gardens. The west was aflame through a thin gauze of mist, and the broad plane-tree leaves were dropping thickly around. The promenaders upon the path skirting the water were few in number, though varied both in class and nationality. Sitting idly absorbed, I felt my arm seized. A man who had been seated at the other end of the seat was speaking to me in low, level tones.

"I want you," he said, "to look well at the man who is approaching us." I started, glanced at the speaker, and then at the man upon whom his gaze was fixed. "He is one of a race," my companion went on, "which of late I believe to be growing more numerous. They are to be found in all the great capitals of Europe. I myself have seen his kind in Paris, in Vienna, and in Berlin. Apparently they live like the Jews, dispersed through every nation, but unlike the Jews, or like some of them, they conceal their identity and appear to be unclassified by the ethnologist. They seem to have escaped his notice because they happen to emanate from every European country, and each to possess the physical traits of the various catalogued races from which he springs. But look more closely. Is there not something distinctive, something individual, in that man's aspect, which has totally escaped the notice of your scientific wiseacre satisfied with observing the shape of men's skulls and the proportionate length of their backbones?" Again the nervous hand closed upon my arm.

"You see," he whispered, with greater eagerness. "Here comes another. They have some kind of common

understanding with each other. This man, one can see, has an assignation with the other of his kind. They have just met, and are coming back together. Now, observe these two faces and forms, and tell me, is there not something abnormal in their aspect, something which marks these two men as utterly cut off from the rest of our human kind?" The man's excitement had communicated itself to my blood. I thrilled under his touch, and my whole mind was absorbed in marking the features of the men who were approaching.

One, the shorter of the two, was fair, and possessed the rough, ill-fashioned features not uncommon in the Northern lowlands. It was a face rudely cut, with high cheekbones and deep-set eyes, and yet possessing a certain massive and imposing harmony. The other was tall and dark, and handsome in a hawk-like way, and had a face the nose of which at the bridge seemed about to burst its overstrained envelope of skin. The chin was firm and round and strongly indented, and the jawbone in its powerful curve seemed almost to become visible in the boldness of its salience.

They belonged to totally different types, and to the ordinary observer there was nothing very unusual in their appearance. Seen singly, either might have passed without attracting special notice; but, seen together, as I now saw them, a singular and altogether unfamiliar effect was produced upon my mind. The two were somehow strangely alike. It was a resemblance obviously neither of family nor of human race. It seemed to run deeper than either, and to dwell rather in the spirit than in the flesh. In spite of their utter diversity of feature, it was irresistibly borne in upon me that the two men were really as much alike as are Chinamen or the Japanese in Western eyes. And the resemblance was both fascinating and repugnant.

In the first place, their expression was strangely inhuman. They struck me as the faces of men through whose brains anxiety and remorse—those twin maladies of the soul—had never passed. The complexion of the face, too, seemed somehow too pure and unblemished for men of their years. One of them was laughing heartily. Both faces were lit with vitality and animation as they talked gaily to each other. But when for a moment silence intervened, without in any way losing the color of high health, they fell into a strange deadness in expression, as if the souls of each had become petrified or were withdrawn. It is impossible properly to describe and sum up the effect these men produced upon my mind during those few moments I could observe them, but the idea suggested to me was that the inhuman look must have been due fundamentally to a certain air of *effortlessness*.

As compared with these two, all other men and women I had seen, even the most joyous, seemed to possess a strange, but essentially human, watched or even hunted look, of which in these there was never a trace.

As we two upon the seat sat absorbed and silent, watching them, one of the men shot a glance at my companion as they approached. It was a glance which sent an uneasy shiver through my body. It was a look of mingled contempt and derision, of haughty superiority and concentrated hate. It passed, however, in a moment, and the man's face resumed once more its strange, fixed, waxen look of effortless ease and power and triumphant satisfaction with the world. But he and his companion, instead of seating themselves, as they had evidently intended, passed on in silence, and finally disappeared from view. I had now time to look at the man on the seat beside me. He was a middle-aged man with resolute features. He had a pointed white beard and rimless spectacles, and from his dress might well have been an Englishman. His accent, however, sounded foreign to my ear.

"Who are they?" I asked, a little breathlessly.

"One of these men," said my companion, "is a famous surgeon; the other, one of our most illuminating writers on social reform. He likewise lectures on ethics. And yet I tell you these men are as utterly different from you and me as the dead are from the living."

"But what do you mean?" I asked hastily. "The men are certainly alive."

"Yes, yes, yes," said the foreigner earnestly. "They are alive all right, and living flesh and blood, but —but—" Here he broke off for a moment, and looked at me doubtfully. "There is something in these people," he resumed at length, solemnly—"I have watched them often now—which pertains to death. I alone know what that is. But I can assure you of this, that they know each other instinctively in whatever country they may be, that they protect and assist each other secretly; and I tell you they are growing in strength. The future is with them—all human progress—the realisation of a perfected society."

My companion ceased to speak, and was now sitting with rigid face and fixed eyes gazing into space, almost as if some strange scene was being enacted before him. Horrified, I waited for him to speak again, but he remained silent and seemed to think the conversation ended. I touched him on the shoulder. "But who, in God's name, were they? Who are these dreadful people?"

My companion looked at me in amazement. "But, my God, have I not told you," he cried wildly, "do you not understand?

"These men have got no consciousness, no freedom, no souls. Mind and free will are one; in these they have become a superfluity, and passed away. Behind these masks of living flesh the brain clock works, the unconscious figures smile and speak and work and know not wherefore. There is no 'I' to know it. That strange imponderable fragment of reality, which sees and knows and hampers us, is absent from their skulls. These are the Perfectly Efficient, the Overmen." We sat in silence together for a time. I felt a little sick with loathing.

Then my companion spoke again. "My friend," he said sadly, "do not tell anyone what you have seen, for they will think you mad, as they do me. Good-bye."

I took his hand and rose quickly, and hurried away; it was not good for me to remain. And so for the last time I saw him sitting there, his grey head, touched with the red glow of the setting sun, resting upon his hands, a moving picture of sorrow.

JOHN SANDERSON.

# Communications.

## THE ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT IN SPAIN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Who is primarily responsible for the present Spanish campaign in the Riff mountains: the Spanish, the French, or the English Government? Let me put this question in the columns of your paper before your influential readers. No other question is to-day more important for my country.

The campaign, as you already know through the telegrams published in English papers and dated from Madrid, Barcelona, and San Sebastian, is intensely unpopular in Spain. The Spanish correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" did not exaggerate the national feeling in saying from San Sebastian (July 23rd, 1909): "I may remark as a fact worthy of note that I have been unable to find a single person who is in favor of a war with the Kabyles. Everybody is unanimous in declaring that a campaign would have no object, and would be disastrous to the national interests." San Sebastian is the fashionable summer residence of the Court, the Government and the rich classes. Had he written from any other place his words would have been still stronger. The Socialist party has practically stopped all propaganda in order to stir up the country against the war. The Republicans declare ("El Pais," July 20th) they are going to expel from their party any individual who favors the war, even by keeping silent. The Basque Nationalists, all clericals and conservatives, are unanimous against the war. So are the Catalanists of the left. The most widely read of the moderate papers, "La Correspondencia de España," wrote before the embarkment of the troops: "We

should neither waste a man nor a peseta in Morocco. To go to Morocco is to court revolution." Nine-tenths of the Press is entirely set against the war. But the cry "Down with the war!" is not political; it comes spontaneously from the people. In Barcelona, when the steamer "Cataluña" was leaving, the enormous crowds on the wharves cried "Down with the war!" and the soldiers replied, "Down with the war!" from the deck of the ship. In Madrid the Government has tried to avoid hostile manifestations by moving the troops at three and four o'clock in the morning; but the crowds did not sleep all night, in order to be able to repeat their cry before the soldiers left. The Home Secretary has said: "It looks as if Madrid had become an effeminate town." But the cry against the war is not effeminate. People cry manfully: "*Guerra a la guerra*" (War against the war!). One paper says the agitation is of an anti-militarist character. But the crowds cry: "Long live the Army! Down with the war!"

It is true the "Times" correspondent has said (July 26th): "In view of mischievous reports circulating abroad, it is necessary to say that public opinion here is not opposed to the war." But the truth of this statement is qualified by this other statement which appears in the same page, column, day, and paper, written by the same correspondent, and printed only sixty lines below: "The expedition is not more popular than before . . . ."

Now, what are the causes of this unpopularity? Partly, obviously, the old mistake of employing troops recruited by conscription in Colonial affairs; partly the special kind of conscription we have got in Spain where rich and middle-class recruits redeem themselves from service by paying £60 to the Treasury, and throw the whole burden on the shoulders of the poor. Partly because in the eleven years of self-analysis we have had since the absurd war with the United States the intellectual classes of Spain have arrived at this conclusion, that what is needed for Spain is peace, for in all our troubled history it is what has always been lacking. We must have peace (they say) in order that the force of intellect may take its rightful place, hitherto usurped by emotion and overwhelmed by floods of blind opinion. Because our common sense tells us that there is nothing to gain in a campaign in the desolate, waterless, treeless mountains of the Riff, and we should waste on it the money we want for the colonisation of the barren deserts of our own land. But above mere practical considerations (for our moral conscience is awakening at the same time as our intelligence) we feel that the Moors are our brothers, and that this war is both immoral and unjust. Also because the people of Spain look upon this expedition as a business whose purpose is to secure the interests of the shareholders in the Riff mines. "We are going to promote the Beni-bu-ifrur mines!" exclaimed a reservist on board the "Cataluña." The Liberal ex-Minister, Sr. Villanuerra, has said that the massacre of the four Spanish workmen in the mines was arranged beforehand by the Company. "The Government, neglecting my sound counsels, and obeying pressure from Paris, opened the hinterland of Melilla to the French Mining Company, and so provoked the actual events." But, above all reasons, the war is unpopular because it is not our war; the Spanish people are convinced that the war has been forced upon the Spanish Government by foreign Powers.

Don Joaquin Costa, one of our greatest writers, says again and again that the culprit is England, "la pèrfida Inglaterra." Don Genaro Alas, our military critic, says that the Spanish Government "is not free in this question." It is a known fact that the Conservative Prime Minister, Sr. Maura, has resisted during more than two years diplomatic pressure to start the campaign; thanks to him we only sent a few soldiers two years ago to accompany the French expedition to Casa Blanca. And now, when we ask why the Government is forcing this war upon our people and the Kabyles, we get the same reply from the rare supporters of the campaign: "International obligations," says "El Universo." "Europe, not ourselves," says "A. B. C." Europe in this case means England, as England was the power which placed Morocco in French and Spanish hands.

It is not the first time the name of England serves to cover an unpopular action of our Government. We are still asking why our Government is going to spend two hundred million pesetas that we want so badly for elementary schools and works of irrigation to buy ironclads of 14,000 tons which are old and useless even before they are finished. The partisans of this naval policy tell us that England wants us to buy a fleet as a reward for the Anglo-Spanish *entente*. As regards the fleet, both the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Times" have said that they cannot understand Spanish policy. Nor are we old supporters of the Anglo-Spanish *entente* able to believe that the English Government has the slightest interest in making us buy a fleet and fight an unpopular war. What advantage can she possibly obtain by this policy? She does not want our ships for a war, and she gains nothing by ruining Spain and the Riff by this campaign. Everybody knows that the conquest of Morocco is an expensive and difficult business. When France found it so, her bellicose mood was considerably chastened. When England found that the diversion of French forces would only weaken her hands in Europe, she has ceased to force the invasion of Morocco upon the French Republic. What interest can England have in making us conquer the wildest and poorest and fiercest part of Morocco?

We know that we have to pay something for the security we receive from the *entente* with England. Let us develop quietly our own lands, our own mines, and our own minds. We cannot be a naval Power for many generations, as we cannot improvise a fit *personnel* for modern ships, but we might be able in a few years to organise a good army. We could then be useful to France and therefore to England, if it is not found possible to meet every emergency by a Pan-European *entente*.

But, notwithstanding those reasons, the mass of Spanish opinion believes blindly that our actual policy in Morocco is dictated by the English Government, as, it believed, was the acquisition of the fleet. In the same way it attributes to the English sympathies of our Court the increase of luxurious living, of sport, of motor cars and of yachts, things that our aristocracy is too poor to afford, and which would inevitably entail political corruption to meet the enhanced cost of life in Spain.

If there is no truth in the statement that our actual policy in Morocco is dictated by England, Mr. Editor, tell us so with your authority. We may then say to our Government: "It is not England, it is you." If there is some truth in it, we, the Spanish friends of England, may always go on pointing out to our people that besides the world of idle sport, of useless ships and futile wars, there is an England of culture and social reform. But why do you English Liberals make our task so difficult for us?—Yours, &c.,

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU,
Correspondent of "La Correspondencia de España," of Madrid.
Devonshire Club, St. James's, S.W.
July 27th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE WORKING OF THE LAND TAXES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Will you kindly explain one portion of your interesting article on "The Working of the Land Taxes." You give an illustration. "Land exists (for example) in the neighborhood of a village. Its agricultural value is, say, £50 an acre. Through a rise in prices it goes up to £100 an acre. Meantime, its value for building continues small—there being no demand for building expansion—say, £40 an acre. That is its site value—a value for prospective building purposes, quite apart from its agricultural value—which the site would sell for, quite apart from its agricultural uses."

May I suggest that if there is "no demand," there cannot be any price? We have surely been taught that price depends on the relation between demand and supply.

In the next place, is it possible to have two sale prices for the same article at the same moment of time? If your agricultural value goes to £100, can your site value rise to £60, seeing there must necessarily be no sellers—that is,

"no supply"—at the lower price? If there is any "demand" for building land, it can only be met by paying the higher agricultural value, and this therefore is the site value. So, too, as it seems to me, if the land of that village has a building value of £150, nobody will sell that land for agriculture at £100; for there being an effective demand at £150 (whatever the purpose)—and if there is no effective demand, there is no present value—to sell at £100 would be to give away £50.

Finally, you state "the principle of the increment tax" as "one of extreme simplicity. . . In case of any subsequent increase of value of any portion of that land (the land of the British Isles) which is not due to the industry and exertion of the individual owning that land, one-fifth goes to the services of the State." But in your illustration you assume that, "through a rise in prices," the value of the agricultural land of your village, from being £50, "goes up to £100 an acre." Is this rise in price "due to the industry and exertion of the individual owning that land," or is the very simple principle stated by you by no means the principle of the increment tax? If the rise in prices is due to the industry and exertion of the individual owning the land, does not this infer that he has entered into a combination with other owners to force up prices? If so, is that an exertion which should excuse him from the payment of any tax? If the rise is not due to his industry and exertion, as it is evident that the community does actually pay the extra prices—whereas the "rise" in the "site value" may be merely a surveyor's estimate, or guess, which nobody pays—is it not at least as reasonable (if at all) that the increment tax should be applied to agricultural land?

In the case you put, you try to make a distinction between the agricultural value of £100 and the non-agricultural value of £150, and you say that the land "would then pay—on its non-agricultural value—the difference between its present site value for building (£150) and its previous site value for building (£40). An increment of £110—an increment duty of £22." But if, as you suggest in this sentence, there is an actual agricultural value of £100, and for some reason in compulsory sale this land is sold at the agricultural value—and, as I have suggested, if there can be no sale at the agricultural value, then there is no such value—this increment duty of £22, being paid by the seller, must necessarily come out of the agricultural price (£100) which he receives. Supposing you argue, that if he sold for £100—this being the agricultural value—he could not be charged any increment on account of the building value, then what comes of the increment site tax in this case, seeing that *ex hypothesi* the site value, as declared by the tax commissioners and their surveyors, has gone up to £150? My point in this connection is that only the actual sale will give a complete valuation, and that in such a sale the value must be either agricultural or non-agricultural and cannot by any possibility be both. I put this case because, as it seems to me, this part of your argument rests upon a confusion in terms, and I am sure that nothing is further from your wish than to state an argument unfairly.

The question as to valuation is distinct from these. But is there any really fair valuation in all cases—possibly there is in some—save an actual purchase transaction? At the present moment the City of Leeds is in arbitration with a neighboring landowner for the purchase of 600 acres. The expert valuers for the owner—all of them men of honor and experience and good judgment—put the value at about £235,000, while the valuers for the Corporation—equally honorable and experienced—think £32,000 a top price. The difference does not suggest simplicity in estimating the increment.—Yours, &c.,

LEODENSIS.

Leeds, July 24th, 1909.

[The able and interesting letter of "Leodensis" reveals the difficulty of attempting explanations in a condensed form of matters of some complication. There are three chief points to which an answer may be useful.

(1) Can a piece of land have an agricultural value of, say, £100 an acre and a building value of £40 an acre? Certainly; though we should perhaps have said "prospective" building value. This is the value which it would fetch in the market quite apart from the operations of agriculture: the value for possible future building, even if to-day it were a blackened waste. It is an "entity" entirely familiar to surveyors and valuers in the neighborhood of the big towns; and it may be there, even although there is—as we said—no demand at the moment for building expansion. It may rise—with the increase of the prospect of an effective demand for building—until it overlaps the agricultural demand. It represents the growth of, and demand for, an alternative use of the land: for, when building commences, the agricultural value disappears.

That "building value" represents a hidden demand which appears in the capital value, but not in the rent. "Leodensis" is perfectly correct in asserting that land with a value of £150 will not *sell* for £100. But land which "will not sell" for much more than £150 may have an "agricultural value" (deducible from the capitalisation of the agricultural rental) of only £100.

(2) "Leodensis" asserts that a rise in prices which drives up the price of agricultural land from £50 to £100 is not due to the industry and exertion of the individual and hence should be subject to the increment tax. We think he has misunderstood our use of "prices." By that term we meant prices of agricultural produce in the open market: he takes it as a rise in the "prices" of land, due to a combination of owners. If he means that agricultural increment—*i.e.*, a general increase—in the value of land, due to failure of foreign harvests or the imposition of a tariff, is essentially "unearned" increment, we entirely agree with him, and think that such an increase might legitimately be included in the increment tax. In fact, the only argument against its inclusion is the plea *ad misericordiam—i.e.*, that agricultural landlords have been nearly ruined by the great fall in prices in the past forty years.

(3) He states (what, indeed, is well known) that large discrepancies generally exist between the estimate of the valuer employed by the buyer and that of the valuer employed by the seller. That seems to us the strongest of all arguments for a universal State valuation, conducted throughout the country upon a systematic and uniform plan.—ED., NATION.]

## "A REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—We are all, I think, glad of the opportunity offered by the columns of THE NATION of considering "without heat and haste" the difficulty of the present situation. As I ventured to open the correspondence, may I try to make my position as clear as Mr. Wallas has now made his? I do not think it is really antagonistic, though I may be looking more sanguinely to the "freer atmosphere of a ten years hence" than he is, and there is one point at least I wish to criticise. As I said in my first letter, I hold no brief for the present system of religious instruction. Still less do I wish to be understood as advocating "compulsory religion" which, with a celebrated Canon, I find a difficulty in distinguishing from no religion at all. With Mr. Wallas's specific proposal, moreover, to reduce the number of hours of religious instruction from four or five to one or two per week I find myself in hearty agreement. It is where he adds that "the immediate result would be that the instruction would be specialised" that I sincerely hope he is wrong. This, I think, would be a grievous educational misfortune, and it is because I desire to carry reasonable undenominationalists with me in this contention that I venture to add a postscript to my first letter. The article in this week's issue on the "Future of Cowper-Templeism" opens with the statement that "what we have to deal with is broadly the effect of the Higher Criticism on that undenominational Biblical instruction which has been given since 1870 under the Cowper-Temple clause." I believe that so long as we confine our attention to this aspect of the question we shall never truly understand the situation. It will remain to us, as it does to Mr. Wallas, a matter, first, of denomination and specialisation; next, probably (and, I think, naturally and rightly), of exclusion. We seem to have before us a far wider question—nothing less than the possibility, the value for human life, of what the article calls "spiritual religion" itself. I know these questions are not for a journalistic correspondence, but no helpful result can come of the present

discussion unless we keep them clearly before our minds. Taking for granted that the nation's mind is set on maintaining at all hazards as the basis of education belief in the reality of the unseen and the spiritual as interpreted, not by religious philosophers, but by the greatest of the poets and the ethical teachers of all time, how, we ask, can it best be made a part of the national system? What is the best preparation of the teacher for the task of transmitting it to the coming generation? If this or anything like it is the real problem before us, three things, I submit, at once follow. That Biblical instruction is only important as one (if withal the greatest) of the traditionally and, in the judgment of so good a witness as Professor Huxley, reasonably approved methods of moral and religious education. (2) With the right use of this instrument "academic instruction" in the results of the Higher Criticism has little or nothing to do. What is wanted is not that the teacher should know whether St. Paul wrote the Pastoral Epistles, or whether he ever wrote anything at all, but that he should be able to see in the ideas of the Pauline books and in the other more inspired portions of Scripture living parts of a great ethical and religious tradition, and to use their words as a means of inspiring and strengthening the faith in the unseen which is the essence of all the great religions of the world—places, as it were, where the veil of the sensible and obtrusive has worn thin, and the underlying truth of our world and our experience shines clearly through. It is only such a view of the teacher's preparation that holds out any hope of a "solution" of the religious difficulty. For it is only by teaching of this kind that the new generation can be carried past the sectarianisms that meantime obstruct us in the effort to set our national system of character-training on its proper basis. (3) The power I speak of is one that those responsible for the curricula of our colleges are called upon to give *all* teachers in training the opportunity of acquiring so far as it can be acquired, and can only by a fatal misapprehension regard as a speciality to be entrusted to a few. It was because some of us felt both the enormous importance and the enormous difficulty of such work that we did not resent as apparently we ought to have done and were even under proper safeguards prepared to welcome the issue of regulations which seemed to pledge the central department to the support of efforts which individuals might be making to supply what is so cryingly wanted. The minute may have been mistaken, but it cannot be a mistake to appeal to progressive politicians for sympathy with the view of the function of training colleges to which I have tried to give voice.

We are summoned by the article "to free ourselves from the bondage not only of the daily forty-five minutes, but also of the typical London County Council syllabus." I agree, but I would add that we free ourselves also from bondage that the idea of which those brought up in public schools and the older universities find it so difficult to rid themselves of that religious teaching means "divinity" and that the main requisite is "Biblical instruction of an academic kind."—Yours, &c.,

J. H. Muirhead.

Birmingham, July 26th, 1909.

## FATHER TYRRELL'S POSITION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Although I have no right to make an explanation of Father Tyrrell's position, as one who has read all his books, I should like to answer "F. R.'s" question in your last issue.

It was essentially "a human problem" with which Tyrrell was concerned, but he did not think that he should therefore be less interested in "a domestic readjustment." Like every great thinker, he dealt with that which he knew best as his starting point for reform. The domestic was for him not separable from the human. He knew well that the problem as it stands within the Roman Church is like that of every religious organisation, but he wished the term "Modernism" to be reserved for the peculiar solution attempted by those Roman Catholics who are—in the present circumstances, unfortunately—intelligent. Other Churches, however, are faced with a similar problem, and may find a solution not unlike Modernism. Tyrrell's force would have been lost if he had tried to establish a Modernism which might be equally applicable to Islam or Positivism. But it is clear that he never lost sight of that City of God where neither sect nor nation is known—which, nevertheless, lives in and through all nations and all sects. He saw that the only true Catholicism was to be found through individual religion. He hated clericalism chiefly because it lives by vicarious religion.

His attempt has failed. The Roman authorities may now breathe a little more freely until history proves the small worth of success.—Yours, &c.,

C. Delisle Burns.

Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.
July 27th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The best way for "F. R." to understand the late Father Tyrrell's position is to read his books. He will then discover that—quite unintentionally, I am sure—he has been guilty of an impertinence in asking whether the author was concerned "merely with a domestic readjustment or with a human problem." Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive a more human problem. For the issues raised in Father Tyrrell's books affect not only all Roman Catholics, but men of all denominations—in fact, many hundreds of millions of Christians.

"F. R.'s" difficulties are chiefly verbal. A Catholic Church is truly Catholic, not by virtue of its universal membership, but by virtue of its life and ideal. It is against the perversion of that life and ideal in the Roman Catholic Church that many of Father Tyrrell's books have been written. But his work also makes a wider appeal to all men of good faith. He was convinced that every religion can bring men near to God though they differ in their kind and degree of excellence, and though Catholicism on the whole seemed to him to comprehend what is best in all.

As for the good Positivists and Agnostics, he judged them more by their conduct than their formulated beliefs. "Often," he writes in "Oil and Wine," "one who says he does not believe in God, only repudiates a belief in some conception of God that his reason tells him is untrue or impossible; and he would only need a skilful Socrates to show him that a belief in God is knit into the very texture of his thought and life." He believed that if a man who puts truth and honor and goodness before every other claim could always disentangle his ideas, "he would find himself governed ultimately by a de-humanised, but essentially sufficient idea of God."

I hope this short letter, which is necessarily inadequate, may lead your correspondent to read more of Father Tyrrell's books. No religious writings of our time will better repay study, and they are always distinguished by a fine style and rare candor and sincerity. At the same time I would remind "F. R." that there are great men whose "position" cannot be defined as simply as a place on a map. And George Tyrrell, I believe, was one of them. He had a *source* and a *direction* to which he held with unflinching singleness of purpose in the teeth of much bitter persecution. He was for our generation a dynamic force, a great truth-seeker, and he dedicated his life to the service of the God of Truth. History and criticism may be left to define his "position."—Yours, &c.,

James A. Walker.

London, July 27th, 1909.

## TAXING SUPERFLUITIES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I have just come across the following passage in Penn's "Fruits of Solitude" (sec. 53), which seems worth quoting in connection with the Budget discussion:—

"Were the Superfluities of a Nation valued, and made a perpetual Tax or Benevolence, there would be more Almshouses than Poor; Schools than Scholars; and enough to spare for Government besides."—Yours, &c.,

M. A.

Morton Aldis, Beckington,
July 23rd, 1909.

## THE SUFFRAGETTES AT BYE-ELECTIONS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The letter from Mrs. Brailsford which you printed on Saturday exemplifies very charmingly the power which her sex so notably enjoys of tempering admirations with strong sense and of restraining optimism within the bounds which facts, dispassionately viewed, impose. Her enthusiasm for the stalwarts of "The Cause" and for the methods which they so tastefully employ, is founded on very thorough knowledge of them both. Her membership of the W.S.P.U. has extended over a period of seven days, and within that time she has travelled from London to Buxton and from Buxton to Dumfries. The evidence that she has gathered on her journeyings is remarkable, both in quantity and worth, and the noteworthy facts that she rightly now makes known may be summed up all too briefly in the following digest:—

(1) No one was impolite to her on the way.

(2) Two men were polite (a stationmaster and a guard).

(3) Several people discussed the suffrage question with her.

(4) Her absolutely reasonable defence of the Union's tactics confounded some who had asked "Why oppose a *Liberal* Government?"

(5) Some "canny Scots" at Dumfries grasped her position.

(6) A young Dumfries woman (*a*) had thought the Suffragettes worse than they were, (*b*) has joined the Union.

(7) (*a*) A Buxton restaurant-keeper, (*b*) a Buxton doctor, (*c*) Mr. Arthur E. Piggott, testified to positive results achieved by the Union's efforts.

Truly an astonishing accumulation of pertinent facts. But Mrs. Brailsford is not content with accumulating them. She can explain them, and she does. They are due to the oratorical ability, the business capacity, the "selfless" devotion of the members of the Women's Social and Political Union, and to the support which their enthusiasm derives from the consciousness that comrades are meantime starving in prison, "hunger-striking for the dignity of their cause." After this, Mrs. Brailsford leaves the realms of fact and soars into high planes of imaginative thought. She contemplates the possible effects of Suffragette oratory upon a group of hypothetical quarrymen, and shadows forth the feelings that they would experience "when some refined womanly woman who is addressing them suddenly begins to tell them about her arrest and imprisonment."

Now that the stationmaster and the guard, the Dumfries lady and the Buxton restaurant-keeper, the Derbyshire doctor and the conceptual quarrymen have given their evidence thus convincingly, Mrs. Brailsford asks for a verdict and sentence against the guilty Government, and proffers pardon and relief on the sole terms that it "take its head out of the sand" at once. But possibly the Government does not wish pardon and relief. Possibly it is as enamored of self-sacrifice as the members of the W.S.P.U. Possibly it would rather endure the persecution of the Union and the desertion from its colors of the Buxton restaurant-keeper and the young married woman of Dumfries, than purchase immunity at the light cost of admitting defeat before the dog-whips and the megaphones. Perhaps the Government, too, will martyr itself for the sake of its own "dignity." This is really the most interesting point in all the information that Mrs. Brailsford gives—her explanation of the "hunger-strikers'" policy as adopted "for the dignity of the cause." They starve *for the dignity of their cause*, and for the dignity of womanhood, no doubt, therewith; for that dignity which the Downing Street padlocks and the dog-whips at the Albert Hall, the slapped inspectors, and the bitten constables, and all the long roll of their achievements have in the past so worthily preserved. It is possible to defend these tactics of the militants on the ground that they make for notoriety, that they keep the question of the vote before the public eye (and it cannot be denied that the policemen at least are likely to remember it), and this defence is sometimes met by the reply that notoriety is not popularity, and that if you scratch a policeman you do not necessarily find a suffragist, but to the argument from dignity an adequate answer is not so easily found. I, at least, stand appalled before it, and can only regret that my conception of "dignity" is so far removed from that of Mrs. Brailsford.

It is possible, however, to say a word on the matter of the Liberal deserters of whom Mrs. Brailsford speaks. The Government has promised to do at the earliest moment all that a Government without orders from the country can dare to do for the Suffragists, and while the Budget battle is being fought, a man who does not vote for the Liberals because they have not done more than this must have ideas of proportion that are strange at least. Mrs. Brailsford should, perhaps, have asked these deserter friends (at some unguarded moment) how many brewery shares they held. That the cause of the Suffrag*ists* (differentiated from the Suffrag*ettes*) is popular in the country I do not doubt. It would be sad indeed if it were not. But is it possible to believe that Suffragettism and its methods advance that popularity? The final argument for women's suffrage is the argument from education—the argument that only by the possession of political power will women be made fit to exercise it, and it is well indeed to know how great the need for this educative process is. But to emphasise, as do the militants, their extreme unfitness for a trust is not the best way to secure its committal to them. There is a very delightful optimism in Mrs. Brailsford's letter, and her enthusiasms do her honor, but she is surely a little rash to infer from the politeness of strangers in a train, the friendliness of a railway guard, and the interest which a cart-load of clamorous feminists excites in a city at election time, that the militant tactics of the W.S.P.U. are seriously promoting the "Cause of the Vote."—Yours, &c.,

J. FERGUSSON ROXBURGH.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
July 26th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The letter by Mrs. Brailsford in to-day's NATION is both interesting and instructive. It has all the enthusiasm and daring of the new convert without the quite unnecessary bitterness which characterises most of the suffragette utterances.

The writer tells us that the W. S. & P. U. having "every form of calumny to fight," she, armed for the fray, went down to Buxton to help. But when she arrived on the battle field she found, much to her surprise no doubt, that there wasn't an enemy—no, not a sign even of that campaign of calumny she had been led to expect by her officers at headquarters. Absolutely "nothing but courtesy, interest, and real kindness awaiting her." Exactly. There *is* no real enemy to the woman's movement—except the suffragette and her suicidal policy of the end justifying the means.

This policy is well expressed in their battle cry, "Keep the Liberal out." It has been very deliberately adopted, and the militants have not hesitated on every occasion to ally themselves with the forces of reaction to make it effective. This policy, it seems to me, is like a spear pointed at both ends, which always wounds the hand that wields it. With an unscrupulous and often subsidised Tory Press no programme could be more popular than that which has for its first object the "humiliation of a Liberal Government," and the Yellow Press has taken full advantage of the help offered by the W.S.P.U. Publicity in such journals, however, does not necessarily imply progress, or most of the reform movements of the day would die of starvation.

Working men, as Mrs. Brailsford reminds us, know all about strikes and starvation. They also know something about the methods of the modern Tory newspaper syndicates. Then, too, they are not entirely ignorant of the fact that smashing windows, other than one's own, means, when caught, fine or imprisonment. These persons who break windows to call attention to a grievance, and who are described by Mrs. Brailsford as "facing starvation or maybe death for their principles" are not martyrs. They are very 'cute advertising agents, who, with their cleverly posed flashlight photographs "taken by our own photographer," have nothing to learn from any publicity department of American politics.

"Votes are being turned" (not many in Buxton, by the way). Yes: mine is one, but it has been turned away from the Suffragettes and not to them. There is another side to the picture drawn by your correspondent, and it is this: Like most Liberals, I believe in woman suffrage because I

believe in government by the people, but I had seen nothing of suffragette methods until I attended the great meeting in Queen's Hall in support of the Licensing Bill. What I saw and heard there, and at the subsequent Peckham election, filled me with intense disappointment and disgust. The callous want of principle displayed in that shameful alliance with the agents of the drink traffic degraded and disgraced the suffrage movement in the eyes of thinking men and women all the country over, and, I am quite sure, alienated many thousands of persons who, like myself, had been sincere well-wishers and supporters, and until that outrage has been atoned for the Suffragettes will be neither forgiven nor trusted.—Yours, &c.,

WM. S. CAMPBELL.

July 23rd, 1909.

## THE AMERICAN COLLEGE FOR GIRLS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In February or March last you published a letter from a lady of educational experience who had recently visited the above institution and desired to interest English people in the useful educational work carried on by our American cousins in Armenia, Turkey, &c. The reactionary mutiny at Constantinople which occurred in April may have deterred many of your readers from following up the subject by sending contributions, as requested, to Miss Isabel Fry, 239, Marylebone Road, London, N.W.

But now that the Constitution of Turkey has recovered from that shock, and on the occasion of the presence in England of delegates from the Committee of Union and Progress, I submit that there exists a great opportunity for testifying in a non-official but practical manner our sympathy with the Young Turks' struggle for liberty and our desire to share with Americans the expense and the honor of extending facilities of education where they are greatly needed.

Miss Fry informs me as follows in reply to my inquiry as to the past and present demand for education in the Near East:—

"I was so impressed both with the character of the women who are working there and the results of their work as shown both in the tone of the pupils and in the usefulness of the lives of former students at the college, that I feel bound to try to make English people aware of the importance of keeping it going on with efficiency.

"One ex-student, a rich Armenian girl, has given up her comfortable home in Broussa and taken up life in one of the remote interior villages simply because she knew it to be one of the most wretched and forsaken communities in Asia Minor. There she is devoting herself completely to civilising, educating, and befriending the poor people, who are in a state of almost chronic famine.

"In Bulgaria, again, the college influence has been immense, and an offshoot or copy of the parent college at Constantinople has been started by ex-students in Albania, where it seems to be almost the only secondary school for girls in that country."

The college was only recently founded as a branch of the American missionary work which has been carried on for forty years or more. But recently a separate corporation has been formed under B. Parker Bowne, LL.D., of Boston, U.S.A., as President of an influential council, to carry on the college on independent lines.

Current expenses, of course, exceed the fees paid by pupils, and the Principal of the college, Dr. Mary M. Patrick, now returning to Constantinople from America, reports that she has collected annual subscriptions from all parts of the United States of America for the better support of the college than it had under the Mission Board.

But an excellent estate on the north shore of the Bosphorus has been obtained for the erection of more extensive premises than those hitherto occupied at Scutari, and funds are wanted for this purpose.

Will not some of your readers come forward to help Miss Fry to form an English organisation for the purpose of collecting a suitable sum for presentation to the American College Corporation?—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED S. JONES, Lt. Col., M. Inst. C.E.

Finchampstead, Berks,
July 25th, 1909.

## THE INSCRIPTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—On a visit to Westminster Abbey some time ago, I could not but observe with much regret how very worn were many of the tomb inscriptions, some, indeed, of the more important being completely obliterated. This wear is undoubtedly caused by the ceaseless tramp of sightseers and hero-worshippers, and is, perhaps, more apparent from the Chatham monument in the North Transept to the Poet's corner. Most of the inscriptions in this particular locality are graven in the tomb-stone, and left unfilled by any preservative, such as the brass finishing process, which indicates to the visitor without any exhausting search the resting-place of David Livingstone. The North Transept is almost exclusively occupied by the dust of great statesmen whose actions and policies have made an Empire world-wide, and yet how difficult it is to locate the graves of Castlereagh, Fox, Pitt, Chatham, and even one of so recent date as Gladstone's. I have communicated with the families of some of the great statesmen referred to regarding the scandalous condition of the tombs in this particular transept, and although they appreciate very keenly the necessity for some action in the matter, they are naturally rather reluctant for obvious reasons to interfere with the Abbey authorities.

Observations of this nature may have been brought under the notice of the Dean ere now, but, if so, for some reason unknown to the public, no effective remedy has been either proposed or suggested. Some there are in whose estimation it may appear sacrilegious to tamper with relics which command the veneration of every seriously disposed person, and this is a consideration which I do not pretend to make little of, but however much one may feel disinclined to effect "modern improvements" in this ancient pile, the necessity for preservation of the inscriptions presents itself for urgent attention, failing which, the Abbey authorities will be guilty of nothing less than vandalism. The functions and characteristics of a carping critic or a busybody I do not wish to assume, but humbly suggest that, if improvements of this nature are not provided for by the Abbey funds, a public subscription list should be opened for this purpose to enable the Dean to keep our National Necropolis worthy of our national traditions.—Yours, &c., S. J. HUTCHINSON.

60-76, Chichester Street, Belfast,
July 27th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## TO DORA.

In the tinted dayspring of a London alley,
Where the melting moonlight cools the sunburnt lane,
Deep in the flare and the colored noise of suburbs—
Long have I sought you in the shade and shine and rain!
Through dusky byways rent with dancing naphthas,
Through the trafficked highways where streets and streets collide,
Through the evil twilight, the night's ghast silence,
Long have I wandered and wondered where you hide.

Young lip to young lip, does another meet you?
Has a lonely pilgrim, when day was stark and long,
Drawing ever slower to the grey road's ending,
Reached a sudden summer of sun and flower and song?
Has he seen in you the world's one yearning,
All the seasons' message, the sky's sweet play;
Read in you at last the riddle of the heavens?
Have you to another been the dark's one ray?

Well, if one has held you, and, holding you, beheld you,
Shining down upon him like a single star;
If Love to Love leans, even as the June sky,
Laughing down to earth, leans strangely close and far;
Has he seen the moonlight mirrored in the bloomy
Sudden-living gloom of your dear dark hair,
And, seeing it, has worshipped and cried again for heaven—
Then am I joyful for a fire-kissed prayer!

THOMAS BURKE.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

IT is a sign of the times that the current numbers of "The Quarterly Review," "The Edinburgh Review," and "The New Quarterly" all contain articles on the mystical element in religion. Father Tyrrell's essay in the "Quarterly" is marked by the qualities of thought and style that won him a reputation such as no English Catholic writer since Newman has possessed. It is, in the main, an examination of the views put forth by Baron von Hügel in his recent book, "The Mystical Element of Religion, as studied in Catherine of Genoa and her Friends." Father Tyrrell declares that religion, like life, is a harmony or dependent organism; "and its three factors—the historic or institutional, the mystical, and the rational—correspond roughly to three stages of religious development, successive yet superposed, in the race and in the individual." But the fact that the three elements are connected organically does not hinder us giving "a certain primacy" to the mystical over the other two. "Social religion grows from and lives by man's mystical need of converse with the invisible world, with that Whole of which the few aspects that filter through our limited senses constitute the visible world. That root remains safe in the soil of humanity after its institutional and rational manifestations have been hewn down by criticism. For a time men may try to be satisfied with the root; but inevitably religion must reintegrate itself according to the law of its nature."

* * *

DR. MCTAGGART in "The New Quarterly" holds that the essential characteristics of mysticism are two in number —the assertion of "a greater unity in the universe than that which is recognised in ordinary experience or in science," and "an affirmation that it is possible to be conscious of this unity in some manner which brings the knower into closer and more direct relation with what is known than can be done in ordinary discursive thought." He points out that mysticism, thus defined, has been held in conjunction with every theological and philosophical belief. "There are mystics in whose creed the existence of God is a fundamental element, and others with whom the non-existence of God is equally fundamental. Human immortality is for some mystics the greatest of all truths, for others the most dangerous of all errors. Free will is essential to some mystics, determinism to others." Dr. McTaggart ends by protesting against the condemnation of the mystic who turns his attention from that which he judges to be evil, or which he temporarily finds distasteful, to that which gives him happiness. "He will gain happiness—and happiness is good. And if happiness differs in quality, his is of no ignoble kind."

* * *

A COLLECTION of essays by Mr. Francis Grierson is to be published in the autumn. Many of the critics seem not to have heard of Mr. Grierson's work until "The Valley of Shadows," a book of memories and impressions of Lincoln's country before the war, appeared last spring. He had issued previously two small volumes of essays—"Modern Mysticism" and "The Celtic Temperament." In these books he treated of contemporary life and art in a style of unusual distinction, not, however, free from a mannerism that approached preciousness. Among the subjects dealt with in the coming volume are "The Wagnerian Decadence," "Nietzsche and Wagner," "The Humor of the Underman," "Lamartine," "The Classical and the Critical," and "Equality and Opportunity."

* * *

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH have in preparation a book by Mr. W. H. Davies, which is on somewhat similar lines to his "Autobiography of a Super Tramp." Its title is "Papers on Beggars and Begging," and it relates some of Mr. Davies's own experiences in this country and in the United States. Readers of THE NATION have had frequent opportunities of appreciating the freshness and true poetic reality of Mr. Davies's verse.

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MESSRS. HACHETTE intend to complete "L'Histoire de France Racontée à Tous" by issuing the four remaining volumes during the autumn. These, in order of publication, are "Richelieu et Louis XIV.," by M. Jacques Boulanger; "La Révolution" and "L'Empire," both by M. Louis Madelin; and "Le Moyen Age," by M. Funck-Brentano, the general editor of the series. Another enterprise which the same publishers hope to complete before the end of the year is their great "L'Histoire de France jusqu' à la Révolution," produced under the direction of M. Ernest Lavisse. The coming volumes which cover the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. have been written by M. H. Carré, Professor at Poitiers.

* * *

THE first English biography of Boccaccio has been written by Mr. Edward Hutton, and will be published during the autumn by Mr. John Lane. The title is "Giovanni Boccaccio: His Life, His Love, His Work," and the volume deals at some length with Boccaccio's love for Fiametta, an affair which the biographer holds to have had a greater influence upon Boccaccio's career than is generally supposed. In addition to having written several books on Italian travel, Mr. Hutton is the editor of the "Decameron" in the series of "Tudor Translations," so that he should be well qualified for writing a life of Boccaccio.

* * *

"SKETCHES AND SNAPSHOTS" is the title of a volume of essays by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, which Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have in the press. Mr. Russell is always an engaging writer, and many readers will be glad to learn that his weekly contributions to the "Manchester Guardian" are to appear in a more permanent form. The same publishers announce a collected edition in fourteen volumes of the late Henry Seton Merriman's novels. Although Merriman seldom rose above clever mediocrity, his books have had a large sale, and he still retains enough popularity to make the coming venture sure of success.

* * *

"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BISHOP CHALLONER, 1691-1781," by Dr. E. H. Burton, Vice-President of St. Edmund's College, Ware, will be published early in the autumn by Messrs. Longmans. The work is to be in two volumes, uniform with Monsignor Ward's "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England," which began with the death of Bishop Challoner. The history of English Catholicism in the eighteenth century has not hitherto received much attention although the period from Wiseman onwards has attracted a crowd of writers. Two other theological works to be published by the same firm are "Christian Ideas and Ideals: An Outline of Christian Ethical Theory," by Professor Ottley, and a volume of historical and miscellaneous essays by the late Father Ryder.

* * *

AMONG works of fiction preparing for publication are a translation of Sudermann's "Das Hohe Lied"; "Great Possessions," by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward; "The Blindness of the Reverend Dr. Gray," by Canon Sheehan; "Robert Emmett: An Historical Novel," by Mr. Stephen Gwynn; "The Haven," a story of life in a Devonshire fishing village, by Mr. Eden Phillpotts; Mr. William de Morgan's long-promised novel, "It Never Can Happen Again"; and "The Knock on the Door," by Mr. Robert Hichens.

* * *

"Sailing Ships and their Story." By E. Keble Chatterton. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 16s. net.)

"A Century of French Poetry: Being a Selection Illustrating the History of French Poetry during the last Hundred Years." By F. Y. Eccles. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Press Cuttings." By Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 1s. net.)

"Sir Randal Cremer: His Life and Work." By Howard Evans. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

"Old English Towns." By William Andrews. (Laurie. 6s. net.)

"Wind and Hill: Poems." By Geoffrey Winthorp Young. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Forty Years of American Finance." By A. D. Noyes. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

"The Constitutional History of England." (Methuen. 6s.)

"The American Negro (Southern States)." By Booker T. Washington and W. E. B. Dubois. (Unwin. 6s.)

"The Marriage of Hilary Carden." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Laurie. 6s.)

"L'Esprit de Monsieur de Talleyrand." Par Louis Thomas. (Paris: Dorbon. 7fr. 50.)

"Œuvres Choisies de Madame Desbordes-Valmore." Par Frédéric Loliée. (Paris: Delagrave. 3fr 50.)

"Les Réveillés." Roman. Par Michel Corday. Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## FRANCE BEFORE THE STORM.*

M. Kovalewsky draws in this very interesting volume a detailed picture of the economic condition of France during the period immediately preceding the Revolution. He leaves on one side many of the questions discussed from contrary points of view by De Tocqueville and Babeau: questions such as those of the extent and nature of popular education, and of the powers and vitality of the village assemblies. M. Kovalewsky addresses himself rather to the economic structure of 18th century France; to the interpretation of such facts as can be collected about the distribution of property, the methods of industry and agriculture, and the actual state of the different parts of France when the Revolution broke out.

The authors and contemporaries of the Revolution always spoke of it as the destruction of the feudal system. This description M. Kovalewsky contends was entirely misleading. Nothing remained of the feudal system to destroy except certain survivals of the special privileges of the nobility in regard to property in land. France was no more feudal in the 18th century than Russia was feudal before the Reform of 1861. There is indeed a sense in which the term can be applied to 18th century France, the sense in which nowadays the term is used of the great concentration of the means of production in a few hands. By feudal M. Kovalewsky understands a relation of mutual responsibility and aid, a state of society in which, for example, the peasants were quite content to spend the night in keeping the frogs quiet in the neighboring ditches in order to secure the repose of their lords in the chateaux. Feudalism as a system of reciprocal duties had virtually disappeared before the 18th century, and the state of things which provoked the Revolution was the increasing antagonism of the rich and the poor in a society in which the poor were continually exploited for the benefit of the rich.

This is the main theme of M. Kovalewsky's book. He supports it by a detailed examination of the evidence he can find about the condition of the different classes. The general picture he presents is one of decay, and this decay, he thinks, was general in all parts of France amid all the diversity of conditions and tenure. Land had been changing hands to a great extent in the 18th century, but, unlike De Tocqueville and Arthur Young, M. Kovalewsky maintains that the land had been passing not to the peasants but to rich merchants. Incidentally he combats De Tocqueville's view that the aristocracy in the 18th century despised all connection with the rich bourgeoisie; he thinks the two classes mixed freely. He combats, too, Arthur Young's view that peasants owned two-thirds of the landed property in France. He argues that peasants held a certain amount of land under the tenures known as censive, champart, or terrage, but that their position was really analogous to that of the English agricultural labourer. He quotes as an illustration the returns made by a curé of Craon in the course of an inquiry set on foot in 1763 in Metz, who gave the name of laborer to peasants owing these dues. He thinks also that the peasants, so far from gaining, were losing their hold on the land during the last part of the 18th century, and he points to the evidence contained in the procès-verbaux of the States of Auvergne to show that in parts of France rural depopulation was setting in at a rapid rate. The peasants' burdens were indeed overwhelming, and they were growing. The condition of the Breton peasant was summed up in a sentence by the economist, Moreau de Tonnés: "Des quatre gerbes qu'il récolte d'un champ, l'une appartient au seigneur, l'autre au curé de la paroisse ou au prieur du convent voisin; la troisième sert au payment des impôts et la quatrième—à couvrir les frais de production." M. Kovalewsky calculates that in Picardy only one-fifth of the income from his holding remained in the hands of the peasant. These dues became more and more oppressive with the growth of taxation and the growth of privileges. Thus the Church managed to bring more and more of the peasants' property within the grasp of the *dîme*. M. Kovalewsky, after tracing the gradual extension of this tax to new products, and showing what an importance was attached to this among the causes of the stagnation of agriculture by contemporaries of the Revolution, remarks aptly that a man must have a large dose of idealism in his nature to be able to shed many tears over the disappearance of the touching relations that used to exist between the Church and its flock. If the Church weighed more and more heavily on the peasant, so did the seigneur. When the peasant failed in paying his dues he was treated without mercy. If he paid regularly, the seigneur, though he could not raise his direct rent, could take it out of him by a rigorous insistence on seigneurial rights known as "banalités." These rights had their origin in service. The seigneur, that is to say, built a mill, and in return he could oblige the peasants to grind their corn there or pay him for it. But, in the time M. Kovalewsky is discussing, peasants were in some cases paying the banalité although there was no mill for them to use; in others they were paying it in order to acquire a right to grind their corn somewhere else.

The Physiocrats thought that the true remedy was to get rid of all these tenures and to develop large capitalist farming. They consequently encouraged the movement in that direction that was going on in France during this period. But the results, while threatening to create a new social problem, did not, as a rule, bring the economic benefits that were expected. Enclosures, again, another panacea, were not followed by great agricultural improvement, and Arthur Young pointed to the parts of France where enclosure had been pushed far, as examples of a bad state of cultivation.

Meanwhile, what was becoming of the aristocracy of France? De Tocqueville pointed out that under Louis XVI. the higher ranks of the army were much more of a monopoly for noble blood than they had been under Louis XIV., and he argued that the nobles, as they lost political power and the land, tended to attach greater importance to their privileges. But there was a further reason for this change. The aristocracy was driven to seek its revenues from other sources as its land passed to the rich merchant, and the two quarters to which it looked were the higher ranks of the army and the higher ranks of the Church. Consequently one of the social features of the time is the growing distance between the Bishop and the curé. The curé was more or less of a peasant, sharing his wretchedness and hates; the Bishop was a noble and regarded the curé as "un vilain, sentant le fumier." Their relations were not sweetened by the fact that the dues wrung out of the peasants went as a rule into the rich and not the poor pockets of the clergy.

It is impossible to do more than glance at some of the main ideas of M. Kovalewsky's work in the space at our disposal. He has given a singularly interesting and detailed picture composed from the reports of Committees as well as from the cahiers of the state of France. It is a picture of hopeless confusion, due partly to heavy taxation, partly to the bad survivals of a system of which the good attributes had perished, partly to the power of the rich to ravage the country for their pleasures, partly to the systems of tenure and the dead weight of custom. M. Kovalewsky thinks that in many respects the peasant was worse off than the English agricultural laborer: that, for example, he ate less meat and was worse shod. But there are two important differences which go far to explain the divergencies of agrarian history in the two countries. The peasant had not lost his status; there was continual litigation between the seigneur and the peasants, and that litigation we may remark incidentally has bred the class of lawyer who is so prominent in the Revolution, a lawyer who looks at politics from the point of view of the peasant and not from the point of view of the rich. The English litigation that concerned this class centred not round the rights of peasants against the squire, but round the disputes of different parishes over pauper settlements. The English agricultural laborer was in no position to carry on war with the squire. And if the peasant had not lost his status, he had not, as a class, lost his footing on the soil. These two facts explain the success of the Revolution.

* "La France Economique et Sociale à la Veille de la Révolution: Les Campagnes." Par Maxime Kovalewsky. Paris: Girard & Brière.

## THE END OF PAPAL ROME.*

In "Il Fine di un Regno" Signor de Cesare described the closing years of the Bourbon rule in Naples. "The Last Days of Papal Rome" is, like the former volume, a "moral photograph"—a few years and it would have been too late to obtain it—of a social order that has disappeared. That it should have existed within the memory of men now in middle age is an illustration of the "nos et mutamur in illis"; we find it difficult even to imagine what less than a generation ago was concrete fact. That it has ceased to be so is due to no single cause. It is safe to say that the forces of what clerical writers call the Revolution could not have overthrown it unaided. The assent, tacit or avowed, of Catholic Europe was a necessary factor in the event:—

> "The temporal power fell, partly because it appeared no longer necessary to the Catholic conscience, which reasoned that, if exempted from political power, the Pontiff's independence and the liberty of the Church would be better guaranteed."

The Pope denounced this position as hypocritical; and, as long as it was that of the few, he held his own against it. When it became that of the many, who, when all is said and done, hold the balance, it swept him away.

The Papal Government, though under the influence of panic or revenge it could be brutal enough, as in the Perugia massacres of 1859, was not usually cruel. But it was meddlesome and muddling. It professed to be paternal; it was grandmotherly. Its charities were more demoralising than its severities. The *Panem et Circenses* tradition was a legacy from the worst days of the Republic; the *sportula* survived from the time of Juvenal to our own. Economically as well as morally the effect was disastrous:—

> "The poverty of the lower classes far exceeded that of any other European city. The workmen who lived without charitable assistance were in the minority; work was intermittent and individual and unassisted by credit. Each man worked on his own account, and rested or made holiday as pleased him best, often spending in one day the earnings of a week. Such irregular existence was rooted in the knowledge that, under no circumstances, could anyone die of hunger. The municipality daily subsidised some three thousand families, and the cardinals, monastic orders, and princely houses also spent large sums in this manner. The Jesuits sent out daily hundreds of baskets containing food to families to whom they could not well give a halfpenny in alms."

In spite of this elaborate system of doles, the Government lived on a volcano. The balance of power on which it depended was uncertain; and the Risorgimento had developed ideal motives of exceptional loftiness and strength among Italians. Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel were figures cast in a heroic mould—their opponents had not among them a single leader of moral or intellectual eminence; the nearer a man approached this standard the more half-hearted was his support. The battle was unequal: the fittest—it could not but be so—prevailed.

The benevolence for which Pius IX. had a name was uncertain, and not inconsistent either with considerable vindictiveness or with an irascibility which sat ill on a man of his calling and rank. He was kindly, when not opposed; one of his leading traits was curiosity; he was inordinately vain. The epileptic tendency which he never wholly overcame was the key, it has been said, to his personality and to his Pontificate; his treatment of the unfortunate Cardinal d'Andrea, of Santucci, Guidi, and the Patriarch Audu, can only be accounted for on some such hypothesis: a perfectly sane man does not lose self-control in this way. The atmosphere of Byzantine flattery in which he lived would have affected a stronger mind than his. The Jesuit Oliva had known the Popes of his day, he tells us, before they were raised to the Papacy: in each case the elevation was followed by a marked deterioration of character; the office is the test of the man. In a humbler station Pius IX. would have left a happier record; his was not the stuff of which rulers are made. Antonelli was a man of another type. A Roman official to the manner born, astute, without scruples or fanaticism, he contrived to make himself necessary to a master whose weaknesses he condescended to and despised. A politician rather than an ecclesiastic, he used fanaticism for his own purposes: Veuillot, Pie, even Manning were pawns in the game which he had to play.

> "He realised that the political Papacy was doomed, and was convinced that nothing could avert the catastrophe. He therefore left a free hand to the Ultramontanes after he saw that Pius IX. took their follies seriously. Perhaps he, too, had some illusions; but that touch of Roman scepticism which endowed the race as a whole with a substratum of good sense, and the precipitation of events after 1859, convinced him that resistance was useless; therefore he let events take their course, not feeling assured, like Pius IX., that the Divinity would interfere. Neither a mystic nor an idealist, he desired to enjoy life and to accumulate a fortune, which, in fact, he did."

In 1860 the fear of invasion gave rise to an effort to enrol an international army for the defence of the Papal territory. Antonelli held aloof; but the Pope, now under more fanatical influences, named Mgr. de Merode, Pro-Minister of War, and Lamoricière, Commander-in-Chief. It was a reign of terror: the Fausti case reproduced the features of the *Affaire Dreyfus* on a smaller scale. It is pleasant to learn that the just and intelligent Leo XIII. made generous reparation to the victim and his family: nothing in his too long Pontificate was more discreditable to Pius IX. Meanwhile the new army was organised, if the word can be used.

> "Hundreds of volunteers arrived, among them Austrians liberated from prison, turbulent and undisciplined Swiss, Spanish beggars, starving Irish, whom it was impossible to persuade to wear decent uniforms, or even to carry a sack to hold their belongings. They were incredibly dirty and immoral, the most turbulent claiming their pay with menaces. Besides these de Merode formed a regiment of volunteers drawn from the Ciociara, baptised by the Romans "barbacani," who preferred robbery and pillage to military glory. This was the only native element that could be collected. To harangue, to pay surprise visits to the barracks, to hold reviews, to dream of battles, such was de Merode's life."

The Syllabus of 1864 broke down Cavour's formula, *libera chiesa nel libero stato.* Two incompatible conceptions of society stood face to face: the only freedom recognised by the Papacy was that of hindering men from being free. The one must increase, the other decrease; all that was possible was a succession of accommodations between the two. The Vatican Council belongs rather to theology than politics; but the aim of the Pope in engineering the Definition of 1870 was mainly political. He believed that by means of it he would be able more easily to subdue the revolution and secure the temporal power. He was soon undeceived. "I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but I tell you you will never enter Rome," were his words to Victor Emmanuel's envoy on September 8th. Twelve days later the Italians occupied Rome.

The new Rome is still in many respects the outcome of the old: national character, the growth of generations, is not changed in a day. Readers of Zola's "Rome" will remember Orlando Prada; his regrets, his counsels, his unswerving faith. Signor de Cesare ends on a lower note.

> "Rome has carried even into national life her keen and characteristic scepticism, before which the strongest impetus dies down, and the most rooted convictions yield to the temptations of opportunism, and still more to that law of adaptability before which the city at all times has bowed, and caused its conquerors to bow."

Here is the difference between the Italian and the French mind.

* "The Last Days of Papal Rome, 1850-1870." By R. de Cesare. Constable. 12s. 6d.

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## DARWINISM AND NEO-DARWINISM.*

In days when every new theory, sound or unsound, finds its way into print by the shortest available cut, the general reader may well be shocked to learn that the "Origin of Species" was not merely projected, but actually sketched out on paper in considerable detail, some seventeen years before it was offered to the public. This preliminary sketch, together with an expanded and still more complete draft written two years later (*i.e.*, in 1844), is now published for the first time, with a preface and full notes by Mr. Francis Darwin.

Needless to say, the two "essays" are full of interest. In both the substance of the theory of natural selection is fully set forth, and there is evidence to show that the author was quite alive even then to the importance of his

* "The Foundations of the Origin of Species." Two Essays by Charles Darwin, Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. Camb. Univ. Press. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Making of Species." By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

discoveries. "I have just finished my sketch of my species theory," wrote Charles Darwin to his wife in July, 1844:—

> "I therefore write this, in case of my sudden death, as my most solemn and last request . . that you will devote £400 to its publication. . . . I wish my sketch to be given to some competent person, with this sum to induce him to take trouble in its improvement and enlargement. . . . Mr. Lyell would be best if he would undertake it . . . the next best editor would be Professor Forbes, of London. The next best (and quite the best in many respects) would be Professor Henslow. Dr. Hooker would be *very* good. The next, Mr. Strickland. . . . Should one other hundred pounds make the difference of procuring a good editor, I request earnestly that you will raise £500."

Fortunately the services of none of these eminent gentlemen were required, for it is doubtful indeed whether any other man of Darwin's generation could have essayed successfully the task of making the mid-Victorians believe in evolution. The idea of evolution was no new one, and the mere publication of a fresh evolutionary theory would surely have effected little without the immense and convincing array of biological and geological facts which Darwin alone could muster. Moreover, the charm of Darwin's style and personality, and, above all, the manifest sincerity of his desire for truth must have been assets of untold value in the conflict against conservative biology. It was at all times impossible for the most prejudiced of his opponents to question his single-minded honesty or suspect him of suppressing awkward facts. It is perhaps this quality more than anything else which strikes the twentieth century reader of Darwin's work. Nowadays we are all too accustomed to biological treatises in which facts are only emphasised in so far as they can be subordinated to the author's pet theory, and are rarely introduced at all except to illustrate one side of a threadbare controversy. Darwin welcomed all facts for their own sake, awkward or otherwise; there was not one observation in his notebook but was too valuable to be sacrificed to any theory. Whatever new theories may arise, his work will remain a model of the true scientific method, and the contrast—which even the mere layman cannot fail to observe—may be thought to reflect little credit on contemporary science.

The latest biological treatise is not, however, of the sort characterised above. On the contrary the authors, Messrs. Dewar and Finn, are very much concerned about the "unhealthy condition" of biological science, and attribute it to excessive theorising and the comparatively little attention paid to the study of live animals.

> "It is in the open, not in the museum or the dissecting room, that nature can best be studied. . . . Natural selection—the idea which has revolutionised modern biology—came not to professors, but to a couple of field naturalists who were pursuing their researches in tropical countries."

The authors claim for themselves the title of Neo-Darwinians, using the term "Wallaceians" for the school which has hitherto usurped the prouder name. They point out with some reason that the central dogma of so-called Neo-Darwinism—that natural selection is the *sole* determining factor in organic evolution—is due to Alfred Russel Wallace, and was never held, indeed was specifically repudiated, by Darwin himself. "Like Darwin," they write, "we welcome all factors which appear to be capable of effecting evolution."

This eclecticism is the keynote of the book, the lesson which these outdoor naturalists endeavor to impress upon the "professors." With no pet hypothesis of their own to sustain, they range freely over the whole field of biological science, accepting here and rejecting there with a fine impartiality, and, we may add, with a sound critical sense of what does and what does not constitute proof. They have, too, a keen eye for those cases in which the wish has been father to the observation, and where they have reason to be dissatisfied they say so in a fashion which shows them to be no respecters of persons.

The attack upon the "Wallaceians" opens rather quaintly:—

> "The burden of proof is on him who asserts. . . . It is therefore incumbent upon us to prove our assertion that the theory of natural selection does *not* afford an adequate explanation of all the varied phenomena observed in the organic world."

If all controversialists estimated their duties as generously as this, the burden of proof would be pretty evenly distributed. But our authors can afford to be generous, for we do not think that any unbiassed reader will hold that the burden they assume is more than they can bear. If their arguments are not new their facts often are, and their criticisms have at least the merit of comprehensiveness. They let fly at "Wallaceism" from all sides at once, but we need only notice here the frontal section of the assault:—

> "The double assumption that variations are, for all practical purposes, haphazard in origin and indefinite in direction, is necessary if natural selection is to be the main factor in evolution. For if variations be not haphazard, if they are definite, if there be a directive force behind them like fate behind the classical gods, then selection is not the fundamental cause of evolution. It can, at most, effect, not the origin of species, but the survival of certain species which have arisen as the result of some other force. . . . It is no longer a cause of the origin of new organisms, but a sieve determining which of certain ready-made forms shall survive."

The authors then proceed to show that in every species known to the practical breeder there is a tendency to vary in certain definite and well recognised directions, and that, moreover, all the evidence available tends to indicate that there is a definite limit to the extent to which minute continuous variations can be accumulated by selection along any given line. The extant skeleton of "Eclipse" is referred to in this conection, as showing that all the efforts of breeders have failed appreciably to improve the form of the British racehorse in the course of over a century and a quarter.

This naturally leads on to the question of discontinuous variations or "mutations." Here the authors give a useful if obvious definition. A variation, they suggest, is continuous or discontinuous according as it does or does not obey Galton's Law of Regression—*i.e.*, according as its offspring do or do not tend upon the average to regress towards the parent type. The authors are fully convinced of the widespread and frequent occurrence of mutations, and give a large number of recorded instances both in animals and plants. But this does not prevent them from charging De Vries with having pushed his theory to extreme lengths.

> "We do not think that, on the evidence available, he [De Vries] is justified in asserting that every species passes through alternating periods of comparative quiescence and periods in which it throws off, as mutations, swarms of elementary species. He is justified in asserting that discontinuous variation is by no means an uncommon phenomenon, but further than this it does not seem safe to go at present."

Hybridism is the next subject dealt with, and the doctrine of the infertility of hybrids is summarily dismissed as a bogey which no longer deceives anybody, except those who argue in a vicious circle and define different breeds as varieties or species, according as their crossed offspring are fertile or infertile.

The Mendelians, like the De Vriesians, receive due appreciation for the value of their pet theory within the limits of its application, together with a meed of reproof for the exaggerated importance they have attached to Mendel's experiments.

A very long chapter, occupying a third of the whole book, then follows upon the subject of the Coloration of Organisms, including Mimicry and Recognition Markings. Here the "Wallaceians" come in for some very severe handling—which we have no doubt they deserve—on account of the absurdities into which they have been led by their anxiety to prove that every patch of color in every organism has a definite "survival value." This chapter alone justifies the publication of the book. For in it the authors are able to substantiate their claim regarding the superiority of the outdoor naturalist over the indoor student by adducing such a wealth of observations of their own gathering as should dispose of many a long-lived superstition.

After discussing the difficult problems raised by sexual dimorphism, the authors conclude with a summary of the present position of biological science. "Natural selection," they hold, "although an important factor in evolution, is not an indispensable one." It is not selection so much as variation that determines the direction of evolution, and it is the laws which govern this latter phenomenon which stand most in need of systematic study. The hope of solving the more fundamental problems of biology

> "lies, not in the speculations in which biologists of to-day are so fond of indulging, but in observation and experiment, especially the last.
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> "The future of biology is largely in the hands of the practical breeder."

So concludes an exceptionally interesting book. Its faults are easy to discover, but they are mostly to be ascribed to nothing worse than literary inexperience, and we are not inclined to dwell upon them.

Whether or not the authors' naïve expectation, that their book "will come as a rude shock to many scientific men," be fulfilled, we can at least be grateful to them for the breath of fresh outdoor criticism which it has brought to us. We are tired of the axe-grinding biologist, and gladly welcome the literary advent of two such able and independent naturalists as Messrs. Dewar and Finn.

## THE OMNIPOTENT AUTOMOBILE.*

Once more the incredible has been accomplished, and again it is Italy which wears the laurels. Not long ago we read Prince Barzini's account of his automobile race from Pekin to Paris; now comes Signor Antonio Scarfoglio's book describing how, by the aid of petrol, patriotism, and the sporting Press, he and his henchman, Haaga, put a girdle round the earth in thirty weeks.

To perform the double feat successfully requires unusual qualities. Signor Scarfoglio, however, drives his quill as skilfully as his car. To the sensibility of the artist he adds a chauffeur's stoicism, and unites to an Anglo-Saxon ability for pushing straight ahead a Latin talent for seeing round the corner.

Almost every variety of physical adventure attends the pilgrims. From New York to Leicester the way is blocked with snow, the car sinks into drifts from which it is dug again and again, bridges and trenches are perpetually constructed, food has to be attacked with hammer and chisel, while feet freeze, hands and faces crack, and exhaustion woos the travellers into a nearly fatal lethargy. Next comes an ocean of mud with progress at a snail's pace—four miles are gained in nine hours; then it is never-ending rain, weakening the will and reducing the spirits to zero. In the Death Valley of the Rocky Mountains they are attacked by a consuming heat:—

> "It seems as if the whole plain were flaming, burning like an immense pyre. We breathe in fire, and a vestment of fire hangs on our limbs; our foreheads are bound by a circle of fire. A yellowish vapor surrounds the sun, hiding it in a thin cloud. It seems to have descended still lower, and is still more pale and livid. In the distance near the horizon, the Fata Morgana constructs and destroys towns and castles, and spreads before our eyes immense shining lakes. . . . We work automatically, without thought or idea, our heads swollen like enormous balloons, and legs as limp as rags. . . . After exhaustion comes thirst, the atrocious thirst which tears at our throats with red-hot fingers."

Nor has human nature extremes less violent. In Manchuria the travellers are benumbed by the frozen indifference of the officials, in the Rocky Mountains a bevy of admiring damsels nearly exterminate them in a tropical storm of kisses. To the credit of the human race, however, it must be said that kindness and sympathy are more common than hostility and suspicion, and delay is caused as often by hospitality as by ill will.

The advent of the car is, indeed, not infrequently a godsend. Stopping at a solitary station in the Rockies, they are entertained by the guardian of the signal lamp, a lonely woman. Quite detached from the rest of humanity, she has become part of the wilderness in which she lives; even her skin and eyes seem to have taken the color of her surroundings. For six months in the year she does not speak to a living soul.

> "She received us as if we had been angels. She tried to force us to drink, to eat, and to smoke. She spoke nervously, laughing with every word, interrupting herself, losing the thread of each sentence, picking it up again, and asking the most ingenuous and puerile things, 'Do the ladies in town still wear green?—and black feathers?—and velvet, and tailor-mades?'"

Farther on they cheer the solitude of a station-master, whose sole contact with mankind is the telegraph instrument. To this he desperately clings, inventing perpetual and futile pretexts for communication, asking for greetings, messages, news, or the time—anything to dispel the miseries of ennui. In the gold deserts the travellers encounter an even more tragic victim of detachment. Blooming like a rose in the wilderness is a neat white house, clean and shining, in which dwells an old French gentleman, of fine manners and distinguished appearance, who reads Tennyson, cultivates an interior, regales his guests with oysters and Burgundy, and speaks the tongue of civilisation. On the walls of his large, well-lighted room hang portraits of an adored wife and children. For thirty years he has neither seen nor heard from them. Very simply and calmly he tells the travellers his story

> "Toiling beside his wife and children in his distant home, he was seized with despair because he could not give to the objects of his affection everything they desired. The consciousness of his poverty, his incapacity, his uselessness, became a tormenting fever. With eager eyes he would read in the newspapers reports of an El Dorado somewhere across the sea, and day by day the idea was hammered into his head that he must leave, abandon everything, and then at some distant time return with his hands filled with gifts and happiness. . . .
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> "But he never found fortune. Like the medieval alchemist who consumed his existence beside the furnace and alembic in a smoky laboratory searching for the philosopher's stone, so he wasted himself in quest of riches. . . . And now, after thirty years, he is hopeless, weakened and exhausted. His hopes of happiness have passed, his gilded porcelain dreams have been shattered, and he has fallen here with his wings broken and his members bruised like a bird shot while in full flight. He will never see his country or his family again, he will never leave this spot. He has a little unknown mine amidst these rocks, and he wishes to die beside it."

It is this gift of sympathetic portraiture that gives the charm to Signor Scarfoglio's book. Thanks to some spell of youth, comeliness, or generosity of nature, the writer has escaped the dehumanising influence of the automobile. They ride a race and never forget it, yet can turn aside for compassion's sake. Crossing the Russian frontier, a child is run over by a cart and killed. The carter drives on, but the automobilists carry the little corpse to the nearest town. Suspicion not unnaturally falls on the innocent, and the result is three days' imprisonment. No bitterness vexes the hearts of the pilgrims, delays are inevitable, and it is all part of the great adventure. At Perm they spend a night at a bakery; the wife is a Parisienne, married six months ago. On hearing the travellers speak her native tongue she weeps with joy and begs them to kiss for her sake the first woman they meet on French soil. They promise. The frontier is reached, two French soldiers and a woman appear in sight, the car stops and the writer dismounts. He approaches the woman:—

> "Vous êtes française, madame?"
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> "Oui, monsieur, à votre service."
>
> "Eh bien, madame, permettez-moi de vous embrasser. Je vous porte ce baiser du fond de la Russie, de la part d'une femme française qui vit là—bas dans le tourment continuel de ne pas voir son pays. . . . Permettez donc que je vous embrasse pour l'amour de cette pauvre exileé. Voulez-vous?"
>
> "Mais très volontiers, Monsieur."
>
> And we kissed each other effusively.

Sentimental? Un-English? Perhaps.

Signor Scarfoglio devotes a chapter to the study of the Japanese. The race does not please him: it is servile and conservative, without imagination, creative power, or personality, military to the core. Even its art is an art of "muscular instinct" merely, and has remained stationary throughout the ages. "Their eyes and the tips of their fingers have never changed, and it is the same with their minds." Their cardinal defect is altruism:—

> "The Japanese never considers himself, never lives for himself. He cannot conceive man as the representative of a race. . . . The man does not exist and has no value. The people, the race, is the sole unit, and the men are the anonymous, mute particles which give it force and life. All their efforts, all their activities are collective."

Yet this uninteresting people has become a power, and, says Signor Scarfoglio, reluctantly admitting the eternal paradox of renunciation, "Europe setting out with drums and trumpets to conquer, has seen herself conquered and disarmed."

At Vladivostock the travellers' ears are filled with tales of the coming horrors in Manchuria. They will be attacked by the Chunchuse brigands, by the famous and ferocious Manchurian tigers, by fever, plague, pestilence, and famine—far better abandon their project and go home by sea. Nothing worse, however, happens than an expensive

* "Round the World in a Motor Car." By Antonio Scarfoglio. Translated by J. Parker Heyes. Grant Richards. 15s. net.

altercation with an irritating telegraph operator and a champagne lunch at Ymen-po.

Arrived at Paris the automobilists are fêted with all the uproar appropriate to the occasion. Speeches, feasts, toasts, processions—no note of triumph is lacking. Yet a doubt creeps over the last page. Signor Scarfoglio has broken a record, he has suffered, endured and conquered—but now that it is all over—*Cui bono?*

## A NOVEL OF SPANISH CHURCH LIFE.*

We are grateful to Mrs. W. A. Gillespie for her translation of "The Shadow of the Cathedral," by Ibañez, one of the most vigorous of modern Spanish novelists, whose national pictures are distinguished by breadth of vision, the historic sense, and passionate sympathy with the life of the laboring poor. Technically speaking, the art of "The Shadow of the Cathedral" is clumsy and full of *longueurs*: the author often avails himself of transparent ruses in introducing, by the mouths of his characters, social disquisitions and historical retrospects, but his insight is so penetrating and his picture so rich and varied that only an exacting reader will complain of the book's artistic defects.

The hero of the story, Gabriel Luna, the descendant of the Lunas, a family which for over four centuries has served the Cathedral of Toledo "in the garden, the sacristy, or in the crossways of the choir," returns to Toledo, a broken and dying man, hoping that his brother, Esteban, the verger, will shelter him in his little house in "the Claverias," or upper cloisters, so that he may spend his last days in peace in the shadow of the great Cathedral. Gabriel, who as a boy, was a prodigy of learning and good behavior, had been given a scholarship at the Seminary, and entered for the priesthood; but after the stormy days of the September revolution, infected with the ecclesiastical hatred of the Government and the republican cause, he flees from the Seminary and joins one of the roving Carlist bands "anxious to perform exploits for the cause of God." When the war comes to an end Gabriel does not avail himself of the amnesty, but, wishing to see new countries, goes to Paris, finding employment as a proof-reader in an ecclesiastical printing house. Paris and Renan's lectures speedily destroy the young man's faith, and he finds a new religion in philosophic Anarchism of the Elisée Reclus type. Years of hardship pass in social propaganda in England and Italy and Barcelona, and finally Gabriel, unjustly accused of complicity in throwing bombs, is arrested, imprisoned and tortured in the fortress of Montjuich. When he is released, solitary confinement for two years in the bad air of 'a small stone box" has done its work He emerges from the prison racked with consumption, a shadow of a man. Broken in spirit, incessantly harassed by the police, Gabriel wanders aimlessly from town to town, begging his way, till at last, in despair, he returns to Toledo, and is sheltered in "the Claverias" by his brother Esteban, who has managed to conceal from his ecclesiastical superiors that his brother and the notorious "Comrade Luna" of newspaper fame are one and the same person.

This slight, but ingenious, framework of plot serves to introduce and hold together a series of detailed descriptions of many generations of ecclesiastical life "in the shadow of the Cathedral," and the mental outlook of these classes, from the humble bell-ringers, acolytes, and sacristans to the canons, chaplains, and the archbishop himself, is sharply outlined against a background of national history. In a sense there are two heroes of the story—the first, Gabriel, who stands for the emancipation of the mind and heart of man, and the second, the Cathedral of the Catholic Church which, after slowly drawing into itself the glory and the energy of Spain, has ended in sharing the exhaustion of the country. Senor Ibañez's argument is that every established system, spiritual or material, which is allowed to flourish in unchecked freedom ends by preying upon the community it has begun by serving. The case for the Church is put by Don Antolin, the priest, its faithful and devoted servant, who is never tired of recounting the gifts showered upon the Cathedral by the great princes and nobles of Spain in the palmy days when "our dominions extended throughout the whole nation from end to end, when the territory of their diocese was larger than a principality, when everything contributed to the glory of the Lord, and to the comfort and welfare of his ministers." Towns, villages, mills, vineyards, fisheries, tithes, bridge tolls, castles, ovens, salt works, legacies, mortgages, and principalities were rained upon the Cathedral for centuries by the pious. "Bread when it was baked in the ovens, the casting of the net, wheat as it passed through the mill, money as it came from the mint, the traveller as he went on his way; the country people who gave the best sheaf in every ten, so that the granaries of the Holy Metropolitan Church were quite insufficient to contain such abundance." It is no wonder that Don Antolin sighs for the old times when faith was the chief thing in life, when whole towns would throw themselves into the work of raising a cathedral in the hope of gaining heaven. Gabriel, however, holds that the brilliant times of the Catholic kings, of Don Carlos and the two Philips, when the Spaniards were masters of half the world, and everything was for the greater glory of Spain and the splendor of religion, were, in fact, the centuries of Spanish decadence. In a lengthy dissertation which he develops to the horror of the churchman, Gabriel contends that the strong and healthy Spain was that of the eighth to the fourteenth century, when Christians and Mussulmans, pure Arabs, Syrians, Egyptians, Jews of Spanish extraction, and Jews from the East all lived peaceably together, and all the arts, sciences, industries, and inventions, and culture of the old civilisations budded and blossomed in a Spanish Renaissance. It was "Don Carlos and Philip II., the German foreigners, who destroyed the pure and uncorrupted Spain, the Spain of religious tolerance, of industrial and agricultural wealth and of free municipalities. What came after was a Teutonic and a Flemish Spain turned into a German colony, serving as a mercenary under foreign standards, ruining itself in undertakings in which it had no interest, shedding blood and gold for the ambition of the so-called Holy Roman Empire." And the Catholic Church had changed from a beneficent into a malign growth on the national life, when the Inquisition was established, and "science became a pathway that led to the bonfire":—

> "The free municipalities disappeared. their defenders went to the scaffold both in Castille and Valencia; the Spaniard abandoned his plough or his weaving, to range the world with an arquebus on his shoulder, and the town militia were transformed into bands which fought all over Europe without knowing why. The flourishing towns became villages; churches were turned into convents; the popular tolerant clergy were changed into friars, who imitated with servile complacency the German fanaticism. The fields remained barren for want of hands to cultivate them, the poor dreamt of becoming rich from the sack of the enemy's towns, and left their work; the industrious burghers abandoned commerce as fit only for heretics, and became nurseries of clerks and petty magistrates. . . . And in the days when ruin overwhelmed us, Spain had never been so religious. The Church was mistress of everything; the ecclesiastical tribunals judged even the King himself; but secular justice could not touch even the hem of a garment of the lowest sacristan, even though he committed the greatest crimes in the public streets. . . . Spain had eleven thousand convents, more than a hundred thousand friars, and forty thousand nuns, and to these must be added seventy-eight thousand priests, and the innumerable servitors and dependants of the Church, such as alguaziles,, familiars, jailors, and notaries of the Inquisition, sacristans, stewards, buleros, convent door-porters, choristers, singers, lay-brothers, novices, and I know not how many other people. In exchange, the nation, from a population of thirty millions, had shrunk to seven millions in less than two hundred years. The expulsions of Jews and Moors by religious intolerance, the continual foreign wars, the emigration to America in the hope of growing rich without work, hunger, the lack of sanitation, and the abandonment of agriculture had brought about this rapid depopulation. The revenues of Spain had fallen to fourteen million ducats, whereas the clerical revenue had risen to eight millions; the Church possessed more than half the national fortune! What times! Eh! Don Antolin?"

Finally, this lust of universal empire and religious power combined, ended in a period of barbarism and general stagnation, when foreigners had to be called in to "save the country from death, a foreign Government, foreign manufacturers, foreign soldiers, and with them came the anti-clerical spirit." Such is the moral Gabriel draws from

* "The Shadow of the Cathedral." By Vincent Blasco Ibañez. Constable. 6s.

Spanish history, "excess of religion was our ruin and came very near exterminating us as a nation." In his pessimism Gabriel declares that nothing but science can raise Spain again, and "Spain still lives far from the sun of science. Spain is no longer a country, it is an ill-arranged and dusty museum, full of old things that attract all the curious of Europe, but in which even the ruins are ruined."

Gabriel's arguments and his descriptions of the splendors of foreign civilisations open the eyes of the simple-minded audience of poor lay folk who collect every evening in the bell-ringer's house to listen to him, and gradually their simple minds, long nursed in isolation from the great world, are inflamed with envy and greed. The main thesis of the author is skilfully preserved from becoming tedious by being diversified with life-like little episodes of various contemporary clerical scandals. Thus Esteban's charming daughter, Sangrario, who has been seduced by a military cadet and has run away to Madrid, is at length found and brought back to "the Claverias" by old Aunt Tomasa. The Cardinal Archbishop Don Sebastian's furious quarrels with the Chapter, his past intimacy with a certain devout lady, and the calumnies circulated by his enemies concerning the girl Visitacion, who is believed to be his mistress, but is, in fact, his dearly beloved daughter, are also cleverly presented along with the good Aunt Tomasa's reflections, "Believe me, no saints enter here; they are men, nothing but men." Gabriel receives the confidences of everyone by turns, of Don Luis, the chapel-master, who asserts that "the Church does not love music, and does not understand it," and of Don Martin, the poor chaplain, who receives only a miserable seven duros a month with which to support himself and his old peasant mother. We, indeed, perceive, long before the end of the book is near, that Gabriel, the hero, is not a real man, but a convenient channel through which a ruthless picture of Spanish Catholicism has been presented to us. The end is tragedy. Gabriel by his eloquence has sown the revolutionary seed only too thoroughly, and he is killed by some of the desperate spirits among the poor lay-brothers when he interferes to prevent them stealing the jewels off the Virgin on the high altar.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

One of the many piquant stories told in Vasari's "Lives" is that of the friar-artist, Filippo Lippi, and his liaison with the nun Lucrezia. In "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi" (Stanley Paul, 10s. 6d.), Mr. A. J. Anderson has reconstructed this story in the light of personal impressions based on "some experience of human life, an intimate knowledge of Catholics, and a close study of Fra Filippo's paintings"; the result being a pretty tale of true love that ran very crooked for a while, but ultimately ended as it should. Vasari's version, it will be remembered, relates how a papal dispensation, legalising their union, was granted to the erring couple, but how Filippo refused to accept it for reasons highly discreditable to himself, and most modern writers have taken their facts and their conclusions as to Filippo's morals from this source. Mr. Anderson, however, re-unites the "Glad Friar" and Lucrezia in wedlock duly authorised by His Holiness, and ends the tale on a note of high respectability. This, of course, involves the complete whitewashing of Filippo, who is transformed from a libertine into a fine and simple, if full-blooded character, and, incidentally, the virtual canonisation of Lucrezia, not to mention the presentation in the kindliest light of Cosimo de' Medici, Pope Pius II., the Lady Abbess, and everybody else mixed up with the episode. It also involves—as we discover in Appendix A.—a rather warm argument in favor of the convent system, the desirability of which in fifteenth-century Prato is rather strangely deduced from the writer's own experience of an existing establishment in England. Mr. Anderson's belligerent attitude, however, towards those writers who have accepted the popular ideas of Filippo and Lucrezia and convents is confined to the appendices, and does not affect the interest of his romance. This latter mixture of fact and imagination is skilfully compounded, the dialogue is comparatively free from solecisms, and Italian social life in the fifteenth century is presented under the cleanest conditions compatible with any sort of probability. The book could go into a schoolroom, even into a convent, without doing any damage. It is illustrated with reproductions of seventeen pictures by Filippo, including a photogravure portrait of Lucrezia as a frontispiece.

* * *

The scope of Dr. T. Kirke Rose's "The Precious Metals" (Constable, 6s. net) does not include questions of currency and finance, but, as an introduction to the study of metallurgy *per se*, the book contains all the information that the average reader can desire. As chemist and assayer of the Royal Mint, and vice-president of the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy, Dr. Rose writes with unusual authority on this always fascinating subject. Gold, silver, and platinum are the precious metals dealt with. A brief historical sketch reminds us that gold was well known in Egypt 5,500 years ago, and that the ancient methods of obtaining it are illustrated in rock carvings still preserved in that country. Ore-crushing was established there in B.C. 59; we have the testimony of Diodorus, the Sicilian, as to the pitiful condition of the mine-workers in those days. The Middle Ages produced the alchemists, and their fruitless endeavors to manufacture gold out of something else was followed in the sixteenth century by a more practical development, namely, the introduction of the stamp mill in Germany. A systematic account of the properties of the metals and the modern processes of their production occupies the remainder of the volume. Gold and its alloys, its occurrence in nature, and its treatment by washing and amalgamation, comes first, and is followed by descriptions on the same lines of silver and platinum. We are given an insight into the practical working of a mine, are initiated into the mysteries of refining, assaying, and minting, and are told how imitation gold and silver wares are produced. The concluding chapter contains tabulated statements of the world's gold and silver production since the end of the fifteenth century, the earlier returns of gold being according to Soetbeer's estimates, while the later estimates of both metals are those of the United States Mint. A large selection of photographs of mining plant, of the Royal Mint, and other pertinent subjects, illustrates this most instructive hand-book.

* * *

"Enchanters of Men," by Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net), deals under five headings—"The Royal Mistress," "The Courtesan," "The Royal Lady," "The Star," and "The Egeria"—with twenty-three ladies, ranging from Diane de Poitiers to Adah Isaacs Menken. Most of these "enchanters" have already been the subject of separate volumes, and we can see little use in attempting to compress into a dozen pages the careers of Marie Antoinette, Ninon de Lenclos, or Sophie Arnould, to mention three of Miss Mayne's heroines, who were very unlike in character. Few of the essays are without some touch which shows that Miss Mayne has taken pains to realise to herself the character of the woman she writes about, but the book as a whole is marred by the mannered style she has chosen to adopt. Nearly half the sentences end with exclamation marks, and the preciosity which Miss Mayne affects often borders dangerously upon the ludicrous.

* * *

"Worcestershire, Painted by Thomas Tyndale and Described by A. G. Bradley" (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net), will certainly rank among the best volumes of a well-known series. Mr. Bradley's text, in particular, is admirable. He deals with the landscape features of the county eloquently and yet succinctly, leaving a clear picture of their character in the mind; and the many stirring episodes of history with which Worcestershire is connected are recounted with no slight dramatic power. Nothing could be more vivid than his description of the Civil War as it was fought in these parts, or that of the last desperate fight and flight of Catesby and the Wyntours, the Gunpowder Plot conspirators, in the Huddington district. Many another famous memory is awakened by the names of Evesham, Ludlow, and Edgehill. Worcestershire, in fact, though not recognised as a tourist's resort, is one of the most interesting counties in England in regard to historical associations. Geographically it is not without distinctions of its own.

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**The following letter has been received from the Bishop of Hereford by the publisher of Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's novel "THE POOLS OF SILENCE."**

The Palace, Hereford,
July 12th, 1909.

"DEAR MR. FISHER UNWIN,

"I have found the copy of Mr. Stacpoole's 'Pools of Silence' waiting for me on my return from Germany, and I have just read it; and I hope it may be widely read, and may help to rouse all England to a proper sense of our share of responsibility for the abominations which, as we are informed, are still allowed to continue in the Congo territory.

"King Leopold stands condemned before the Christian world for his part in these abominations. One is tempted to say of him—may the Lord reward him according to his works!

"And it is sad to see that the Belgian Government and people seem to be in imminent danger of coming under the same condemnation.

"I sincerely hope that our Government may be stirred up to save us from any longer sharing in the disgrace brought upon Western civilisation by Congo mis-rule, and may do something adequate for the relief of those unhappy natives who are suffering under it.—Believe me, Yours sincerely,

"J. HEREFORD."

"The three most conspicuous physical facts in Worcestershire," writes Mr. Bradley, "are the Malvern Range, the River Severn, and Bredon Hill." On each and all of these he has a good deal to say. His likening of the Malvern Hills to "some detached section of a Welsh mountain range that has broken away and wandered incontinently on to the edge of the English Midlands, a strange alien among the fat plains of the Saxon," will strike those who know Malvern as eminently just. His observations on the county's wriggling boundary are equally happy, and the influence of Birmingham on its north-east corner has not been missed. The country industries of present-day Worcestershire, chief among which is fruit-growing, are necessarily treated very briefly and generally, but here again we find evidence of the author's comprehensive vision of his subject. There are, it is true, important things left out; some mention might, for instance, have been made of the small holdings in connection with Bromsgrove, which place, we believe, was about the first to establish the movement successfully. However, one cannot have everything in a book of these dimensions, and, on the whole, there is little fault to be found with Mr. Bradley's selection of matter. Mr. Tyndale's art is familiar to us through previous color-books he has illustrated. The tender color and soft luminosity of his drawings redeem them from the insipidity which their rather commonplace composition might otherwise impose.

* * *

There is a spurious kind of garden literature that has very little to do with gardening. A horticultural title is blazoned on the cover of a book; the contents, beyond a few general references, perhaps, to dahlias and sunflowers, concern anything except what lies nearest to the heart of the gardening enthusiast. We have met with several of these books lately, in which a garden is merely the *mise en scène* for a discussion about nothing in particular. Miss Helen Ashe Hays, the author of "A Little Maryland Garden" (Putnam's Sons, 7s. 6d. net), has, however, employed no such subterfuge. Her book is precisely what its title promises, a real garden book, practical without being unpoetical; a record of a year's work and observation, month by month, in a garden which she herself created and cultivated. As such it contains many useful hints to the would-be gardener. She has also studied her Maeterlinck, who "can picture a flower in a phrase," and other authors who have taught the larger philosophy of gardening in its relation to the human soul, and have driven home the lesson that the pleasure to be derived from a garden does not depend upon the latter's acreage. In this story of a fascinating hobby made more fascinating by its disappointments, the style is refreshingly direct and succeeds to a very large extent in communicating the enthusiasm it expresses. Moreover, the volume itself is as dainty a piece of book-making as one could wish for. The color reproductions of Miss Steele's drawings prove this artist's sympathy with her subject, and, while not wanting in vivacity, evidence an appreciation of atmosphere and values that is not always found in illustrations of this kind. The lifelessness that makes a patchwork quilt of so many representations of plants has no place in her beds and herbaceous borders. It was, too, a happy idea to preface each chapter with a page of prose or verse from the classics of garden literature, each suitably embellished with a floral design.

* * *

In striving to wean Social Democracy from the materialistic and revolutionary dogmas forced upon it in early infancy by the dominant authority of Marx and Engels, and to bring it into harmony with the more enlightened form of constructive liberalism, Herr Bernstein is doing a work of immense importance, not only for Germany, but for the politics of other countries, where the same problem of socialising liberalism and liberalising socialism confronts workers for progress. His little book, "Evolutionary Socialism" (Independent Labor Party, 1s. 6d. net), has gone through many German editions, and a translation of it is particularly acceptable at the present time. Though Marx's *magnum opus* is not now widely read in this country, its main ideas, crystallised in hard, dogmatic judgments, and often unintelligently repeated, have done much to maintain the false notion that progress is directed by a purely economic fatalism, and that only by an accentuation of class war can social justice be attained. Herr Bernstein, in a number of closely reasoned and well-informed statements, shows exactly what sort of modifications of doctrine and of policy are necessary in order to bring social democracy within the range of possibility. His long residence in England has enabled him to bring a close knowledge of our working-class movements to bear upon the situation in his own country where political representation is still so incomplete that the State appears to the workers an external control, and where the trade union and co-operative movements have but recently become important influences in the life of the workers. No more useful book could be put into the hands of a college don or an intelligent artisan to check the crude views of socialism he may have picked up from his "Times" or "Daily Mail."

* * *

Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's volume, "In Tuscany," published some time ago, showed such a singularly sympathetic and pleasing touch that one regrets that his literary output has not been more considerable. In his "Francia's Masterpiece" (Kegan Paul, 5s. net) he gives us a work that is quite as happy as its predecessors, the masterpiece referred to being the altar-piece representing, as Mr. Carmichael contends, the Immaculate Conception, which is to be seen in the church of San Frediano, Lucca. The book, however, is much more than a study of a single picture. It is also an essay on the beginnings of the Immaculate Conception in art, and it contains several novel and interesting hypotheses. To begin with, the title he gives to Francia's picture is itself hypothetical to a large extent, since the majority of writers have called this work an "Assumption" or a "Coronation," and one—Mrs. Jameson—denies that Immaculate Conception pictures came into existence until the seventeenth century. As the result, however, of his own theological knowledge and of research in the Lucca archives, Mr. Carmichael establishes the fact that the subject of Francia's altar-piece is the Immaculate Conception, and that another altar-piece, in the neighboring church of San Francesco, painted ten years before, is an earlier representation of the same subject. The case he makes for his theory is that of a theologian rather than an art critic, but it is a very convincing one. Moreover, the theology is in no way dry; while we may hasten to assure the author that the recital of his researches among records, which enabled him to arrive at his conclusions step by step, requires no apology for its existence. It is part of his aim, as he tells us, in writing the book, to write also the way in which it came to be written. In general the volume, which embodies a frank declaration of the importance of subject in a picture, sheds a good deal of fresh light on the meaning of religious pictures, while those who are interested in the history of the particular doctrine illustrated by the altar-piece will discover in its pages valuable information and comment persuasively and not too heavily set forth.

* * *

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of the events detailed in the preceding chapter. These monuments are chosen with a proper regard for their power to impress the average child's mind and so establish therein a stable memory of the events they illustrate. Intricate matters of constitution and law are wisely kept in the background; one would not try to interest a youngster in history by providing a preliminary course of Stubbs and Maine. On the other hand, social history is skilfully introduced at the points where it is necessary to explain or vivify a political incident. But, above all, "F," who, we believe, is a woman, shows beneath the literary romance with which she clothes her facts a wonderful grasp of the facts themselves and a power of grouping them in a sympathetic picture that appeals to readers a good deal older than her immediate audience. For instance, her brief account of the Great Rebellion indicates the character of the fighting so admirably that many an Honours man at the universities would derive benefit from reading it. Valuable also are the reproductions of old portraits, engravings, and prints with which the volume is embellished. In affording facsimile representations of the various men, places, customs, and costumes during different periods, they help to realise the times they illustrate.

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Depressing influences have been rather busy during the week. The addition of four "Dreadnoughts" to the naval programme and the unfriendly exchanges of opinion between the London and Berlin Press with regard to the possibility of a naval understanding caused a relapse in Consols. Sir Robert Giffen's article in the "Quarterly" advising that the sinking fund should be abandoned and used for war preparations has also been disquieting, while Mr. Balfour's declaration to his City audience that more money is required for the Navy and that the Government naval programme is dangerously meagre, indicates the possibility of our finances getting into serious disorder before long. Then again the trouble in Spain, arising out of the Moroccan war, has been seriously regarded, and Spanish bonds fell sharply in consequence. The heavy losses at Melilla were only known on Thursday afternoon, but the selling of Spanish bonds in London was checked by the more confident tone of Paris where a great part of the Spanish debt is held. Peruvians have improved owing to the law suit between the Corporation and the Government having been won by the former, and there has also been some speculative buying of Central Americans, especially Porto Ricans and Honduras bonds. The Home Railway market and industrial securities have suffered from fears of a general coal strike. The readiness of the men to enter into a hazardous struggle of this sort is a painful surprise. But it is, of course, still hoped that conciliation will succeed in averting a catastrophe. Another important event to investors has been the action of the directors of the United States Steel Corporation in raising the dividend on the common stock to three per cent., thus affording a certain outward justification to the high price which the stock has recently attained. Some operators are now asserting that Mr. Pierpont Morgan's well-known prediction that he will live to see the stock at par is likely to be justified very soon. On the other hand leading American bankers say that the prices of American industrials and railroads are far higher than they should be on any reasonable estimate of trade conditions and prospects. The corn crops promise well. But if they are very heavy money may become dear, and that would cause a lot of selling by tired speculators.

### The Report on Gold Reserves.

The report of a Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce on means to be taken for strengthening our gold reserves is being a good deal criticised by bankers in the City. Out of some twenty-four members of the Committee only six were bankers, and of these six three or four refused to sign, or signed only with important reservations. Some of the leading bank managers are quite satisfied with our present system, which worked so well during the American crisis, and seems capable of meeting any conceivable strain. To increase our gold reserves means to keep more treasure hoarded and unemployed. This is bad economy. What we need is good banking, not more gold. The consequences of bad banking cannot be cured by large reserves. The discussion, no doubt, does good, and tends to make bankers careful not to work on two narrow a margin. But neither the Government, nor the Bank of England, nor the joint stock banks as a whole are at all likely to take the steps recommended by the London Chamber of Commerce. Something, however, may be done in the way of introducing weekly averages of the cash held by the banks.

### Taft and the Tariff.

After his election President Taft intimated to his friends that his tariff platform must be interpreted to mean revision downwards in the interests of the consumers. The Payne tariff, however, was little better than its predecessor, and the Aldrich tariff was worse. It was evidently thought, however, that the President would readily sign the tariff Bill if a few minor concessions were made. Now, however, we are told that confusion reigns in Washington because the President is proving unexpectedly stiff. He seems to be convinced that public opinion is behind him, and a Republican convention in Nebraska has passed a resolution asking him not to sign unless substantial reductions are made. He wishes to sweep away the tariff in hide, leather, and boots, and also to cut down the glove and hosiery and cotton schedules. But apparently he is afraid of touching the wool and woollen tariff. The accounts of the "trading" that is going on between the various interests and lobbies in Washington would make any decent Tariff Reformer's hair stand on end.

### President Reyes.

The retirement of General Reyes, the intrepid explorer, is an event of some importance in South American history. He became President of Colombia in August, 1904, when the fortunes of the Republic were at their lowest. The Department of Panama had just been lost, and with it all prospect of future raids upon the United States Treasury; the internal condition, currency, and credit were all at their worst. The legal term of office is four years, but General Reyes contrived that he should be elected for a period of ten. He has been compared to Porfirio Diaz, and at one time it was surmised that an equally bright future was before him; but he seems to have been of late gradually losing ground. Numerous plots were directed against him during his first two years of office, and in 1906 eight shots were fired at him, five of which struck his carriage. He certainly was not cruel, and strenuously denied any breach of the Constitution—"Under the laws of the country I have hitherto governed, and shall continue to govern, without giving anyone just grounds for laying to my charge a single illegal act, or to denounce me as a Dictator." This, however, is a small matter in comparison with the quality of his administration; the state of Colombia urgently required a benevolent Dictator, and, on the whole, found one in General Reyes. He introduced economies, cut down military expenses, and made serious efforts to meet the evils of the coinage and foreign indebtedness, and, though, of course, progress was necessarily slow, the improvement was considerable. In 1903, Colombian bonds were about 15, in 1906 they were 45 or 46, and now they are somewhat above the last figure. It is to be hoped that the change of rulers will be made without bloodshed, but it is difficult to believe that the resignation of General Reyes will make for the security or tranquillity of Colombia.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 19.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

A remarkable change has come over the political situation. On Friday week Mr. Lloyd George delivered at Limehouse a brilliant and outspoken, but good-tempered, exposition of the working of unearned increment and the abuses of the leasehold system. Pleading for the constructive side of the Budget, which, he said, endeavored to cut a new and pleasanter path through the brambles and thorns of poverty, laid bare no cupboard and made no poor man's lot harder, he gave a series of vivid and simple illustrations of the evils at which it struck. He instanced the case of what he called "the golden swamp" of the Lea, where land, once rated at £2 or £3 an acre, was sold at £8,000, of land at Golder's Green, once sold at £160, and since the opening of the tube railway sold at £2,100, and of the famous dealings of the Duke of Westminster with Mr. Gorringe. He ridiculed the action of landlords who cut down their gardeners but not their gamekeepers, and warned them that land-holding was not an enjoyment but a trust. This straight dealing, spiced with raillery, was not a whit more advanced in tone than Mr. Chamberlain's Ransom speech, and by no means so fierce in style.

* * *

But the utterance roused a wild storm. Sir Edward Carson wrote to the "Times" suggesting that Mr. Lloyd George now stood revealed as Jack Cade, and that the Opposition should stop the discussion of the land clauses. A few hours later, however, these tactics were changed, and a flag of distress was held out. On Wednesday the "Political Notes" of the "Times" contained a hint that the political situation had "undergone a change," that the High Peak result had taken the heart out of the Opposition, that the Government was stronger, and felt themselves stronger, and, in a word, that the tide had turned. The following day the "Morning Post" contained a similar suggestion, while the "Daily Mail," italicising these intimations, published a two-column article, in its largest type, from its Parliamentary correspondent, admitting that the Unionist reports were bad, and that the country appeared to care neither for the Dukes nor for the victims of the super-tax. All these organs suggested that the discussions on the land taxes should be cut short. It is no secret that these public confessions of failure are shared by the Tariff Reformers, who have carried on a vituperative private comment on Mr. Balfour's Parliamentary tactics. The idea now is that the taxes on undeveloped land will go through largely unchanged, that the City will be pacified over the stamp duties, and that there will be some concessions to hotel-keepers and to the London brewers. It is openly hinted in the "Birmingham Post," and elsewhere, that if these claims are conceded the Budget may be through the House of Commons in September and will become law a month or so later.

* * *

The secession of the "Mail" and the lukewarmness of the "Times" and the "Post" have caused a panic in the Tory camp, which has witnessed this flouting of its much advertised plan of campaign and revolution. The "Standard" bewails the "cry of despair arising from journals supposed to be loyal to the Unionist cause," but admits that the thought of the rejection of the Bill is now outside the counsels of the Unionist leaders, and that only amendment, and a "course of gradual surrender" by the Chancellor are to be hoped for. The "Telegraph" is acutely distressed, exclaiming at the "shame and folly" of a Unionist "capitulation" and asking where is the manhood of Lord Northcliffe that he can suggest such a course. But this talk is too late. No army can fight when one half calls "forward" and the other half "back," especially when the other half is right.

* * *

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced a fresh series of amendments to the land clauses of the Finance Bill, designed to meet a series of hard cases. Thus the undeveloped land tax is not to apply to cases in which the owners have spent £100 an acre on it for purposes of development, or where the land is being kept free of buildings on a "definite scheme" of development. Agricultural land is definitely secured from the tax on increment, through the formula that the tax is not to apply while the land is of "no higher value than its value for agricultural purposes." Amounts paid for increment duty are also to be deducted from the value of a holding which is called upon to pay estate duty. It is further understood that the valuation is to be conducted at the cost of the State. We believe that it will be spread over about three years, and the cost is estimated to be within one million and a-half. The first valuation will be of urban and suburban lands, where the chief sources of increment duty accrue.

* * *

Mr. Churchill, speaking at Bournemouth on Saturday week, outlined the Government's schemes of

insurance against unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and death, on a scale "undreamt of as practised in the history of our country," and claimed that this policy was essential to security as well as progress. On Monday, speaking at Canford Park, he prophesied confidently that the land proposals would take their place on the Statute Book. If the Lords touched finance the whole force of Liberal government would disappear. It would be a "crime" to democracy to acquiesce in the "slightest mutilation" of the Budget by the House of Lords. As it left the House of Commons, so it must stand or fall.

* * *

The Tsar and Tsarina arrived in the Solent on Monday morning in the yacht "Standart," and were met by the King, and afterwards greeted by the assembled British fleet, through which the royal yacht passed. At a dinner party, the King, giving the Emperor's health, spoke of early family ties between the two Houses, declared that the fleet, "the most powerful and largest" ever assembled, was a symbol not of war, but of peace, and, somewhat significantly, linked the Tsar's visit with his reception of the members of the Duma. He hoped that the visit would strengthen the "good feeling" which existed between the two countries. The Tsar reciprocated the family recollections, and spoke of the "growing cordial relationship" between the two lands, founded both on interest and esteem, language which points to a somewhat close diplomatic relationship. On the following day both the Tsar and his family paid visits to the shore, the children stopping at Cowes and the Tsar visiting Osborne College and House. His yacht, the "Standart," was, throughout, rigidly guarded by a ring of torpedo boats and war vessels.

* * *

On Thursday, addresses were presented to the Tsar by the City Corporation, the London and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce, and other bodies, and the visit was wound up by a fervently-worded message in which he declared that his affectionate greeting by our Royal Family and the "attitude of British statesmen, people, and Press" were happy auguries for the future of the two nations. This attitude, we need not point out, is far from unanimous. On Monday an open letter was addressed to Sir Edward Grey, signed by two Bishops and many Anglican and Nonconformist dignitaries, three peers, including Lord Courtney, over seventy Liberal and Labor members of Parliament, and a body of authors, professors, editors, and other men of note, recalling the unsparing and extra-legal character of the system of repression on which the Tsar's rule rests. While welcoming the development of friendly relationships, it asked the Government to exert its influence to ameliorate the evils which it described. We cannot see on what ground such a plea can be refused.

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The Master of Elibank, the new Under-Secretary for India, explained the Indian Budget to the House of Commons on Thursday. The financial situation which it revealed was bad, with some prospects of betterment. The period of prosperity being over, there was a deficit of $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions. Famine and plague, India's twin scourges, still prevailed, but in diminishing volume. Mr. Murray praised Lord Kitchener's military administration, but it has been terribly costly, especially in respect of military works, the increase coinciding with the easing of the Russian strain. The Under-Secretary announced a very useful attempt to discover some means of shepherding Indian students in England so as to save them from the influences which perverted Dhingra.

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On the question of order Mr. Murray announced no definite change of policy, but quoted John Mill in defence of a measure of repression in communities which failed to co-operate freely with the law, and had no regard for it—a difficulty for which both in India and in Ireland Liberalism has in the main found one kind of remedy and Toryism another. The Radicals again criticised the deportations, and rightly pleaded for amnesty, which we hope Lord Morley will concede as the scheme of reform assumes a workable shape. Liberals should, we think, be careful to present the Indian community with a full view of the importance of this great departure and of the fact that it, and not the passing phase of repression, is the key-note of Lord Morley's statesmanship.

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The Spanish Government appears to have put down the rising in Catalonia. They got the upper hand in Barcelona by Saturday, after heavy reinforcements had reached the garrison and artillery had been brought into action. The censorship still continues, so that it is impossible to know how severe was the fighting. The authorities put the killed at 100 and wounded at 1,000, and some thirty-seven convents and churches were burned. They profess to have only 400 prisoners at Montjuich, and deny that any rebels have been summarily shot, though pretty definite reports tell a very different tale. The stories of murdered monks and nuns and tortured policemen are pure fables. The rising was anti-clerical, partly because of the competition of conventual institutions, but regard was paid to business-houses and factories. The Government claims that there is complete tranquillity in other cities. The general strike proclaimed by the Socialists in Madrid for Monday failed because the authorities arrested the Socialist leaders and threatened military action against all strikers. It is, perhaps, of significance that, despite expressions of official optimism, the Queen remains close to the French frontier. Hardly any fighting has taken place at Melilla during the last week, but the Moors are as numerous and resolute as ever.

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Mr. Churchill and Mr. Askwith—one of the ablest of our civil servants—have saved the country the immense loss involved in a general strike of coal miners, as the result of the Scottish dispute. The vital point of the settlement is the withdrawal by the Scottish coalowners of the demand for a reduction of the minimum wage from 6s. to 5s. 6d. a day. In return, the Federation abandons the idea of a general strike, and agrees to set up a scale of prices on this basis, with a reference to a neutral arbitrator in cases of disputed interpretation. The moral of the quarrel, which nearly culminated in a national disaster, is probably the necessity of a Wages Board.

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On Wednesday one of the greatest labor conflicts of modern times began in Sweden. The Swedish employers in certain industries have been insisting upon a serious reduction in wages, and at the same time the Employers' Federation has been carrying on a systematic attack on the rights of trade unions to share in determining the wages and conditions of labor. To enforce their demands they locked out 80,000 men. The Federation of Trade Unions replied by proclaiming a general strike for Wednesday. There are about 530,000 workers employed in industry, commerce, and transport, of whom

230,000 are organised. Of the organised workers 161,000 belong to the Federation, and the remaining 70,000 are for the most part on friendly relations with the Federation, and many of them have joined the strike. Municipal and postal officials and tramwaymen have thrown in their lot with the Federation, and the railway men may do likewise. So general an industrial conflict is almost without precedent, and it could have been avoided but for the narrowness as well as the inexperience of the directors of Swedish industry, who are frequently lawyers.

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On Wednesday, the Home Secretary introduced a Bill for the regulation of shop hours. It is not to be pushed through this session, and it is to be threshed out by the representatives of employers and workers with a view to an uncontested passage next year. The measure differs somewhat from Sir Charles Dilke's Bill, which forms the model for this kind of legislation. It sets up a sixty hours' normal week for shop assistants, exclusive of meals, allows a maximum of sixty hours' overtime in the course of the year, provides a weekly half-holiday for every shop, the day to be fixed by the local authority, and enacts general Sunday closing, subject to an exception in favor of Jewish traders. The Bill has, we hope, every chance of succeeding, for it means an immense gain to that national treasure, the time and health of the people. A million and a half of traders and assistants are concerned in it.

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The result of the first bye-election in Germany since the passing of the Clerical-Agrarian finance "reform" scheme is very significant. It took place in Neustadt, a division of the Palatinate which had been held by the National Liberals for more than forty years. At the first ballot the Socialist received 8,300 votes (an increase of 2,000 on the Socialist poll in 1907) against 8,857 for the Liberal, 7,129 for the Clerical, and 2,088 for the Agrarian. The Agrarians were instructed to vote Liberal and the Clericals to abstain at the second ballot, but the Socialist carried the seat by 12,719 against the Liberals 11,765. The Socialists themselves admit that their victory is due to Clerical support. But the Press of all colors agrees that the return of the Socialist in this National Liberal stronghold is the strongest condemnation of the reactionary budget, which imposed the giant's share of the new burdens upon the working and middle classes. These, to express their resentment, have voted for the extreme party and the one which fought the budget most resolutely. This is an omen for us.

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The "deadlock" between the Tariff Conference and Mr. Taft was rapidly arranged by slight reductions of duties, chiefly the duties on hides, coal, and iron. Even Mr. Payne, one of its sponsors, admits that the tariff in its final form increases duties on goods valued at £170,000,000, and decreases them on goods valued only at £90,000,000. The tariff finally passed the House of Representatives on Saturday after a hard fight. In two important divisions the majorities were five and twelve, and a hearty rally by the Democrats might have secured its rejection. Eighteen Western Republicans voted against their party, and two Southern Democrats, facts which indicate the movement of the West towards a low tariff and of the South towards high protection. The Senate entered on the final discussion of the tariff on Thursday. No difficulty is expected in getting it through. The sentiment of the country is dead against this new piratical tariff, and the Democrats are in high hopes of carrying the next Congress elections, which will take place after the new duties have produced their inevitable result of sensibly raising the cost of living.

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The Neergard Cabinet has resigned, which probably means the end of an ambitious militarist policy in Denmark. For a generation, Danish Conservatives, inspired by memories of the war of 1864, have been agitating for an extensive system of fortifications against Germany, and encouraging the hope that, in the event of war between England and Germany, the lost provinces might be recovered. They managed to create a considerable uneasiness, and Mr. Neergard in February took up their scheme. He became Premier when the Christensen Cabinet was ruined by the Alberti scandals. Mr. Christensen, however, remained a power, and he was against the fortification of Copenhagen. The elections in May left the Cabinet in a minority, but Mr. Neergard hoped to get Mr. Christensen's support. It was refused, and the Cabinet had to retire. It is possible that a compromise may be arranged to suit Mr. Christensen, but more probably the whole fortification scheme will be dropped, and Danish politics be relieved of an absurd and dangerous nightmare.

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On Monday Mr. Haldane stated the Government's plans for the study and development of aeronautics in application to war. Mr. Haldane explained that the work was divided between the Army and the Navy. The former were spending £36,000 a year, the latter £35,000. The Navy were dealing with the rigid dirigible machine, the Army with the non-rigid dirigible, a division of labor which but for the *cachet* attached to it by so clear a thinker as Mr. Haldane, might seem more than a little absurd. A great experimental apparatus has been provided and is working under the auspices of the differential calculus. We should have thought a still more urgent investigation for a Liberal Government was to discover whether mankind, having an ample experience of war on the land, was also to be plagued by war in the air. A phrase in a *règlement* attached to the Hague Convention of 1907 appears to prohibit the use of aerial bombs against undefended towns and habitations of men. But no general prohibition of aerial warfare has been secured. Is not this an object of the highest importance?

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A remarkable admission, which ought not to be lost sight of, was made by Mr. Redford, on Friday week, in the course of his evidence before the Joint Committee on the Censorship. He stated, in answer to Mr. Harcourt, that he had sent a telegram to the manager of "The Follies," declaring that "no skit" would be "permitted" on "An Englishman's Home." He added that, in this matter, he had simply obeyed instructions, and had no personal initiative. We are thus driven back on to the Lord Chamberlain, a Court official, as the real power in the Censorship. In the instance of the production of "An Englishman's Home," this authority permits a play advocating conscription, and interdicts a caricature of this subject and its treatment. In the same way it licenses a play like "John Bull's Other Island" which is more or less a satire on Liberal ideas of Irish policy, and refuses to license a play called "Press Cuttings," which is, in the main, a satire at the expense of politicians of the type of Lord Roberts. This seems to us a point which politicians as well as literary men should keep in view.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE FLIGHT OF THE OPPOSITION.

We ventured some weeks ago to predict that well before the great Day of Pheasants arrived the Landlords' Army would be retiring from the Battle of the Budget. But we certainly did not anticipate that it would be in full flight in the first week of August. Such, however, is the mournful truth. Whether it be the Limehouse speech, or the grouse, or the discovery of the Tariff Reformers that a millionaire is not an object of popular idolatry, or a ground landlord beloved from pole to pole of the British Isles, or whether it be a mixture of all these economic, political, prudential, and merely pleasurable calculations, is not for us to say. Suffice it to remark that the "Times," that ancient pilot of opportunism, has already discovered that there is a change in the political situation "comparable only to the turn of the tide upon an estuary when moored boats swing slowly round," and that the "Morning Post," while delicately hinting that "the bulk of the fighting over the land tax part of the Budget is over," laments that its opponents have concerned themselves "too much with the case of the large owners." Still nimbler has been the strategic movement of the "Daily Mail." That impartial organ of high and low life proclaimed the Budget, on the day after its appearance, to be not merely the "bankruptcy of free trade" and the "death-knell of a fetich," but "a vote-detaching agency." To-day its opinion has changed. Having discovered from researches in High Peak and elsewhere that the Budget's vote-attaching capacities were of no mean order, it devoted two columns of its space and the largest type at its disposal to a slightly belated but transparently sincere eulogy of the Budget, its "great" development scheme and large plans of "relief in sickness," its "scientific encouragement of rural industry," and its "practical help to the new population" which another Government measure, the Small Holdings Act, was placing on the land. Secure in the support of the people and of the "Daily Mail," Ministers are told that they can now go boldly forward, for the Opposition, save in the City, has "fallen flat," and "the defeat of the Budget will soon be past praying for." We are sorry not to be able at this moment to lay at Mr. Lloyd George's feet the late though heartfelt tribute of the "Spectator," but we have no doubt it will prove to be the choicest and most feeling of these offerings of repentance.

To most sober observers of politics it would seem as if this hysterical retreat, following on an equally hysterical agitation, were the appropriate mark of a bad cause, and of a false, violent, exaggerated, selfish, and unmanly propaganda. The Government may, indeed, count itself fortunate in such opponents as the Duke of Portland, whose family, enriched by the spoils of whole counties and the tribute of a city province, is henceforth, according to its chief, to suffer, not in any curtailment of its personal enjoyments, but through the losses of its humble dependents. A Mr. Maryon-Wilson, dropping the Duke's language of affected commiseration, has been so kind as to enumerate the special blessings of which he proposes to deprive other people because of the wounds that he thinks the Budget will inflict on himself. This father of his people announces that if the Budget becomes law he will discontinue (*a*) his system of sick pay to the workmen on his estate; (*b*) his distributions of Christmas beef; (*c*) all his local subscriptions; (*d*) all but necessary repairs on his farm, and (*e*) all improvements. Now, beneath this policy of intimidation rests the obvious thought, first, that a great landlord is a useful and necessary instrument in the economy of a modern countryside, and, secondly, that he has the power to shift taxation on his own rentals and superfluities on to the shoulders of the poor, with a great resulting loss of employment. Both these propositions happen to be untrue. Save in Ireland, there is no land system so bad as that of England, and no country has suffered more than our own from the decline of the independent peasant and yeoman classes whom the Howards and Bentincks drove out, and to whom they would never have dared to address such missives as the mean and minatory edicts of the last three months. But in fact the powers claimed by these masters of the countryside do not effectively reside in them. Economists do not agree with Lord Avebury that taxes on rent can easily be shifted. And we are entirely sceptical that anything worse will happen as the result of the petulant or the enforced dismissal of gardeners and footmen, and the selling of portions of over-loaded estates, than a temporary transference of labor from one kind of activity to another, and that from a less to a more useful and human activity. The taxes are the negative side of the Budget; the positive side is seen in the development fund, in the road taxes, in the old age pensions, in the plans of industrial insurance and rural progress. Even the new "Dreadnoughts" mean so many more engineers and shipwrights at work, while every one of the schemes we have mentioned implies a fructification of the national soil and the national resources. The pensions carry a relief of labor from a heavy burden of duty and habit; an immediate increase in the spending powers of thousands of villagers and townsfolk, and an expansion of the custom of the shops and stores that depend upon them, and upon the workmen on whom the new insurance schemes will confer fresh reserves of efficiency. What is this increase of the living and spending power of the masses but a national symbol of the rise of democracy, the aim of all those policies of "ransom" which modern statesmanship sets up? Even the "Morning Post" insists that its party would have had the same constructive ideas as the Liberals if the latter had not been so unkind as to take them away from it. The pinch and the passion to evade only come when the rich are asked to contribute their quota to this national insurance fund, instead of making the poor pay for it.

But, indeed, the popularity of the Budget and the hatred expressed for it—and the one feeling is the measure of the other—come from the fact that it has struck a deep vein of social injustice. We observe that Mr. Lloyd George's brilliant exposure to the people of Limehouse of the working of the leasehold system in London has drawn a reply which emphasises rather than diminishes its truth. The Chancellor did, indeed, com-

press a little the various dealings of the Duke of Westminster and others with the famous business established by Mr. Gorringe when he said that the few hundreds a year originally paid by Mr. Gorringe as ground rent to the Duke were run up to £4,000. So they were, but not in one lease. There was more than one renewal, and more than one "fine" for renewal. The "Times" has been so good as to unearth the terms of the lease of 1903. From this it appears that the Duke of Westminster was willing to renew the lease of the premises on condition of (1) an increase of £335 in the ground rent, (2) a "fine," present, or "premium," of £50,000, and (3) an engagement by Mr. Gorringe to rebuild a portion of the premises—*i.e.*, to endow him with a renewed and ever renewable property—at a cost of £50,000, or, in the event of a longer lease, at a cost not exceeding £80,000. It is quite irrelevant for the "Times" to say that the Duke only did as other landlords, private or public, do, or that if he had not made all these claims and seizures, Mr. Gorringe would have appropriated them. The point is that Mr. Gorringe had earned some, though not all, of this increment, while the Duke had not earned one farthing, and would have been able to reap it just as well if an hour after the signature of the first lease he or his father had fallen into the miraculous slumber that overtook Mr. Wells's sleeper. Part of the increase belonged to Mr. Gorringe's business skill and that of his assistants and neighbors, part to the improvement of the situation, its growing populousness or desirability, to the nearness of Victoria station or Buckingham Palace, to the expenditure of the Westminster ratepayers on roads and drains and light, to the people who daily walked or drove past Mr. Gorringe's windows, to the country-folk who were attracted to shop there. The increment therefore should in equity have been divided among the State, the municipality, and Mr. Gorringe. Because the Duke of Westminster, and all landlords, tend to absorb the whole joint product of such exertions and expenditures, while they object to return even a modest contribution to the public purse, the popularity of the Budget, which makes this provision, grows and will grow the more the mass of the people understand it. It is this fact which explains the panic-stricken desire of the Opposition to have done with the discussion of a plan that has restored to Liberalism the mastery of the present situation and given it the promise of the future.

## THE WOMEN'S WAR.

The women's war—with its mingling of self-sacrifice, wildness, and ardor—continues with unbroken fury. Every week provides fresh incidents, sometimes grotesque, sometimes violent, always defiant of convention and of mockery. Now megaphones shout through the roof of a meeting, women hide in cupboards, in order suddenly to burst out and create disturbance, men are plucked from pillars or chain themselves to chairs while they proclaim the watchwords of their cause. Now great meetings—orderly, enthusiastic, passionate—are addressed in dignified and convincing fashion by many of the same women who have been performing these queer antics. Now disturbers of order, refusing to give surety for good behavior, are sent to gaol: and from behind the prison walls comes news of scuffles and punishments and hunger-strikes, which baffle the authorities and excite pity and disapproval and concern in the hearts of the male supporters of the movement. It is the spectacle—diverting, perhaps, to any completely detached observer, but with a serious and not ignoble element also—of a small, but determined, company of women declaring war upon the Executive, and devoting all nimbleness of wit and ingenuity of contrivance in order to make that Executive impotent and ridiculous. Mr. Gladstone complained on Wednesday that, when placed as prisoners in the first division, they assert that they scorn all political privileges, and demand to be treated by the normal prison discipline. When placed as prisoners in the second division, they declare, or their friends declare, that they are political offenders—as they clearly are—subject to deliberate humiliations. Exasperation deepens as the struggle continues. Measures on both sides become more desperate; at large open-air meetings women reported to be "suffragettes" are nearly torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd, and their men supporters—and often the women themselves—are subjected to rough, and sometimes brutal, treatment as they are flung out of the halls and down the staircases. On the other hand, their cleverness in speech, above all their physical pluck, win them attentive audiences in many constituencies. Probably the mass of the public look on with curiosity. Some are converted by this determined and consistent guerilla warfare; others are alienated, and even filled with anger and scornful bitterness. Meantime a kind of chorus of comment and protest is kept up by the many distinguished supporters, who draw attention to the heroism and suffering thus so freely given, and ask, with increasing emphasis, why a Liberal Government does not end it all by giving the women the vote.

It is surely desirable to keep criticism or protest on the proper plane. It is asserted that women are being arrested for assaulting the police because they are preventing them from the legitimate right of presenting a petition to Mr. Asquith. But no women with a great cause at heart would be arrested for the sake of anything so mild as a petition to Mr. Asquith. If Mr. Asquith received the petition to-morrow they might boast a Pyrrhic victory. Their cause would not be advanced an iota. They are being arrested because they think the cause of women is aided by their being arrested; they are refusing surety for good behavior and choosing the alternative of imprisonment because they believe that by such imprisonment they are calling attention to the political disabilities of their sex. And the same is true of their treatment within the prison. Four distinguished literary men appealed in Wednesday's newspapers for the women who had undergone the "hunger strike." "They refused to submit to second division rules, because they claim the right, as political offenders, to conditions of imprisonment which do not inflict humiliation." This may be true, and, for our part, we prefer Gladstone's arguments against the degradation of political prisoners to his son's suggestion that the suffragettes are not true

politicals. But in the main it is clear that the suffragettes are not thinking of the difference between first division and second division treatment. They are accepting such torture because they believe that by the manifestation of heroic and even reckless devotion they may be able to compel the indifferent passer-by to face the whole question of woman's emancipation, a question which he would fain avoid. They would, indeed, sit down and starve outside the gates of the House of Commons in presence of the crowd, if by that they could do service to the cause. We are faced with a proclamation of outlawry on the part of the women, determination, by some conspicuous acts of endurance and suffering, to arrest the attention of the cheery, tolerant, and contemptuous public. They are not proving by these methods the rightness of the women's cause. They are not proving the popularity of the women's cause. They are proving, once again, the latent power of martyrdom in the facing of ridicule and of physical pain, which many women have devoted in the past to many great and impersonal ideals.

It is questionable if at the moment they are advancing the ends which they desire. The evidence of the hundreds who are willing to immolate themselves, of the thousands of women adherents, of the support of the liberated and intellectual minds of this country is no evidence that they have yet converted the ordinary stolid male elector who decides the future of political and social change. They claim—in such letters as we have been publishing—to find everywhere a public transformation of attitude, a new admiration amongst the men, crowded meetings, respectful hearing. We can well believe that such a transformation may be possible, without at the same time any substantial progress having been made to the goal of their desire. We disagree with their interruption of public meetings, for it interferes with one of the most important of free rights to the common people—the right of the representative to be allowed to address upon political subjects those who have assembled to hear him. Such a policy is surely only justifiable in a war *à outrance*, in which women had not only proclaimed themselves outlaws, but had been proclaimed, by a male-elected Government, outside the law—free henceforth from its protection. We regard as entirely legitimate their bye-election policy, their assembling in meetings and demonstrations, their appeal to any body of electors against any Government which refuses them the vote. We offer no criticism upon the policy of hunger strikes. Prisoners who are prepared to go without food, in dark, solitary cells, for four or five days, have entered that class which is beyond criticism from the self-indulgent, comfortable life of normal citizenship. They belong to the kingdom of those who will find death for a cause. It is only the defence of some of their admirers—statements concerning "the reluctance to concede the honors of war to political offenders"—which could harm them by making them appear ridiculous. What, in the name of all desperate causes—the liberators of Italy, the brave men who choke up the Russian prisons—have "the honors of war" to do with serious efforts for the triumph of a movement towards freedom?

In fact, if Mr. Gladstone were to concede—as we hope he will concede—the "first division" to all "political" offenders, if Mr. Asquith were to set aside a casual quarter of an hour to receiving a deputation, there might be rejoicing over a personal success. Would the cause of women's suffrage be sensibly advanced? The obstacle to success is not the "natural wickedness" of the Liberal Government, nor the refusal of the 415 Liberal members to redeem their pledges. It is, first, the intense preoccupation of the public mind with other questions, and secondly the still unmoved conviction of probably the majority of the male electors of this country that the women should not be given the vote. The women's question at present—and we say this with no hostility, but as strong supporters of their cause—is not at the centre of the situation, just as Home Rule—for which many more men and women have suffered and died—is not at the centre of the situation. "The Budget raises vast issues," say the four correspondents of the "Daily News," "yet to our mind the emancipation of woman is an issue larger than the liberation of land." Yes; but to how many other minds? We may wish it otherwise; but it would be idle for any practical politician to assert that for 90 per cent. of Liberal, for 99 per cent. of Tory electors, the liberation of the land is not an issue at the present more vital than the emancipation of woman. The one is immediate, insistent, alive, a sudden challenge in which the choice is brief yet endless. Democracy is fighting for its life, and the issue of the next few months will settle the history of this country for the next half-century. As for the women, all but those to whom this cause has filled the whole political horizon are influenced by the thought that although the franchise is certain to come and is, indeed, an act of elemental justice, yet the world will not be shaken to its foundations if it comes to-morrow rather than to-day. They reason—the plain men of the street—that the women have endured for some considerable time without it; that many General Elections have passed without anything substantial having been said concerning it. They don't to-day care very much whether they possess the vote themselves, and they certainly are not going to be diverted from controversy concerning far-reaching social concerns and tariffs and land taxes to remedy immediately an injustice which has endured so long and so lightly. And the Liberal section of them resent an attack upon a Liberal Government at the moment when Liberalism has emerged with difficulty from twenty years of Tory reaction and scarcely yet has learnt to stand upright.

We do not give this view as our own. We give it as our diagnosis of such public opinion as exists upon this question. The walls of Jericho do not to-day fall by shouting: and there is no measure of the devotion which has to be expended, the sufferings voluntarily endured, before there is won any great and substantial advance in human progress. England, in refusing the suffrage, is in line with the European tradition as yet practically unbroken. The idea advanced by Mr. Zangwill and his colleagues that "it is necessary only for the Government to give a few days of debate" in order that a limited Woman's Suffrage Bill may be carried is

an idea which belongs to the region of dreams. Such a Bill would be bitterly fought in the Commons, and no sane politician imagines that the House of Lords would pass such a message without first testing the verdict of the electorate. Would the electors declare for the woman's franchise on an *ad hoc* election? Would they declare for it on an election of confused issues? Home Rule for Ireland—judged by any test of human sacrifice—has also a large claim to "first place"; would the Irish waive such a claim? All these questions belong to the future. We rejoice at any evidence which can be ascertained that the cause of the suffrage is gaining adherents in this country. We regret, while at the same time we understand, the particular methods which some advocates of the suffrage adopt in order to fix attention on their claims. We are inclined to believe that, so far from the work drawing to a conclusion, it is only yet beginning. We are assured that when all the story is told and the ultimate triumph, which is inevitable, attained, due honor will be paid to those who first compelled a people—whether they would hear or whether they would forbear—to listen to a just claim for political freedom.

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## THE PRECEDENTS FOR THE LAND TAXES.

The English landed classes are at once the most conscientious and the worst educated of any of the land-owning classes of Western Europe. Typical products of our public school and University system, they only ask to be allowed to do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them without interference from Government. They know nothing of any attack on their system by theory or practice—the theory, a consensus of opinion of experts on economics, the practice, a rapid development of special appropriations of landed increments or taxes on site values amongst all the civilised nations of the world. Modern economics is a sealed book to them; experience—outside these islands—negligible. At Cambridge the appearance of a fly-sheet of results of the "Political Economy Special" used to be a standing subject of ribaldry, the names of five distinguished professors being usually followed by the solemn announcement of results. Class I., None. Class 2. None. Class III., None. And the quite genuine astonishment, even of their leaders in the House of Commons, at hearing of special increment or site value taxes in Germany or America or Australasia reveals that the ignorance is real and not feigned. They have honestly thought that the terms "unprecedented," "robbery," "preposterous," "Socialistic," were correctly applicable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's modest propositions which deal with land; that they are being treated as no other landed class has ever been treated before; that the Budget has been spewed out of the jaws of hell, and marks the beginning of the end. They are amazed and incredulous when they find (for example) that increment in land is regularly taxed in the German cities, that Lord Balfour of Burleigh has advocated a special rating of urban site values, or that the King, many Bishops, and Conservative statesmen were prepared to recommend, a generation ago, rating upon 4 per cent. of the capital value of the undeveloped land round the towns, less for the raising of revenue than for the better housing of the working classes.

A study of the Government Blue Book on "Taxation of Land, &c.," might reveal to them how much the world had moved while they had slept, that the present Government is merely following slowly, and at a distance, the effort of progressive communities within and without the Empire. The leaders of the English landlords in the House of Commons, when for the first time confronted with these novel and astonishing facts, were compelled to fall back upon the rather forlorn defence that no particular tax in any particular country was exactly similar in method and proportion to the taxes proposed by the Government. Such an argument is the greatest possible justification of the Government proposals. Mr. Lloyd George has taken something from Germany, something from Australia and New Zealand, something from America, something from our own national experience, endeavoring to eliminate, by this combination, special hardships and difficulties which have been realised in one or other of these systems. But in their main affirmations—in the vindication of what has been termed unjust, in the doing of what has been denounced as impossible—these official reports stand as a shattering reply to most of the fluent nonsense of this summer's debate.

We may classify the statements, before indicating the reply from experience.

The first is the assertion that it is unjust to distinguish "increment" on land from "increment" on other forms of property: that such a distinction is Socialistic in character, inimical to social order, intolerable to any sane Government.

The second is that any differentiation in towns between value of sites and value of building is impossible, or only to be accomplished at impossible expense; and that any tax laid upon such site values is a tax upon a "non-existent entity."

The third is that any separation of the value of land in the country from the value of buildings upon it is a grotesque idea, and that any further separation of the value of the land from the value of improvements in it is (in the elegant words of a leading Tory journal) "the idea of a maniac."

The fourth is that an impost laid upon the capital value of undeveloped land in the neighborhood of the towns is not only unjust in itself, but ruinous to the building trade, calculated to make land dearer instead of cheaper, and the "thin end of the wedge" of a universal Socialistic confiscation.

All these much maligned propositions are revealed in this Blue Book as in peaceful operation in contemporary contented civilised communities. Against the first criticism the Chancellor can appeal to the example of Germany, against the second to that of Australia, New Zealand, and America, against the third to New Zealand and Australia, against the fourth to Germany (once again) and America and almost the whole of the dominions of Britons beyond the sea.

For in Germany the "increment" tax is here revealed, originating in Frankfort, spreading to Hamburg, Dresden, and Cologne, and now, like wildfire, to all the German cities, so that many of them, even this summer, have passed the whole decree levying the tax in one afternoon. Here, as established in Frankfort, beyond the general charge of 2 per cent. on the purchase price in all cases, is the double method of scooping in a proportion of the increment for public purposes. If property has remained in the same hands for at least twenty years, land which is built over is charged a proportion, varying with the distance of time, of its purchase price. If it has remained unbuilt on it is charged a much higher proportion, the logical and cheerful Germans assuming "that an increase had accrued to the owner which could be estimated according to the number of years the property had remained in one hand." But where property has been rapidly changing hands a different and far higher scale of duty is applied. In Frankfort, which has been the model for others, the increment on the land is assumed to be deducible from the increased value of land and buildings, with deductions for any building which has taken place since the last sale. And in such a case, beginning at a 15 per cent. increase, a sliding scale takes the astonished landlord up from 2 per cent. of a small increase to 25 per cent. as a maximum if the land, in less than twenty years, has increased by 150 per cent. of its previous value. "Apportionment," which is treated by the Chancellor with delicate regard to vested interests, is there determined in simple and almost brutal fashion by mere arithmetical division. "The result," runs the report, "exceeded the expectation of the authors of the tax." "The theoretical difficulties which had appeared so formidable had largely disappeared in practice." "The tax was worked without friction, and it was specially commended on the ground of facility and cheapness of collection." "I asked a few independent Frankfort citizens what they thought of it. I did not discover any reprobation of it as 'Socialistic' or oppressive, or as having checked business transactions in real estate."

Yet how moderate Mr. Lloyd George's increment tax appears in comparison with this "unoppressive" impost! He starts from April, 1909, assuring all past increments to their present possessors. The German municipalities go back to seize increments of more than twenty years ago. Mr. Lloyd George only taxes increments on site value; with some deductions, the German cities tax increment on land and buildings alike. And at the higher end of the scale, in the case of land which has more than doubled in value since twenty years ago—no uncommon phenomenon in the neighborhood of a growing town—while the English landowner escapes with his whole booty intact up to this year, the German landowner finds one quarter of it suddenly seized by the municipality for communal purposes.

Nor is this the final story in this land of marvels, the Germany which has no "responsible" Government, which is fighting Socialism, and which is supposed easily to be maintaining an expanding navy upon the proceeds of Protection. Confronted with a huge deficit, in a situation not unlike our own, the Prussian *Junkers* have come forward with their proposals for an Imperial land increment tax. One could parallel the situation if one could imagine Mr. Balfour, Captain Pretyman, and Mr. Walter Long offering, as an alternative to the Government proposals, the following scheme. First, a tax on the transfer of land payable by any person acquiring land, whether built on or not, at ½ per cent. of its value—"to be collected in connection with the entry of the new owner's name in the Land Register." Second, a tax on the increment in land—the difference between the last price of acquisition and the price now realised, —(with some deductions for interest on land not used for agriculture or industry between the sales, and for stamps and legal expenses) at rates of 10 per cent. on increments of under 10 per cent., rising 10 per cent. for each increase of increment up to 150 per cent. at the end, above which a uniform 25 per cent. to be charged. The tax to be collected by the local authorities, who are to receive one-fifth of the spoil, and to pass on four-fifths to the Imperial Exchequer. The whole to be retrospective; and if land has not been sold since 1884 its value, "as determined by the purchase prices paid in 1884 for land of similar nature or position," is to be substituted for the "previous price."

These are the proposals of the Prussian Conservatives: reputed the most hidebound Tories in Europe. It would be interesting to hear Captain Pretyman expounding the justice and practicability of the last of these proposals—the calculation of land value twenty-five years ago and the mulcting on sale of increment accumulated since that remote date—to a wondering House of Commons and an approving House of Lords.

[We must reserve for a following article a treatment of the last three propositions of the critics of the land taxes.]

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## THE FUNCTION OF A MINORITY.

The Tsar has come and gone, but the sound which still echoes in the ear of the world is not the cannon of warships saluting our apprehensive guest in our guarded waters. The really English feature of this visit was the open letter to Sir Edward Grey which it called forth. Drafted with tolerance and moderation of phrasing, yet unflinching in its statement of fact, this document, which appeared in the world's Press on the day of the Tsar's arrival, set forth the sombre facts about the present state of Russia—the hangings, the courts martial, the banishments of untried suspects, the abominations of torture and ill-usage which make an inferno of the Russian gaols. The facts are familiar to our readers. They were drawn avowedly from Prince Kropotkin's pamphlet, which, in its turn, was based mainly on Russian Parliamentary documents. Had such a document come only from a handful of political Ishmaels, it might have been disregarded. But it was signed by over two hundred of the names which carry force in the world of free or Liberal opinion—the Bishops of Birmingham and Hereford, Canons Barnett and Scott Holland, nearly all the Nonconformist leaders, Lord Courtney, some eighty Liberal and Labor members of

Parliament, including, under both heads, men who commonly shrink from rash action and whirling words, more than thirty University professors and men of science, including Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Muspratt and Professor Osler, and a group of literary men, with the rather unexpected name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at their head. To gauge the meaning of this manifestation one must go beyond the maladroit anger of the "Times," the embarrassed silence of other London papers, and the outspoken satisfaction of such a typical provincial Tory organ as the "Birmingham Mail." The measure of its importance is to be found in the astonishment of the French papers, several of which recognised its appearance as a European event. England has, after all, despite the decay of the old traditions at the centre of power, vindicated that right of plain speech of which we wrote last week, and fulfilled her function as a sort of Euripidean chorus in front of the Continental stage.

In most of the debates which have raged during the past two months over the ethics of the Anglo-Russian connection, one essential fact has been generally ignored on both sides. That fact is that the country is not unanimous. Had the entire nation, from the Court and the Foreign Office down to the demonstrators in Trafalgar Square, refused to have any dealings with the Russian Government, it is possible that the consequences dreaded in official circles might have come to pass—that Russia would have been thrown into the Kaiser's arms and isolated from all the better Western influences. If, on the other hand, official circles had had their way, if all protest had been silenced, all comment suppressed, and the masses so hypnotised that they would have acquiesced in a public visit of the Tsar to the City, then again it is certain that the worst consequences which we feared would have been realised—the Russian Government would have drawn the conclusion that it has nothing, even in England, to fear from public opinion. In the event, through that natural balance of forces which comes about in a free democracy, the Russian Government is in a position to form an accurate judgment of the prospects of its association with this country. It knows that for purely selfish and interested reasons our professional diplomatists and our Imperialists, driven by their haunting fear of Germany, are ready to conclude with the Russian despotism a close alliance without regard to its character and conduct. It knows also that among Liberals, "intellectuals," and in the churches there is a strong but perfectly reasonable current of opinion which insists that any *entente cordiale* must be delayed until the repression in Russia comes to an end, though it welcomes even now an abandonment of the old Imperial feud. It knows also that the masses, more direct and simple in their judgment, bitterly resent even the formal courtesies between the two Courts. With this nicely differentiated opinion it must reckon as best it may. Our friendship is to be had, but on terms and at a price. Let the repression cease, and our official world will be allowed to follow its own impulses. If it continues, not all the pressure from above can make an *entente cordiale*. How well this mechanism of opinion is understood by Russians, two fragments of evidence prove. The "Daily News" published on Tuesday a rather subtle interview with a Liberal of some standing (for obvious reasons unnamed) in the Tsar's entourage. "I am glad," he said, "that the visit has taken place, and I am also glad that your paper has made its protest." In a less paradoxical form, the "Russ," a very influential Liberal newspaper conducted on commercial lines, and free from party ties, put the same thought: "An improvement in the internal political conditions of Russia," it wrote, "would be the best guarantee of a durable *entente* with Great Britain."

It must be obvious, we think, that this protest, moderate yet plain-spoken, aimed not at the person of the Tsar but at the overt symptoms of his misrule, has put a powerful weapon into the hands of the Russian Liberals. It is true they did not and could not ask us to make it. Their heads are in the wolf's mouth. They have seen 237 members of the Duma imprisoned since its creation. They were bound in public to adopt the rather embarrassing and clearly calculated attitude of loyalty towards Nicholas II. which has been so unfairly exploited by some of their more simple-minded friends in this country. But, if they are unable to use this lever in order to oust the reactionary clique at court, they are either less competent than we suppose, or in so hopeless a position that no foreign friendship could possibly aid them. But this article in the "Russ" is a proof that they are already beginning to use it. The King's pointed reference to the Duma in his toast has also made this strategy more possible. The Kaiser hailed the Tsar as his fellow monarch by right Divine. King Edward said in effect that he was glad to welcome him because a deputation from the Duma had preceded him. We repeat that we are sceptical about the importance of any foreign factor in influencing the internal affairs of Russia. But, if any foreign influence can play a part, our own share is now free from the reproach of ambiguity. The credit is due to the English minority, which understood its functions as a minority, saved our diplomacy from itself, and counterbalanced the sinister influence of the "Times" and the anti-German fanatics. The protest, to achieve anything, must be maintained. We are not prepared to argue that there has been no sign of any improvement whatever in Russia during the last six months. There have been in a few districts some relaxations of martial law. The Black Hundreds, though still immune from punishment, are now less openly patronised by the Court. But the Liberal "Retch" has just published the figures of the hangings between January and June. They reach 347, which makes a proportionate total less formidable than that for 1908, but decidedly worse than those for 1906 and 1907. In the whole year 1906 there were only 144 executions, and in 1905 only 10. The persecution of the Press is still, as it shows, intense, and the system of administrative exile has received no check. The possibility of an *entente cordiale* with Russia is not yet in sight. The Foreign Office has moved too fast, and it has, as usual, minimised the importance of the moral factor in international affairs. It will, no doubt, persevere in its own course. But it cannot fetter public opinion. The booming of guns does not make a national welcome. The City's casket enshrines, perhaps, the hopes of our financiers. The nation's mind has expressed itself elsewhere.

# Life and Letters.

## THE PLACE OF MIRACLE.

To distinguish between means and ends, between the value of tools and the value of the purpose they serve, seems easy enough. Still easier does it seem to distinguish between a tool and its master. Nevertheless we do not find these distinctions at all easy except in very simple cases. Like certain logical fallacies, as soon as they become complicated they escape our control and entangle us.

Man is undoubtedly a tool-using animal, but his tools are by no means always simple or easily distinguished from himself. To begin with, he is not the only tool-using animal, and some of his tools, like those of other animals, are alive; they are elements in his own life. His peculiarity, in contrast with his lower fellows, is that he not only grows live tools as they do, but makes other kinds. And when he makes the other kinds he does, in fact, teach himself that he and the other animals and even the plants are tool-growing creatures. The creature who only grows tools never learns to know what they are. It is of man's pre-eminence to be able to see that chlorophyll is the tool of a tree, as surely as his own hands are tools of his intellectual life, like his typewriter and telescope.

Unfortunately he has been slow to use this privilege of interpretation. He is too often lost in the maze of himself, misled by the compulsion of his own primary needs; and, above all, dazzled by success. As a tool-grower he has no peer. His finest instrument, his admirable brain, has set him on a height of dominance. Nowhere else is there such a tool, actual or conceived, as the ample covering of "grey matter" which is folded and creased within the small compass of a human skull. It is this unique instrument that enables him to be a tool-maker and expand himself in the world, in a fashion different from that of any other creature.

Thus his dominion grows; his manner of life stretches out; he penetrates, by his action, ever more deeply into the continuity of the material sphere that surrounds him. And he divides it ever more minutely and exactly into parts that shall be instruments for new purposes, setting this by that in new arrangements for his convenience and interest. He has penetrated so far into his world by now that, if he chooses, he may live (like any astronomer or physicist) in the stars and the ether of space. Once he was "cabined and confined" among things that he could touch with bare hands and feet and put into his craving mouth.

But this craving mouth, these hands and feet, are still setting out the pattern of his action and even the pattern of his reflective and speculative thought. He began, long since, when his immediate animal needs of food and shelter were more or less easily satisfied, to reflect upon himself and his world. He brought the tools of his intellect (tools that he had made on the plan of those he found necessary as well as useful in dealing with material things) to bear upon himself, his life and its problems, his world and its problems. From action he turned to speculation, believing that he had nothing better to help him, when philosophising, than a set of conceptual instruments such as were fitted to geometrical space, where one thing lies side by side with another thing, and juxtaposition is the keyword to them all. His logic, his very language, his mathematics, his physics, his whole armament, are of a piece with hands and feet and craving mouth. Each owes its origin and its character to the need of action; each furthers action; each is of the intellect which is primarily one with developing action; and none is produced with a primary view to speculation. This is why, when he comes to speculate, he confounds means with ends, the value of tools with the value of life, and the instruments of life with life itself. This is one capital reason why the mysteries that envelop him, and in which he lives and moves and has his being, are either unseen or misunderstood in the *lumen siccum* of the intellect, and are hard even to speak of intelligibly. Man lives his mysteries, he lives out his truth—if it is truth at all—but when he comes to speculate upon either he is baffled. These wonders do not stand still to be analysed into parts which can be set side by side. Life is movement, continuity; and its keyword is interpenetration, not juxtaposition. When it is dissected it is dead.

The importance of all this in relation to the highest affairs of life is plain to see, from the moment that we discover the problem of the genesis of intellect, and of its peculiar tools.

That the highest affairs of life are at once philosophical and religious requires no proof except to the man who is beset by its lower affairs, or by choice given up to them. And it is especially in religion and in philosophy that we suffer from our ignorance of the snares which have held us fast, and have made our attempts to speculate so full of characteristic mistakes, so inadequate to give insight into the marvels of what we possess and are.

Here, above all, we confound means and ends, tools with the purpose that they serve. The history of religion, like that of philosophy, is a history of this confusion and its lamentable results. And philosophy, extricating itself at last, is lending a hand to its sister in misfortune. Monsieur Bergson, the first to give us an account of the genesis of intellect which enables us to understand, not only its claims and successes, but its failures and restrictions, is, by the way and quite unobtrusively, showing us a considerable part of the reason why Christians do not love one another, and why the world is growing content to pass them by without even taking the trouble to hate them.

The Christian tools, theological dogmas, and so on, have been of incalculable value—some are still of incalculable value—but they are nevertheless only tools. And men have quarrelled with them and about them, and have brandished them in the face of the world, as if each were an essential safeguard of religion. Misled by their utility, when that utility lessens or comes to a just end, and even becomes transformed into hindrance, Christian men cannot, or will not, face facts, because they are possessed by false theories. They believe that because men have, to their advantage, linked religious life with the use of these instruments, and have seen Christ by means of them, Christ and the religious life of Christians depend upon them. It is a radical confusion to which M. Bergson gives us the clue.

Religion is life, an end as well as means; experience, not statement about experience. It belongs to the mysteries that we live, not to the tools by which we help ourselves to live, or to the speculative pictures we make of life, as it looks to us when we try to dissect it. Religion is movement, continuity, power, interpenetration; it eludes logic and language, and every system we have made in the hope that now at last we shall enclose it for evermore.

Many of us are learning this lesson very fast—too fast for the scholastic systematisers; and too fast, it seems, for some men who are far from being systematisers of any kind. Dr. Figgis may represent a considerable number of Christians, or he may represent very few; but, in any case, his Hulsean Lectures on "The Gospel and Human Needs" give pathetic evidence of the way in which a tender heart, like a hard head, may hide the light in which life shall open out and grow. They show that there are men, be they few or many, among Christian teachers, who call upon us to retain, against our better judgment, certain religious tools that have been useful in the past, and even to regard them as necessary for religious life in the present, because to "the plain man" they are still handy and attractive. Dr. Figgis has devoted his powers, in these Hulsean Lectures, to an endeavor to persuade Christians that the stage in which miracles were a stumbling block to faith is at an end, and that they are once more "becoming a help," and are "indeed of the essence of revelation." "Dominated by sonorous commonplaces about irrevocable law and iron uniformity,"

he says, we may and do "find grave difficulty to faith in the miraculous." But "the plain man," just because he finds this "iron uniformity" pressing upon him, craves as he has always craved, when facing the obstinacy of things, for a helper to whom they are not obstinate. He will believe in God and repent of his sins, if God bends or breaks these things at His will. If He does not—what, says the plain man, is the good of Him, and why should I be sorry for my sins? "Instead of being a drag upon faith, the miraculous, or the idea of revelation, or whatever you choose to call it, is once more beginning to be a pillar of it. Miracles were easy of credit in days when personal agency was detected throughout nature, and the physical world was not conceived as an orderly whole. Belief was easy then, but it was also superfluous; for the miracle was simply a fact, like any other fact of daily life, and conveyed none but a particular lesson. Nowadays the belief is not easy, but it is essential; unless we are to be deprived of all faith in our own spiritual being, and driven to view the world as a vast system, which may, perhaps, be a living whole, but without any place for personalities, and with our own love and fear, our sin or sanctity, mere illusions, a sort of phosphorescent by-product of the outer world. The iron law of physical sequences is always with us; the pressure of the world, environment, heredity, is patent and appalling. What is a mere theory to the student is the most constant and oppressive of facts to the plain man. It is just this very thing he wants to escape from. It is only miracle, revelation, that can assure him that behind all this network of material forces there is a living will, while God manifest in Christ displays that will as Love. That is all he wants. That gives him a refuge, a home for the soul, whose deepest emotion and noblest desires may now be satisfied."

It is plain that Dr. Figgis does not mean mystery when he says miracle. His revelation is apocalyptic, his miracle is no more mysterious than any other fact of nature or history. For him revelation is of a piece with the writing on tables of stone; his miracle is for God what a steam-engine or a flying machine is for man—it is to man scientific achievement on a gigantic and humanly inaccessible scale. He plainly distinguishes between these things and mysteries. "Mystery," he says, "is, in fact, no less needful than miracle in our world of thought to-day. The one saves us from a world of cast-iron; the other from that profounder slavery of the mind to its own creations, from that superstition of the logical process, which is willing in its blindness to treat the real life of struggle and hope and joy as mere illusion, if only at the cost it may preserve its self-consistency. "This," he goes on—and the remark is significant—"this is to make an idol out of an instrument." In point of fact, there is no mystery at all about a miracle except the mystery of all action of any kind whatever, human or divine. A miracle is welcome to the plain man just because it has not even an air of mystery about it, and does not puzzle him by reminding him that there is such a thing to be considered. It is, as it were, a telephonic message from another world, telling him that there is a living person there who is ready to help him. The need to know of that person and to be helped makes him demand both apocalyptic teaching and this miraculous scientific achievement. The craving mouth, the longing ear, the desire to see and touch, taste and handle, govern him in this, now as ever. Here once more, too, he makes "an idol of an instrument." Miracle was for us all a good tool once, at least by its power of giving particular lessons; it is a good tool now—if he can use it—for a man oppressed by that concept of "iron uniformity" which as yet he does not know to be nothing but another of his tools. Apocalyptic revelation, tables of stone, an infallible heaven-sent book, an external heaven-guaranteed authority of one kind or another—all these are good tools for some times and places and men. But they are only tools; and men have made them in their own image and for their needs. Dr. Figgis comes too late. We are discovering mystery and life; we are feeling the wonder, the power, and the dependence of ourselves. Even the plain man is in his own way learning his lesson. He is beginning to find God, not at the end of a miraculous telephone, but as the Lord and giver and sharer of life, the worker in and with us all. And if he were not, Dr. Figgis is still too late. The tender heart that would shield men by his method from the shock of discovering their speculative mistakes, their intellectual errors, lest religion fail them, will succeed no better than if it were allied with a hard head and with that "superstition of logical process" which he now deplores. Where logical process has become "superstitious" it is because men have discovered the ways by which intellect has become what it is. They have only to consider those ways to find the place of miracle and of mystery, of an apocalyptic revelation and of the revelation that is life, in the economy of us all.

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## TENNYSON, 1809—1909.

Those who this week throw their minds back to Tennyson must feel as if they had stepped on to beautiful but half-forgotten ground, like an old college garden, where students walk, holding a copy of his poems, "between an annotated Euripides and a handbook of scholastic philosophy." They recall something between dreamland and real life, between a poet-scholar's delicate vision of his own world and his re-creation of the noblest or most appealing fancies of his forerunners. They find much of Virgil, a touch of Wordsworth, a hint of Spenser and Shelley, an atmosphere of nineteenth century science and moral thought. They are seized afresh with a feeling for the charm of England and the pleasures and consolations yielded by existence in this delightful land. Each of these impressions is agreeable. They admire the gravity and measure of the poet's style, his unfailing sense of music and fitness in the arrangement of words and the cadence of verse, his enrichment even of the great language he uses, his "pure and sovereign" voice. They observe again his sincere but free religious sentiment, springing from a heart touched but not overwhelmed with the scepticism of its age. They see that this famous singer chiefly loves what they, too, love in England—liberty, progress, and great service to the State in obedience to its laws. Hardly a harsh or difficult note surprises them in the harmonious development of the master's powers. An audience of pious, refined, well-meaning, and well-bred folk has been rarely entertained; and the stalls and the boxes resound with warm but discreet applause:—

> "The traveller (says Taine), the lover of archæology, has been pleased by the imitations of foreign and antique sentiment. The sportsman, the lover of the country, has relished the little country scenes and the rich rural pictures. The ladies have been charmed by his portraits of women; they are so exquisite and pure! He has laid such delicate blushes on those lovely cheeks! He has depicted so well the changing expression of those proud or candid eyes! They like him because they feel that he likes them. He even honors them, and rises in his nobility to the height of their purity. Young girls weep in listening to him; certainly when, a little while ago, we heard the legend of 'Elaine' or 'Enid' read, we saw the fair heads drooping under the flowers which adorned them, and white shoulders heaving with furtive emotion."

It is his singular, and a little inhuman, calm of mind which distinguishes Tennyson from nearly all his contemporaries among the imaginative writers of England and Europe—from Hugo, de Musset, Tolstoy, Ibsen, Tourgenieff, from Carlyle and Ruskin, and even from Arnold and Clough. Essentially he was fixed, like the pre-Raphaelites, in love of the past. He would not allow his intelligent but detached view of modern life either to disturb his quest of loveliness in classical or Christian art, or to qualify his intellectual serenity. Yet he had no certitude. He had imbibed too much of the speculative spirit of his times to make poetry, as Browning made it, the interpreter of evangelical theology. Newman might never have lived for aught that Tennyson says of him; he went to the Middle Ages for his coloring, but not for his creed. Faith was to him, in part, an effort of Christian stoicism, a refusal to despair of good or to shrink from death.

"Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate."

In part, too, it was the fruit of his poet's vision of a world which lay behind the crude discoveries of sense, and of whose existence and laws his slightly effeminate saints—his Arthurs and Galahads and Percivales—were the delicate reporters. To a mind fixed to these images and ideas, the storms and controversies of his times brought little more than passing disquietude, or, as in "Maud," a flash of mid-century revolt. A strong and, indeed, mastering belief in evolution linked itself early to his broad Christianity, and made of the movement of history a "divine event" to which it advanced through universal peace and the perfection of mankind. From that amiable creed, slightly checked by the pessimism of age, he eliminated all that was harshest in the presentations of it with which his youth had made him familiar. No "deathless fire" could in future darken man's view of his Maker; through "honest doubt" he would rediscover the way of faith; Science, incompetent to fight his natural fears, would lead him onward, itself bound to the inner Wisdom of the Soul; the seeming waste of life would disappear when God had made the pile complete. But, divinely guided as was the world, man must find his way through it with caution: neither too fast nor too slow. Liberal-Conservatism should be his guide; authority watchful at one ear, liberty in attendance at the other.

To these tempered counsels the age of Tennyson listened the more readily because of the enchanting grace of the messenger. For Tennyson could not write ill, or only so wrote through an occasional superficiality of thought and triviality of theme. He could not speak with true feeling of the life of the people, as Wordsworth could speak of Lucy, and the leech-gatherer, and the country girl who heard the caged thrush in Wood Street. But thin or artificial as were some of his subjects, his style was magically true to its author's aim. It lacked Byron's breadth and force, nor was it a creature of light and air and high-soaring spiritual flight, like Shelley's. But it seemed always to reach the beautiful word without too much effort, to be simple and full of dignity, and yet to sparkle with jewel-like ornament. True to its author's exquisite ear and unfailing good taste, it excelled, among a thousand other felicities, in the rendering of sound, such as church bells heard in the distance:—

"The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells,
Far, far, away"—

or in gathering twilight—

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark";

or the heavy splash of the weighted shroud sinking in the sea—

"His heavy-shotted, hammock shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave";

or a sudden burst of wailing—

"A cry that shivered to the tingling stars
And as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation."

The same power is directed with equal certainty to the description of natural movement—of waterfalls that slide down the mountain like "slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn," or the water-liy which folds

"its sweetness up
And slips into the bosom of the lake"—

of the pace of the doubtful, conscience-laden man—

"And so strode back slow to the wounded King,"

contrasted with the rapid step of the same messenger when he has discharged his errand and lightened his mind—

"And lightly went the other to the King."

Such a master of style could open his theme with consummate ease, and evoke at once the picture that he wanted. He could sing of the poet's joy in nature—

"The rain had fallen; the poet arose,"

or the lover's impatience—

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,"

and a shower of familiar images came into view—the swallow's hunting of a bee, the quick motion of a snake in the grass, or the opening clusters of half-seen flowers in an English garden, in all the dewy sweetness of a summer's dawn. But when he approached the scarred ground of human passion Tennyson drew back. Feeling the slightness of his grasp, and approving neither the tumult nor the depth of the soul, he seemed less to speak his own mind than to "fondle and gaze upon the ideas of others." Yet he could write with true emotion. The melancholy of the beautiful lines in "Maud,"

"O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!"

is his own, for it touched his besetting sadness at the thought of the seeming eternity of the separation of death. But his Idas, his Orianas, his Gawains, his Lynettes, his Guineveres, are not real. They are figures in tapestry, embedded in flowers and surrounded with opulent scenery and joyous animals, but only seeming to hunt, or fight, or make love. Unlike the more truthful but not more gifted Wordsworth, Tennyson fell short of the whole duty of a poet. He was too fortunate in his lot, too cloistered in his retirement, too fastidious in his devotion to the refinements of poetry and scholarship, too tender in the almost feminine proprieties of his thought and speech to see life in the mass, and therefore to see it in its highest glory and its deepest gloom.

## THE POVERTY OF THE COTTAGE.

There is in the world no more pathetic figure than the cottage mother who has to feed her small brood on fifteen shillings a week. As a country parson the writer of these lines has seen this strain and struggle at close hand, and knows of what he writes. Perhaps his view of the sufferings and needs of the poor is sharpened by the recollection of daily personal annoyances—as, for instance, of the woman who brought in his very modest lunch, putting a chop on the table with great emphasis, and saying at the same time, "Bobby's cryin'; he ain't had enough." She was the mother of eight. Her predecessor had had only one little boy, who at *le déjeuner de M. le Curé* had always appeared with a plate to carry off his portion; but with eight this was clearly impossible. It is to be feared that to the small, hungry-eyed crowd the parson must have appeared a Sardanapalus. At any rate, he often ate his lunch with compunction, thinking of the "dinners" the children had taken to school, and of the man who worked at a distance, wrapped up in a sack on wet days, drinking his cold tea in the rain.

The result of all this experience is that he believes the great need of the poor to be a sufficiency of good and wholesome food, and this is just what at present they do not get. There is, indeed, deep wisdom and truth in the remark of the late Lord Salisbury that what they need is "a circus." Who has a word to say against the circus? But let her know her place, she is the second, not the first. The First is Food. At present, let it be repeated, the children of the poor, the growing boys and girls, do not have enough to eat. "What does it matter if the people are half-starved, so long as the country forges ahead?" enquires the hero of a very brightly-written Tariff Reform novel. The present writer, for one, does not think that if the people are half-starved the country will forge very far. Again and again he has known young girls go to service as soon as they have left school, and after a month or two of blacking grates and carrying buckets up and down stairs come home spitting blood. "All these young gals has this 'ere 'neemyer," sagely commented the parish clerk, "comes o' drinkin' so much ginger-beer." It is probable, indeed, that stewed tea and temperance drinks do not do much towards building up the constitution unless accompanied by plenty of nourishment in a more solid form.

The cottage mother is too often distracted from the primary necessity of getting food for her children by the touching human desire to get more pleasure and brightness for them, to ornament their hard life a little. This

is most natural and excusable, but on fifteen shillings a week it is fatal, and the indulgence must be paid for dearly. The packman comes, cheerfully breaking in on her lonely and monotonous day with his strings of pearls and coral, his rings and combs and watches, as the minstrels came to the castle amid all the dulness and deadness of the medieval winter, and he is seldom repulsed from the gate. In reality, the place of the packman has largely been taken by the "canvasser" of the instalment system, who persuades the cottage mother to buy some showy article of furniture or novel musical instrument, and pay for it by instalments. The purchase will be made with exultation. "To give Jojy an insight," the proud mother will exclaim. When it is seen that the instrument has to be paid for by the whole family having less food, a revulsion of feeling sets in and the tinklings cease.

The woman's failure to make both ends meet is a frequent source of trouble between the labourer and his wife. The writer has in mind the case of a young farm labourer, who, by the way, bore the name of a great Tractarian leader, marrying a very pretty girl, a slender, dark-eyed little thing, ten years younger than himself. The man was seven-and-twenty, the girl seventeen. "My poor John Henry," sighed Mrs. Newman, when she called at the vicar's cottage to announce her intention of forbidding the banns. "What can that child know of keeping a house?" She rehearsed the details of the scene with great unction. "As soon as you see me rise in my place, you'll lean forward and say, quietly, 'All right, Mrs. Newman, I'll see you in the vestry after service.'" The good lady did not appear, but her prevision was more than justified. The man was steadiness personified, for all practical purposes a teetotaller. He gave his wife thirteen shillings a week, keeping back two, with which he paid his club and bought all his clothes, besides providing such indulgence in alcohol and tobacco as he permitted himself. The poor child was quite unable to make the thirteen shillings "do," and used to run up bills unknown to her husband. When these were discovered there were "scenes," and it is to be feared, although he denied it, that he knocked her about. The consequence was that she ran home to her people in the next village. The husband went about his work and home to his cheerless cottage with an expression of comic misery on his honest but not too intelligent face. "Lonely 'tis, you know," he remarked, "no cooked food, you know." "Why don't you go and ask your wife to come back," the writer suggested. "They'll begin fightin'," he said, doubtfully. "I'll come with you," it was proposed. In the event they went together. The writer went to the cottage, and left John Henry Newman waiting outside in the lane, till a stage in the discussion had been reached when he might be introduced with safety. The door was opened by a one-armed man, gesticulating violently. It was at once evident that the atmosphere was very stormy. After a great deal of talk they were persuaded to see him quietly. The writer saw the man and the girl kiss at the gate, and went home to a well-earned meal. The next morning he met John Henry Newman in the road. "She's coom'd back," he exclaimed, one broad grin all over his face. Alas, in a year or two the same trouble broke out again, and she again ran off to her parents, now living in a town some little distance away. The writer went, but failed to see them, and then wrote, but only received, through a roundabout channel, the masterly, inactive answer that they were "going to receive all letters and answer none." For the moment the quarrel is patched up, but with quick coming babies, the task of making thirteen shillings a week "do" will probably not become any easier.

All sorts of expedients are resorted to in the desperate attempt to get enough to live upon. The taking in of lodgers is one of the first, and has often the worst results. One need not dwell on these. Nothing stirs up such a hornet's nest as any attempt to set the Sanitary Inspector on the track of an overcrowded cottage. "They must want poor people to starve," you will hear. "Holiday children" are a more harmless source of income, and a small town girl may be seen carrying a baby as big as herself, or a boy muffled up to his eyes in sacking, scrubbing the bricks, and counting the days till he can leave the cabbages and beehives and go back to London.

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## THE FRUITS OF COMMERCE.

Of old, when we lived in the country and played in a large garden, the fruits came to us in the way of nature, and never in the way of business. They were the kindly fruits of the earth, and in due time we enjoyed them; we never bought any, seldom forced any, had no commercial standards for them at all. Ordinarily we had plenty of all kinds; but their quality, their exact quantity, and the date of their arrival depended on sun, rain, and weather—not to mention slugs, blight, and bullfinches. No unexplored mechanism of trade dumped them suddenly before us on unintelligent plates; each stage of their coming—bud, blossom, leaf, and green fruit—had been noted, tended, discussed, guessed about, ever since spring re-awoke our interest in the plants and trees. The mere eating of them was a trifling part of their fascination and of the pleasure which they gave. The general frontiers of the realms of each were well understood; we never thought of having fruits out of their season (excepting bottled fruits in tarts); and all-the-year-round fruits like the foreign bananas, tomatoes, and apples of commerce were undreamed of. Indeed, the only foreign fresh fruit which penetrated to our village were oranges at Christmas; and they (such was the excellence of our winter pears and eating apples) were but little appreciated.

We lived (without knowing it) at a place and time fortunate in these respects. Three centuries ago the English garden was poorly stocked, and the English people were scurvy-ridden for want of fresh fruit and vegetables. Thirty years ago was the end of a notable evolution; the import of foreign fruits had not seriously begun, but the cultivation of home fruits had reached a kind of zenith. It was not commercial, and its development, like so many characteristically English developments, was chaotic and individualist. Here and there the gardeners of the great country houses, experimenting in the early days with apples or pears or currants or strawberries, had produced varieties which became widely current in the gardens of the countryside; and latterly the great seedsmen, with more system, had carried the standardising process a stage further. For all this, nothing was stereotyped; sameness was not an object in itself, as it becomes the instant you start selling things; on the contrary, we liked to have as many varieties as possible, and we tested each new variety by the surest of touchstones, not as sellers or as purchasers, but as ultimate consumers.

In this way we reached very different results from those which the shops reach. If you go now in the strawberry season into Covent Garden market, or examine the window or barrow of any fruit-seller in London, you will notice these features about the strawberries: *first*, that on any given day only two or three varieties are on sale; *secondly*, that all will be very bright red; *thirdly*, that nearly all are of large size. After you have made a purchase, you will remark another feature, to wit: *fourthly*, that scarcely any have more than a very poor flavor. You see they are grown to suit purchasers, and purchasers go by appearance, not by taste; so the grower chooses kinds which are red and big and have a strong, woody pulp, which will pack well and keep long without squashing; as for flavor, it is immaterial to him. The results are diametrically opposite to the best strawberries in our garden; which were palest pink and of no size, but were almost pure juice and had a fragrance like nectarines, only more so.

It is with apples, perhaps, that one notices the change most. Nowadays we have apples at all seasons and from all the world—from Canada, from the Cape, from Tasmania. What tempting sizes, what seductive shapes, what dazzling colors! "As beautiful as if they were painted," said a poor marketing housewife to us the other day, with a fine sense of the superiority of

Art to Nature. Alas! all is not gold that glitters; and an apple whose fibre is tough enough to let it preserve its good looks for months, when jammed tight in a tub, will not prove a very tractable subject for the human digestion. How we pine in the city after good English garden apples! And how impossible it is to buy them with money!

Other fruits there are, which, from the failure of the market to discriminate between its huge supplies of them, have definitely lost caste. Such is the gooseberry, for which it is now almost vulgar to profess a liking. Years ago there was a solemn discussion upon the gooseberries in our garden, and four children unanimously found a verdict that with gooseberries there was more difference between the best and the worst than with any other fruits, and that the best gooseberries were the best small fruits in the garden. After which the four children garlanded the best gooseberry bush (whose fruits were neither large nor conspicuously colored) with a circlet of daisies and dandelions in token of its pre-eminence.

Of course, there is another side to the picture. At the time when we were in our garden, not a tomato nor a banana was on sale throughout East London. Now those fruits divide with kippers and bloaters the distinction of being the healthiest cheap foodstuffs that find their way into every poor city household. Commerce has done that, and must be thanked for it. Even in the villages there was little fruit to be had by those who had no gardens; and what little there is to-day comes mostly from the towns. All the same, with country land as cheap as it is now, there is no really material obstacle to the provision of gardens and allotments for all country people, where they could all grow fruit for themselves. What our reflections indicate is the superiority of "production for use" over "production for profit" in matters of this kind, wherever the former is possible. For here, at any rate, the labor spent is not a loss, but a gain in itself; the merit of every man's living "under his own vine and his own fig-tree" lies not merely in his getting better grapes and figs, but in his leading a jollier life from spring to fall. Go back to Covent Garden and consider the porters: go along the main streets and consider the barrow-sellers: theirs is the service whereby we get the fruits of commerce—how different!

# Pictures of Travel.

## LA GALERA.

At 5.30 of a hot summer morning the train—as usual in those latitudes, half an hour late—from Buenos Aires to Mendoza stopped at El Chajá and dropped a few worn-out, half-asleep, dust-covered passengers and their luggage. After a few minutes a small bell tinkled, a shrill whistle sounded, and the train resumed its monotonous journey across the Pampas.

The pure morning air revived our much-shaken bodies. We stretched ourselves, yawned, and walked along the platform, glad to be freed from our stuffy prison of the previous night; then, having picked up our belongings, we looked at the disappearing train—away in the horizon—with a feeling of relief mingled with sorrow, for it was the link which united us to civilisation, and we were now left stranded in a sea of grass.

El Chajá is one of the numerous villages which at regular intervals of so many kilometres, measured with mathematical exactness, have grown up along the railway lines which cross the Pampas in all directions, and, like them, it is ugly and depressing. It consists of half a dozen rectangular, flat-roofed, corrugated iron buildings, facing the road which runs alongside the railway. Each has a door, with long, striped curtains to keep out the heat, but few have windows, and in front of them all there is a *palenque*: that is, two or three poles of *ñandubay* threaded by a chain, to which the *gauchos* tie their horses.

Over one of the doors there is a coat-of-arms of the Republic. It is the police-station, and you can see two *vigilantes* in their tattered uniforms—their swords leaning against the wall—sitting on cows' skulls and sucking at their morning *mate*.

The largest building, measuring a frontage of a hundred yards or so, has a lengthy sign in big, clumsy letters painted with tar, which, partly due to the shaky hand of the artist, and partly to the scorching rays of the sun softening the tar, are twisted in all directions. "Tienda, Almacen Ferreteria, Corralon de Maderas, Deposito de lanas y Despacho de Bebidas," and below, with a little flourish in red lead at each side, "La Favorita." The owner was not far wrong in calling his shop "The Favorite," for it is the only one in El Chajá. The portentous sign means that the house is a trading encyclopædia. It is a Grocer's, a Draper's, and an Ironmonger's shop, a timber yard, a wool depôt, and a public-house. You can get in it anything from a drink to a coffin, all at "greatly reduced" fabulous prices. Needless to say, it is kept by a "gallego," the opprobrious name by which Spaniards are known in the Pampas.

Opposite "La Favorita" stood the *galera*, a dilapidated, mud-bespattered mail coach, which was to convey us to Los Arbolitos, a small village on the same lines as El Chajá, and about eighty miles distant from it. We brought our bags from the station, and, piling them up in the middle of the road, we stood smoking cigarettes and discussing the weather with some *gauchos* while one of them was busy harnessing the horses. He was a native in all but dress. His high cheek-bones, narrow forehead, and black, coarse, shiny hair indicated his Indian origin, but he had discarded the *chiripá*, and wore trousers, high, stiff boots, and broad-brimmed hat. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and stuck at his back through a broad leather belt, adorned with numerous silver coins, you could see his *facon*, a silver-handled knife with an elaborate leather sheath. Don Honorio took half an hour to finish harnessing, for a *galera* is drawn by at least seven horses, one on each side of the shafts, three—called *cadeneros* because their traces are *cadenas*, or chains—pulling from a cross-bar tied to the end of the shaft, and two *laderos*, or side horses. The number of *laderos* may be increased *ad libitum*. They are a distinctive feature of the vehicles of the Pampas. Their harness consists of the recado or native saddle, to one side of which is tied a single trace, so that the horse does not pull from the chest but from the body, and in so doing stands in an oblique line to the ground. The other end of the trace is fixed on any convenient part of the *galera*, preferably the protruding end of the axles. The *laderos* have no bit or reins, but simply a rope round their necks, which is tied to the neck of one of the *cadeneros*, or to another *ladero*, if there is one already.

When the horses were in their places Don Honorio had a look round, rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and, lighting a cigarette, which he stuck in one corner of his mouth, climbed up a portable ladder to the roof of the *galera*, and began to load on top of it—helped by the owner of the vehicle, an Americanised Italian—bags, trunks, some barrels, and a few agricultural implements from "La Favorita." The ignorance of dynamical principles exhibited by *galera* drivers has cost some passengers their lives, for, by thus loading the roofs of the *galeras*, they raise their centre of gravity to such a height that their equilibrium is well-nigh unstable, and the Pampero wind finds little difficulty in overturning them.

The *galera* had seen a long and honorable service, to judge by the scars, bashes, and mutilations which its body presented. The wheels, loosely fitting in the axles, seemed to shove up more than to support the box, and, by their obliquity, imitated the overwrought *laderos*. There was room in the interior for eight persons of ordinary dimensions, while beside the driver on the roof, at a height of ten feet above the ground, three persons could be seated. The luggage packed and a tarpaulin fastened over it, we took our places. A Spanish doctor, with his wife and two sons, occupied one side in the interior. He was a man of small stature, broad, well-set shoulders, scanty moustache, and bright,

piercing eyes. His wife was a thin woman of delicate features and dark complexion, wrapped up in gauzes and veils. The railway journey had apparently worn her out, and she sank into one of the corners, closing her dreamy eyes, while her boys did their best to keep quiet under the stern glances of their father.

On the other side sat a provincial deputy, a half-caste of very dark complexion and blue eyes, coarse, thick moustache, which hung like a curtain over his mouth, and thin, nervous fingers, stained with the nicotine from an eternal cigarette. Next to him ourselves, then a young *china* of comely features, jet-black eyes, and long, thick tresses hanging down her back. She was dressed in a pink calico costume, and for headgear she wore a multicolored cotton neckerchief. By her side in the corner next to the door sat her mother. She was the infallible fat person who always gets into a 'bus or a tramway car, wedging in the unfortunate passengers to half their ordinary size. Her body was enormous. Her tightly-fitting robes threatened to burst at any moment, at any place. She looked like a gigantic pudding. Her head, with a prodigious growth of hair, was small by comparison, and seemed to have been placed on her shoulders by mistake. Her features, spite of her years, had all the freshness peculiar to obese people, and indicated that she had been a most acceptable young woman.

Panting and sweating, the Italian and Don Honorio pushed her into the corner, and with great difficulty closed the door. The *galera* creaked, the Spaniard smiled, his boys giggled. The half-caste looked at us, then, taking the cigarette from his lips, whispered into our ears:—

"Ojalá la derrita el sol!" (I wish the sun would melt her). Perhaps her daughter overheard him, for, turning round her head—any other movement being out of the question—she looked at us with pleading glance, and so sweet were her eyes and so soft her gaze that from the bottom of our hearts we forgave the intrusion of her voluminous parent.

Don Honorio and three *gauchos* climbed to their seats above. The whip—at least twenty feet long—cracked like a shot, and amidst the din of the bells round the necks of the *cadeneros*, the wails of the axles, which badly wanted a lubricant, and the barking of a host of mongrel dogs, we set off.

"Buen viaje!" shouted the inhabitants of El Chajá, waving, for want of handkerchiefs, their hats. "Gracias!" answered we. We soon lost sight of the houses. The horses, hurried by the repeated cracks of the whip, were going at full gallop, and the *galera* jumped up and down and swayed from side to side as it flew along the track—for it was not a road—cut through the grassy plain by repeated journeys.

The doctor slept. No doubt he was used to that way of travelling. The Spanish lady started at each bump of the *galera*, and let out a half-suppressed "Oh!" of fear. The boys, heedless of any danger, were only intent on the unchanging scenery of the Pampas, and welcomed with delight the sight of a wandering cow or sheep. The deputy smoked, and the *china* was busy fanning her panting mother. After driving four leagues, we came to a *puesto*, where we halted for fresh horses. The *puesto* was a mud hut, near which the horses were kept in a *corral*, which, instead of a fence, had a broad ditch dug round it to prevent the horses running away. While Don Honorio was changing our sweating, worn-out horses for fresh ones, the *puestera*, a wizened old woman, offered us some *mate*, which our bulky companion hailed with delight. Then the *galera* started again. *Puesto* after *puesto* was passed. The sun grew hotter and hotter, rendering the air in the interior of the *galera* almost unbearable. It was nearly dinner time, when we were suddenly startled from a slumber, into which the overbearing heat and the monotony of the landscape had thrown us, by an exclamation from the matron.

"Ay m'hija!" exclaimed she, closing her eyes. Her face turned as white as could be expected in a *china*, and she let her arms fall by her sides. She had fainted.

"Mama! mama!" cried her daughter, bursting into tears, trying at the same time to undo some of her garments.

The boys, the fear of some impending catastrophe painted on their faces, wakened up the doctor, who, with the help of some brandy, brought the old lady round.

Fortunately we were near an *estancia*, where we would get our dinners.

We arrived at the *estancia* at noon. The building—of the same pattern as those of El Chajá—was surrounded by willows. Under their welcome shadow a fire of peat had been lit, over which two lambs were undergoing a roasting process. The golden fat, dripping on to the embers, filled the air with what—to our hungry stomachs—seemed a delicious aroma. We left the *galera* sore and stiff, and, sitting on the ground—for chairs there were none—we soon dispatched the succulent roast, eating it in real *gaucho* style. This is done with great risk to your nose. A big piece of roast is held in the left hand with the fingers, for forks are a luxury in the Pampas, then a bite is taken, and the remainder of the piece is cut off by using the knife *upwards*. The roast was washed down by copious draughts of wine from a common *porrón*. Our repast finished, we lay down on the ground and slept our siesta, "*como un angel*," till Don Honorio wakened us at about one o'clock, and we resumed our journey.

The dinner and the siesta had given us all a new lease of vigor, and the old lady had completely recovered from her fit. But, alas! she was doomed to lead us into trouble.

We had only passed two *puestos*, when, half-way between the second and third, we had to cross a *laguna*, a great expanse of marshy ground, which for our sins was at the time entirely under water. Ducks and water fowls were swimming about, and a score of flamingoes were going through their soldier-like evolutions. The *galera* had gone into the *laguna* some hundred yards, and the water was beginning to flood the interior of the vehicle, when the horses *se empacaron*—that is, refused to move another inch. The merciless flagellation to which Don Honorio submitted them, and the foul curses which he poured forth, were ineffectual. At last he climbed down from his perch, and, wading with the water up to the waist, he passed some ungallant remarks about the weight of the old lady, and, without ceremony, asked us to leave the *galera*, and walk or swim to dry land.

The old lady looked helpless, her daughter cried and invoked the saints, the deputy lit another cigarette, and the doctor, jumping into the water, ordered his wife and boys to remain in the *galera*. The boys' faces grew sad, for they had been looking forward to the paddling, and they sat still, a furtive tear running down their cheeks. With the help of two of the *gauchos*, we succeeded in buoying the old lady to the shore, followed by her bewailing daughter; then the *galera*, freed from the enormous weight, turned back, and, amidst the splutter of the horses, reached dry land.

We resumed our seats, dripping with water and greatly refreshed by the bath. The *galera* went round the *laguna*, and in so doing lengthened our journey by three or four hours, and we eventually arrived at Los Arbolitos in the dead of night, soaked, hungry, sore, and shaken, and with our mind made up never to travel again in such an abominable conveyance.

We had always puzzled at the mail coach in the Pampas being called a *galera*, and we had attributed its name to that idiosyncrasy which has baffled philologists, by which Castilian words change meaning in the Argentine in the most arbitrary, stupid fashion; but after our journey we saw the explanation, and we could not help admiring the humor of whoever gave the mail coach of the Pampas its name.

*Galera* means a galley, and also the penalty of being condemned to the oars in a galley! So the mail coach of the Pampas is the ship of that sea of grass, and, like a ship, it pitches and rolls as it goes along, and its passengers suffer as any galley-slave.

MARIANO J. LORENTE.

# Letters from Abroad.

## ENERGETICS AND SOCIOLOGY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is an old saying that there are as many philosophies as there are philosophers, and it seems as if the same jingle were applicable to sociology. Every season brings a number of new systems on the market, few wholly without merit, but none so new in substance that the new light they contain could not be represented and demonstrated in fewer pages than most of them comprise.

A book which has a claim to be classified under the exceptions has just been published by Wilhelm Ostwald, the renowned professor of physical chemistry, who until lately occupied a chair at the Leipzig University, and who now has retired into private life in order to devote his time to the explanation and exemplification of his philosophical views. Ostwald is known as one of the chief exponents of the philosophy of "energetics," a natural philosophy to which all the phenomena of the world are only movements and transformations of energy. The application of this conception to social life, and particularly to the questions of culture in the German sense of the word, is the object of his new book, published under the title "Energetic Foundations of the Science of Culture."*

Now, the attempt to dissolve social life into manifestations of biological or physico-mechanical forces is not in itself new. It has repeatedly been made, and the results have seldom been very satisfactory. For there has been too much recourse to forced and strained analogies. It is one of the pleasing features of the present book that it is free from this blemish. A man of the laboratory, who has mastered physical science in its different branches, Ostwald keeps on the *terra firma* of natural fact as it can be demonstrated to the average man, and in regard to the different manifestations of social life he has abstained from going more into details than is necessary for the purposes of illustration. On 184 widely printed pages he shows in thirteen lectures how the energetic principle serves to make us best understand and value life and human progress. According to him, all truly cultural work consists in "preserving free energy," *i.e.*, in increasing the proportion of "useful energy" to the crude energies at the disposal of mankind.

It is very interesting to see a man of what Germans call the "exact"—*i.e.*, the demonstrable sciences—reduce the involved sociological problems to mathematical equations. It is a kind of an economic interpretation of life, and, indeed, we are told by Ostwald that science is essentially economic. Science can, he says, "generally be characterised as the technology of systematic foretelling or prophesying, and only such knowledge is to be called sound science that can be shown to possess this 'prophetic' character." This sounds rather like crude utilitarianism, but in the application Ostwald shows that this standard of value fits also the higher manifestations of social culture, and he can with justice repel the reproach of general crudity of conception. But he is a utilitarian, if ever a utilitarian existed, and his unconventional appreciation of some branches of learning would have delighted Bentham.

It is an experience easily explained that sociological theories based on biology are mostly conservative, whilst those based on mechanical science lead to revolutionary deductions. Brave Menenius Agrippa was the father of the former; Ostwald's book is a good specimen of the latter. Biological exemplification is not on principle excluded—the demonstration would be inconclusive if it was—but it is restricted to those features of social life that quite evidently are of an organic nature. Society *is* an organism, but not everything in social life is in the same way and degree interdependent. There is free as well as bound-up energy in the conditions of social life. Without being a Socialist in every respect, our author would withdraw from the rule of the capitalists a good many sources of wealth, and also some commercial callings to-day under their sway.

Of particular interest are Professor Ostwald's views in regard to education and the learning of languages. In regard to school education he is a decided heretic. It is in his eyes to a great extent a most reprehensible waste of human energy. The rising generation is kept at school much too long. In a book on inventors and discoverers, also recently published by him,* he pleads for the ending of school years in the colleges where the subjects of instruction are compulsory at the age of 16 instead of 18 or 19, as at present in Germany. Keeping the young people longer in school and forcing them to learn things they don't like means robbing them of the best and most fruitful years of their life. And, particularly, Ostwald disparages the stuffing of the juvenile mind with philological knowledge. Preoccupation with ancient languages is all but complete dissipation, while the study of modern languages is of very restricted value, and should be greatly reduced.

It will surprise not a few people to hear a man who for twenty years has been an ornament of one of the most renowned German Universities speak like this. One is used to ascribe all the successes of Germany and Germans in science and practice to the spirit and system of the German schools, and here you have a severe indictment of them by one who, if not a German subject by birth, has from the beginning gone through the school career of a born German, and arrived at fame by great scientific achievements. Is he an eccentric in all other things but his speciality? I don't think so, although I admit that now and then he exaggerates. He does not speak at random, but adduces a good many conclusive facts, and it is advisable for non-Germans to weigh them well before too hastily imitating our institutions on the ground of successes that may be due to quite different causes. It makes you pause if you hear from Ostwald that the most celebrated German men of science were either bad or moderate pupils at school.

As a sociologist, Ostwald is to some extent influenced by the writings of a thinker who is little known outside of the German-speaking world, but who, although not a university man, has already made himself a name in the German philosophical world. It is the Austrian, Rudolf Goldscheid, a man of very advanced views, author of some very valuable books on the theory of will. Quite recently he published a book that deserves to be known by a wider public. Its title reads a little clumsy: "The Evolutionary Theory of Valuation, Evolutionary Economy, and Human Economy,"† but the book is not in the least clumsily written. On the contrary, Goldscheid, who started in literature as a writer of fiction, not only commands a most powerful pen, but has also a particular gift for giving his thoughts an epigrammatic turn. From one point of view the book is, as he puts it in the introduction, "a protest against the incredible waste of men that even in our days is still going on"; as a sociological theory it proclaims the clearing of Darwinism from its Malthusian admixture and the sophistries of the Weissmann schools. It is not Darwinism itself that is to-day breaking to pieces, but only the metaphysical teleology in the Darwinian system. Attacked for not having proved expediency in the working of nature, Darwin and the Darwinists have tried to prove considerably more of such expediency than really exists, and the Weissmann school have driven this teleology to extremes. "If you ask the Weissmannian why it is that so many suffer he will tell you that it is the natural result of not enough sufferings, and if you ask him, further, why so many die too early, he replies: 'Because not enough die early.'" This reactionary spirit must be fought with the greatest energy, in order to arrive at a consistent theory of an "upward evolution."

How can this be done? The first step is to cease stuffing Darwinism with VALUE. For the proving of variability and causality in the transformation of species

* "Energetische Grundlagen der Kulturwissenschaff." Leipzig, 1909: Verlag Du Werner Klinkhardt. 187pp. 8vo,

* "Wilhelm Ostwald, Erfinder und Entdecker." Frankfurt-am-Main: Ruetten und Loening.

† "Entwickelungswerttheorie, Entwicklungsökonomie, Menschenökonomie." Leipzig: Dr. Werner Klinkhardt. 218pp. 8vo.

—originally Darwin's main purpose—the material adduced by Darwin is quite sufficient. But it was not the intention of Darwin to lay down a law of evolution that will hold good for all eternity, and the best plan is to work out Darwinism as a theory free of valuation ("eine wertfreie Lehre").

In the same way the doctrine of the "will for power" must be thoroughly scrutinised. It is relativistic interpretation of the world and of history in the worst sense of the word. Not the mere will for power in itself, but the concerted will of the community for the mastery of nature is the principle of progressive evolution. And the watchword, instead of "Selection," is "Elevation."

English readers will here recall a much-quoted verse of one of their poets of democracy, and the principle proclaimed is certainly not new. But the enemies of democracy reappear in new dresses, with new doctrines, and the task is to fight them on their own ground, and with the enlarged knowledge of time, for the old purposes, and that is what Goldscheid does. We give here only some points of the programme of his book; we cannot enter into the deduction itself.

It was certainly a happy idea to take the question of human waste as the centre-point of the investigation. Take whatever phase you like of the great social and political questions of our time, and you will find at the bottom of it waste of human labor, waste of human progress, waste of human life. Much has been written and said in regard to the fearful waste represented by modern armaments. Everybody sees it, everybody complains of it, and yet its full amount is realised by few. The general public sees only the visible expenditure; it does not see the waste in knowledge, endeavor, and opportunities embodied in it.

Goldscheid is in this respect quite on the level of the philosopher of modern democracy. The will for power of nation over nation, the "HOLLOW PARADOX OF NATIONAL ADVANTAGE," to use his words, does not fare better with him than the "will for power" of individuals over others. It is a mistake to believe that this fight for national advantage must of necessity also work for social progress. The progress of Protection, of tariff walls—*i.e.*, of the policy of the most indirect provision of goods—is one of the proofs that it works to-day more and more the other way; that waste of labor, and with it of human life, is here again increasing.

Conceived in this spirit, the science of economy is no longer the dismal science, but the science of life and redemption. Therefore our author calls it MENSCHEN-ÖKONOMIE, in opposition to political economy. It is revolutionary science. "The present national divisions," says Goldscheid—and it is a fit sentence to end a Whitsun letter with—"are the presupposition of capitalistic economy. For if the whole civilised world were one closed trading community, a different division and form of production, as well as a different organisation of consumption, would at once appear as the irresistible evolutionary condition of the well-being and the progress of the whole. In this way is the social question most narrowly connected with the international question, and not, as Marx believed, is the solution of the former at the same time the solution of the latter. On the contrary, *progress in the solution of the international problem will step by step bring the social question nearer its solution.*"—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schoeneberg, Berlin.

# Communications.

## ROADS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The recent conference convened by the County Councils' Association and Mr. Lloyd George's Budget proposals has drawn attention to a subject of vast national importance—viz., our roads. Our highways, like the patient beasts that travel over them, render us immense service, but, being voiceless, receive far less consideration than they deserve. Facility of locomotion is necessary to the life of a people, whether that life be secured by business or by war. Transit is at the root of trade; if all commodities were at every man's hand there would be no occasion for buying and selling. There could be no army were there no means for collecting the units. The track is as essential to locomotion as is the vehicle; there can be no wheel where there is no way. A country's means of communication are like the blood-vessels of the body. The railways and waterways may correspond to the arteries and veins, but the roads are like the capillaries, and are as vital. In a matter of such paramount importance to the nation it seems absurdly unnecessary to urge that the Government should have direct control. The surveyors who took part in the Conference were not favorably disposed towards the setting up of a Roads Department, but their objections were apparently based on the same grounds as prompted the county surveyors to advocate county management of the roads, and the rural surveyors to preach the advantages of district control. These men are, not unnaturally, jealous of their powers and positions, and are not pleased at the possibility of official inspection. But their fears are probably groundless; local representatives, with knowledge of the local requirements and conditions, would be as necessary under a national department as now. Probably there would be as many berths as men qualified to fill them, and their official position would do much to rid them of undesirable parochial pressure. The multiplication of road authorities leads to the appointment of untrained surveyors, with bad engineering as a result. A national system would weed out the former and improve the latter.

Although the administrators of the new roads improvement fund are to be a mere body of disbursers, they will, in effect, act as advisors, for the simple reason that they will make no grants in aid of schemes that do not commend themselves to them; but it is sincerely to be hoped that this negative function will develop into a positive one, and that sooner or later an effective Government Roads Department will be evolved, so that the whole subject may receive the consideration and treatment its importance demands. It is often urged, especially by the local ratepayer, that those who use the roads should pay for them. And the argument is a sound one when properly understood. Who is it that really employs the tradesman's cart, the carrier's van, and the traction-engine? Is it not the private individual who wants his bread and meat brought from the shops, his trunks from the station, and the furniture from his old residence, or the bricks to build his new one? Does he not use the roads when he travels by omnibus or tram, by bicycle, or even on foot? And in other ways, more or less direct, we are all road-users, and more for business than for pleasure.

The call for better roads may have sounded like a selfish appeal from the motorist, but it is now readily admitted that the resulting benefit accrues to all road-users alike. Telford, Morin, Michelin, and others have shown that the tractive resistance of a bad macadam road is nearly double that of a similar road when it is hard, dry, and smooth. A tar-macadamised road presents as nearly smooth a surface as an asphalt one, the resistance offered by which latter is about half that of the best ordinary macadam, and, incidentally, less than that set up by tram rails—but of that more anon. Lower resistance to traction means less expenditure of force to accomplish the same results, and, consequently, a direct saving to all owners of vehicles using the improved roads, and an indirect saving to the ratepayer.

In many cases where no increase of funds is possible, far better results could be obtained at the same expenditure if proper methods were employed. It is time to enter an emphatic protest against "water-bound" macadam—against both the term and what it stands for. Some surveyors apparently believe that water acts as an adhesive for the stones and debris into which they pour it; others look upon the water merely as a vehicle for conveying the binding material into the interstices between the stones. But the result is, broadly, the same in the two cases. The stones, which should be jammed together as tightly as possible, are actually insulated by the water, and, as the liquid gradually dries out, the stones are left loose, and are soon

dislodged. Most binding material should be used as sparsely as possible, not as a matrix in which the stones are to be individually isolated, but as wedges between stones the surfaces of which have already been made to contact as far as possible. No binding material which is not as hard as the stones themselves can be expected to serve its purpose efficiently. To lay any hay, manure, soil, or other rubbish on the road to the injury thereof is an offence under the Highways Act, and surveyors and road contractors who countenance the use of such matter as binding material might well be held liable accordingly. Section 56 of the same Act, which forbids surveyors to leave heaps of stone, or any other matter or thing whatsoever, on the road unguarded at night, should be rigidly enforced in the case of new metal unlighted and unrolled.

The use of soft stone is the worst economy. The stone should be hard enough to resist crushing by the heaviest pressure it will ever be subjected to, and that should be the pressure of the steam-roller. As a rule, the wheels of the roller are so large and so wide that the pressure per unit of surface is much less than that exerted by many narrow-tyred vehicles, and the road when left as finished is not properly consolidated. Stone that will not stand up to the traffic will soon be reduced to a state of mud or dust, according to the state of weather; and soft stones commonly produce a dangerously slippery class of mud.

A tar-macadam road has great advantages in the firm setting of the stones, the exclusion of water, and the prevention of dust; but great care is exercised in the sizing, laying, and rolling of the stones in successive layers, and if the same trouble were taken with ordinary macadam, greatly improved results would be obtained.

A properly laid and set tar-treated road is highly beneficial to health, both in minimising dust and also by reason of the wholesome odors arising from it. But it has a disadvantage at night, in its dead-black surface, and if a light finish can be given to it, it will contribute considerably to safety. A dark object throws no shadow on, and is practically invisible against a dead-black background, as the conjuror knows to his pecuniary advantage, and the driver and pedestrian to their mutual discomfort.

It is a common complaint against some classes of traffic that the roads were never intended for their use, the suggestion being that what was considered good enough in the past should be accepted without complaint now. But if this line of argument were followed to its logical conclusion, traffic would be confined to the pedestrian or, at most, the pack-horse. It is true that certain classes of traffic present grave difficulties, but if the roads are not equal to the reasonable requirements of any kind of legal vehicle, it is the owners of the vehicles who have the best right to complain. Traction engines certainly are a thorn in the side of the road surveyor, and when one sees a quarry-master hauling road metal with one of these monsters, and incidentally doing more damage to the road than his stones will do good, as sometimes occurs, the irony of the situation gives one cause to think.

But if a particular class of traffic calls for road treatment which acts as a hindrance and a danger to other classes, it is time the line were drawn. These charges, and a number of others, may be fairly brought against the tramcar and its track. It is readily conceded that the tram has been, and is, an immense convenience to a very large number of people; but its convenience is not because of, but in spite of, the track. The virtue of the rails lies in their smoothness and low traction resistance, but as already stated, this resistance is somewhat higher than that offered by asphalte, and it is considerably higher than that offered by the original "tramways." These consisted of long stone slabs set accurately end to end in the wheel tracks; and examples are still to be seen near Towcester and elsewhere. The grooving of the rail doubtless accounts for the extra friction, and this same grooving is the crux of the problem which perplexes the road engineer. If the rails are laid in the middle of the road, the trams obstruct the other traffic, and the passengers have to cross part of the road to get to and from the cars. (To reach the trams on the Victoria Embankment, every passenger has to cross practically the whole width of the roadway, to the great danger of themselves and other road users.) If, on the other hand, the lines are laid adjacent to or on an extension of the footpath, as was suggested by one or two writers at the recent Conference, carts and carriages would not be able to stop at houses or business premises without holding up the line of trams. One is almost forced to agree with the sardonic view that the proper place for tramways is down below. If a tittle of the money expended on installing a tramway system were devoted to the perfecting of the road surface, motor omnibuses could carry the public with as little or less noise and vibration, with more convenience to their patrons, and without obstructing other traffic. With a smooth, hard roadway, the necessity for rails, and the difficulties and dangers inseparable therefrom, would disappear.—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS LEECHMAN.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE TROUBLES IN SPAIN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The letter of Señor de Maeztu, published in the NATION of yesterday, is almost enough to make one despair of Spain and the Spaniards Their "great writer, Joaquin Costa," has not only abused "la pérfida Inglaterra." He has declared that all his countrymen of this generation are emasculated. Don Joaquin was brought up to Madrid about a year ago by the Liberals, during the agitation against the Anarchist Bill, in order that his "leonine roar" might "terrify the jackals of reaction." That is how the Madrid papers put it in their figurative way. He was then, and had been before, copious on that same question of emasculation. If he is a good witness against us, Señor de Maeztu can hardly refuse him as an authority on his brother Spaniards, whom he has much better means of knowing. For my part, I, who am no Liberal, would scorn to defend Mr. Asquith and Sir E. Grey against the monstrous charge of having entered into a mean intrigue to force Spain to give a job to English shipbuilders. Such accusations are to be answered as Sir Robert Peel replied to the calumnies of Cobbett. Señor de Maeztu's letter is of value only because he does something to justify Costa's crude estimate of the Spaniards of to-day. According to Señor de Maeztu, they are so unmanly that they allow themselves to be committed to foolish adventures by base politicians, so wanting in foresight, in the capacity to see facts and conform to them, so easily befooled, that any foreigner can play on them as he pleases, use them as cats'-paws, and wear them as "noses of wax." If he is right, what hope can there be for such a people? They are given up to strong delusions, and to believe in lies. About a year ago, I was speaking in Spain with two Spanish gentlemen of the Woods and Forests Department. They were intelligent and vigorous men, keenly interested in science, and well acquainted with what was being done in their own line as far away as British India. One of them remarked to me: "You foreigners must look down upon us." When I denied it, he only replied, in a quiet tone: "Well, we look down upon ourselves." If Señor de Maeztu speaks for the majority of Spaniards, my friend, the Ingeniero de Montes, was not far wrong. In my opinion, the Ingeniero was unduly pessimistic, and the correspondent of the "Correspondencia" is misleading. Other explanations of the misfortunes of Spain can be found; but the psychology of the Spanish people (which alone supplies the true reading of the riddle) is a large subject.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID HANNAY.

August 1st, 1909.

## RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE SCHOOLS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Some of the articles and letters in your paper have again brought before us the ever important subject of religious education in the schools.

This subject may for the present be more or less quiescent, but it is nevertheless as urgent as ever, and still as hopelessly unsolved.

The quiescence has been something to be thankful for.

The dust of controversy has been allowed to settle, various arguments have arranged themselves in balanced perspective, and the personal point of view has been given time to develop.

In looking back on all the different aspects of the question as brought forward by individuals of varied religious trainings and experiences, one is surprised to find how little the whole subject has been dealt with from the child's point of view. And yet this is the one point of view that really matters.

It would be interesting to collect together the chief exponents of the many leaders of thought on this subject, and to place "a little child in their midst."

Would not some of them then begin to realise, as they came face to face with that child of immature understanding, undeveloped brain, and innocent ways of meeting life's dealings, that they had been raising storms where no storms were needed, trying to build highways for feet not ready to walk, and attempting to prepare problems for minds entirely unfitted to grasp their meaning.

Our methods of action all need reversing. Instead of asking ourselves how certain ideals shall be taught, how certain religious conceptions shall be imparted, or how ancient doctrines of by-gone ages shall be re-engrafted, we must still place the children in our midst and ask ourselves what they are needing; what they are ready to do; and truly endeavor to find out in what way they point to us the method of their own education.

Not what or how much we can pour into them, but what and how much can be drawn out, so that their latent powers and capacities may be developed to the fullest and highest extent, should be our aim. When we face the problem from this side, we become aware that a large part of our present education of children stands condemned. At an age when children should spend the larger part of the day in playing, running, climbing, enquiring, experimenting, restless in all sorts of activity, we place them for a large portion of their waking hours on hard seats and bind them to attend to subjects which they are barely ready for, or else to which they are entirely averse.

Then, when their intellects should have arrived at the stage when some such treatment might be suitable to them, we turn them out of the schools to face the world as men and women.

There should be no surprise that our so-called educational methods have so little effect on the physical, mental, and moral character of the nation.

By the light of modern science and thought, we are now in a position to see that each normal human being in some way repeats historically the life of the human race; and by this light we are to see to it that children are as far as possible educated.

In their early years they are not idealists, nor are they capable of any worthy religious conceptions. Then why treat them as if they were?

In the rough and tumble of their child life they soon become capable of understanding what is fair, what is true, and what is kind, and they are ready on these lines to be educated. But it is in the home, nursery, or playground that these activities come into play, and not on the school bench. When in the freedom of a life of play and experiment they have got hold of these ideas by living them, they have then somewhat to build on when in later days the Bible or history lesson is to be taught, or ideas of social life are to be implanted.

At present the tendency is to starve their lives of what they really need and to feed them on moral and religious ideas for which they are quite unready, which is mentally and morally just as poisonous as it would be to feed newborn babes on beef steaks.

We must remember that "the greatest of the poets and the ethical teachers of all times" were not writing or preaching to the children of their times or of any other time. It is for us to see that the children so grow physically, mentally, and morally, that such teaching may meet their needs when the needs arise, but not before.

It would require too much of your space even to hint at the ideal lines we ought to work upon; but it is in the hope that the child's point of view may receive more consideration that this letter has been written. When the right methods have been found and applied, we shall have young men and women leaving our schools ready and fit to judge for themselves the best religious expression of that which lies within them.

It may well be that a rational secular education will be found to be the diviner method of helping the child.—Yours, &c.,

CATHERINE RYLE.

15, German Place, Brighton,
August 5th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—Professor Muirhead's last letter shows that we are getting at the heart of the subject, and I specially thank him for his agreement with the proposal to reduce the hours of religious instruction.

But is it true (*a*) that *every* teacher is able, or will under any system of training be able, to give the kind of instruction which Professor Muirhead desires, or, (*b*) that even the best teachers can give such instruction if they are confined to the exposition of the Bible, or, (*c*) that any teacher, in expounding, *e.g.*, the Epistles, will find, as Professor Muirhead implies, that the question whether St. Paul "ever wrote anything at all" is irrelevant?—Yours, &c.,

GRAHAM WALLAS.

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## THE WORKING OF THE LAND TAXES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I am bound to say that your article of July 24th has impressed me pretty much in the same way as "Leodensis."

You maintain in reply to him that land, contrary to all articles of commerce, can have two values at the same time. This, to my mind, appears an impossibility.

A piece of agricultural land worth £100 is worth that sum because it is not a blackened waste, but productive in agriculture. It is not worth £40, or any other fictitious sum; it is worth nothing for building until a demand springs up, which enables the speculative builder to pay more than £100 for it. Then, as you say, the agricultural value disappears, but not before this new site value of £100 or more has been liquidated.

The attempt to disassociate the value of land from the uses by which that value has been created and maintained is quite incomprehensible to me, and I am sure to others, as it is certain that it will not be put to other uses without the prospect of a more profitable return. But I am ready to learn.—Yours, &c.,

G. A. SEEBOHM.

Townend, Knutsford,
August 2nd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I thank you for your comments in response to my letter. But I must still suggest that if land has an agricultural value of, say, £100 per acre, it cannot have a "prospective" building value of £40 any more than a present value of £40, unless upon the assumption that the agricultural value will fall to the lower figure. For, clearly, if land is worth £100 an acre for any purpose whatsoever—that is, if it has a market value, as fixed by the relationship of demand to supply, of £100—there can be no sellers at £40, and therefore there can be no such value. When the sale price in the open market—for whatever purpose—was £100, it would be just as easy to fix any other value—at £10 as at £40; for in neither case would there be any supply, and all economists have taught us that if there is no supply there can be no price.

So, too, if the building value, as you premise, overtops the agricultural price, the latter entirely disappears. It is quite true that, let for agricultural purposes, land may only yield a fraction of interest upon such a capital price as it would fetch if it were put up for sale in the open market. Most of us know that during many years—in the seventies, for instance—the mass of agricultural land in this country, that was sold, found purchasers willing to invest at 2 per cent. or even less, and to endeavor to estimate the capital value of agricultural land by means of its annual value, may be, and frequently is, entirely misleading. If your proposition were that land has an annual value and

a capital value which may be of variable ratios, I should entirely agree with you. My proposition is that any lower, supposed, capital value is entirely merged and swallowed up in the higher, actual price, and that, therefore, to talk of the lower one as if it were existent is a pure fallacy. The capital value of land, as of everything else, is surely the price for which it will sell, and it cannot have any other. I scarcely think you can dispute this simple proposition.

As to the rise in prices, which in your illustration drives up the price of agricultural land from £50 to £100, of course I meant, as you did, the prices of agricultural produce in the open market. I was not referring to any rise in the price of land itself, due to a combination of owners, but to the rise in the price of land due to rise in the price of produce. I do not think there is or has been any such combination of owners, although ordinary and other considerations may have an influence in preventing owners, as a rule, from desiring to sell land. But it is quite possible—and, indeed, there are plenty of cases in which the possibility is realised—that we may have combinations of sellers of agricultural produce to raise prices. When the prices of agricultural produce are so raised, this is not due to any activity on the part of the man who cultivates the land. How far it is due to any action or enterprise of the community itself, is, I think further, a moot question. For example, when Mr. Leiter, or any other American, corners the wheat market, and sends up the price of wheat so that, possibly, an acre of wheat land may go up in value, is that due to any activity and exertion on the part of the community at large? If so, the verdict upon the community must be "mostly fools" for putting up the price of wheat against themselves. In this case, I think, the rise in the value of the wheat land, so far as it is due to any enterprise or industry, is due to Mr. Leiter or other organisers of "corners," and the increment in value, upon the hypothesis of enterprise and industry, ought really to be paid over to them. If, however, we look at the situation from another point of view, and find that the community in this country has been forced to pay the increased price which sets up the capital value, then, if the unearned increment theory which you state is to apply at all as a "principle," the community ought to share the increased value of this agricultural land. But the Government have expressly excluded agricultural land, and this, I think, not in reply to any plea *ad misericordiam*. Rather, they have held that it is not just and fair that any increment arising from any "general" rise in the price of agricultural commodities should be treated as unearned increment. Indeed, they especially differentiate between increment arising in this manner and increment which, as they put it, may lead to an increased local value in agricultural produce—such as, for example, might possibly arise through the sinking of a coal mine and the bringing together a number of workpeople. In this case, they hold that the increased agricultural value ought to be subject to the tax on unearned increment; yet it seems to me that with this increment in value the "community," as such, could have had nothing whatever to do.

The "community" does not sink a coal mine where there was none before. On the contrary, this is done by a few individual capitalists working for their own ends. They collect a number of workpeople, who, it may be supposed, move to the neighborhood of the colliery, and so improve the local market for agricultural produce, because they are better off in this new position than they were previously. That is to say, they gain their advantage beforehand; they follow where good wages are offered them; and if they could obtain their agricultural produce free, or at the previous (*ex hypothesi* lower) prices, they would, according to all economic argument, be ready to accept lower wages, and the additional profit would go into the pockets of their capitalist employers. It seems to me, therefore, that in this case the intermediaries—the "community," if you will—that is, the mining population who come to the colliery, have no claim upon this unearned increment. They have done nothing to create it, since as consumers they have merely transferred their custom from one district to another, and have done this for their own benefit; whereas the colliery owner may really be said to have done something. The point is, however, that in this latter case the Government had proposed to tax the agricultural increment; whereas in the case of a general rise in prices, engineered, it may be, from the United States or through some other form of capitalist combination, the resulting increment, as they hold, is not to be subject to taxation.

Where the rise in the agricultural value is due to a movement of population of the kind I have indicated, it can scarcely be said that the population pay more for their agricultural produce than they did previously; probably, indeed, they pay somewhat less, and so gain an advantage. Where the rise is due to the "organisation" of trade by a trust or combine, then the public are undoubtedly plundered—that is, they contribute largely to any rise in the capital value of agricultural land. Where, however, the rise is not realised, but, as in the case of the "undeveloped" building land, exists merely in the form of surveyors' estimates, which may or may not be approved in an eventual sale, it surely cannot be said that the population have contributed a penny-piece towards such value. They have not paid anything at all, and they cannot possibly pay until, and if, the supposed higher price is realised—and when this is done, under our present system, the higher price of the land becomes subject to rating; the community thus taking its share.

As to the final point—of the discrepancies between the estimates of valuers; have we any guarantee that a State valuer would be more accurate than those whom I instanced, who, on the one side, set up the valuation of £235,000, and, on the other, of £32,000? For myself, I think that State valuers would be liable to error equally with either of these sets of honorable gentlemen, and, if that is the case, what justification could there be for making their valuation the subject of enforced taxation? In the case of death duties, the executors can realise, if they please, and if the will (or settlement) does not prevent this. If the will prevents, that is the voluntary act of the testator, and there can be no reasonable complaint of a Government valuation. But there is no such option where taxes are levied as is now proposed. I do not complain of any taxation of the wealthy in proportion to their ability to pay. I should be one of the last to do this; but that is another matter.

I do not know that I could raise any theoretical objection to a change from yearly value to capital value as a basis of rating, though this would have to be guarded very carefully if it were not to inflict serious injustice. It would also include the property as it stands, and not simply one portion of the property—for reasons which, if you allow me space, and I can find time, I may enlarge upon on some future occasion. But my present purpose is to deal with the "principle" of the increment tax as "one of extreme simplicity," and not to enter upon the general question.—Yours, &c.,

LEODIENSIS.

August 4th, 1909.

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## THE TACTICS OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There is a very large class of electors who, while heartily in favor of giving the vote to women, are being so sickened by the behavior of the Suffragettes (as distinguished from Suffragists) that they are nearing the point of refusing all support to the movement. Meeting as I do with many of this class, I can vouch for what I say, and can assure the Suffragettes that they are doing not good, but harm, to the cause they profess to have at heart.

May I, through the medium of THE NATION, put to any of your militant readers a very few straight questions, the answers to which many electors would be greatly interested in reading?

(1) It will, of course, be admitted that the granting of the vote to women would be a far-reaching and important step?

(2) Assuming this to be granted, was the last General Election fought mainly on Female Suffrage?

(3) As the answer to this question can only be in the negative, I then ask, how is it that directly a newly-elected Government comes into power, from an election admittedly not fought on the franchise question, you at once begin to make what you grant to be a big and important demand, and, failing to obtain satisfaction, attempt to harass the

Government at elections, public meetings, and otherwise? Did you seriously suppose that this Government, elected for specific purposes, was going to abandon its programme and appeal once more to the electors upon your pet subject?

(4) You claim, and rightly, equality with man—not only in the matter of the vote, but in many other (perhaps all other) matters. If a man assaults a policeman or breaks a window, he goes to gaol, and if he does not behave himself there, he has extra punishment. When you do these things, and it is proposed to treat you in the same way (or in even a milder way), you protest most vehemently and cause questions to be asked in the House. Do you see any logic in all this, and do you think your behavior is likely to attract the support and admiration of the men upon whose votes it will rest as to whether you get the vote or not?

These questions, Sir, indicate the difficulties that present themselves to a logical mind. I should much like to see full and satisfying replies to them.—Yours, &c.,

S.

Harrogate, August 8th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I was surprised to read in this week's NATION a letter so impolite and arrogant in tone as Mr. Roxburgh's reply to Mrs. Brailsford's moderately stated appreciation of the W.S.P.U. Surely it is very apparent that in a brief letter one cannot state more than a few of the many incidents which go to form an impression. In reply, it is not impertinent to ask what extensive knowledge of the movement led Mr. Roxburgh to sum up the action of "those suffragettes" in a brief sentence worthy of a Harmsworth journal. May I even copy his example, and tabulate this impressive list:—

1. "Dog-whips at the Albert Hall." (Unfortunately there was only one, and it certainly was wielded with dignity.)
2. "Downing-street padlocks."
3. "Slapped inspectors." (If Mr. Roxburgh refers to Mrs. Pankhurst's recent action, he should have read Countess Lytton's admirable letter in the "Times," in which she explained that Mrs. Pankhurst so acted in order to save the older members of the deputation from a prolonged struggle with the police.)
4. "Bitten inspectors." (This still remains an infamous myth.)
5. "All the long roll of their past achievements"!

If Mr. Roxburgh, instead of buttressing up his opinions by the reading of unscrupulous journalistic reports in a comfortable college study, would "come down" to London, attend a few suffragette meetings, visit 4, Clement's Inn, and, when he returned to his arm-chair, would read the reports in "Votes for Women" as well as those in more "spicy" journals, I should respect his opinion—which probably would be different from the one he expresses in Saturday's NATION. At least, would he kindly believe that the suffragettes are "militants" not because they enjoy a tussle with the police and a few months in prison, but because they believe that the militant policy will best advance their cause—and they are right. While their actions shock arm-chair critics, their arguments and courage convince all who meet them.

Like many others, I used to be a zealous critic of the suffragettes, but have been converted—against my inclination—by an intimate knowledge of the W.S.P.U. to be a sincere admirer of its members.—Yours, &c.,

LESLIE STANNARD HUNTER.

Rue Guilbert 16, Caen, France,
August 2nd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I most willingly excuse the pretty temper shown by your two Liberal correspondents. It must, indeed, be annoying to feel obliged to answer at such length a letter so foolish and unreasonable as mine.

I see that I have given a wrong impression by stating that I am a new member of the Women's Social and Political Union. I am not a "convert," but have followed and approved this movement from its beginning, though I only recently found myself in a position to become a member. It was thus with considerable understanding of the movement that I wrote of its bye-election work, of which the practical details alone were unfamiliar to me.

I should like to thank Mr. J. Fergusson Roxburgh, of Cambridge, for tabulating the instances I gave of the kind of facts that come before the members of the Union every day in great numbers; and to express gratitude to both my critics for summarising my letter, and thus practically republishing it. I have read their letters with care and consideration, and I wish they had attacked me with some definite arguments. They have put me in the position of having to reply to a state of mind.

The main points in Mr. J. Fergusson Roxburgh's criticism seem to be (1) that he is troubled because we have no dignity; (2) that he thinks our methods retard our cause.

As to the first point, I am sure that he knows quite well the meaning of what I said. If women (or men) imprisoned in the course of an agitation for their political rights submit to be treated as common criminals, they do tacitly lower "the dignity of their cause." In striking against the second division treatment, these women are asserting that dignity by the only means open to them. With regard to the instances given of "undignified" action, I could answer each of them in detail and at length, but they seem to me unimportant. It constantly happens in life that a merely physical dignity has to be sacrificed to a dignity of principle or emotion that makes the other appear trivial. But I have never heard that the possession of dignity or any other virtue, aesthetic or otherwise, was an argument for or against the granting of the franchise; and anyone who has stood at a polling booth and watched the electors reeling in, already drunk at ten in the morning, would be amazed by such a proposition.

As to the second point, if the militant Suffragists are not forwarding their own cause, how are we to account for their numbers, for their popularity (I re-assert this) wherever they go, for the rapidity with which they are winning adherents all over the country? What other party could fill every week for ten months of the year the large Queen's Hall and the St. James's Hall, besides holding innumerable smaller meetings? And this is done in the face of a Press boycott. Meetings held by Suffragettes are not reported even when they fill the Albert Hall to overflowing. Their actions are misrepresented in the papers, and letters of explanation or correction are repressed. Any small point against them is given wide publicity, but of the hard educational work carried on ceaselessly by the Union no report is ever published. It would be foolish to resent ill-informed criticism; for where is information to be found? Mr. Wm. S. Campbell says that we have a friend in what he calls the "Yellow Press." I should be glad, indeed, to know which of its organs does support or has supported us. Of course, in one sense, the very unfairness of the Press has helped this movement. It has had to depend on its own inherent vitality; and that is why no external opposition can possibly check it. But I think that any student of social life, even if hostile not only to our methods but to our aims, must by now begin to feel that this agitation is at least an interesting phenomenon, and worth an effort of the understanding. The futility of most of the criticism directed against the W.S.P.U. is due to the fact that our critics don't know what they are criticising. It is very strange that they should at the same time think a movement of sufficient importance for them to denounce, yet not of sufficient importance for their investigation. If I wanted to criticise, say, the Budget, I should read it up; I should go to Mr. Lloyd George's meetings (disguised, of course, as a man) and try to understand it before I talked about it. Is it too much to suggest that Liberals, and even members of Parliament, might, when the big weekly meetings begin again in the autumn, attend some of them, hear our leaders, and judge for themselves the character of this movement; and that meantime they might get a few of their pamphlets and take the weekly paper, "Votes for Women," which gives the history of the movement from day to day, details of the work being done in the country, and verbatim reports of the police-court trials? When any one has honestly taken the trouble to follow and understand this agitation, then only is his criticism likely to be helpful. We can, of course, get on without our opponents taking this intelligent trouble, but an uninformed

hostility is only prolonging the struggle, the suffering, and the waste of energies and of lives. One of your correspondents, Sir, implies that, by showing their readiness to struggle for political freedom, women prove their unfitness for its possession. No doubt similar things were said during the tumultuous years when working men were having their struggle for the same end. Are women to show their fitness for the franchise by their acquiesence in doing without it? If this were a movement of some unenfranchised body of men, every advanced paper in the country would be applauding their rebellion and supporting their claim. As it is, our Liberal press, terrified at the prospect of granting political freedom to British women, spends its eloquence upon alien tyrannies and injustices that are safely distant.

I hope that I misunderstand Mr. Campbell when I take him to mean that, if women are opposed to the Licensing Bill, they ought not to have the vote. But I am not sure; for papers which call themselves Liberal too often write as if, unless women can prove that they are all Liberals, they have no right to enfranchisement. On this line of reasoning, how many men is Mr. Campbell prepared to deprive of their voting power? Surely many "agents of the drink traffic" are among our electors, and I should like to know on what principle of vices and virtues Mr. Campbell would have voting power conceded or denied. Will someone formulate this new "Liberal" doctrine of the franchise? I confess it passes my reasoning powers.

As a matter of fact, the W.S.P.U. did not oppose the Licensing Bill. It has nothing to do with any Bills, good or bad, until a Woman's Franchise Bill is passed or promised. Until then it is in opposition to whatever Government may be in power. We are told that this opposition is of no importance. Why, then, are party Liberals so angry, and why, in spite of this exceedingly popular Budget, do their majorities continue to decrease?

Since last Friday twelve more women have gone to prison. They also are carrying out the hunger-strike. And they are doing this after hearing from the lips of their released friends what suffering the hunger-strike involves. I need say no more. Here is a spirit that nothing can crush, and it is spreading itself like a flame.—I am, yours, &c.,

J. E. M. Brailsford.

Hampstead, August 3rd, 1909.

## THE YOUNG CUCKOO.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In his interesting article on the cuckoo, your contributor writes of "the ingratiating habits of the young bird." Like many other young birds, "only more so," the young cuckoo soon brings to it new foster parents should the first pair come to an untimely end or be worn out by their nurse-child's voracity. This, however, does not seem to have been noted as going to such length of late years as was once or twice recorded by our ancestors. Two instances are given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1806. In one a young cuckoo is said to have been fed by more than twenty titlarks, and in the other by no fewer than forty-eight wagtails! Some of these one would think must have deserted their own offspring to feed, not a foster nestling, but a strange monster crying for food.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. Desmond.

4, Pump Court, Temple, E.C.
July 28th, 1909.

## "DISAFFECTION" IN INDIA.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—It is a matter of no great importance to Dhingra whether we hang him or not. He would probably prefer to have it over. But the serious matter is what lies behind his crime, and nobody seems willing to see it, and nobody appears to believe in the sanity or sincerity of his speech before the magistrate, and, moreover, no one seems able to understand that an educated and awakened nation, however hitherto placid, may be maddened by foreign rule—absolute and inexorable, and specially absolute and inexorable in excluding it from any of the elementary rights of national life. Think of it, and think how Englishmen would feel if Germany were doing here what we are doing in India. Dhingra was quite right about that. And now we are told that the grip is going to be tightened as against "disaffection." Have we lost our reason, or are we only going to eat up every political doctrine we have ever professed, and every national right we have ever claimed?

"Disaffection!" Are we, then, going to tell all India that it must love us and not object to be governed by us with the sword, on pain of deportation or imprisonment? Lord Morley used to be good at definitions and discriminations. Will he turn his attention to "disaffection"? And, while he is about it, will he tell us what right we have to expect affection from a disinherited people, "our subjects" by force of arms, and helots in their own land?—Yours, &c.,

J. Page Hopps.

July 27th, 1909.

[Mr. Page Hopps forgets that the reforms of Lord Morley go some considerable way to removing this condition of "disinheritance." Dhingra's crime was committed in full view of them, and probably in hostility to them.—Ed., Nation.]

## SHAKESPEARE AND BEETHOVEN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—May not the mystery of Shakespeare's personality be explained by the possibility that his life, as a creative artist, was a record, like that of Beethoven, "of mental isolation and spiritual reserve"? Did he care to discuss his plays with anyone? To say what he thought about them, or why he wrote this speech or that one? All that was great and original in the poet's mind went into his poems and his plays. Apart from these, to his friends, he may have appeared a trifle prosaic, somewhat characterless, and not above indulging in small talk. While, unlike Beethoven in the outward prosperity of his life, the inward spiritual forces of the two men may have been similar. Baconians, please take note!—Yours, &c.,

William Poel.

July 27th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## OPPORTUNITY.

"But who art thou, with curious beauty graced,
Strange woman, stamped with some bright heavenly seal?
Why go thy feet on wings? Why in such haste?"
"I am that maid whose secret few can steal,
Called Opportunity. I hasten by
Because my feet are treading on a wheel,
And so I run more swift than birds can fly.
And rightly on my feet my wings I wear,
To blind the sight of those who track and spy:
Rightly in front I hold my scattered hair
To veil my face and down my breast to fall,
Lest men should know my name when I am there;
And leave behind my back no wisp at all,
For eager folk to clutch, what time I glide
So near, and turn, and pass beyond recall."
"Tell me, who is that figure at thy side?"
"Penitence: mark this well, that by decree
Who lets me go, must keep her for his bride.
And thou hast spent much time in talk with me,
Busied with thoughts and fancies vainly grand,
Nor hast remarked, O fool, neither dost see
How lightly I have fled beneath thy hand."

*—From the Italian of Macchiavelli.*

James Elroy Flecker.

# Reviews.

## THE HISTORIAN OF MODERN FRANCE.*

"The fall and death of Gambetta," says M. Hanotaux, "closes the first period of the story of the Third Republic—what he himself termed 'the heroic age.'" It is the story of this "heroic age," which is recounted in the great work on "Contemporary France," concluded in this fourth volume. The events are epical in character; from the vast ruin of the war and the subsequent breaking up of civil society in Paris, through years of economic recovery and political tumult, until, at the end, a restored nation definitely (and, as it seems, finally) proclaims its adherence to the Republic. With this historian they advance as a drama concentrated round one single figure. It passes through a series of great incidents; but in all there appears the dominating personality of one man. To M. Hanotaux, Gambetta is the creator of the Constitution, the saviour of his country in a dark hour. More than ever, in this fourth volume, he stands out as patriot and hero; now driving forward with feverish energy, now standing aside if self-abnegation is necessary; at the last "beaten down by lesser men," and dying at the age of forty-four, suddenly torn away from too brief happiness, but with his work complete.

The record afterwards sinks to a lower level; the age of giants is over, the age of the politicians succeeds. "Nations do not live by politics alone," was the watchword, "they want material interests." M. Hanotaux evidently feels that it would be wearisome to trace the subsequent period of complicated political intrigue and growing comfort and content. A force has been withdrawn from the world; a star has set. "The power of organisation, the faculty of command, the gift of eloquence, was his beyond measure. He explained his generation to itself; at the sound of his words France understood herself and her desires. It is hard to be a prophet in one's own country, but such minds as his draw men on towards progress."

Much of this volume is occupied with the history of Europe, especially the complications of the Balkan question, the Russo-Turkish War, and the Congress of Berlin. M. Hanotaux, as ex-Foreign Minister, can here provide material—some of it new—of international interest. But all this stands apart from the main stream of the narrative, continued from the struggles of the previous volumes: the gradual breaking of the Reaction, the final triumph of the Republic. The story opens here with the Reactionary *coup d'état* of MacMahon on May 16th—the challenge by the united forces of Church, Army, and Anti-Republic *bloc* against the 363 Republican deputies. In the six months between this violent action and the elections of October, 1877, the destinies of France were settled. It was by defiant unity, an unexampled suppression of individual ambitions, and a determination before which the physical force party finally collapsed, that the Republic was saved. The situation was in many respects similar to the situation that might arise in this country if (say) the House of Lords threw out the Finance Bill. That is to say, Reaction appealed against an overwhelming Radical majority in the Chamber; it had in its favor wealth, family tradition, *bourgeois* timidity, the Church, with (for trump card) the possibility of Radical dissensions. The Republican Party was fused together on one solitary "plank" of policy—the return of the "363." The Reaction actually gained seats, as they would gain seats in England to-morrow. But the gain only amounted to some fifty: and for success they required three-fold that number. M. Hanotaux, in one of his vivid pictures, exhibits the Ministers gathered together on October 14th to hear the result. "A dark and rainy October night annihilated the hopes which had blossomed in May." "Men of action rarely have the faculty of foreseeing defeat." "The last telegrams accumulated in disorderly piles before the pale, discouraged faces of the ten responsible men—men who had compromised and lost a System and a Past."

A final effort was made to appeal to force. MacMahon—a sincere patriot—refused. The Republic was assured. The next effort was the opening by the Education Laws of that long conflict with the Church which had fought for the cause of the dead Kings, whose end is not even now entirely assured.

Yet in the whole of this earlier struggle there is a large air, a disinterestedness on one side and the other, which commands respect from all observers. M. Hanotaux makes no secret of his sympathies and desires, but he does full justice to those who fought cleanly and bravely for a doomed and passing race. "Universal Suffrage," Emile de Girardin had written, "this is the real enemy. To use the royal sceptre in order to root up Universal Suffrage out of France—such is our doctrine and our task."

Gambetta hurled back his defence in the famous speech at Lille. "Do not imagine that when these millions of Frenchmen—peasants, artisans, electors of the free French land—have made their choice and declared their will—do not fancy that, when all these have spoken, there will be found any to revile them, however high on the ladder of politics or administration he may stand." Behind the Right—and a not altogether welcome ally, for France then, still Catholic, was impatient of clericalism—stood the Church. "Be assured," cried Pius IX.—eighty-five years old—"be assured that the Church will triumph and that the Revolution will perish." M. Thiers died in the middle of the struggle. He was eighty-four years old—his eye undimmed, his force unabated. "The most illustrious, the most sagacious, the most obstinate of *bourgeois*"—so M. Hanotaux terms him—he was happy in the time of his passing—still able to cherish the ideal of the "Conservative Republic." "1830-1848-1852-1870—the echoing dates of the century—marched with the so lightly-laden bier towards the Père-Lachaise." The struggle continued undiminished—only one great fighter had fallen out. On the Radical side "all the programmes could be summarised in the cry of 'Vive la Republique!' and in the formula 'Re-election of the 363.'" "The union of all good Frenchmen—Liberals, Republicans, by conviction or birth, artisans, peasants, civilians—will keep us reasonable and render us invincible." Such was Gambetta's formula; his confession—self-abnegation. "I remain in the ranks with no desire to rise. I claim but one title—that of an impassioned supporter of Democracy."

At the end the defenders of a lost cause proved not unworthy of its large and splendid past. There was no weakness or cowardice in the exit from the stage of the Duc de Broglie and his allies. They had played for triumph in great issues, and they had lost. "He did not plead guilty," says M. Hanotaux. "He haughtily claimed the responsibility and honor of the struggle; he brought a summons against his adversaries, the eternal suit of Radicalism! "The Republic, in herself," he declared, "is no instrument of salvation. She can only redeem herself in so far as she redeems the social structure."

> "You have succeeded in influencing the masses, alarmed for their security and family interests. At this price you have obtained your imperfect triumphs. I do not know whether this is what was called the other day the emancipation and virility of Universal Suffrage. I only know that there are three million six hundred thousand Frenchmen who have not yielded to this seduction, and who are glad to find some still in power who, like themselves, have stood aloof, and who remain to protect them from the despotism of a new Convention. And now make, or do not make, your inquiry. Summon, or do not summon, your prejudiced witnesses. As a Government we protest, in the name of the law: as citizens we appeal to the equity of History and the justice of the land."

"I ask for no indulgence from our adversaries," he said later, on being brought to trial. "I have never expected anything from their justice, I do not fear their vengeance." Will Reaction in England—when it comes to a similar end—make as dignified and courageous an exit from the history of the world?

The style of M. Hanotaux—supple, picturesque, and at times eloquent—loses something by translation. It is rather cold and restrained. One regrets the fiery rhetoric and sense of eternal issues in human affairs, with which such a writer as Carlyle, or even Chateaubriand, would have encompassed the death-chamber of Gambetta or the passing of the final hopes of the French Monarchy. The book is studded with apothegms of political wisdom; a little cynical, a little sorrowful. The man who has essayed the world of affairs, and returned to the region of literature, comes back always disillusioned, perhaps disappointed, wondering at the amazing

* "Contemporary France." By Gabriel Hanotaux. Translated by E. Spervel-Bayly. Vol. IV. (1877-1882.) Constable.

ways of men. The admiration of M. Hanotaux for Gambetta is in part the admiration of the student for the man of action. Of the French failure in Egypt Gambetta "had not forgotten the dictum of M. Thiers. "Above all, never abandon Egypt." "He had to learn," is M. Hanotaux's comment, "that one cannot in France defend French interests with impunity." Of Leo XIII., "the generosity of his spirit," is the verdict, "was stirred but little by sufferings close at hand, greatly by woes vast and impersonal, the woes of the masses. In this, again, he showed the politician." The historian is bitter on the *bourgeois;* with "no knowledge of the great world that was being opened out to men, he knew nothing of international life, nothing of the big things of existence." The war over the children in the schools anticipates—on a higher, more logical level—the war in England to-day. "Our first duty," said the spokesman of the anti-clericals, "is to save the soul of the new generation from the influence of those who disdain the political and social order of the world." Against such a policy Jules Simon elevated the ideal of "Liberty." "Liberty must be loved, even when she stands on the side of one's opponents. He who loves Liberty for what she does for him alone does not love her aright; he is not worthy of loving her; he cannot even understand her." Upon which M. Hanotaux comments: "There can be no "freedom of thought' in the schoolroom; there can be nothing but impregnation of thought." His last word is of hope—serene, if a little hesitating. "The troubles and anxieties"—of France—"will not have been endured in vain, if her high ideals for the human race can be fulfilled."

## A MASTER OF NAVAL HISTORY.*

In these days when journalists who have dipped into the "Naval Annual" and steamed round a fleet in an excursion steamer are ready to lay down the law on naval policy and tactics, one cannot help admiring Mr. Thursfield's self-depreciating modesty. He protests that he has no wish to pose as a "naval expert," and that only a sailor can claim the title. His disclaimer is probably the result of his contempt for the self-advertising "naval experts" of the party newspaper and the political platform. But he certainly has a good right to speak with authority on naval questions. There is probably no man living who has a deeper and wider knowledge of naval history, and few even of our Admirals have so often seen great fleets at work in manœuvres, making practical experiments on the problems of maritime war. And he brings to the consideration of the questions he discusses not only a rich store of knowledge and experience, but also a judicial mind. He is no partisan, and cares little for the popular cry of the moment. And what he has to say he sets down in plain, vigorous English. Clear thought finds expression in clear words, and he is sufficiently master of his subject to realise the difficulties of the non-technical reader, and takes care to explain, in terms that any educated man can understand, the special conditions of war upon the sea. His book is therefore too good to require any commendation. To show what a valuable contribution it is to our current naval literature, all that need be done is to note its contents and some of the points of interest which it discusses.

The book is mainly a collection of articles published originally in the "Times," the "Quarterly," and "National" Reviews, the "United Service Magazine," and the "Naval Annual." The one exception is a most interesting essay on the career of John Paul Jones. It is based largely on Mr. Buell's standard biography; but Mr. Thursfield also makes use of a life of Jones published anonymously in 1825, which he considers to be an early work of Disraeli, the Lord Beaconsfield of later days. This is an interesting literary discovery. The story of Paul Jones's career reads like a romance, and its lessons are worth attention even now. Mr. Thursfield holds that he has been unduly depreciated by all English writers except Disraeli:—

> "It is (he says) because Paul Jones has been so often misjudged in this country that I too have sought to bespeak for him a rehearing of the whole case. I may have mistaken his character. It may have been as 'detestable" as Sir John Laughton says it was. But his acts speak for themselves. The man who founded the American Navy and showed it how to fight; who set before it the high standard of conduct, attainment and efficiency which still inspires it; who propounded views of naval warfare and its conduct, which anticipated the teaching of Clerk of Eldin in the eighteenth century, and that of Captain Mahan in our own days, and were conceived in the very spirit of Nelson himself; who baffled all the diplomacy of England at the Texel, and alone achieved a diplomatic triumph of which even Franklin had despaired, is certainly not a man to be dismissed from the court of history as a mere adventurer, a person of no importance, even if he cannot leave it without a stain upon his character."

There is an essay on Duncan, which gives us a living picture of the great Admiral, and is a plea for more historic importance being attributed to his destruction of the Dutch armament at Camperdown. But the most valuable chapters, and those that give the book its title, are devoted to Nelson and his methods. It is a strange fact that a century after Trafalgar the most divergent views still exist as to how the battle was fought. It is a problem of history that may never be finally solved, in the sense that there will be no room left for doubt or cavil. Mr. Thursfield discusses the whole available evidence very fully, and incidentally shows from incidents at manœuvres how difficult it is to speak with certainty as to the actual formation of a great fleet under way at sea at any given moment. The phrase, "the Nelson touch," has become historic in connection with Trafalgar. Nelson certainly explained both verbally and in a memorandum to his captains the plan on which he meant to act. There was something novel and striking about it, for it called forth general enthusiasm in that "band of brothers." But the plan of attack as set forth in the memorandum, however we read it, is so unlike anything in the traditional plans of the battle, or the large model to be seen at the Royal United Service Institution (a model made, by the way, while many of Nelson's captains were still living), that there has been a disposition either to try to read the traditional story of the fight into the memorandum, or to hold that at the last moment Nelson abandoned his cherished scheme.

Quite apart from his conclusions, Mr. Thursfield's investigation of the question is worth reading as a model of historical criticism. He explains the conditions under which fleets fought in the days of sailing ships, and the theories of naval tactics up to Nelson's time. Then he carefully examines the famous memorandum, and brings a plain meaning out of it in the light of the conditions and traditions of the period. Then he shows that the method set forth in the memorandum was followed as nearly as any general plan can be realised under the changing conditions of an actual encounter. One point he proves beyond all reasonable doubt. The plans of Trafalgar, to be found in so many of our histories, and shown in the famous model, are mere misleading diagrams. Whatever happened, there was no attack of two parallel lines of ships in "line ahead," one led by Nelson, the other by Collingwood, against the centre of an allied line, roughly at right angles to their course. There was no "mad perpendicular attack." To describe in popular phrase what really happened, it would seem that the two English lines approached the enemy on a course making a very sharp angle with his general direction. As the attack closed on them, the allies were not in straight line, but in one that had become slightly convex towards it. While Collingwood flung his division almost simultaneously on the rearward ships of the enemy, Nelson, after a feint at their van, which kept them uncertain as to what was coming, altered his course, and, no longer in line ahead, but with every ship doing its best to close on the enemy, dashed at the allied centre, and broke into it. The ships of the enemy's rear were thus overwhelmed and mastered before the van could beat back against the wind to their assistance. The theory is borne out by remarkably interesting plans of the fight, drawn by one of the Spanish Admirals, which Mr. Thursfield reproduces as illustrations of his essay. Another interesting illustration is the frontispiece, a full-length portrait of Nelson painted during his stay at Naples, and now in the possession of the Admiralty. It shows with vivid realism a man broken by illness and suffering, and Mr. Thursfield suggests that it affords some evidence that, during the painful episodes that followed the capitulation of Naples, Nelson was, from physical causes, not entirely master of himself.

* "Nelson and Other Naval Studies." By James R. Thursfield, M.A. With Illustrations. John Murray. 12s. net.

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The Palace, Hereford,
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"I have found the copy of Mr. Stacpoole's 'Pools of Silence' waiting for me on my return from Germany, and I have just read it; and I hope it may be widely read, and may help to rouse all England to a proper sense of our share of responsibility for the abominations which, as we are informed, are still allowed to continue in the Congo territory.

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> "I hold what is now the official doctrine as quite recently expounded in Parliament by the Secretary of State for War, that the military forces of the Crown available for home defence should at all times be sufficient in numbers—and, of course, efficient enough in training, equipment, and organisation—to compel any enemy who projects an invasion of this country to come in such force that he cannot come by stealth."

But multiplying armies on land will not secure us, and there is no logical reason for the exaggerations of the militarists. Their whole argument for universal service assumes that "no sufficiency of naval force can insure this country against invasion." But as Mr. Thursfield convincingly puts it:—

> "Either the fleet, so long as it is maintained in sufficiency, can henceforth, as heretofore, be trusted to keep the invader at bay, in which case our military defences can be strictly adjusted to the measure and the conditions of our sea power; or it cannot, in which case not all the adult manhood in arms will suffice to defend our homes."

The whole argument, and the whole book, of which it is the practical message, are well worth attentive study.

---

## THE LOST WORD.*

The writer once saw a curious ornament which has already served him well as the text of discourse, both public and private; he hopes that any readers of The Nation who have made acquaintance with the object referred to will pardon a second or a third exhibition. The ornament in question is a jewel—a ring. It was made some three or four or five or six years ago by negroes dwelling by the Zambesi river; in the regions where "She" once held her terrible and flame-girded court, where the secret of "King Solomon's Mines" was formerly preserved. The materials of which this ring is made are simply the stiff and wiry hairs of the elephant's tail, and a little gold, found by the blacks and worked up by them into an odd, fantastic pattern with rude tools of their own making. The ring is by no means a masterpiece of exquisite and supreme beauty; it may be rather compared with the iron-work of a village tavern sign, casually hammered out by some ignorant country blacksmith in the early eighteenth century, or with the rough, effective ornament of which every common carpenter had the secret once upon a time. The ring is queer, barbaric, slight enough in idea and in execution; and yet if a great doomsday of all the art work of the world were preconised, if every object and device that man has made were brought before the judgment seat, then that odd fantasy of the ignorant black fellow would take its very lowly place beside the great masters, beside the work of Botticelli, beside the work of the Gothic architects, beside the sculpture of Greece, beside the Plays of Shakespeare! And, on the other hand, the jewelry of our modern shops, priceless with gems, adorned with the aid of the most expensive tools that science and money can procure: all this would be banished into the horrible Gehenna of oleographs, and cast-iron fenders, and "art furniture," and sham Gothic, and modern Italian pottery, and the plays and poems and novels of—whomsoever you please. In other words, the negro's ring is in its quite minor fashion to be set in the class of beautiful things; while modern civilisation has, in fact, become in the true sense of the word a barbarism, an inarticulate and savage utterance. With certain definite exceptions, it has lost the faculty of artistic—that is, beautiful—speech; and, when it speaks well, it does so after the parrot's fashion—that is, by minute though unintelligent copying of another's tones and syllables. Indeed, William Morris questioned even this parrot-like or ape-like accomplishment. Somewhere or other in his works, he asks us why we try to build Gothic cathedrals, since we cannot even build a plain wall as a thirteenth-century mason would build it. Still, this, bad as it is, is the best that we can do. And the question arises: why is it that the savage black fellow can surpass the civilised European?

Some such question as this, one presumes, has perplexed the mind of Vernon Lee, whose "Laurus Nobilis" is a long discourse of the Beauty that was once and now is not, and an eloquent aspiration for better days to come. In the first place it may be well to quote the author of "Laurus Nobilis" on the state of so-called decorative art to-day; so that it may be seen that the writer of this article is not denouncing without authority the miserable decadence of modern craftsmanship.

> "No better illustration of this (decadence) could be found than the sections of the Paris Exhibition which came under the heading of 'Decorative Art.'
>
> "Decoration. But decoration of what? In reality of nothing. All the objects—from the jewelry and enamels to the furniture and hangings—which this decorative art is supposed to decorate, are the merest excuse and sham. Not one of them is the least useful, or at all events useful once it is decorated. And nobody wants it to be useful. What is wanted is a pretext for *doing art* on the side of the artist, for buying costly things on the side of the public. And behind this pretext there is absolutely no genuine demand for any definite object serving any definite use; none of that insistence (which we see in the past) that the shape, material, and color should be the very best for practical purposes; and of that other insistence, marvellously blended with the requirements of utility, that the shape, material, and color should also be as beautiful as possible. . . . (there was) a certain cupboard, visibly incapable of holding either linen or garments, or crockery, or books, but shaped like a packing-case, and displaying with marvellous impartiality two exquisitely cast and chased doorguard plates of far-fetched, many-tinted alloys of silver, and a set of hinges, a lock and a key, such as the village ironmonger supplies in blue paper parcels of a dozen."

And, to sum up the whole position, the author declares all the "Decorative Art" that she saw to be "full of quite incredibly gross barbarism." And, if we think that this position is somewhat extreme; if we believe that after viewing the packing-case with the penny lock and the twopenny hinges some more cunning workman might devise a chest that would, at a pinch, hold a book or two or a great-coat, and might see that the hinges and the lock were of better craft and stuff—well, then, we get the speech of the intelligent parrot as compared with the unintelligent. Some birds muddle up the sentences that they have heard into hopeless confusion and unintelligibility; others are very fairly audible and comprehensible. And we must remember that Morris, though he declared that no one could build a thirteenth-century wall, was yet of opinion that he himself could print a fifteenth-century book. Whether he succeeded in his task or not must be a matter of opinion; but after making due deduction for various imbecilities mentioned by Vernon Lee—such as "the sickly imitation, in a brandnew piece of work, of the effects of time, weather, and of every manner of accident or deterioration"—we must perhaps allow to the present age a certain capacity in the art of the replica.

This is not extravagant praise; but it has been said that there are certain exceptions to our common barbarism. Some there are who can say more than a mere βάρ βάρ; who may be justly classed with articulate-speaking men. These men Vernon Lee calls the "tiny little knots of voluntary outlaws from a civilisation which could not understand them"; but the writer would prefer—though the meaning is much the same—to call these men the fakirs, the saints, the ascetics of the arts. Hardly, one would say, can such men be found at all in the crafts; one can scarcely conceive of a man making a mangle, for use in his own laundry, on gracious and beautiful lines. Hardly are such men to be found in the great art of architecture; modern buildings are of many styles, but of no style. Still, in literature and in painting there have been true and great artists, even in these latter days; we can name, with the author, Turner and Rossetti, Watts, Manet, Degas, Whistler, and Rodin; and such men as these are the true hermits and saints of the art that they profess. "If their work has shown lapses and failings (says the author); if it has been, alas! lacking at times in health or joy or dignity or harmony, let us ask ourselves what the greatest individualities of Antiquity and the Middle Ages would have produced if cut off from the tradition of the Past and the suggestion of the Present—if reduced to exercise art outside the atmosphere

* "Laurus Nobilis." Chapters on Art and Life. By Vernon Lee. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

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of life." And, just as the saint must despise the world, and live apart from it in spirit, and refuse to heed its commands, and reject all its ideals, and welcome its contempt and abhorrence if need be; so must the artist in words or in form and color of to-day abjure and despise and reject all the standards set up on every side of him, all the judgments, and decisions, and excommunications of the popular voice, all the absurdities and profanities which are proposed for his respect and adoration. Almost, as it were, he has to work *in vacuo*; he has rather to create his own atmosphere, to spin his golden and scarlet and multi-colored web of glamor and beauty out of his own vitals. And perhaps the question of the negro jeweller's capacity and the European decorator's incapacity is now answered: the black man works as every man breathes—by nature. But, if the white man would do great things, he must work a miracle; he must be as a man who has acquired by prayer and fasting and meditation the art of living without breathing; since the air about him is a mephitic and deadly gas. So it is not wonderful that great artists are few and that craftsmen are non-existent, since craft is essentially the art of the common man, his natural and inevitable mode of expression. No doubt the designers, the architects, of the Gothic cathedrals were supreme artists, but the men who carried out the design were simple laborers, who, having learnt the use of their tools by apprenticeship, could no more help doing beautiful work than an English child can help speaking English after a few years of apprenticeship to its mother and father.

And still, having answered one question, we are confronted by another. Why is it that the modern European is at a disadvantage in these matters, compared with such a comparatively low type of savage as the African? On the whole, Vernon Lee would seem to answer this question by a reference to social and monetary inequality, by recording her dislike of our present social system which doubtless—it may be said in parenthesis—is pretty well as bad as it can be. Still, one cannot think that inequality, either in money affairs or in social position is a satisfactory solution to the problem. Society in the middle ages was deliberately and designedly ordered on a basis of inequality, and the feudal lord was, undoubtedly, a very much richer man than the stone mason. Yet, as the author of "Laurus Nobilis" would allow, the arts and the crafts flourished in the middle ages as they have never done before or since; and so, it seems, inequality in fortune or position cannot be the primary cause of artistic decadence. It is probable that the true explanation of the matter is to be sought in the text which declares it to be impossible to serve God and Mammon. Beauty, says Vernon Lee, is a great "world power"; it might be preferable to declare that Beauty is one of the most shining facets of the Great World Power; that the quest of Beauty is one of the chief aspects of the quest for God. So the matter appeared to the Persian Mystic who said:—

> "Thou art Absolute Being; all else is naught but a Phantasm,
> For in Thy Universe all things are one.
> Thy world-captivating Beauty, to display its perfections,
> Appears in thousands of mirrors, but it is one.
> Although Thy Beauty accompanies all the beautiful,
> In truth the Unique and Incomparable Heart-enslaver is one.*"

And one cannot serve this God and the mammon of materialism. If a nation deliberately organises its life on a "rational" and material basis; if it puts before it as an ideal "sound business methods"; if it sets up on a high place "the plain practical man of affairs"; if it adopts as its supreme criterion of good and evil, right and wrong, sense and nonsense the question, "Will it pay?" if it lives for material ease, comfort, and luxury, and desires "all these things" of beauty to be added unto it—well, it will be vastly disappointed. It will descend, little by little, by slow but perceptible degrees, from the heights to the depths, losing year by year some of the faculties of its soul, some of those senses which reach out to an invisible and ideal world. It will descend from the miracle of the cathedral to the sumptuous Tudor and Elizabethan mansion, from the gracious lines of the Elizabethan house to the well decorated and stately Caroline dwelling, from the rich state of Charles II. to the bare but pleasing severity of Queen Anne's reign: and then headlong, till we find ourselves at last in Gower Street. And then the reaction: the frantic endeavor to recover the Lost Word of Hiram Abiff; these efforts beginning, naturally enough, before the deepest depth was reached. Firstly, the Georgian magnate would be "calm and classical" (like Mrs. Jarley's waxwork), so we had a fox-hunting, beef-eating, port-consuming squire dwelling in a Greek Temple, behind twenty Ionic columns. Then he would be rude and "Gothick" and romantic; and Horace Walpole chatters gossip from his preposterous battlements at Strawberry Hill. Then he would inhabit an Italian villa; and a bad imitation of something that was marble, its stucco walls black with rain and green with the weeping of dank trees. And now we try to live in houses which are half-a-dozen styles at once, which make a pleasant English landscape seem as if a mad scene-painter had made it; and if any beautiful thing be left in our streets we take it away and hide it in a museum—temple of the dead god, Beauty—for weary crowds to gape at unintelligently. And almost the only good metal work we can do now is to be found on the harness of cart-horses in the country, and in the great copper jars which vintners use in taverns.

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a "huge, dominating urgent" hero, with grimly set jaw, "a rough, strenuous, and, in a sense, dangerous figure," who will not take no for an answer. The elderly philanderer soon leaves the field to his rival, and the young politician rushes into the breach with a savage violence that a wooer of the Stone Age might envy. The question for Poppy St. John is—what will her life be with Denier if she accepts him?—a situation always worthy of artistic treatment if the analysis of the woman's feelings be exact in its truth. Lucas Malet, however, is not satisfied with depicting the play of natural feelings; and conversations that are true to life are quite beyond her powers of expression. At every pause in the situation she seizes occasion to turn the limelight full on to her figures, who have dropped, like fourth-rate actors, into effective poses. We hear the gallery burst into applause when Poppy is made to strike the attitude of outraged virtue, and, affecting to misunderstand the politician's offer of marriage, cries "Do you reckon with what your words imply, Denny? . . . If so, stop right away at once. I'll forget it—tell myself you were a little off your balance, tell myself you were a little drunk. You have time to unsay them honorably yet, as far as I am concerned, time to turn back." And how finely, in its simple truth to nature, does the young *premier* take up his cue and respond: "But, Great Heavens!" he answered, his face working with excitement, "there is nothing," he waited for a second—"no, nothing to unsay. I want to go on, not to go back. Marry me, marry me—can I put it more coarsely plainly that that? All I have, all I am, all I ever may be—well—my dear, it is yours." What can Poppy do, by the rules of the game, after this but "gaze at him with unfathomable eyes, and say, "very softly: 'God bless you, Denny! You know how to love,' and her voice broke." Obviously, her voice must break at this stage crisis, and we can watch her simple figure "turning away," while, with her mind working at lightning speed, she evolves the appropriate answer: "Let me be for an hour, dear old boy," she went on, huskily. "This is unexpected. It is complicated. I must have time to think." And the curtain goes down on her effective exit from the room, as she passes out into the night, "with its disquieting, fortifying influences," and, to key us all up into sympathy with the young politician's surging tides of passion, we are told that "with a slightly daring gesture, she whipped the train of her tea-gown over her left arm—thus revealing a froth of white silk and lace petticoat frills, and a pair of pink paste-buckled, high-heeled shoes."

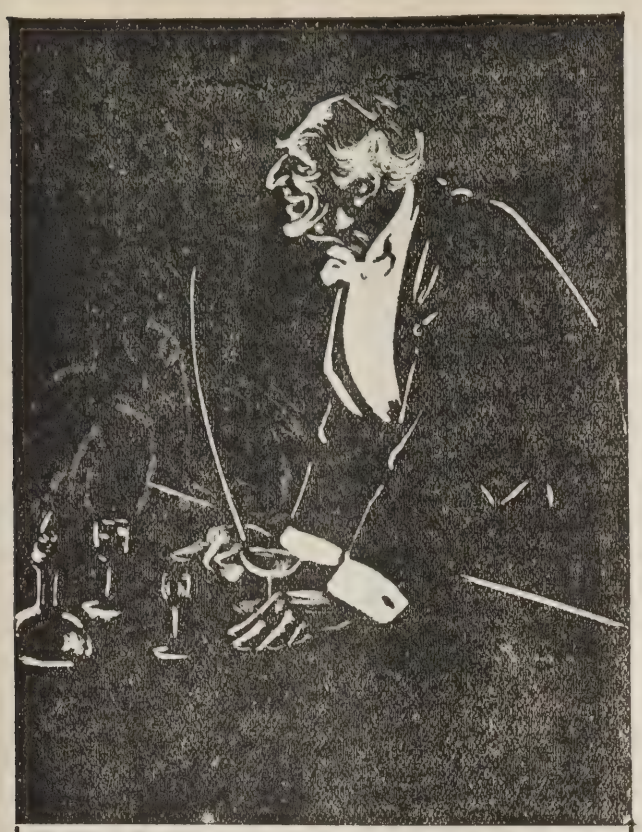
In her exaltation, standing in the space at the head of the descending steps, a graceful, pale-glistening figure, looking seaward, Poppy spreads her arms wide, and cries: "Ah! it is good to be loved, to be loved, to be loved!" she cried, half-aloud exultantly. "Whatever the end of the story, it is good to be loved; to know your own power and the worth of your womanhood, and to play the great game once again." This is highly typical of the lyrical gush of our author's art, just as the following passage, in all its naïvely pretentious unreality, reaches the heights of romantic falsity at which she aims:—

> For a few seconds Denier suffered as acutely as it is given to man to suffer Then he ranged himself, steadying his nerves, steadying his temper by an immense exercise of will; and, taking up her words, turned them, not without praiseworthy chivalry, to her advantage.
>
> "Probably the Hampstead Heath methods are as good as any others, darling," he said. "They have the sanction of hoary antiquity, in any case. From the dawn of human history man and woman must have sat, as we now sit, in the clear night under the stars, hearing the song of the surf and the wind and the woodland; and have felt, with a lovely and terrible yearning, that whatever the years might bring them of fame, and wealth, and power, this—this lingering in the forecourt of the temple of love, this sacred preface to the consummated drama of the beloved and the lover—is still the most exquisite, the most divinely perfect flower of human existence."
>
> The poetry of his speech appealed to Poppy, charming her. But she had felt him wince, thereby betraying a dissonance in his thought towards her. And with that repose fled, self-protective cynicism taking its place within her.
>
> "So the preface is the best of the book, Denny?" she said, half bitterly, half sadly. "Then, obviously, it is the part of the wise to rest content with the preface and read no further." . .
>
> . . . With a superb courage she rallied all her virtue, all her seriousness, invoking the help of the departed friend who, when living, had done so much to strengthen her against self-indulgence, self-seeking, license and light-loves.
>
> "I am cramped, dear old boy," she said gravely and quietly to Denier, turning her head and looking him full in the face. "I think we have had enough of this. It only leads to the edge of a certain precipice down which it would be contemptible for you and me, swine-like, to fall headlong at this time of day. Let me go."
>
> But for all answer Denier stared back at her with savage bloodshot eyes, his countenance strangely disfigured; while, spreading his hand wide over her heart, his grip tightened until she felt her ribs must crack and splinter under the strain. She turned sick from the suffocating anguish, and her sight grew blurred. It came to her how many hundred times upon the stage she had played at death, before an audience moved to tears by her counterfeit presentment. Now she felt death incarnate play with her, iron-handed, threatening to crush her out of earthly existence as wantonly as she herself might crush some fragile airy-dancing gnat. Still she would die game, if die she must. Throwing all the sarcasm of which it was capable into her voice, she cried defiantly:—
>
> "I'm not your wife after all, remember, Denny—so you've no cause, no right, to kill me—yet. To kill me won't help you one little bit."
>
> For the moment the taunt merely fed the madness of Denier's passion. While his left hand still crushed her heart, his right leapt out and spanned the round of her throat. All attempt at struggle against such strength was futile, ludicrous. Poppy resigned herself, and that without flinching. But she was thankful her vision had become too clouded for her any longer to see his face, since she divined it to be hideous as that of some huge, rufous, predatory beast, ranging, blood-hungry, through the dimness of the wild. She had known man's love under most fair and gracious aspects, and did not covet, therefore, to leave this world with such a picture of it as that stamped on her retina. Then, just as consciousness was ebbing wholly, Denier's grasp relaxed, his hand ceased to throttle, his arm dropped away from her; and Poppy's life, turning, began slowly blindly to stagger back up the awful terror-ridden track whose terminus is dissolution.
>
> Denier had flung away to the far end of the stone bench. He sat there bowed double, his shoulders heaving convulsively, his feet planted wide apart, his face in his hands right down between his knees.

It is the mark of Lucas Malet's characters to suffer from these recurring spasms of unassuaged desires. Her heroines are maddeningly seductive in their dainty charms, to the savage and masterful heroes, "satyrs, idealists, and fighting men," but after dallying with the luscious fruit they always, like Poppy, become "bitterly certain of the purity of their purpose." Then they turn away sighing, while "the vibrant tone of stinging suppressed passion" dies out of their voices; and "with tears starting hot and scalding" into their eyes they declare, "No, Denny, dear. It wouldn't work, dear old boy. I love you too much, far too much to queer your pitch." With such characters as Poppy St. John and Lucius Denier the public can indulge itself in an enervating bath of emotionalism, knowing that the virtue of these modern St. Anthonys is guaranteed from the beginning. For our part we must own that the virtuous heroine's powers of resistance seem indistinguishable from her delight in her sensuous inclinations. The ethical problem it presents will doubtless help, however, the circulation of the novel. The first story, "Miserere Nobis," is so charged with lurid exaggerations that it reads like a caricature of the author's method.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

A PROMISING sign for the future of religion in Scotland is the width of the membership of a new society formed in the University of Glasgow. The advantage of separate societies already in existence is fully recognised, but the Society of St. Ninian has been formed for the study of religion from many points of view by exposition and discussion on terms of mutual sympathy and respect. The first session of the society has been held, and a selection from the papers read is presented in the volume, "Religion and the Modern Mind: Ten Lectures Delivered Before the Glasgow University Society of St. Ninian" (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s., net), with a note of introduction by the new Principal of the University, Sir Donald MacAlister. How wide is the range becomes apparent when we find writers on what we may call the extreme Right, two Jesuit Fathers, Crofton and Power; and on the extreme Left, Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P.; with various points in the Centre occupied by six Presbyterians and a Scottish Episcopalian. Mr. Johnstone Ross, the Presbyterian minister at Cambridge, offers a warm greeting from religion to science, grateful for its contribution



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to our belief in unity, law, and progress; while Father Crofton puts in a plea for the conservative attitude of the Roman See in preference to the Modernism which he fears is weakening landmarks without really appeasing whatever in the sciences is hostile to the Christian faith. On comparative religion and its effects on the claim of Christianity to be a special revelation, Mr. J. M. Robertson sets out five alternative grounds for the claim, and concludes, for himself, at least, that no one of them is established, that there is no special prerogative, but that Christianity must be content to stand with all other religions before the tribunal of Reason. In the very next paper Canon McCulloch works on one of the alternatives indicated by Mr. Robertson, that of the character of Christianity as the culmination of all that is true and good in the world's religions. Mr. Gordon Clark follows with a sketch of the historical development of religions, with the same conclusion as that of Mr. McCulloch. Mr. Carnegie Simpson has a brief paper on Agnosticism as a general method, and Father Power gives a statement of Rationalism in comparison with Agnosticism. There are three papers on Christian doctrines. Professor Cooper vindicates the doctrine of the Holy Trinity on familiar lines, as the formulation at which the early Church soon arrived. Mr. Cameron sets the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ in the light of the idealism which he learnt in the class-room of the great Glasgow professor, Edward Caird, and claims that this offers a far more satisfactory vindication than is to be found in the method of Ritschl and Harnack. This paper is, as is natural, the strongest in the volume in intellectual fibre. Dr. David Smith deals with the same doctrine in close application to the historical character of the founder of Christianity. We cannot but congratulate the writers, and, we presume, the whole society, upon the tone and temper in which they have addressed themselves to this communication of their convictions upon what lies so much at the centre of their several modes of religious thought.

* * *

A somewhat indifferent specimen of modern book-making is afforded by the volume on "Old English Towns" (Werner Laurie, 6s. net), written by Mr. William Andrews. No finer subject for an imaginative pen could have been chosen than the twenty-seven towns treated here; but it would be encouraging false hopes in the prospective reader to suggest that Mr. Andrews's treatment is anything but very ordinary. From the beginning of the first chapter, on Winchester, to the end of the last, on Chester, there is little or no attempt to visualise the character of the towns passed in review, neither can it be said that the sprinkling of entertaining anecdote introduced compensates one for the general atmosphere of uninspired guide-bookiness. Unfortunately, too, the individual chapters are too short to impart much of that solid information which is the *raison d'être* of a good guide-book, while in examples of purely superficial observation they contain much that allies them with the bad one. The best part of the volume appears to us to be the illustrations, all of which, with the exception of the frontispiece, are from old prints, and are thoroughly well reproduced. We cannot, however, alter our opinion of the letterpress on this account. Apart from its banalities, the author's style is slipshod, the punctuation is childish, and there are many misprints.

# The Week in the City.

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The Bank Holidays send the City to sleep, and for some time afterwards its marts and exchanges are half empty. All the leading magnates are at play, and even speculation (as a rule) ceases. And yet the first half of August is, perhaps, to labor the most important period of the whole year. In a great part of America and Europe the crops are ripening. It is just now that the harvest of North-West Canada is in suspense. It may be a bumper crop this year; or, if the frosts attack it at the critical moment (the first week or ten days of August), it may prove a dismal failure. Here in England the hay harvest has been largely spoilt by the weather; but the wheat and barley promise to be an unusually heavy crop, if only there are sunny days for ripening the harvest. The experts are not hopeful of any substantial reduction in the price of grain, as stocks are very low all over the world. Nevertheless, the outlook for trade and employment is far from gloomy. The settlement of the coal strike has brought intense relief—not least to the home railway market—and even the "Times" has been compelled to pay reluctant tribute to Mr. Churchill's skill as a conciliator. The settlement of the American tariff will also be favorable to English trade, as the maximum and minimum clauses will benefit our exports as compared with Germany's. Moreover, there are some quite substantial reductions on some parts of the Dingley Tariff, thanks to President Taft's personal exertions—though Senator Aldrich has managed to maintain the protective heights of his own special favorites—the woollen and cotton schedules.

### The American Market.

Perhaps there is more interest in this market on the London Stock Exchange just now than in any other. But it is recognised that its future depends entirely upon the New York bankers and financiers. The fact that many new issues of bonds and stock are impending makes it probable that these powerful interests will try to maintain the high prices now existing, and even to hoist a few favored stocks still higher. Otherwise the "bears" would probably predominate, as the intrinsic values hardly warrant the present high level of prices. A good deal depends on the future of money, and banking opinion in the City now rather inclines to expect a certain amount of stringency in the autumn.

### Loans for the Young Turks.

If the Young Turks succeed in inspiring the confidence necessary to raise the large sums which they want to borrow for irrigation purposes in Asia Minor, they will in all probability get a very handsome return in the future; for there is no country that more urgently requires it. At present, writes a correspondent who has recently travelled through Mesopotamia, the Euphrates and Tigris run almost entirely to waste. They have a fringe of date palms and cornfields, about half a mile broad on either bank, where the Arabs have cut short trenches, but the vast extent of Mesopotamia is practically all mud desert, which might, if it could be irrigated and populated, become one of the biggest granaries of the world. Asia Minor also has equally good prospects under settled government. In 1907 the Anatolian Railway Company agreed to advance to the Turkish Government £800,000 for irrigation works round Konia, which are to be undertaken by a German firm and completed within five years. Konia is already served by the Baghdad Railway, and the railway system of Asia Minor is well advanced. In 1906 Turkey exported to England £1,150,000 of barley, and the capacity of the Asiatic provinces for corn-growing appear to be unlimited. The produce of cotton in Anatolia is now only 500,000 bales; but Professor Dunstan, who has been investigating the subject, declares that Anatolia may rival Egypt, and Mesopotamia the United States as cotton-growing lands. Much cotton is grown on unirrigated tracts; for it is a hardy plant and will thrive without a great amount of moisture; but with irrigation the cotton area might be enormous. A beginning is being made with 200,000 acres at Konia, as aforesaid. Another great desideratum is a survey of the mineral resources of the Turkish Empire, which should be accompanied by an amendment and consolidation of mining law. Nothing of the sort has ever been attempted, and there is a belief that the mineral wealth is very great. In every respect the two Turkeys are by nature among the wealthiest countries in the world, and with the pushing forward of railways and irrigation, there is undoubtedly a great future before them. For the moment, however, Turkish credit in London is not very good, owing to anxiety about troubles in Crete and to a fear that the Young Turks may spend all their resources upon military and naval armaments.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 20.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1909. [Price 6d.
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*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

On Wednesday the Prime Minister, in Mr. Lloyd George's absence, announced two anticipated changes in the structure of the Finance Bill. One is the substitution for the tax on ungotten minerals of a 5 per cent. duty on mineral rent, royalties, and wayleaves, and the second is the transference of the expense of compiling the new Domesday Book from the land-owner to the State. The cost of the land valuation is slightly larger than we had anticipated. The whole expense will be about two millions, £300,000 of which will fall into the current financial year, and the whole process will be complete in between three and four years. The estimated first yield of the new duty on royalties is £350,000, making a total result for the new land taxes of £675,000.

* * *

The change is a concession to the Tories, but Mr. Austen Chamberlain promptly charged the Government with constructing "a new Budget," and Mr. Balfour, by doubling the cost of collection, halving the receipts of the duties, and omitting the tax on minerals, made out that on the first year the Government would be £438,000 to the bad. On this arithmetical basis Mr. Balfour constructed a charge that the valuing side of the Finance Bill was unconstitutional and revolutionary, while ninety-six members of the Opposition, having previously protested against making the landlords pay for valuation, now voted in favor of making them do it. Of course, as the new taxes fructify, the proportionate yearly cost of the machinery—£150,000—will be insignificant. Meanwhile, the Government have made good progress during the week. They have added clauses 9, 10, 11, 13, and 14 to the Bill. The Chancellor has now given in five acres of garden free of development tax. We are afraid this lets out Devonshire House.

* * *

Meanwhile, the process of faint and dubious signalling to the Lords goes on. Improving on Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, speaking to his Wiltshire tenants, repudiated the Liberal doctrine (which was also the great Duke of Wellington's) that the House of Lords should yield to repeated decisions of the House of Commons. He contrasted with it the House of Lords' "more moderate" theory, namely, that they should supply the people with "full opportunity" of expressing their will on a subject. In other words, he demanded the right of forcing a *plébiscite*. Lord Lansdowne did not say who gave the Lords this right, or that he only proposed to apply it to Liberal Bills. On that issue he declared they were "ready to try conclusions," even if it turned upon finance. Probably Lord Lansdowne, a dabbler in most things (including war), merely means to dabble in revolution. But the question is whether these half-words, like similar half-words on Protection, are not encouraging his following to plunge headlong into it. On this point we note that Professor Dicey, after arguing, as a strong Tory partisan, against the Budget, concludes, as a constitutional authority, that there is a "special disadvantage in any policy which seems to attack any privilege of the House of Commons."

* * *

The clause of the Budget Bill setting up the ½d. tax on undeveloped land was carried on Tuesday by a majority of 104, only three or four members of the disappearing "cave" opposing it, while Moderates like Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, who dwell on its borders, strongly supported it. Mr. Balfour's hostile criticism should be repeated in Bingley Hall. It was a song of "Proputty, proputty, proputty," from end to end. He defended the holding up of land against the needs of the community by saying that no man should be induced to sell what belonged to him at a smaller price than he would naturally get for it. The fact that property depended on the community was not an argument for taxing it. All increment on all property was unearned, dividends as well as rent—a Socialistic argument, qualified by Mr. Balfour's evident corollary that as the masses make all the wealth, they should pay all the taxes. Mr. Balfour again bewailed the ruin of the market gardener—who is exempted from the development tax—but relieved his hearers' minds by adding that its proceeds would be so small as to be "absolutely ridiculous."

* * *

Sir Edward Grey, in an interesting speech at Leeds on Tuesday, made an amusing and effective reply to Lord Lansdowne, who had compared the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Government to the "robber gulls," which do not fish for themselves, but swoop down on the birds which do, and snatch away their spoil. Sir Edward Grey suggested a more exact parallel. In Lord Lansdowne's simile the "robber gull" should be, not the Government, but the ground landlord. If a plan were devised for taking from the "robber gull," for the benefit of the gull community, a fifth of the fish he had torn from the working gulls, the parallel to the incre-

ment tax would be complete. Certainly the "robber gull" had no resemblance to the Government, which put the tax, not into its own pocket, but into that of the community.

* * *

The "Daily Chronicle" is doing excellent service in exhibiting the grosser cases of under-assessment of the mansions and properties of the men who are endeavoring to destroy the Budget, as compared with the assessment of business premises in their immediate neighborhood. Thus Lansdowne House and grounds, estimated to be worth £8 per square foot, are assessed at 7½d.; the Bath Club, on the other side of the street, is assessed at 5s. 6½d. per square foot. The rateable value of Devonshire House is about 6d. a square foot; that of the Ritz Hotel, on the opposite side of Piccadilly, 12s. a square foot. We note, by the way, that the Earl of Derby has withdrawn his subscription from the Cheshire Agricultural Society, though his family has made its scores of thousands out of the labors of the people of Cheshire, and its hundreds of thousands out of the work of Lancashire. It is not surprising that a Manchester Tory writes to the "Times," imploring Mr. Balfour to give his dukes a hint to "put away their pocket-handkerchiefs."

* * *

The "Spectator" has been somewhat unfortunate in its treatment of the transaction between the Duke of Northumberland and the Northumberland County Council. Mr. Lloyd George had said that the Duke had "demanded" £900 an acre for land that the County Council wanted for a school site. This statement, says the "Spectator," filled it with indignation and disgust. The Duke had not demanded this sum, an impartial arbitrator awarded it. According to Mr. Tebbutt, the Editor of the "North Mail," neither of these statements has any foundation in fact, while Mr. Lloyd George's assertion is only inaccurate in so far as it fell short of the truth. Actually the Duke demanded not £900, but £1,210 an acre, and the arbitrator only gave him £698 15s. 6d. Even the arbitrator's figure seems to have been an outside one, for while he reduced the Duke's claim from 5s. to 3s. 6d. a square yard, a competent valuer fixed its worth at only 3d. a yard. The "Spectator," after grossly misstating the facts, suggests that Mr. Lloyd George has been guilty of "bad taste," "gross injustice," "malignant insult," and "inverted snobbery." From which it would appear that some trifling intellectual (not to say moral) defects attend on snobbery of the older sort.

* * *

Order is now restored in Catalonia, but on Monday a general strike was threatened to secure the release of the prisoners. There are said to be over 700 workmen in the various gaols, and the number is being increased daily. They are being tried by court-martial, but it is denied that any have been shot. The strike was frustrated by a stringent proclamation from the military governor. The Spanish politicians and newspapers are making wild assertions as to the causes of the outbreak. They are all agreed to put it down to the "Anarchists," so as to relieve themselves from responsibility, but they have to admit that life and secular property were respected, and only ecclesiastical property attacked. All advanced movements in Spain are necessarily anti-Clerical, and "Anarchism" is there simply an unpleasant name for advanced politics. That the situation is not permanently improved may be inferred from the fact that the Spanish Queen is to make a long stay in England. There has been more fighting at Melilla, where the Spaniards are collecting a considerable army, with the reported object of advancing to Tetuan rather than into the Riff country.

* * *

On Friday the Stockholm gas and electricity workers, though specially exempted, in the strike proclamation, stopped work, but their places have been taken by an organisation of strike-breakers, called the Civic Guard. The compositors came out on Monday, causing a suspension of the newspapers, in spite of the Government's appeal to them not to commit a breach of their industrial agreement. Some 10,000 laborers are said to have promised to strike when the harvest is ripe. The railway men, on the other hand, have postponed taking a decision. Reports from Stockholm suggest that the workers are tiring. The papers are coming out, trams running again, and traffic filling the street. Against these perhaps partial accounts must be set the admitted fact that the trade unionists are resolutely loyal to their leaders, and the strike is already the most general and stubborn on record. The Government has refused to intervene in the dispute, and the assistance towards a settlement offered by a private association was rejected by the employers.

* * *

President Taft, having signed the Tariff Bill, announces that it involves a "substantial revision downwards," but, knowing the public mind, adds that "it is not a perfect bill or in complete compliance with the promises made, strictly interpreted." Most of the newspapers put the case much more bluntly, and the Western States are beginning to talk of fighting the "stand-patters." Mr. Cummins, Republican Senator for Iowa, who voted throughout against the Tariff Bill, says that the tariff is the fundamental issue in his party, and that the extreme Protectionists must be driven out of control of the party. Other Westerners are demanding that "the West shall throw off the shackles of the East," but these advanced Republicans are tender enough in their attitude towards the tariff. They expect to have Mr. Taft on their side, but Mr. Taft does not seem to have the makings of the leader of a revolt. He signed the Tariff Bill despite protestations, and, if we may judge from Mr. Dooley, the man in the street is beginning to contrast unfavorably his "broad smile" with Mr. Roosevelt's "big stick."

* * *

We publish elsewhere a powerful plea for the removal of the color disqualification from the Union of Africa Bill, by Mr. Tengo Jabavu, the ablest of the native journalists in South Africa, and a generally respected leader of native opinion. The case is undoubtedly a difficult one for a British Liberal, anxious to see the seal set on an act of Liberal policy. But we confess our deep regret that the Government have not seen their way to one simple solution which was offered to them by the South African delegates themselves, namely, the elimination of the Schedule. The Schedule was the work of Lord Selborne, to whom, as far as we can see, the Government are under no obligation whatever. Its excision would have given all parties the breathing space they desired, and would have been a set-off to the illiberal portions of the Bill, which were, in the main, the work not of the Dutch representatives, or even of the Progressives, but of pressure from Natal. We do not believe that either the British or the Union Parliament desires to take its native policy from such a quarter. As far as we can see, the House of Commons

could reject the Schedule without either hurting the Bill or displeasing the delegates, and we cannot but hope, in view of the news which reaches us of serious unrest in native South Africa, that this may be possible.

* * *

Lord Kitchener has been appointed High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean in succession to the Duke of Connaught. We thought that the Duke resigned because the office gave him too little to do. This is not to be the case with his successor. The military correspondent of the "Times" has kindly mapped out for him a plan of campaign more befitting the servant of a Continental military Power than of an insular and naval one. Lord Kitchener is to "watch" the "naval programmes" of Germany's allies, *i.e.*, Austria and Italy, the latter a devoted friend of England. He is to have in mind a display of "efficient and military force in the Mediterranean." He is to organise the "heterogeneous Anglo-African forces which are now scattered throughout the length and breadth of Africa." He is to bethink himself of a vast concentration of British and Colonial forces in the Middle Sea. In the intervals of these duties he will attend the meetings of the Defence Committee, and as an "expert horticulturalist," will look after the "gardens of the Palace at Valetta." By all means let Lord Kitchener "cultivate his garden"—and keep out of other peoples'.

* * *

The Cretan question appears to be settling down. Last week the Turkish Government made a thoroughly false move. The Turkish Minister at Athens read to the Greek Premier a very undiplomatic note or memorandum, which, while almost giving the Greek Government the lie, called upon it for assurances that it had no intention of either annexing or invading Crete, and to disavow any act pointing to such a course. Failing such assurances, the Ottoman Minister would leave Athens. The effect of this semi-ultimatum, sternly criticised in the European Press, has happily been small. The Greek Government, which has behaved admirably, replied in a conciliatory way, referring her case to the Protecting Powers. The result has been a sensible modification of the Porte's official tone, and some slackening of the popular anti-Greek agitation. Meanwhile, the Greek flag at Canea has been lowered, but the diplomatic inexperience of the Young Turks, and the spirit of extreme Mohammedan nationalism behind them, are a serious side of the situation.

* * *

Fenid Pasha, Turkish Minister of the Interior, has resigned. He was disliked and distrusted by Hilmi and his colleagues, suspected as an ingrained servant of the old order, and bitterly attacked in the Press for trying to stifle the inquiry into the Adana massacres. He is succeeded by Talaat Bey, Vice-President of the Chamber, chief of the deputation of members which visited England, and a leading light of the Young Turk Party. The whole Cabinet will be reconstituted shortly, with a view to putting Young Turks into the various offices, though Hilmi will probably remain Grand Vizier. It must be admitted that the present Cabinet has not done much in the way of practical reorganisation, and it is to be hoped that the Young Turks, when themselves in charge, will prove more vigorous. They have still to convince the world of their constructive statesmanship. In so far as they constitute a majority of the Chamber they are responsible for some illiberal legislation with regard to the right of combination, and they cannot escape blame for so drastic a step as the suppression of the "Yeni Gazeta," merely because it published the opinions of foreign papers on the retention of martial law.

* * *

The last of the Test matches was played at the Oval and ended, as most experienced critics of the game expected it to end, in a draw. The Selection Committee, untaught by past experience, declined to provide a fast bowler on a pitch which, under the conditions of the weather now prevailing, is more suited to him than any in England. The masters of English cricket do not appear to have heard of Lockwood and Richardson. The result of the game leaves the cricket premiership in the hands of Australia, which has now won two games to our one, the other two being drawn. Her success is due more specifically to her batting and fielding than to her bowling; but it is also the triumph of an eleven which, on the whole, understands the tactics of the game more thoroughly than a crack English eleven. Nevertheless, we retain the opinion that, properly managed and selected, the best English material is superior.

* * *

Perhaps the best definition of the effect of the Censorship on the literary British Drama was given by Mr. Henry James, in a letter to Mr. Galsworthy, quoted at Thursday's sitting of the Joint Committee:—

> "It is difficult to express the depth of dismay and disgust with which an author of books in this country finds it impressed upon him, in passing into the province of the theatre with the view of laboring there, that he has to reckon anxiously with an obscure and irresponsible Mr. So-and-So, who may, by law, peremptorily demand of him that he shall make his work square, at vital points, with Mr. So-and-So's personal and, intellectually and critically speaking, wholly unauthoritative preferences, prejudices, and ignorances, and that the less original, the less important, and the less interesting it is, and the more vulgar and superficial and futile, the more it is likely so to square. He thus encounters an arrogation of critical authority and the critical veto, with the power to enforce its decisions, that is without a parallel in any other civilised country, and which has in this one the effect of relegating the theatre to the position of a mean minor art, and of condemning it to ignoble dependences, poverties, and pusillanimities."

The objection of the literary craft to an illiterate office could not be more powerfully expressed.

* * *

We much regret to record the early death of Mrs. Mary Davies, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's only sister, to whom he was attached not only by close association in youth and early manhood, but by the sweetness and strength of her character.—On Wednesday Dr. Lefroy, the Dean of Norwich, died at the Riffelalp, his favorite summer resort, at the age of seventy-three. Dean Lefroy was one of the ablest of the Evangelical school, and one of the best organisers in the Anglican Church, but he did more by the energy and force of his personality than by strictly intellectual qualities. He was a vigorous preacher of a colloquial type, and his capacity as a man of business would have made him an excellent ruler of a diocese.—Readers of The Nation will regret the death of Mr. A. H. Beesly, the author of the poem, "A Sussex Churchyard," which appeared in these columns three weeks ago. Mr. Beesly was a brother of the Positivist thinker and writer, Mr. E. S. Beesly, but he left a mark of his own as a much beloved master of Marlborough School, as the author of some very scholarly work in poetry, and as a powerful Radical controversialist.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE CONFUSION OF THE CRITICS.

As the controversy on the Budget proceeds, it is interesting to note how the Tory case for the intervention of the Lords crumbles away. There was the plea that the Budget was unpopular. The by-elections have silenced that argument. There was the expectation that it would be forced through the Commons by the guillotine, exercised in the most ruthless fashion. That, again, has been falsified by the method under which the Opposition suffers from nothing more serious than the fatigue of its own eloquence. There was the hope of a divided Cabinet and party. The only thing which the Budget has distracted is the counsels of the Opposition. The hostile agitation in the country has failed. The character and direction of the attack on the Budget are the object of contemptuous criticism from the rank and file of the Tory party, and the popular section of its Press. Finally, the more reasonable grounds of opposition have been cut off. The industry of agriculture comes out of the Budget with a handsome balance in its favor. Mr. Balfour's market gardener and Mr. Pretyman's small holder are safe, though the rage of their tutelary gods is quite unappeased. Every class of landlord is relieved from the burden of valuation, and from taxation on the smaller increments. It would be impossible for the Government to exhibit a more complete absence of vindictiveness. The new land taxes, moderate in themselves, have been made more moderate than ever, only to meet the petulantly dishonest retort that they are all but useless for revenue.

Thus baulked of the power to present a plausible case for violent action by the peers, the Opposition has become a chorus of confused and self-destroying rhetoricians. The leader whom his own want of character has driven on to a taxing system in which duties fail of their purpose just so far as they produce revenue, pretends to arraign the undeveloped land tax because, though it aims at revenue, one of its objects is also the relief of town congestion. Each one of Mr. Balfour's propositions annuls another. The land taxes are so small that they are not worth the cost of valuation: they are so large that they will endanger capital, produce unemployment, and force men with scores of thousands a year to make themselves odious to the community by "taking it out" of the weakest and humblest of their "bedesmen." They are Socialistic because they take toll of one kind of unearned increment, when, in fact, all increment on all "property" is unearned, and the world is managed by a set of drones fit only for expropriation. It is bad to make the landlords pay for valuation; it is worse to make the State pay for it. It is cruel to tax the small holder; it is unjust to exempt him. It is scandalous to tax the rich; it is also absurd, because the rich can easily shift their burdens on to the shoulders of the poor. The private landlord has a right to take for himself what he does not earn, and to deny the State a contribution, because when the State is itself a landlord it takes for the people what belongs to them. Through this tangle of sophistry a small body of rich men stumble along, making converts for the Budget with each fresh illustration of the selfishness of privilege.

But if the case against the Budget falls through the skilless anger of its critics, it falls also by the purely anti-democratic tone and temper of the hostile argument. Just as the action of the dukes in cutting down not their footmen, but their doles to the sick and infirm, are making thoughtful people realise the badness of a system which spoils the characters both of dukes and of dependents, so the attitude of the Opposition reveals their complete indifference to the social problem. The debate on the tax on undeveloped land showed them to be concerned for one kind of material interest only—that of property in land, and the amenities and enjoyments which its possession brings to the rich. What, cried Mr. Ashley, would be the position of Devonshire House and Holland House?—both of them, let us say, enjoyed exclusively, or all but exclusively, by a single family, and grossly under-assessed to the local rates. What would happen to the land round Harrow school? And what, echoed Mr. Balfour, must happen to a State which induces a man to sell his land for less than he might otherwise get for it, and taxes the increase which comes to him through the work of the community? If there were no congestion in London worse than that of Harrow school, we might, indeed, let Harrow landowners "hold up" their land indefinitely. But we imagine that when Mr. Lloyd George proposed the tax on undeveloped land, he was thinking more of the boys of Hoxton than of Harrow. The aim of the tax and its recorded effect, wherever it has been applied, are to diminish the characteristic evil of our town life—the massing of the people in dense central blocks and rookeries and in suburban slums. And that evil is repeating the old trouble of over-crowding under conditions which the constructors of many modern cities, with the help of this tax, have avoided. For the relief of these conditions Mr. Balfour expresses no concern. Probably he has never heard of it, though for years it has been the basis of the argument for the tax on occupied land in the neighborhood of towns. The same exclusive concern for landlords explains the fact that the proposal to value land at the cost of the State is as heartily resented as the earlier scheme of the Bill. It is valuation, a national record of land values, which the landlords resent. That simple plan means the ending at a stroke of the process which has "held up" municipalities, railways, traders, school authorities, manufacturers, the building industry. We might be back in the 'thirties for all the care that the Tory party, Protectionists, Balfourites, neo-democrats, and the rest, have shown for any one of these interests.

But it is when we examine the political end of the opposition to the Budget, enfeebled and divided as it now is, that we get the real measure of its meanness. The defeat of the Budget is sought so that the way may be clear for Protection. And the only way to that end is through the House of Lords. On this point there is already a conflict of counsels. The landlords want the land clauses eliminated. The extreme Protectionists, realising that this would not secure their purpose, and might even bring it to irre-

parable ruin, ask for the rejection of the whole Bill. In other words, they want to use the House of Lords, which is constitutionally debarred from touching taxes at all, as the instrument of a complete change in our fiscal system, to the advantage of the rich and the crushing disadvantage of the poor, perhaps their permanent submergence. If this plan succeeded English history would present no more direct invitation to revolution. The Commons would be crushed under the foot of the hereditary House, and the power for which Hampden fought would be lost, not to a King, but to an oligarchy.

Let us premise that every step in statement and argument that leads up to such a conclusion is false and unconstitutional. It is false to suggest, as Lord Lansdowne suggests, that the House of Lords has any right to report on the state of the nation, and to vote down any Bill of which it disapproves in order to bring about a *plébiscite*. It is false to say that a body which can set nine Tories against each Whig it contains, and is a landlord's House before even it is a Tory House, is equipped for any such task. But it is mere impudence to claim that the House of Lords retains a vestige of right to touch taxation, either by repealing or refusing a tax, imposing a tax, passing a tax and rejecting the machinery for collecting it, or throwing out a Budget Bill and thus confounding the hundreds of thousands of people who have paid over taxes on the faith of the resolutions passed by the taxing assembly. We fear to labor the point, but the disappearance of the last shreds of the power of the Lords on finance in 1861 and 1894—two almost equally important dates—is so clearly noted by Professor Redlich, the last authoritative Continental writer on English Parliamentary law, that we think it well to transcribe his statement:—

> "All the Government's proposals as to taxation (in 1861) were combined into a single Bill, and laid before the House as a whole. The provisions of the previous session's Bill for repealing the paper duties were revived as part of the complete scheme, and the House of Lords was forced into the position of having to accept or reject the financial proposals of the Commons as a whole. Amendment of the single Money Bill was constitutionally impossible. For two hundred years the House of Lords had ceased to claim any such right. In face of the alternative presented to them, the Lords could do nothing else than accede to the aggregate of financial proposals without exception. They would not bring themselves to reject the whole financial scheme of the year. And so the matter ended. For more than a generation now the Commons' right to sole management of the country's finance has been asserted in this way; it is now both true in fact and accepted as a principle of Constitutional law that the House of Lords is excluded from influence on money matters, and it can never expect to reassert a claim to possess any. The immensely important Constitution Reform, carried through as described, was completed without alteration or enactment of a single rule of law, and its establishment vividly illustrates the incomparable elasticity of the British Constitution and its contempt for juristic construction and dogmatic formulation.
>
> "In 1894 the title of the annual Bill regulating all the taxes for the year and other periodical measures of finance, was changed from "Customs and Inland Revenue Bill" to the more accurate "Finance Bill." At the same time the scope of its provisions was enlarged. The Budget for that year introduced certain permanent changes in relation to the reduction of the national debt, and instead of dealing with them separately, the Government included them in their annual Finance Bill. The innovation was made with the concurrence of both political parties in the House of Commons, and again was allowed to pass without challenge by the Lords, who thereby sealed their final act of abdication of all right to interfere in granting taxes."—Redlich, "The Procedure of the House of Commons."

If, then, the Lords disavow their own act, and try to regain their surrendered crown, they yield us every advantage that a democratic party could wish to have. They unite the Liberals, the Labor men, and the Irish. They put forward as their champions the most unpopular members of their class, while they give us the whole range of the social problem as a battle-ground. They constitute us the defenders and themselves the assailants of the British Constitution, and of the House of Commons in its greatest historical function. And if they thus give Liberalism the best platform it has had since the struggle over the first Reform Bill, and Toryism the worst, let us first express our deep acknowledgments to their leaders, and then fight one of the greatest battles of English politics—to a finish.

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## THE RUTHLESSNESS OF JAPAN.

In the rapid transformation of the East which is likely to be in any world history the salient fact of the first quarter of our century, the most doubtful, and probably the most eventful chapter will be that which deals with the fortunes of China. Turkey and Persia, we are now assured, will have their chance, and if they fail, it will be mainly through their own fault. The evolution of India and Egypt may be slower, but already the road of their advance is being levelled and mapped out. But over the destinies of China there brood some darker possibilities. Can the great mass lumber into rapid motion without falling into discordant fragments? Will enough of the old Empire survive the greed of rival Powers to make a powerful nation? Will the need of developing first of all their military strength in order to resist the ambitions of their neighbors, allow the Chinese to bestow due attention to their civil and intellectual re-organisation? That is the sort of question which springs to the mind in view of the sudden crisis between China and Japan, which has been settled this week in South-Eastern Manchuria. It exposed the hopeless military weakness of the Empire. To the Japanese demands no resistance was even for a moment conceivable, and Japan was accordingly able, merely by announcing her will, to have it executed. The actual question at stake was not perhaps of the first importance. But the right was by no means clearly on the Japanese side, and even had it been so, her procedure was none the less objectionable for its crude appeal to force. What has been due in this case may be repeated in the future *ad infinitum*. It makes a precedent which other Powers may copy. In the end one asks how much of China will be left intact. And if a moment should arrive at which China should feel herself capable of some resistance, the effort might only serve to make a pretext for a definite and final conquest.

The dispute over the Antung-Mukden railway had its origin principally in the utter disregard which the

Japanese have invariably shown alike in Korea and in Manchuria for the rights and susceptibilities of the conquered. To facilitate their invasion of Manchuria they constructed a short narrow-gauge Decauville railway, from Antung on the Yalu to Mukden. It was hastily built, and negotiated the mountains by detours and sharply graded ascents. So soon as the war authorised their virtual annexation of Korea, and the "penetration" of southern Manchuria, they determined to make this line commercially useful as a link between the Korean and Manchurian systems. It gives a direct overland route from Siberia to the Straits of Tsushima, and is an indispensable detail in the shortening of the Continental approach to Japan. A clause in the Peking Convention of 1905 authorised Japan to make this railway "fit for the conveyance of commercial and industrial goods of all nations." The phrase was vague. The Japanese were not unduly straining its meaning when they claimed that it gave them the right to convert the gauge of the line, and to substitute tunnels for the existing detours and sharp gradients. The Chinese may have been within the letter of the law when they urged that alterations so extensive as the Japanese proposed went beyond anything which had been explicitly conceded. But the real quarrel turned on more substantial issues. The Japanese, as even the "Times" admits, had built this line under military rule, through good corn lands and through villages, without deigning to pay any compensation whatever to the Chinese owners. There they followed the ruthless precedents of Korea, where the *corvée* was used to force the natives to build roads and railways over their own lands for the benefit of their Japanese conquerors. The fact that Koreans and Manchoos belong to the same racial family as the Japanese, and were a generation ago on the same level of culture, in no way prevents these Asiatic Imperialists from treating the "natives" very much as European adventurers treat African Moslems in Morocco. Moreover, the Japanese argued that the right to construct the line involved the right to police it with some 4,000 of their troops. Nobody in Peking, we can well believe, cared whether the gauge of the Antung-Mukden line was narrow or broad—indeed, it was clearly an advantage that it should be broad. But Peking did care, and rightly cared that the rights of the inhabitants should be respected, and that this area of their vanishing dominions should not be occupied by Japanese troops. The Chinese Government made its stand on the somewhat pedantic objection that the actual wording of the Peking Convention did not specify the complete reconstruction of the railway, simply because this legal point (which may well have been technically sound) was the only weapon that lay to its hand wherewith to resist the substantial injustice on which this railway was based.

The issue of the conflict has simply confirmed the right of the stronger. The Japanese announced that they proposed to ignore the Chinese protest and proceed with the reconstruction of the railway, whereupon the Chinese Government made the best of a hard necessity by accepting the situation. A foreign army with rails and engineers came into its territory, appropriated its soil without compensation, planted a garrison, and is now proceeding, without leave, and in the face of a formal protest, to drive new tunnels in fresh places and and to annex fresh fields on which to lay its line. A more lawless procedure could hardly be conceived. We do not know whether in the course of these particular negotiations the Chinese Government suggested arbitration. It would in any event have been a quite useless suggestion. A few months ago it invited Japan to lay the still more doubtful case of the Fakumen Railway before the Hague Tribunal. Japan categorically refused. Both in Korea and Manchuria the brute force of the Japanese conquest is trampling beneath it all the higher morality of civilisation for the sake of imposing its externals. Few of the real facts about the Japanese occupation of Korea are allowed to penetrate the European Press, but we know enough to realise that the country is being ruthlessly exploited for the sake of Japanese trade and Japanese immigrants. Western civilisation under Japanese leadership is more than repeating the history of wrong which has dogged the "opening-up" of the Far East, from the Opium War onwards. Indeed, the Japanese are so closely repeating Western precedents that they have even revived the cultivation of opium in the regions of Manchuria which they control, despite the manifestly sincere efforts of China to check the use and sale of the drug. A brutal stimulus may serve as well as another to galvanise China into "a new way of life." But with the stimulus to be as strong as the foreigner, will come an equal impulse to hate and resist the foreigner. These aggressions may end by rendering obsolete the traditional Chinese contempt for militarism, but with the incentive to arm they will also prepare the race-conflicts of the future. It is the invaders rather than the Chinese who are making a yellow peril—the invaders whom we gaily introduced into the comity of civilisation, and in whose interests we helped to compass the temporary ruin of Russia.

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## A STRIKE OF HALF A MILLION MEN.

WHETHER or not the general strike in Sweden which was begun on Wednesday week proves successful, it has already, both by its extent and its duration, gained a serious place in the history of the labor movement. All the wheels have not stopped, not even all the wheels which it was intended should stop, but industry has been crippled in every town in Sweden. Sweden is mainly an agricultural country, and of the population of five-and-half millions little more than half-a-million are engaged in industry, commerce, and transport. Of this half-a-million 300,000 are active in the conflict, 80,000 were locked out by the employers, and over 200,000 obeyed the summons of the labor leaders to lay down their work. When it is remembered that less than a quarter of a million Swedish workers are organised, the comprehensive character of the strike and the extent to which it has affected workers outside the trade unions will be appreciated. The strike proclamation called out all organised workers except those occupied in tending the sick or in the care of animals or municipal employees engaged in lighting, water supply, and sanitation. Some of the municipal employees have been more ardent than their leaders. The

gas and electricity workers have struck on the pretext that soldiers were stationed in the works, but really out of solidarity. On the other hand, the railway men, the postmen, and the telegraphists have remained on duty, though considerable pressure is being brought to bear upon them. But, partial though it is, the strike is general enough to have transformed the aspect of the cities. The factories are closed, the ships in the harbors remain unloaded, the trams have almost ceased to run, the streets are nearly empty of carts and cabs, even the very undertakers have stopped burying the dead. And in this crisis the Swedish people are almost wholly without news as to how the battle is going. Since Monday the compositors have joined in the strike, despite their agreements with the employers, and apart from flysheets the only newspaper which appears is the organ of the Strike Committee. But though the pulse of industrial life has almost stopped beating, there has been no disorder. The Government has planted soldiers everywhere and more wisely stopped the sale of alcohol. The strike leaders, on their part, have enjoined the strictest discipline and have formed a guard to preserve order. The wilder spirits in the labor ranks, the Young Socialists, who correspond in Sweden with the followers of M. Hervé in France, are urging direct action, the coercion of non-strikers, the destruction of machinery. But the leaders have no desire to forfeit public sympathy or compromise the future of the labor movement by recklessness or violence, and so long as funds hold out and the employers do not introduce foreign laborers, there is no likelihood that prudent counsels will be neglected.

The chronology of the events which led up to the present disastrous conflict is easier to disentangle than the causes. The world-wide trade depression has affected Sweden as other countries, and the Swedish employers insisted upon heavy reductions in wages. The workers in the pulp and tailoring trades resisted the demand, and the employers locked them out to the number of 13,000. The employers have recently formed a general federation, and this general federation issued an ultimatum to the effect that the lock-out would be extended on July 26th to the woodworkers and textile trades, and on August 2nd to the ironworkers unless the employers' conditions were accepted. If these measures were not effective, the lock-out was to be extended yet further. Failing to reach a compromise the Trade Unions decided to reply with a general strike, and when, on August 2nd, the locked-out workers numbered 80,000, the general strike was proclaimed for the 4th. Such are the events, and behind them there lay two causes. In the first place the Trade Unionists put forward against the demand of the employers to reduce wages indefinitely in times of bad trade the right of the workers to a minimum wage below which wages should fall for no cause whatever. The workers insist that a minimum wage, the employers that a minimum profit, should be a first charge upon industry. The difference is in theory considerable, but, inasmuch as the workers had not fixed precisely what they meant by a minimum wage, or the employers what they meant by a minimum profit, and as both might have found salvation in shifting the burden upon the consumer, it need not have occasioned a bitter and widespread conflict and resort to the heaviest artillery of industrial war. For that the explanation must be sought in the social conditions of Sweden. Sweden is very largely feudal in spirit and traditions, and class distinctions are very marked. The gulf which separates the middle from the working classes is wide. The employers are largely recruited from civil servants and lawyers. To the paternalism of class in their dealings with their men is added the stiffness of bureaucracy. The men, on the other hand, have learnt combination under the auspices of Socialism. They are more pronouncedly political, definitely anti-clerical, for instance, and more advanced than English trade unionists, just as Swedish employers are more stiff-necked and less enlightened than English employers. These are natural enough conditions where industry is still in its infancy, and the social transformation it involves hardly understood. The lack of sympathy between the disputants encouraged the strongly organised employers to think that they could break trade unionism, just as it encouraged the trade unionists to think that they could win a great concession for labor through a single intense struggle.

It is hard to say yet whether the men or the employers are winning. The employers have, with fair success, organised substitutes to take the place of the strikers in the gas and electricity works and on the tramways. But the railwaymen and the postal servants may, in part at least, come out, and the strike has already touched the rural laborers and may spread among them to the damage of the harvest. The Swedish Trade Unionists have already carried matters farther than trade unionists in any other country. The general strike declared in France a short time ago came to very little; a general strike in Holland in 1904 affected only a few trades and collapsed in three or four days; and general strikes in Italy have never been more than of restricted area. The Swedish strike has affected every industrial centre and it has lasted ten days already, and it may spread further. But it is still very far from the ideal of stopping all the wheels of industry—as did the Russian strike which was not economic and was not the product of an elaborate trade union organisation. And it is not likely to reach this end. Yet it is difficult to see how the strike can bring the employers to their knees unless it suspends communications and all productive activity. A general strike is inevitably brief, and to be successful it must be all embracing. It is brief because trade unionism has not the resources for a prolonged general abstention from work, and, it must be practically all-embracing because otherwise it is not compulsive. The "Young Socialists" appreciate this, and hence their plan to make the strike universal by hook or by crook. The probability is that surrender in Sweden will have to come from the men rather than from the employers. It does not follow, however, that in that case the trade unions will have lost completely. The example of Russia in the political field suggests that even a really universal and apparently successful strike brings a dubious and insecure victory. What has been won has to be maintained, and a general strike is so drastic and extreme a measure that it can hardly be repeated except at long intervals.

Even, therefore, though the Swedish strike were universal, one might doubt whether its fruits could be preserved. On the other hand a partial strike does not mean defeat, because it is a signal lesson. The Swedish trade unions have demonstrated their power and their discipline, and the Swedish employers will be very unenlightened if they still cherish the notion that organised labor can be treated as less than an equal in determining the conditions of employment. It would be natural to expect the struggle to end in a real, if not apparent, division of the honors. On the one hand, we might expect Swedish trade unionism to be more conciliatory in its manner and more modest in its demands; on the other, we might ask Swedish employers to realise that feudalism has no place in a modern industrial community.

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## THE PRECEDENTS FOR THE LAND TAXES.

### II.

We pass to the second of the four "intolerable" propositions of the land taxes, with the first of which we dealt last week—the impossibility of ascertaining "site value." Here the evidence is conclusive and overwhelming. Of the towns, "we think," says Lord Balfour of Burleigh in the Minority Report of the Local Taxation Commission, "that a valuation of sites, sufficiently accurate for the purpose, and not inferior to the present valuation of hereditaments, could be made without undue labor and expense. The evidence afforded by sales and leases of sites constitutes, we believe, an adequate basis for an expert's judgment." Mr. Harper declares that the assessment of each separate site in the County of London could be carried out accurately for £40,000. In New York a separate assessment of site value and total value was required in 1904. "The time required for the assessment was no greater than in prior years, and no greater amount of time was allowed by law." The first assessment of real estate in Queens when joined to the old city (with 113,000 separate parcels) cost about £5,000, of which the bulk of expense "resulted from the measurement of the buildings." "If the assessment had been confined to the land alone, the expense would have been very much less." "In the light of my experience," is the summary, "I may say unhesitatingly that it is perfectly possible, with proper administration and a sufficient appropriation, to secure an assessment of the value of land which will be so accurate that there is no reasonable ground for complaint—certainly far more accurate than the assessment of any other class of property."

Colonial experience laughs, again, at the assumed impracticability of valuing agricultural land apart from improvements. Mr. Reeves gives a picture of the hubbub amongst landowners when the graduated tax on unimproved values was first passed in New Zealand, which singularly resembles the hubbub of to-day. "Cooler-headed opponents of the measure declared that it overstepped the line where taxation ends and confiscation begins. 'Punitive,' 'absolutely ferocious,' 'grossly tyrannical,' 'vindictive,' 'crushing,' 'murderous,' were some of the epithets flung at the new tax. The promise of the Government to exempt improvements was met with the complaint that a fair separation of the value of improvements from the ground value of real estate was impossible. Human ingenuity, it was said, could not cope with the task of discerning and calculating the true value of improvements, gradually effected by the labor and capital of many years. Even the most honest and merciful of assessors might fail to estimate accurately the increased value given by improvements which might be scarcely visible to the eye of the casual inspector. Moreover, who could be certain that the assessors—servants of a Radical Government much in need of money—would be merciful or even just?" It sounds like the correspondence columns of the "Times" of August, 1909. It records a similar panic amongst the landowners of New Zealand sixteen years ago. New Zealand, under such an impost, stands to-day, no devouring brood of Anarchist aliens, but the breeding place of men of the English-speaking race, who present, out of the proceeds of such "murderous confiscations," and amid the applause of the home-grown Imperialist, resisting land increment taxation, a "Dreadnought" to the British Navy.

Lastly, we come to the universal consensus of approval, from three Continents who have attempted it, of the beneficial effects, especially on the building trade and in connection with better houses for the people, of an impost levied upon the capital value of undeveloped land. In Frankfort the normal land tax (not to be identified with the increment tax) was revised in 1904 because, "while it took in taxation a proportion of the regular increase in ground values, it was not effective in checking the holding of land out of the market for speculative purposes." So a modification was contrived by which, if the old proprietors held on to the land, they would be hit by a gradually increasing land tax; and if they sold to speculators, the speculators would be hit unless they commenced building at once. Once again, here, the brutal German demand for efficiency and public welfare overrides private interests. But from the United States (least Socialistic of all civilised communities) comes the same testimony. "The effect of the taxation of real estate in the City of New York," says the President of the Department of Taxes, "so far as the tax falls upon the land, is undoubtedly the same as that described by John Stuart Mill and other writers upon political economy. That is to say, that a tax on the land, being paid wholly by the owner, does not increase rentals, but decreases selling value." Anyone familiar with New York conditions would say that the tax tends to induce a better improvement of valuable sites than would be the case if there were no such tax. "In New Zealand there is scarcely a case," says Mr. Reeves, "of any district reverting to the old method (rating on full capital value or annual value) after adopting the new (rating on unimproved value, which includes the capital value of undeveloped land). It is claimed for the latter that it tends to discourage the speculative holding of land for a rise: that it forces urban and suburban land into the market, and obliges the owner to build on their lots or dispose of them.

Generally, it is thought to encourage improvements and prevent crowding or congestion. . . . It has not hindered land speculation; on the other hand, it seems to have caused little hardship to individuals." "Predictions," says the Agent-General of New South Wales, "have been falsified. Landowners have been wise enough to see that it is only the unproductive land that feels the burden of the tax, and there is a general agreement that the first effect of placing rates on land has been to force much hitherto unproductive land into use. . . . The people of New South Wales are well satisfied with the change that has taken place, and the holders of idle land do not complain, as they perceive that the remedy for a condition of which they may be tempted to complain lies in their own hands."

Here, then, in organised civilisations, many of our own blood held up in Imperialist vision, for our example, are Increment Land Taxes, Undeveloped Land Taxes, taxes on the capital value of land, site valuation, in smooth and effective operation. Is it surprising, as we examine such evidences as these, that Europe and our Colonies alike gaze with amazement at the angry tumult now excited amongst the landed classes of this country against the very modest proposals of the present Budget? The "younger nations," whom, as the Poet Laureate of Empire has declared, we "fawn on," for "men who can shoot or ride," have built systems of far more drastic land taxation into the heart of their civilisation. An old, and as yet undemocratic, State, such as that of Germany, not only approves a more drastic increment taxation carried out by anti-Socialistic municipalities, but also a more drastic Imperial increment tax offered by the landlords to the Government, and condemned as inadequate. Small wonder that to these contemporary observers this country appears as a people throttled by a landed interest, powerful in the House of Commons, omnipotent in the House of Lords. Mr. Macdonald has told of the rough dogmatism of his Cologne professor, as he looks over the North Sea. "A certain John Smith came over with the Conqueror and got land; a certain Tom Brown helped to destroy the secular power of the Church and took land; a certain Jack Robinson promoted Enclosure Bills and appropriated land. So England to-day is bound hand and foot. And the reasons, 'I have been bound hand and foot for generations, and to unbind myself would do a grave injustice to those who have held the ropes.' So she will not move."

This may be a prejudiced verdict, all the clearer because of the envious foreigner. It may, on the other hand, be a verdict detached from the heat and violence of the immediate controversy. But, whatever the issue, this is the kind of question which is being excited in the minds of people at home as well as people abroad, as they contemplate the prolonged and bitter struggle of the landed classes to escape from the land taxes of the present Budget. And, once such questions are excited, they are not easily allayed.

## Life and Letters.

### THE TEMPTER OF STATES.

If an exact analysis of the distribution of wealth in the modern world were possible, it would be found that a large and the most rapidly increasing share went to moneylenders, brokers, company promoters, and other financiers. More and more the practical manipulation of the capitalistic system falls into their hands. This arose inevitably when joint-stock businesses came to absorb whole provinces of industry, including transport by sea and land, mining, the great staple manufactures, wholesale, and in large part retail, distribution, and the new work of insurance. The modern man can seldom employ his small or his large savings in his own trade or profession: he must buy shares in some organised joint-stock operation. The makers, managers, and manipulators of this co-operative credit thus come to occupy the place of government in the industrial system. They direct and organise the flow of industrial power into the various trades and areas of the industrial world. In the performance of this public service they are often able to obtain private gains which may be excessive. For their craft is essentially a secret one. In the conversion of concrete businesses into share capital, in the original flotation of a company, in the manipulation of the money market, in the arts of syndication and of reconstruction, many opportunities are afforded for extracting either from the share capital paid in, for gambling operations on the Stock Exchange, or from the earnings of companies, excessive payments for financial services. It is primarily the business of the financier to persuade as many people as possible to lend and borrow money. He lives by thus working the credit system. Now, this system, highly elaborated in modern society, is socially, as well as individually, useful: it is even indispensable. But it is evidently open to abuses. For it may profit a financier to promote rotten than to promote sound joint-stock enterprises, to sell bad than to sell good securities; it is often to his interest artificially to make markets for otherwise unsaleable shares, and, by express contrivance, to stimulate or depress stocks. Where finance is very highly organised, it may be profitable by railway or shipping combines, or by financial operations, to control whole areas of industry, imposing on producers or consumers monopoly rates or prices.

The ordinary investor is a simple-minded person, knowing little of the business in which he puts his money, still less of the art of finance: the ordinary speculative gambler in stocks and shares, who everywhere abounds, is quite as ignorant. The professional financier is able, by his superior skill, knowledge, and power of combination, to absorb a large proportion of the money of the investing and speculating classes, which passes through his hands. The proportion varies with the degree of education in the investing public, and with the legal rules of the financial game. When financiers wield great political power, as in the United States, these legal rules are either lax or practically negligible. Even in England, where company laws are more rigorous, financiers enjoy very profitable privileges. But, though great waste attends this working of the credit system in private enterprise, its operation in public finance is fraught with graver injuries.

Excessive and reckless borrowing is the besetting sin of modern States. Such, at any rate, is the judgment of Mr. A. J. Wilson, one of our most experienced students of practical finance, elaborated in his new volume, entitled "An Empire in Pawn" (Fisher Unwin). "Agents provocateurs," in the shape of banking and financial syndicates, are always at hand to stimulate public bodies and politicians to new acts of borrowing. To these able manipulators, who are sometimes the agents of a genuine industrial advance, a State or a municipality means primarily a borrowing instrument upon which it is their profitable business to play. The modern State and the modern city develops many new needs and functions which involve large capital expenditure: the modern politician who seeks to express his personality in some showy public service is easily led into extravagance: the permanent official services are always pulling at the public purse for extensions and improvements. In every modern State war scares and the mili-

tary spirit are fostered by the interested pressure of those who handle the millions spent on armaments. But behind all these forces of public extravagance, directing them, according to Mr. Wilson, stands the financier. The Tempter takes every Statesman to an exceeding high place, shows him an illimitable field of personal ambition, disguised as public service, which is his on condition that he enters a career of public loans. With your enterprising Mayor and Council the same game is played. Appeals are made to civic pride, zeal for sanitation, education, recreation; every motive for improvement, heedless of past or of present resources, is used to drive cities into increased indebtedness.

Mr. Wilson presents the process in detail by an investigation of the recent finance of India and our self-governing Colonies, showing by concrete illustration how the demoralising habit grows by a sort of logical necessity when once it has got strong root. Given credit to start with (and wherever there is taxing power there is credit), it is so much easier to borrow than to pay out of current income. When times are good, a spirit of confidence drives States into new developments which they can easily finance by loans, for money is cheap; when times are bad, they are obliged to borrow more, partly to conceal their depressed state, partly to pay interest. Thus they are brought into an entanglement of unsound finance, extrication from which becomes more difficult. They are driven to conceal their condition; partly by such jugglery of public accounts as prevails in Russia, and to a smaller extent in this country; partly by an excessive exhibition of "productive assets," which is necessary both to meet adverse criticism and to support credit.

Borrowing thus passes into a chronic disease. How India is affected by this incessant growth of debt in one shape or another, and, therefore, of public obligations, is partly seen in the amounts she has to remit home every year—amounts which have now grown so heavy as to render borrowing an absolute necessity of the State. But though India suffers worst, because of the poverty of her people and the extravagance of her Government, such borrowing is no mere malady of autocracy. The democracies of Australia and New Zealand plunge with no less facility into this down grade finance, loading their necks with debts that grow far faster than their population or their productive wealth. But the classical example of unscrupulous finance is, of course, Rhodesia, where a little group of financial adventurers, bribed another little group of titled guineapigs to procure by social and political wire-pulling the stamp of an Imperial Charter, enabling them to utilise the British flag in order to draw vast sums of money, not, indeed, from Rhodesia itself, for that is little other than an empty shell, but out of the crowd of simple investors at home. This exploit forms a particularly instructive chapter in the history of quasi-public finance.

Abuses of private finance may be remedied by restrictive legislation honestly administered. But against the extravagances of States legal securities seem inadequate, for no State will limit its own liberty. Mr. Wilson paints a dark picture. If class government and democracy alike succumb to the tempter; if each act of borrowing brings another in its train, debt piled on debt, like Pelion on Ossa, the world seems heading for a great financial catastrophe, a general collapse of false public credit, which, after a violent convulsion, will sweep away illusory wealth and put every nation on the firm basis of its real assets. Such a "lesson," however, would be terrible in its teaching, and even Mr. Wilson admits that by repenting now, while there is time, we may escape the storm. A temperance vow must be taken by Governments; all future borrowing must be confined to works of vital emergency and immediate productivity, borrowing for speculative development and competitive armaments being rigorously eschewed. Some bad debts should be written off, other inflated assets should be written down. The mere suspension of further unproductive borrowing would give time for slowly ripening, but genuinely productive, assets to mature. So by methods familiar to those experienced in the nursing of a weakly, over-capitalised business, statesmen may recover modern States from this disease of financial profligacy.

## THE HUMOR OF THE UNDERMAN.

There is a humor of the *Uebermensch*, or Superman, which is direct, axiomatic, and self-assertive; it springs from knowledge and intuition, as in Shakespeare and Nietzsche, often reasoned, full of a certain moral significance, ironical, sarcastic, and even cynical. It stands for the consciousness of intellectual power; it is personal. But the humor of Uncle Remus is impersonal, for it represents the underworld of the Underman, without a conscious philosophy and without applied art. In the hands of the great poets and writers humor is allied to criticism. In the stories of Uncle Remus humor is untrammelled by learning and unfettered by ordinary rules of ethics. The unfathomable charm lies in simplicity and naturalness, in the relation established between the mind of the ignorant Underman and the primitive things of the natural world.

There are moods which become identical with Nature. A tree in leaf, a flower in bloom, is nature in dreamland; but the poet is one who gives a form to a mood, and interprets the dreams. In the stories of the negro, as told in Uncle Remus, instinct takes the place of reason. In his hands instinct grapples with mystery and artlessness fills the place of art. It is here that the Underman rises to the plane of the Overman. The higher we go in the realm of words the simpler the words and expressions become. In the supremest moments in all poetry and prose art is drowned in instinct. Wonder and emotion rise to the surface with the impulsion of a cork to the top of a troubled sea. Simplicity of mind becomes identified with the mysteries of natural things, and the imminence of the instinctive mood renders ingenuity impossible and reason superfluous. At such moments the soul has neither the time nor the inclination to reason about conventions of art; the instinct is swift and the words brief. Simple emotion makes Hamlet say: "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt." There would be no instinctive charm if he made use of the words: "Oh, that this materialistic flesh would dissolve and evaporate." Words of more than three syllables are fatal to direct and simple emotions, but in much of the greatest prose and poetry words of one syllable evoke the most potent charm and the most haunting images. The shortest words are closest to Nature, the longest pertain to philosophy and science. Pedantry makes *naïveté* impossible, and philosophy makes reason a bore. The primitive words were created in obedience to a natural law in the world of sound. The first words were invented to imitate noises and musical tones; with them came expressions of want, fear, instinctive desires and feelings. The long words came with the first metaphysicians, and modern science added to the list by bringing into poetry a vocabulary of hard, unsympathetic, and often meaningless expressions. There is such a thing as poetic science, but no such thing as scientific poetry. Materialism, scepticism, philosophic doubt, scientific vaporings, have done their utmost to make the true poetic mood impossible.

Most of the vital words belong to the primitive world of sentiment and sensation, and this is why dialect is always more intimate and insinuating than classical prose. "Put your ear to the earth," says Lamennais, "and you will feel the throbbing of the world"; and this is what the Underman has done in the stories of Uncle Remus. The people of Nature's world hear the right sound, and sense the right mood; the interpretation is simple, direct, *naïve*, agreeing with the habits, the humor, and the cunning of the animals of the same world; for the negro, left to himself, without any schooling, is, or was, the most entertaining of humorists, because the most natural and the most unconscious. He lives with his finger on the pulse of Nature. With learning, humor becomes strained or cynical. Uncle Remus is as wily as Brer Fox and as simple as Brer Rabbit. His humors, fears, interpretations, and superstitions contain all the sensuous wisdom of the under-

world, as when he says: "Come down to dat, Brer Ab, dere ain't nothin' dat ain't cu'us." He sounds the note of universal philosophy, the note that made Aristotle a profound observer of the seeming little things in order to understand some of the apparent great ones. At the head as well as at the foot of human nature the impulse of curiosity is the dominant factor. Indeed, the saying, "There is nothing that is not curious," is the beginning of Aristotelian science and the end of Shakespearean philosophy. It is the all in all; here the Overlord descends to the level of the Underman, and the philosophical seer is no nearer Nature than Uncle Remus in all his ignorance and seeming blindness. Uncle Remus and his kin are close observers of natural things, the things our superficial scientists overlook as insignificant or without meaning; for science, in our day, has, in a large measure, skipped the alphabet of life to arrive at a vocabulary of negatives. Men fail in business, in science, in art, in religion, as soon as they skip the small things to grasp the bulky. Greatness does not consist in bulk. It was the inverted idea of greatness that made Napoleon Bonaparte, the first *Uebermensch* of modern politics, lose his crown, Bismarck his prestige, and Nietzsche his reason.

What these Overlords needed was a little of Brer Rabbit's wisdom—namely, "to lie low an' say nuffin"—that is, after they had attained the attainable. Ambition at the intellectual top is far more dangerous than superstition at the illiterate bottom. There is plenty of superstition in Uncle Remus, but it is delightful and harmless, and certainly there is nothing delightful in the agonies of Napoleon, the humiliation of Bismarck, and the disease of Nietzsche. In the realm of mystery the Underman is the peer of Hamlet in the grave scene, and in the same predicament as Macbeth in the presence of the witches. Uncle Remus says he "despises fer ter heah dogs a-howlin' an' squinch owls havin' de ague, out in de woods," and that these things make his "bones cold and his flesh creep." Even the redoubtable Lady Macbeth halts on the threshold and listens to the owl's scream. At such times the phantasmagoria of the night crowd into one brief moment, stars and planets are forgotten, celestial symbols give place to portents of the earth, the bosom of the underworld begins to heave, Nature assumes a voice, every sound becomes prophetic, in the moonlight of the imagination the curtains of mystery sway and shift, a realm of the mind is disclosed beyond the limits of category, a world without the semblance of a name and without the quality of number. FRANCIS GRIERSON.

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## WHAT HE WAS LIKE.

OLD acquaintance is the heart of friendship. We think of some friendships that began before memory began. Other friends we remember making—how and where we met them first, and the impression they made on us. Sometimes the contrast between first impression and the knowledge of years is ludicrous. The mind was on the alert when we met the stranger; it was quick and eager to master his outlook and his ways of thought, to see what he was, and to get his right size; we wanted to know where we were, in short. So it is always with new faces. But, as time goes on, we notice less and less; as we see more of the man, we study him less, it would seem. Yet it is this careless intercourse that counts. The mind is off guard, and, so far as it is conscious of it, it is doing nothing. In reality, it is receiving a host of unnoticed impressions, which in the long run may have extraordinary influence.

Cannot many a man point to some long and pleasant, easy-going friendship, a continuous source of interest and ease of mind, which went on without much reflection, till one day he woke up and found *himself* another man—re-made by another's personality, in the ordinary round of life, in work and play and talk, in talk of books and business, of neighbors and old memories? Slowly one has reached the other's point of view; his life has been learned piece-meal as he tells of its crises, and how he felt at this great moment and that; how he was disappointed at first, but soon came to another mind; how after that he found a great joy, and lived on it for years; and then how it was taken away, but nothing could keep him from living on it still. Stage by stage, by unconscious and freely given sympathy, one has lived the other man's life; one has seen things and felt them as he saw and felt them; one has slipped unawares into his language, and by degrees into his thoughts. Then comes a great separation, perhaps—the friend dies, or duty sends us different ways; the ocean lies between us; one comes back to the old home, and there, alone among one's original friends, among familiar scenes, one finds oneself the strange figure; for the real intimate is across the sea, or beyond the grave. And then with surprise one realises how close had been the identification with the friend now far away.

The task comes of telling others what has happened to us, and we begin to make trials at biography.

> "Here's my case; of old I used to love him."

But what *was* he? What was he not? What are we to say? Most of us break down when it comes to the systematic evolution of a character. If our friends to-day want to know what the great man was of whom they hear so much, they have really to repeat our experience, and gather him up piecemeal. And it is really a wonderful thing how much the mind can absorb in this way, quite unconsciously, how much it can keep, and how well, without effort, it can co-ordinate what it keeps into a general idea.

The next stage is the written biography. But what are we to put into that? Some people have recourse to adjectives, and the result is idle and flavorless. Some confine themselves to the great thoughts and the great labors, till the man is lost in the hero, and not easily distinguishable, perhaps, from an abstract idea. And then a man comes, who is such a fool as not to be able to tell the significant from the insignificant, and he babbles away in volume after volume about odd and irrelevant things—gestures, orange-peel, paving stones, wigs, lodgings, quips, nonsense, all mixed hopelessly together with things of real moment—till we are not quite sure whether the writer is a total fool or only a partial one, but somehow we read on and re-read, and Boswell's Dr. Johnson becomes an intimate of our own.

Now to pass to another region. The greatest change the world has seen was brought about by an intimacy and a biography. "He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him. And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him." So runs the oldest account of it in Mark's Gospel. Under the necessity of compression for the sake of working in more material, Matthew and Luke abridge this, and the needless phrase "that they should be with him" is cut away. A quite needless phrase, like many more in Mark, which are also omitted, and yet how essential! The thing is implied by the other writers, but are not the quiet and unobtrusive words worth remembering? Do they not contain the gist of the whole matter? In epitome what else would the history of Christianity be—of Christianity, that is, so far as it is a real thing, a force and a factor, and not a logomachy or a label?

One thing is worth noting at once. The writers of the first three gospels—probably all three, certainly two of them—had little or no first-hand intercourse with Jesus. They are using other men's reminiscences. This makes it more remarkable how little of the adjective there is in their work—no compliment, no eulogy, no great passages of encomium or commendation. "Why callest thou me good?" So it is recorded that Jesus asked a man once; and it looks as if the mood had passed over into his intimates. They did not "call him good"; they had no adjectives for him, any more than a man has adjectives for his father or his wife or his child when they mean most to him. The lips may tighten, and say more so than any adjective could achieve. The men who were with Jesus were too full of him for the facile relief of praise. How had it come about?

These men consorted with him in a life of wandering and often of weariness. One vivid incident survives of a day's travel. Once, after the day's march—and that no ordinary one, for it was full of a marked tension, his face was "set"—he and his friends came to a village where they expected to rest. But the messengers whom they had sent on ahead met them with no pleasant news—they would not be received. No one who has not known what it is to be refused bread when hungry and weary will quite guess what it meant. Now it is such moments that show the man, for then he is off his guard. There was nothing to be done but to tramp on; so on they tramped. There were angry looks and hot words—all futile; old stories came back—if one had Elijah's power now, and could call fire from Heaven —"But he turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." After this, the evangelist says simply: "And they went to another village"—a quiet ending, but full of significance. So they lived. "The Son of Man had not where to lay his head." It is such a life, stripped of all padding, that shows the real man.

But many another day's ending is lost to us. What was the talk, as they sat at the night's meal? Was it always intense? Did he never (in our rather foolish phrase) "unbend"? Was he gay or bright—if men can be so without ceasing to be earnest, which some seem to doubt? As they broke bread among themselves, when there were no crowds, on what did their talk run? Had he what we call "little ways"? "I know you by the waggling of your head," says someone in Shakespeare. "You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he!" One thing of this kind survives in the narratives—the fixed gaze and the pause which came when he was going to speak with effect. There are also one or two special words which are quoted as his. There must have been much else as familiar. They must have known him through and through—the inflexions of his voice, his characteristic movements, his step in the darkness, the hang of his clothes, and all such things. Did he speak quickly or slowly? Parables, aphorisms—how dull the set terms sound, when they are labels tied to his words! What proportion have we of all he spoke? And how and when and where did he speak this or that? Was it in a long talk, or suddenly, flashed out with gaze and pause as prelude?

What subjects occupied their leisure? Herods, Roman governors, zealots, Custom House memories, tales of the fisherman's life on the lake, stories of neighbors and of home, what not? What failed to interest him? One cannot picture him as other than deeply read in human experience.

But it is when we reach the heart of the story that imagination fails. The problem is hard. Here are these men, a commonplace, uneducated, and miscellaneous group, dull, as he found and, as he said, at taking in his deepest thoughts, a quite impossible and impracticable regiment for a crusade. And then, a few years later, what do we find? Something has happened to them; they are magnetic with a new power, and draw strong men and wise about them, and foolish men, too, and depraved, it may be, and hopeless—any creature that is human and capable of conceiving that there may be something he does not know. Set down in black and white, what they had to say looked odd and doubtful; some saw at a glance that it was folly. But the spoken word was another thing; the man behind the message gave it a life that went beyond anything that could have been guessed. Elders and scribes and high priests, we read—and it is true of a great many more—"took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."

The problem is to find what made the transformation, and the two passages with the same phrase give the answer clearly enough. They had "been with him" —and the answer grows stranger the more we realise it. It was not what he said, nor exactly how he said it, nor what he did, but the whole effect of Himself. No one will readily understand this who has not had a great intimacy with someone else, with someone of clear mind and kindly heart, richly gifted with the aptitudes that go to make experience and character.

Criticism is the easiest and sorriest trade a beginner can learn in a twinkling. Disraeli spoke of critics as those who have failed; the more drastic sort have never begun. But criticism that is to count must rest on experience; and if the gospels and the movement connected with them are to be criticised, as of course they must be by every intelligent person who is confronted with them, they, too, must be criticised on the basis of knowledge. But here the knowledge, to be of much use, cannot be got from book or books, but it must be gathered, slowly and half-unconsciously, in the original way from an intimacy. Even a political opponent is beyond criticism till one can understand how a human mind can have reached his conclusions and been content with them—till we have identified ourselves with him. What are we to say of a personality which represents no mere movement of a day, but the gradual and progressive transformation of the world, of the individual and society? Some deeper identification of critic and criticised seems needful in such a case. It was from an intimacy that it began; in an intimacy it has gone on, and goes on; and only in an intimacy can it be judged aright.

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## THE PUCKERIDGE.

At last this untoward summer has given us a really hot day. The sun has ridden through the heavens triumphantly, sending the birds into the thickets for the midday siesta as they have not been sent before this summer. It has been a day for the insects and the lizards, and this night shall be one through which the adder hunts the field mouse with a zest increased by a ten hours' bask in baking sun. As the first cool shadow descends on the hot leaves of the wood, and the cold lamps of the glow-worm are beginning to peep in the bank under the hazels, the crooning rattle of the night-jar trembles. Trembles where? It is not in the thicket of guelder rose and spindle wood; not in the larch spinney; not in the mowing-field; nor in the shrubbery, the orchard, the warren, or the chestnut avenue. It is everywhere. It is the air that rattles, the night, the universe that resounds like a piano when the bird chooses to spin its song tuned to the echo of everything.

It comes pouring down as if from the larch spinney, but sounding like a late mowing-machine at work several miles away in that direction. It comes down on to another gear and reels on and on till surely the bird's lungs must collapse for want of breath. Then it breaks suddenly as the singer's mate dashes by and the singer flies after her on muffled wing. We shall be nearer them in the wood of guelder roses, where the lamps of the glow-worms are twinkling. It is a haunted wood. Now the reeling is on the right, now, without any interval for changing, on the left; now just beneath us among the hazels, now far away across the stream; now clicking like a new winch, now purring like a very long-winded cat. Then surely someone is sitting in a quiet bush to startle us by clapping together his hollowed hands, while a confederate highwayman acknowledges the signal with a cry of "Co-ic, co-ic" from another bush. It is just the fairies of the wood making the most of a very balmy night following the first hot day of the year. We lean very quietly against a gate between the wood and the mowing-field, where a little light smudges the dark alleyway, and wait for the fairies to declare themselves a little less ambiguously.

"Co-ic, co-ic," the mellow cry breaks out suddenly close under our feet. There is something sitting in the light-smudged alleyway and croaking thus mellowly. A toad for certain. It does not stand up on its legs, but sprawls on its stomach. It shuffles a little further into the light, and again cries "Co-ic, co-ic." But we can now see that though it has no legs it is bird-shaped.

We can even make out the big, soft, lunar markings resembling the stains and lines on dead wood, that belong to the night-jar; we even think we can see a little of the bristles that fringe its mouth and enable it to catch its flying food so easily. Then, having croaked once or twice more, it lifts itself from the ground in some miraculous way—for it takes no run or spring as other birds have to do—skims over the gate on which we lean, and away through the hay field. At the same moment its mate flies from the thicket and pursues the croaking one, striking his wings together over his back, and producing that hollow-handed clapping that had made us think of something human lurking under the bushes.

Everything that the puckeridge does gives it an air of distinction among birds. Just before this evening purring begins, we usually see a bird with lobed wings, like those of the lammergeier, wheeling high in the air. There is no other English bird like that; it is the puckeridge, perhaps on its way from one of its day haunts to the scene of its night gambols, perhaps sweeping the heavens for the same minute insect-life that sustains the swallow. Everyone who writes of the night-jar has something about its "hawking for moths in the bracken," or "wheeling around trees, capturing ghost moths." It is a thing we have never seen, though we have seen night-jars and bats hunting the same district, and have over and over again seen the bats thus enjoying the pleasures of the chase. We have no doubt that many have written of this thing who have not seen it. It is so easily imagined that a bird of this size should require larger food than midges, yet the fact remains that the night-jar's wide mouth, with the fringe of stiff bristles round it, is exquisitely designed for sweeping in tiny beetles, gnats, and the other trifles that swallows feed on by similar means.

"It beats to and fro," says Mr. Charles Dixon, "over the open heaths and fern-brakes, under the trees and round about feeding cattle, in quest of the moths, beetles, and other night-flying insects upon which it subsists." It was its close attention to cattle that earned it the name of "goat-sucker," our forefathers thinking that it must suck the goats, if not the cows. The cow is a favorite ally of the yellow wagtail, which subsists on the small insects that frequent the neighborhood of cattle or are stirred up by them from their rest in the long grass. The swarm of small life will thicken round the great warm bodies by night as well as by day, and the night-swallow will sweep by again and again.

When does the puckeridge sleep? At early dusk it becomes active, chasing its life-long, but ever-wooed, mate about in the silent flight of the owls, humorously broken with wild clappings. Then it settles down to a night of reeling of such continuous energy that we cannot see how it leaves time to catch its food. And by day, when we walk in the woods, as likely as not we come upon the night-jars as ready as ever to fly off when we come too near to their resting-place. It is then that the one vanity of their plumage becomes fully conspicuous. The tail is tipped with white at the outside corners, and there are white notches on the wings which mark their rise and fall, as though this were the bird of all others that had set itself the task of showing man just how flight is managed. And by day it shows us how that clapping is accomplished, for we can see the wing-tips meet overhead at the time when the sound comes—though not with the eerie resonance that it acquires in the silent night.

What it does not show us is how the bird throat can produce the prolonged reeling, jarring, churring, or purring that is its speciality. Here comes in that further mystification, the "comb" with which the nightjar's foot is furnished. Not knowing what other purpose the comb could serve, it was the delight of naturalists not many years ago to fancy that the night-jar blew its music through a comb (the usual tissue paper not being specified). But the night-jar can with care be seen at song clearly enough for us to be sure that it does not sing with its foot in its mouth. The comb, no doubt, serves the same purpose as the similarly armed foot of the bee—to clean the night-jar's whiskers—and its music is purely vocal. After all, we have one more inhabitant of England's summer woods with a song of the same kind—the turtle-dove. The fern-owl sings the turtle-dove's song, not openly as the dove does, but as though through the clenched teeth and, to follow the same simile, it thereby holds its breath better and sings perhaps ten times as long without appearing to take breath. It churrs on a high note till we think it has reached the utmost limit of endurance, then without a pause it gives us equal measure on a low note. It seems, indeed, that it would never stop, if it were not that its volatile mate swoops by and interrupts with an invitation to a game of touch. Our woods would seem empty indeed on summer evenings, if they should lack the droning, playful puckeridge.

# Pictures of Travel.

## WHITHER?

Some day, perhaps, some philosopher who deems mankind worthy of study will enquire into the origin of the migratory instinct that seizes us during the month of August. If the writer may speak, the desire for fresh fields is potentially far stronger in spring, but in modern conditions it does not become operative till August. If we were completely weatherwise, the season of general holiday would be a movable one, and if the average of recent seasons prevails for many years more, we must seriously consider the advisability of making September instead of August the month of recuperation and preparation for winter. This year, however, August is August with a vengeance. After dreary months of rain the sun is baking us helter-skelter out of the towns and pouring us as through in a molten stream over the face of the country in search of coolness.

That question of "Whither?" however, is one to be answered not at all lightly. "To the sea," says one paterfamilias, taking up last year's spade and heading his flock, whose perspective tails off to the fat baby just out of arms. But to which of the three seas, not to mention the many channels, arms, estuaries, and coasts, each of which is certain to have its quota of faithful visitors? The south does not beckon as exclusively as it did in spring, when the sun was more there than anywhere else. It even repels the more strenuous, who must have bracing air, though it attracts more than ever those who think—and perhaps rightly—that the *dolce far niente* is just what they themselves require. The west is mainly the rainy side, and rain is the *bête noire* this year. Nevertheless, there are tens of thousands of us who will seek again in the west the imperishable delights of former years. The east has at least its equal number of votaries. There is sea enough, and, if we should draw lines parallel to the seaboard inland at distances of, say, five miles, we should find that there was land equally rich in delights, twenty times as extensive as the coast. There is only one word that connotes the whither of the annual holiday flight—away. Away from the scenes with which we are too familiar to new scenes, new air, and new occupation.

In old times, the footpad in search of adventure (when honest men as well as rogues were footpads) used to set his stick at the first cross-roads, and let it fall which way it would, following the omen by walking in that direction. Such a plan is out of date. The nearest contemporary approach to it is to shut the eyes and bring down a finger on the map, then seek a railway guide and get there. Wherever it is, we shall find natural beauty there, change of people and change of interest, and wherever it is we are very likely indeed to find other holiday-makers there.

We have the whole of the United Kingdom fairly at our disposal, for it is scarcely worth while to say anything just now of places beyond the borders of our own beautiful and only partially explored land. A study

of the railway literature reveals the astonishing fact that we can get almost anywhere for an average hundred mile fare or thereabouts. That is not a precise fact at present, but it is one that tends to become more and more true. The wand of the railway director is rapidly bringing England, Scotland, and Ireland into the shape of a circle, with their holiday places equi-distant from the workshop. Monstrous engines thunder over the long distances in somewhat the same time as is consumed by the trains, less agitated by competition, that serve the shorter spaces. It is a development that makes more difficult than ever the choice of our holiday place.

Westward we have many pleasant recollections. The Thames is for most of us week-end ground, but it holds great possibilities for an extended water-gypsying with a light camp that we can move up or down in a rowing-boat, and perhaps explore the winding, ever-surprising mirror right up to Cricklade. Then there comes up to the eye of memory the pleasant places of those Cotswold Hills, with limpid trout streams burbling over rock or sucking caves for two-pounders under flower-roofed banks. There is the quiet grey farmhouse in a land flowing with milk and honey, deep green woods to wander in, and all that flower and other wild life to enjoy, that is so rich on the limestone. But the train drags us on through the mountains and valleys of South Wales with wilder, yet more picturesque, delights beckoning to us from many a glen; or we dash through the tumbled green velvet of Westbury and all the country of King Arthur, through the quaintly tumbled hill land below Bristol or the small mountains that surround Bath. Somerset, which is for scenery a part of Devonshire, clutches at us and takes many a holiday-maker that has been charmed in former years or enthused by the description of those who have found heaven there. Then the seaside glories of Weymouth, red Dawlish, Torquay, and that crescendo of preciosity that runs through Fowey and Hooe and Mevagissy, the very names of which make even the stranger quake with anticipation. Because we must bring up somewhere short of the Atlantic, perhaps we stop on the north coast of Cornwall, where the great green rollers rush in and scoop caves for us in the basalt cliffs, and ask how we can have been away from them so long.

Meanwhile, those who have resisted South Wales have sped through emerald miles of Ireland, and have come to Killarney and all the pleasant land of Kerry. For Killarney is but one spot upon one flank of the Macgillicuddies, and miles and miles of the Kenmare estuary, of the shore round Dingle Bay, and right round the Atlantic coast to the Giant's Causeway and many inland miles beside, simply teem with a magnificence of beauty and inspiration.

Let us go northward as far as we can for the clamoring memories to right and left. How the Broads of Norfolk pull, especially this year, when every shallow has been filled again and again with sweet water from the sluices of heaven, to lie now and reflect the ardor of heaven in a languorous ecstasy that only belongs to Broadland; what a tug there is when we find ourselves near Sheringham, with its almost indefinable charm, its northern air, though it is so palpably a part of low-lying East Anglia; or perhaps we are taken through Buxton and tumbling Dove Dale, just as distracting as the Dales of Wharfe and Ure and the infinite possibilities of Yorkshire, and having at its back the call of all North Wales, for which Dolgelly stands just for a jewelled symbol. Fortunately, we have not to run the direct gauntlet of the Lakes, or we should never come to Scotland at all. The moods of Derwent Water and Ullesmere are endless and endlessly fascinating, and the holidays that have been spent there are so many yards added to the spiritual stature. But the English Lakes are behind us, and we speed through the rock-girt tarns and land-captured fiords of Scotland. A bare-footed milk-girl standing at a level crossing is just the nymph of one glen, or the lady of one lake, of thousands of lakes and glens, each worthy dwelling places of dryads and naiads. Where to stop in such a panorama of fairyland? Let it be at such a place as Oban, with its teeming, transparent sea and flower-strewn islets, or shall we go on to Inverness, which Ruskin said was "a jewel clasping the folds of the mountains to the blue zone of the sea."

It is not of the greatest places that we have the most clinging memories. We like to discover the most beautiful place for ourselves, and who can discover Brighton, or even Tenby? We find our heaven, and vow that we will come again and again, but when the next year comes we pursue some new love, discover some new heaven, to become next year another unrenewed memory. On the other hand, there are some who keep their one holiday place for years, and the joy of coming back to the old views and the old welcoming faces is by no means the least of all joys. Life is not long enough to make us acquainted with a tithe of the beauties of our small islands, nor is it long enough to exhaust the pleasures of any one of them.

## Short Studies.

### FABLES OF KRUILOV.*

#### The Lonely Man and the Bear.

The friendly aid of a kindly fool on occasion can hurt far more than the treachery of the keenest foe. A certain lonely man had neither wife nor child, kith nor kin. Solitude, as we all know, is not everyone's business. For although you may live at your ease in the forest depths and wander at your will through the coolest glades over green stretches of soft grass with the little hillocks and the running streams all for your own—still, all these can be sad and lonesome and dreary, if you've never a soul near to murmur a word to. You may possess a sorrow in silence, but a joy you need to share. So our lonely man away in the forest roamed far in search of acquaintanceship. The only acquaintances to be met with in forests are wolves and bears, and a few of the lesser animal folk; and for that reason strange friendships can be clinched there, such as would never come to a meeting in a town; and, as it happened, the man did fall in with a huge bear. The two stopped and faced each other. Then the man slowly and courteously doffed his hat, and slowly and courteously the bear held out an amiable paw. Their acquaintance began then and there. It ripened surely into friendship, till at last these two loved each other so dearly that they could scarce be parted for so long as an hour. The man was hardly of a talkative nature, and bears, as we know, come of a silent race. Nevertheless, these two, man and beast, were such right kindred spirits, that they communed with each other as none better, and the lonely man rejoiced greatly, thanking heaven for this first treasure of a friend. One day the two set out together on a walking tour by hill and dale. A man, if he covers the ground quicker than a bear, all the same, is never so strong. The mid-day sun of summer burnt hot and sharp; and presently the bear noticed his friend lagging slower and slower. "Lie down, little brother," he said, "lie down and rest—have a bit of a sleep. Trust me to guard and watch you as long as ever you will."

The weary man was prevailed upon. He stretched himself at full length. He yawned awhile. Then in an instant he slept fast. Friend Mishka watched faithfully. Nor had he time to sit lazy; on the man's nose there settled a fly. Mishka waved it gently away. But now there's another fly right on the man's nose. Mishka flicks it off softly. But there are two more on his cheeks. . . . . This went on for an hour. The bear reflected. Flicking off these flies was clearly no good at all. This was a matter for cure, not prevention. And look, the wretched flies were buzzing in a swarm over the man's forehead. They must be killed right off. Mishka uttered no sound. He held his breath. He bent swiftly forward. He stooped. He picked up a heavy stone, and his aim, as he came down clean and straight with the stone grasped

* "Fables of Kruilòv." Translated from the Russian by A. E. Keeton.

in both paws, was so deadly true, that he cut the skull of his friend in two. You may guess that the lonely man's rest was a long one.

### Trishka's Coat.

Trishka's coat was all out at elbows. But that certainly could not bother him long. To patch up the rents, he just slashed off a bit from each sleeve. His elbows were mended, but now our Trishka's arms were half bare. Whenever the women-folk and the children saw him coming along the village street, they set to giggling and sniggering.

"I'm not such a fool as they think," muttered Trishka. "When I want to, I can help myself out of a muddle better than any of them, maybe"; and with that he nipped off the tails of his coat and lengthened each of his sleeves. His coat did not reach to his waist, but his sleeves hung down to his calves. There are a good many of us, I fancy, who go snip, slap, dash, and crash through life. I suppose we are wearing Trishka's coat.

### The Peasant and the Elephant.

A peasant went to the Natural History Museum. He wandered at his will, and stayed there three hours or more.

"Well, Ivan," asked his friend Misha, "what did you see?"

"See! Why, I saw everything they've got, of course. Really, it's a marvel, that place. Just think, Misha, little brother, of the birds and the butterflies and the beetles, and wee, wee-est, wee-est little insects. Why, some of them actually arn't as big as a pin's head."

"Yes, yes, little uncle, but did you see the elephant? That must be a grand sight. I suppose it's like looking at a mountain, isn't it?"

"Elephant, *bratetz* (little brother), elephant? Are you sure they've got one?"

"Yes, yes, dear little dove, I'm quite sure."

"Well, *bratetz*, you mustn't be too hard on me—now, indeed you mustn't; but, to tell you God's honest truth, I must have managed somehow to miss the elephant."

### The Squirrel.

A brisk, jolly little squirrel became servant to a lordly, pompous lion. To serve a lion, as everyone knows, is not a common affair. The little squirrel was overjoyed at its good fortune. In payment, the lion promised it a whole waggon full of nuts.

Promised, yes, but when? Meanwhile, time passes and drags along slowly. The poor little squirrel often goes hungry. There are tears dimming its eyes. It sees all its former comrades hopping and skipping about the woods, high up and free in the trees. Sometimes it thinks it must run away and escape. Then it gets frightened. It has got so into the habit of serving the lion that it can do nothing else. At last the squirrel began to grow old and feeble. The lion settled that he must seek a younger servant. He was true to his promise, though, and pensioned off the squirrel with a generous load of beautiful nuts, the finest to be had. Yes. But, as ill-luck would have it, the squirrel had long ago lost all its teeth.

### The Mirror and the Monkey.

A monkey suddenly caught sight of its own reflection in a mirror.

"Just do come and look here, Gossip Mishka," he called to his friend the Bear. "Just do look at this awful, grimacing, gibbering beast, now. Oh, dear! I'd strangle myself if I were half as ugly and ridiculous. You and I could both count up a few like him amongst our friends, though, couldn't we?"

"Why bother to count up our friends?" asked Mishka. "Wouldn't it be as well to look at yourself a bit first?"

But somehow the monkey never found time to take the bear's advice.

### The Favored Elephant.

It so happened that the elephant won the special favor of the Tsar of the forest, the lion. This greatly puzzled the other animals. "He's certainly no beauty," they declared, "and no one could possibly call him amusing. His manners are appalling and his habits quite undiscussable."

"Yes," put in the fox; "if he'd got my nice bushy tail, now, I could have understood the lion's fancy. But his tail! What a miserable, wretched, little, wiry apology!"

"Or," said the bear, "if he had claws! But, as we all know, the poor thing hasn't any."

"Isn't it, perhaps, his tusks that have captivated the lion?" suddenly suggested the ox. "His Majesty must have mistaken them for horns."

"What, you don't know?" asked the donkey. "Well, you are a set of duffers. Why, I saw at once why the lion loves the elephant. It's because of the elephant's long ears, of course."

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# Present-Day Problems.

## THE CASE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES.

Next week the House of Commons will be called upon to sanction disqualifications of the natives of Cape Colony, based solely on race or color. These are embodied in the Draft South Africa Bill (Sections 25 (d), 44 (c), and 35 (i) and (ii)). The proposals have occasioned deep and wide-spread alarm and anxiety among the natives from one end to the other of South Africa. Civilised and uncivilised, black and colored (half-castes); partisans of opposing parties in politics; men, women, and children—in a word, elements that have never worked together—have been united in a manner they have never been before by a common grievance: the attack on their color, *qua* color. For be the color line drawn where it may in the new Constitution—at the Union Parliament or at future disfranchisement—the fact alone that an advantage is being taken of the natives on the ground of color is enough to arouse the deepest feeling in every member of the injured race. In order to enter an earnest protest against the offensive clauses, the people have readily subscribed to a fund to send a large deputation to the Imperial Government and Parliament, representative of all the various tribes and people concerned. In short, the native communities of South Africa have never been moved by any political act as they have been on this occasion. And the great fear and concern of those who occupy leading positions among them is that the poison that is being injected into the South African native body politic will develop and cause much mischief in the land. To those who, like the members of the native deputation, fervently desired to see the peaceful and gradual civilisation of their people carried on with the co-operation of white and black, each section in its sphere, to make South Africa happy, prosperous, and great, the check administered by these proposals is lamentable in the extreme, and is deeply deplored as giving a false start to the Union.

But apart from the deprivation of Cape natives of rights on the ground of color, these people feel that the clauses complained of involve a flagrant breach of faith. Many of those represented by the native delegation came voluntarily under British rule, and not by conquest. They were assured by governors, governors' agents, officials, and missionaries of the absolute justice, freedom, and liberty, without discrimination of color, they would enjoy under the British Government. Treaties exist which promised them just and even-handed treatment if they did not rebel. These engagements have been observed by them in letter and spirit. British assurances of good government were capped by a despatch of Lord Aberdeen's Liberal Government, covering the Ordinance constituting the Cape Parliament, when the Secretary of

State, the Duke of Newcastle, wrote to Governor Sir George Cathcart what natives prize and cherish as their Magna Charta, as follows:—

> "Her Majesty's Government have come to this conclusion from a conviction that in conferring upon the Colony the boon of a representative Constitution, it is exceedingly undesirable that the franchise should be so restricted as to leave those of the colored classes who in point of intelligence are qualified for the exercise of political power practically unrepresented, and that any particular portion of the community should be deprived of its share of the management of its local affairs by restrictions which, so far as the imperfect statistics in our possession authorise the forming of a judgment, it would, it is to be feared, establish too great a political preponderance in one class of the population."
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> "It is the earnest desire of her Majesty's Government that all her subjects at the Cape, without distinction of class or color, should be united by one bond of loyalty and a common interest, and we believe that the exercise of political rights enjoyed by all alike will prove one of the best methods of attaining this object."

The natives have hugged the foregoing, believing the undertaking as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and Persians which cannot be broken. It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the good results of the policy of trusting the natives, of which the foundations were then laid at the Cape. Suffice it to say that ex-President Steyn acknowledged them in a speech to his people at Winburg, O.R.C., last February, when he said, "There was the Cape, where the colored people had for fifty years enjoyed the franchise and, according to the testimony of Africanders as well as Englishmen, had never abused that right." And it may be added that the friendly relations between white and black in Cape Colony had so improved that as late as 1898 Mr. van der Walt, M.L.A. for Colesberg (of the type usually known as a back veldt Boer), stated in the course of a debate in the Assembly that if the present writer were elected to Parliament by any constituency he should make him a place by his side. And again in 1903 the writer declined a safe seat offered by the Africander Bond of Fort Beaufort; and let it here be stated that in no constituency in the Cape is the native vote alone sufficient to return a member, even were it not divided on party lines. So much for the charge that natives have not used the right to elect a member of their own color. But what cruel irony of fate that the abrogation of rights granted by a Liberal Government to natives, in her Majesty's name, should now be torn up by a Liberal Government in the name of his Majesty, assisted by a powerful Liberal Parliament!

Yet a further ground for the apprehension of the natives from the enactment of the non-European descent phrase lies in the fact that the Imperial Parliament is being asked to establish a bad precedent in the differential treatment of the natives in South Africa, a precedent that will affect the future legislation of the Union Parliament, as having its high sanction and authority from the Imperial Parliament. For instance, there has been for some time past before the Cape Parliament a Bill, promoted by law practitioners, which sought to enact that only those of "European descent" should plead before magistrates and instruct counsel in cases coming before the Superior Courts. Heretofore the promoters have not had the courage to push it through for fear of the veto of the Imperial Government. It is very easy to see that if the Imperial Parliament is prevailed upon to establish the precedent of discriminating against natives, native practitioners at law will be barred; so will doctors and those of other professions desirous of making their livelihood be excluded by the "European descent" qualification, as the phrase is easily capable of being applied to varied and various callings. Is it fair, is it right for the people of England, through their Parliament, in devolving their responsibilities thus to bind the natives hand and foot and hurl them into the furnace of archaic prejudices and all uncharitableness? We do beseech and implore the Imperial Parliament to pause long before giving the great force of its sanction to these ill-omened, clauses that will have such far-reaching and disastrous effects on the fortunes and future prospects of the native races of South Africa.

In urging the plea for amendment one is always met with the statement that if right were done in this matter Union would be wrecked. How can this happen, in view of the solemn declarations of South African politicians that the Union Bill should not tamper with the existing rights of the natives, and with which natives have no reason to complain? All the natives ask for is that they should enter the Union with their rights unimpaired. Can anything be fairer? All the Cape delegates to the Convention concede this. General Botha, in a speech at Pretoria last February, frankly stated that they were for maintaining the *status quo* in the Cape and elsewhere, and expected the Imperial Government and Parliament would not be satisfied with anything short of this. So high an opinion had the gallant gentleman of the justice of the Imperial Government and Parliament that he said: "The native franchise had been forced on the Cape [by the Imperial Government]. He knew it was impossible for Britain to take back what it had given. The Cape Parliament would not have agreed to it, and neither would the British Government, and who was prepared to enter into a conflict with the latter on the subject?" It thus seems that General Botha had a better opinion of the Imperial Government and Parliament than it would appear they have of themselves. Ex-President Steyn was equally explicit on the point of maintaining the existing rights at the Cape. For at Winburg, O.R.C., he said: "The Convention had resolved to let the existing laws remain as they were, so that the colored people would retain the franchise at the Cape, but would not be allowed to vote elsewhere nor exercise any influence on the politics of South Africa beyond their vote at the Cape. That was the way out of the difficulty proposed by the Convention, in drawing up which they also had to consider the views of the British Government. The Act had to pass through the British Parliament as well as through the local ones, and in these there were men who made it their special duty to guard the interests of the natives."

Sir George Farrar, the leader of the Opposition in the Transvaal, followed on the same lines. "Every one," said Sir George, "would agree with him that rights once given under any constitution, whether to whites or blacks, could not be taken away unless something was given in their place. The Cape Franchise was given by his Majesty's Government, and if they expect his Majesty's Government to accept the Constitution they could not ask it—nor could any one in the Cape—to take away rights which had been once bestowed."

Such, then, being the views of South African statesmen, how can it be seriously maintained that a correction of the excesses of an over-zealous draftsman by Parliament, to make the Bill tally with South African opinion, white and colored, would jeopardise so important an affair as the Union which all desire? It simply becomes a matter for the legal advisers of the Crown to say whether or not the clauses in the Bill maintain the existing rights of the Cape natives, and whether the schedule with its clumsy bureaucratic provisions does not menace in a grave degree the peace and happiness of Basutoland and the Protectorates. To say, then, in the face of such facts that Union would be wrecked by the Imperial Parliament in trying to make the Bill correspond with the expressed wishes and desires of South African statesmen and people is simply to bluff the Imperial Government and Parliament out of the path of duty, which is the path of safety, in this as in all other matters. Slight amendments such as those proposed by Lord Courtney of Penrith in the Lords, which are not against the quoted declarations of General Botha and ex-President Steyn, and are acceptable to natives, would not only allay great anxiety, but would be a message of peace and goodwill to the natives from the British nation on the inauguration of a momentous undertaking such as the Union, which should spell peace and co-operation among all the various peoples of South Africa, white and black.

J. Tengo Jabavu,
Delegate of the Cape Natives.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE TROUBLES IN SPAIN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I thank you for your comments in response to my letter. It was, unfortunately, necessary that some voice in authority should deny the current story of the responsibility of the English Government for the Spanish campaign in the Riff. Mr. David Hannay is right when he says that my countrymen are "given up to strong delusions and to believe in lies." I am also obliged to Mr. Hannay for his letter. Both documents will prove to be valuable weapons in the hands of the enemies of this miserable war. Perhaps your readers will be glad to know that we have already obtained the suspension of the law which permitted rich and middle-class recruits to redeem themselves from military service by paying £50 to the Treasury. We hope that their fathers will now think twice before they place their children's blood at the services of mining adventurers.

I am afraid that Mr. Hannay's kind suggestions as to the psychology of the Spanish people, contained in Mr. Hannay's letter, will not prove equally useful for us. It seems to me that Mr. Hannay accepts, at the same time, the statement of Señor Costa about the "emasculation" of modern Spaniards and the classical theory, for he says that the Spanish people "are given up to strong delusions." But we Spaniards must either be one thing or the other. If we are "emasculated," our condition is hopeless. If, on the other hand, we are "given up to strong delusions, and to believe in lies," there is a hope for us—it lies in education. For talk about our "emasculation" implies a belief in the primacy of that mysterious thing called energy, or will-power; such, indeed, is the creed of pragmatists, voluntarists, vitalists, and all the other fatalists. To say that "we are given up to strong delusions," &c., implies the belief in the primacy of intellect. Such is the belief of intellectualists, rationalists, or idealists. The history of twenty-five centuries of European thought is the history of this dispute between pragmatists and idealists. If Mr. Hannay is able to reconcile his two statements and unite both schools in one consistent system, he will find no difficulty in reading the riddle of the psychology of the Spanish people.—Yours, &c.,

RAMIRO DE MAEZTU,
Correspondent of "La Correspondencia de España," of Madrid.

3c, Blenheim Mansions,
Marylebone, N.W.
August 9th, 1909.

## "NOT AS THESE PUBLICANS!"

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Ha! St. George for Merry England!

Poor, unfortunate Spaniards! "What hope can there be for such a people? They are given up to strong delusions and to believe in lies." A Briton come to judgment! Poor Mr. Maeztu! He, too, is put into the general ban. Still, he is perhaps the best known of Spanish journalists, whether in Spain or "the Indies." True, he has done more to form Spanish opinion and to let in light upon the mis-doings of the Riff Mines (*sic*) gang than any three men in Spain.

What of that? There is nothing like your sweeping generalisation as an answer to a careful article full of facts.

If you have no counter facts to oppose (supposing the article is not to your liking), generalise, and damn a whole nation.

Mr. Maeztu, as far as I can see, in no wise agrees with the two patriots, who remarked, "Well, we look down upon churches." He seems to me only to look down upon the Riff money-grubbing crew who, after taking a concession from a Moorish Rob Roy, have helped to plunge their country into a disastrous filibustering expedition. Surely Mr. Hannay must see that the proper way for honest men to have acted would have been to get a concession to work mines from the Sultan of Morocco, and not from a rebel against his authority. Especially when we remember that Spain was a signatory to the Act of Algeciras. Poor Spaniards—yet memory goes back to a time when a nation sent apparently by God himself, to correct His errors in the scheme of creation, were used by a band of capitalists, headed by a duke or two, as catspaws, and certainly were committed in the Transvaal to a "foolish adventure," and worn as "noses of wax" by men whose names are not precisely honored by the British public nowadays.

It is strange how similar the Riff and the Transvaal adventures look when gazed on through fairly achromatic glasses.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

August 11th, 1909.

## THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I read with very much interest last week your careful, and, on the whole, sympathetic review of the present situation between the women and the Government.

With much of it I am prepared to agree. I think you are correct in calling attention to the fact that the right of a deputation to see Mr. Asquith and the right to treatment as political prisoners are only side issues of the struggle, though I submit that as Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone have selected to fight in these outer entrenchments, which are the least defensible, Liberals cannot complain because the fight at present rages hottest there.

On the other hand, I think you are wrong in regarding the band of Women Suffragists as a *small* company of women, and also in reverting to the trite suggestion that the present methods are not advancing the ends which they have in view; but these are matters on which only a host of facts would convince, and I do not propose to weary you or your readers by a recital of them.

It is with your conclusion that I wish to join issue and to prove to you that, even granting your premises, you arrive at a wrong result. Your argument amounts to this—that however right Woman Suffrage may be, yet, because the question is not the uppermost one at the present time in the public mind, the settlement of it ought to be left to be dealt with in years to come. Surely you must see that the public mind is almost invariably occupied with that question, which, by common consent of politicians and Press, is placed in the front rank. The astonishing fact to-day is that, in spite of the complete boycott by both parties of politicians, and the partial boycott by the daily Press, Woman Suffrage does actually stand (with the possible exception of the Budget) in the very front rank of the political issues of the day.

As regards the Budget, women suffragists have already recognised that the present Session is so occupied that it is useless to press for their question to be dealt with this year, but they demand that, if the Liberal Party weather the Budget storm this autumn, Woman Suffrage shall be included among the Government measures of the Session of 1910. Your advice to the party, if I understand it aright, is, on the other hand, that they can afford to exclude it from their programme, and to go to the next General Election without having placed a Woman Suffrage measure on the Statute Book.

Politicians are influenced by two motives—principle and expediency. As to the first, a sentence in your own article is the key to the situation. You say, "Democracy is fighting for its life, and the issue of the next few months will settle the history of this country for the next half-century." That statement applies equally to the question of Woman Suffrage as to the issue between the Commons and the Lords, and with regard to the former I wish to add a conclusion which you probably had in your mind when you wrote the sentence, "and that issue can end in only one way."

It is one of the fundamental principles of Democracy that whenever a section of an unenfranchised class earnestly and vigorously demands the vote, that vote cannot be withheld, whether that section be a majority or a minority of the unenfranchised class. You are bound to recognise that when women care so much for the franchise that 500 of them have gone to prison, when they have put up between them a Campaign Fund of nearly £50,000, when they have carried the circulation of their paper to a weekly issue of 30,000 copies, the demand for the vote has been expressed earnestly and vigorously. Yet you suggest that a Liberal Government can go comfortably jogging along and face another General Election without giving the vote to women. Surely this is a negation of principle unworthy of your previous record.

Expediency points in the same direction. In this matter I am happy to find myself in agreement with the Prime Minister, who stated emphatically, in his recent speech at the Eighty Club, that a Liberal Party which was false to its own principles could not continue to exist. But, apart from this general ground for following the dictates of principle, many direct considerations point to the same course. In the present letter I have only space to refer to one of them. In the ranks of the Women's Social and Political Union are a very great number of ex-Liberal women. Every day that the Liberal Government withhold the Suffrage from women, the estrangement between them and their party grows more and more serious, and other Liberal women are following their example. If the Liberal Party were to go to another General Election before granting Woman Suffrage, they would find themselves faced by the desertion of all the more intelligent of those Liberal women who, trusting to the sense of honor and justice of Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet, still remain.

Is the Liberal Party prepared to face with equanimity this wholesale desertion; is it prepared to lose, in many cases permanently, so large a source of strength and inspiration within its ranks? I cannot believe that you will so counsel it to its own certain ruin.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. Pethick Lawrence.

87, Clement's Inn, W.C.
August 10th, 1909.

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## "THE WOMEN'S WAR."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your judicious article on this subject, and the wise conclusions you draw from the facts of the case, will gain a ready assent from all who are interested, whether they be opponents or friends of the ladies' cause. I fail, however, to see how those ladies should be classed as political offenders, with all their privileges. I will take two local cases to illustrate my point. A year ago Mr. Lloyd-George came to Edinburgh to speak on a special subject—Temperance—in the King's Theatre. The ladies made a deliberate attempt to keep him from being heard, with results disastrous to themselves and all concerned. What is the difference between this so-called political offence and the rowdy who commits a criminal offence by a breach of the peace in some public street?

It appears to me the first crime is the more serious of the two, as we live in a free State, and the right of undisturbed public meeting is essential to its very life. If we are to tolerate or palliate the action of any section of the community in deliberately attempting to prevent the principal political leaders from addressing the nation, a serious blow has been struck at one of the foundations of the State.

My second case is Mr. Churchill's meeting in the same place about a month ago. The militant ladies were excluded, but two leaders held a meeting outside the theatre, and after addressing the people proposed they should go and demand entrance. This they attempted to do, but owing to well-organised police arrangements nothing serious happened. Now, unless the ladies were fooling, they intended what they said, and it was only because their cause was not popular that nothing happened. If their cause had had the mob to support it, and they had overpowered the police and rushed the theatre, did they commit a political or a criminal offence?

A gentleman friend of my own, who was passing at the time, was thus addressed by a lady sympathiser: "You coward, why do you stand and see ladies treated like that?" If he had thus come into conflict with the police, would he be labelled a criminal or political prisoner?

I should be glad if you would define what laws or rules of State a political offender is allowed to break before he becomes a criminal offender. If there is not some very clear line drawn, it appears to me the adoption of the women's tactics as a method of political warfare would certainly mean the loss of some of our most cherished liberties.—Yours, &c.,

John M. Hogge.

5, Hartington Place, Edinburgh,
August 9th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In your article on "The Women's War" in your issue of August 7th, you say: "Mr. Gladstone complained on Wednesday that, when placed as prisoners in the first division, they assert that they scorn all political privileges, and demand to be treated by the normal prison discipline. When placed as prisoners in the second division, they declare, or their friends declare, that they are political offenders—as they certainly are—subject to deliberate humiliation."

Can you inform us with certainty whether, when Mr. Gladstone transferred the imprisoned Suffragettes to the first division, he did so in definite recognition of the fact that they were political offenders, or as a privilege to *ladies?* I understand from reports of his answers to questions in the House of Commons, that they were so transferred on the ground that they were *ladies*, and could not be expected to stand the severe discipline judged necessary for women of lower classes, and that probably mere confinement in the first division would suffice to bring *ladies* to a docile frame of mind. Finding that *ladies* are not so amenable as he supposed, he has upheld severer measures, and even gone so far on the road to democracy as to plead that *ladies* ought not to be accorded privileges over other women and men. The Suffragettes appear to be entirely in accord with Mr. Gladstone upon this last point. They claim to be put in the first division, not as a privilege to ladies, but in recognition of the fact that they are political offenders. To recognise women definitely as political offenders, however, would surely imply a recognition of them as political persons. But the refusal to allow women to vote is grounded on the refusal to recognise them as persons. How, then, can Mr. Gladstone recognise women as political offenders, while the Government of which he is a member refuses to recognise them as persons? But if he placed them in the first division as *ladies*, and not as political offenders, how can Mr. Gladstone complain if Suffragettes scorn the privilege? Surely, to cease trading on the *privileges of ladies* and to strive for a recognition of the *rights and responsibilities of women* is the very essence of the movement for the enfranchisement of women. How to strive is the point upon which we are not agreed.—Yours, &c.,

Erie Evans.

23, Dumfries Place, Cardiff,
August 8th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—It is very delightful for one guilty of an "impolite and arrogant" expression of opinion to find his fault pointed out in a letter which will serve as a model of courtesy, and the writer of a sentence "worthy of a Harmsworth journal" must indeed be grateful to Mr. Hunter for those faultless periods of his which are at once a criticism of error and a matter of perfection.

A model of good manners and good prose Mr. Hunter most generously gives for nothing to the world and to myself, and he will add the priceless boon to his respect for my opinion if I will but humor him in a few small points which he details. It is knowledge only that I need, and I am to "come down" from my "comfortable College study," attend a few Suffragette meetings, call at 4, Clement's Inn, and return to my armchair to read "Votes

for Women." Those who are interested in the psychology of enthusiasms have remarked as typical of the least reasonable class of enthusiasts an airy conviction that those who differ from them have necessarily no knowledge of the matter in dispute. Such people think that only ignorance can account for disagreement with themselves, and Mr. Hunter assumes, because I disagree with him on the question of Suffragettism, that I have no acquaintance whatever with Suffragette oratory or Suffragette literature. That I differ from Mr. Hunter is my (most regrettable) misfortune, but I call my newsagent to witness that it is not my fault. I do not think that if I learnt my "Votes for Women" every week by heart, I should be any nearer to agreement with him. For if I assume no more than he leaves unchallenged on my list—a dog-whip (not dog-whips), the Downing Street padlocks, and one single slapped inspector, these remain to me—and even should my test dog-whip be taken from me, and the inspector prove to have been patted and not slapped, I should not be one whit less convinced that the militant methods are unworthy and unwise. I am tempted, indeed, to supplement my list with recollections of rudeness in private drawing-rooms, and the abuse of a Member's courtesy in the House, but the fear of another Harmsworth sentence, and the censure that it must bring, forbids.

However, let anyone read the accounts of the Albert Hall meeting in December last, let him consider what was the occasion of the meeting, and the purpose of Mr. Lloyd-George's presence there; then let him estimate the worthiness and the wisdom of the militant tactics, as exemplified at least on that great day. The Albert Hall meeting drove sane supporters of the Suffrage to the borders of despair, and the harm that it did to the cause throughout the country was, I believe, incalculably great. If only armchair critics disapproved, then, indeed, there must be many such. If Mr. Hunter will not accept the "Times" accounts, I can supply him with dozens of instances from the impeccable columns of "Votes for Women" itself to illustrate the notorious fact that the rank and file of the Suffragettes at least work by methods which make their cause ridiculous, by indiscriminate interruptions of public meetings, and generally by the infliction of petty annoyances on others and minor martyrdoms on themselves. This week's "Votes for Women" is delighted with the achievement of a supporter at Limehouse—this time, tragically enough, a perverted man—who climbed a pillar in the hall and unfurled therefrom "the banner of purple and white and green," and three delicious columns rapturously describe such exploits as the production of silly noises outside the windows of the hall. Surely a great cause deserves something better than this. Am I wrong to speak of methods lacking dignity?

Mrs. Brailsford pertinently asks how, if their methods are not wise, the Suffragettes fill great meetings every week through ten months of the year. The answer lies surely in the goodness of their cause. They have one of the greatest reform projects to battle for, and one that is popular enough to thrive in spite of many obstacles. Much of their campaigning too—"hard educational work," as Mrs. Brailsford says—is well and wisely done, and helps not a little to forward an evidently righteous cause. The pluck of which Mrs. Brailsford speaks is also an undoubted asset—for it is certain that a five days' "hunger strike" needs pluck to carry through—and a British crowd will always look kindly on a party or person that fights gamely for whatever end. But from all these gains there are huge losses to deduct, and my contention simply is that the losses greatly exceed the gains. To quote one single item, every meeting which the Suffragettes interrupt means the loss of great numbers of supporters in the audience which they victimise. People do not go to Budget meetings to hear the Suffragettes say "Votes for Women," and though a great audience may be amused by noisy child-tricks for a time, the continual interruption of the speeches exasperates it very soon. At Limehouse, as the only infallible journal relates with seeming pride, the Chancellor's hearers were goaded to fury by the ceaseless and silly interruptions, and set upon the offenders with all the vigor of a thoroughly angry crowd. Many thousands of electors will never forgive the Suffragettes for the ruin of meetings to which they have given precious shillings and still more precious time. And there is always a great body of opinion which dislikes, on general grounds, the doubtful logic and unwomanly character of the policy of nails and noise.

Mrs. Brailsford has replied with such patience and good humor to my letter that I am half ashamed of its lack of seriousness; but I cannot admit that her arguments have altered the views which it—faultily enough—set forth.

Yours, &c., J. Fergusson Roxburgh.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
August 9th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your article on the "Women's War" would have been perfect had it offered a little practical help to the brave women who are fighting against tremendous odds. At present its coldness strikes me as one of the best justifications of the unhappy militant tactics.

You admit the Suffragists have the "support of the liberated and intellectual minds of the country." Your main objection is "the stolid male elector." By what methods would you convince him? And do you think this war should continue till all are convinced?

The Budget is the predominating question; and Democracy is fighting for its life. That is true, but is that any reason why the strongest Government of modern times should refuse to give a pledge to enfranchise, or to attempt the enfranchisement of the women, who are equally affected as men?

Was it not Mr. Asquith himself who proclaimed that "taxation without representation is tyranny"?

You rejoice at evidence that the cause of the suffrage is gaining adherents; you predict honor and triumph some day. Meanwhile you foresee more trouble, more suffering, and the question I ask in all humility is—you who have such power *to help* the cause you admire—What are you doing, and what will you do to stop the suffering and hasten the triumph?—Yours, &c., W. R. Snow.

33, Old Change, London, E.C.
August 10th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—May I be permitted to make a few observations on this question?

The movement itself, we are told, was originally decided upon mainly on the ground that the case for the Suffrage was universally accepted and the time for argument had passed. (S. Pankhurst—History in "Votes for Women.") Since then has arisen the Anti-Suffrage League with its famous petition of 254,000 signatures collected in six months—the largest single petition on the question that has been scrutinised by the Petition Office. Is it still held that the time for argument is passed?—and if not, what becomes of the main ground for militant measures?

As regards signs of success—Mrs. Arthur Somerville at the annual meeting of the above League was quite as optimistic on her side, and, from the facts she gave, with very good reason. The "Polite Attention" argument is weak. The Suffragettes are women, and are treated with the male electors' customary indulgence toward the fair sex. The "Bad Temper" of Liberals is no sign of Suffragette success. What irritation there may be is as nothing to the feeling excited by the murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie, but does that suggest that the young Indians' "cause" is prospering?

How does Mrs. Brailsford know that the Budget is popular, if not from the fact of the Government having done well at recent bye-elections? Yet in the same breath she suggests that it is doing badly in them. She says that when she is going to talk about a subject she studies it. Surely she must have made an exception when she referred to decreased Liberal majorities as proving the power of Woman Suffrage in elections. The circumstances of the last General Election were admittedly quite exceptional—it was a Liberal boom. Booms indicate abnormal conditions and must necessarily subside sooner or later. When, too, the Suffragettes talk of these contests, let them not quite forget the help they received from the Tariff Reformers, Coal Consumers, Brewers, and such others as wanted (and have since got) "Eight"—they all talked and spent money against the Government candidate.

May I ask Mrs. Brailsford how it is that Messrs. Brailsford, Hueffer, Forbes-Robertson, and Zangwill asked the "Daily News" a few days ago to insist that "amid the turmoil of the Budget fight *It* shall not be IGNORED." "It" was "Votes for Women," a cry which makes Cabinet Ministers tremble (?)—yet the editor of the above paper is implored to get electors to listen to it.

In the Cleveland election Mrs. Pankhurst published a letter in which criticisms appeared of the Miners' Act, and distributed it among the electors. Mrs. Brailsford says that "the W.S.P.U. has nothing to do with any Bills, good or bad, until a Women's Franchise Bill is passed or promised."—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR BRENTON.

20, Rectory Road, Barnes, S.W.
August 10th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Having read in your issue of the 7th inst. the inquiries of "S.," Harrogate, about "The Tactics of the Suffragettes," I suggest the following answers:—

(1) The granting of the vote to women is undoubtedly a far-reaching and important step; but it must also be admitted that it is a step which will not infringe upon the rights, or injure the lives or property, of any class or party.

(2) Admitted that the last General Election was not fought mainly on female suffrage, yet the majority of those elected were known to be in favor of the measure.

(3) I have yet to learn that the Government is denied the right of passing any measure save those two or three (or possibly only one) upon which the election is mainly fought. I should have thought that when a Liberal is sent to Parliament he has the sympathy and sanction of his constituents in the introduction of any Act which carries out a widely recognised Liberal principle—such as giving the suffrage to those who pay taxes. Moreover, it appears to me that there would have been very little opposition to the measure, had the women been treated with ordinary fairness and consideration by the Government.

(4) Yes, we claim equality with man—not *only* in the right to punishment when we deserve it, but also in the right to be heard when we have a grievance. Since our claims to the vote and to petition Parliament have been ignored and denied, we use the only ways of protest against this unequal treatment which are open to us. Men have done similar, and worse, things many times. As to the support and admiration of the men upon whose votes it will rest as to whether we get the vote or not, we have not yet lost all faith in Englishmen, and we believe there are still a vast number of them who can overlook the relatively small incidents of stone-throwing, &c., and see the justice and urgency of our demand.

Doubtless the attitude of the Government and the misrepresentations of the ignorant have influenced many men against us. I believe the idea of many still is that if women had the vote on the same terms as men there would come an era of the subjection of men, when the growing tendency of womanhood would be to despise and injure men as far as they were able! Of course, such a thought is quite ridiculous. But if men desire the admiration and respect of women they must show themselves eager to do them justice, and not be so cowardly as to delay until that justice is wrested from them.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL WOMAN.

August 12th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As you have bravely raised the siege of the women's question by opening your columns for its better understanding, I venture to offer my testimony in support of Mrs. Brailsford and the writer of your article.

The "antis" who persuade themselves that society depends for its welfare upon force are enraged to find what every materialist has found from all time, that ideas which have become watchwords can neither be destroyed by soldiers nor suppressed by policemen. The divine right of equality for women before the law and in the constitution is one of those illuminating ideas which, having once shone upon the world, can never be extinguished, and in the end is bound to be manifested in legislation.

Mr. Gladstone quite understands this, and is, theoretically, in favor of the idea, but he has not realised its force. He has therefore yielded to the less enlightened of his colleagues and allowed himself to repress the movement in its support, at least, till a convenient season. For this purpose he has permitted trifling offences of an obviously political character to be vindictively prosecuted as serious breaches of the law, and he has accepted without demur vindictive sentences passed upon women by magistrates who properly reflect the common-place spirit of material force. The result was inevitable. His prosecutions have had the fructifying effect of persecution, and his punishments have not only shocked the moral sense of thoughtful people, but have also provoked the victims of injustice to an heroic and effective defiance. Such a position is intolerable and dangerous in the highest degree to the Government, and, as I think, to the Liberal Party.

What, then, may be done to save the situation? In the first place, the political character of the agitation must be frankly and honestly recognised, and punishments as for ordinary offences must cease. In the second place, the leaders of the movement must be treated with the respect due to those who can command attention, and their request for a hearing, as well as for a definite pledge of support, must be conceded. There may be room for discussion as to the place which the removal of sex disability should occupy in the Liberal programme. But for a true Liberal, whose creed is based upon the force of moral ideals, there can be nothing less.—Yours, &c.,

"HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY."

August 10th, 1909.

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## RUSSIAN LIBERALS AND THE TSAR'S VISIT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—For three years I have charged myself with the duty of defending the Russian Liberals, many of whom are my personal friends, against the misrepresentations of certain English adherents of the extreme Revolutionary Section in Russia. For reasons which I need not recapitulate here, the Russian Liberals are unanimously and strongly in favor of the Anglo-Russian *entente*, and viewed with approval both the visit of King Edward to Reval and the more recent return visit of the Tsar to Cowes. The justification of their attitude is seen in the effect, in Russia, of King Edward's references to the Duma. The Reactionaries are almost inarticulate with fury. I have repeatedly frustrated the attempts of a certain small knot of journalists in this country, who adhere to the extreme revolutionary section in Russia, to bolster up their agitation against the *entente* by representing that they were expressing the views of the Russian Liberals. Their position on certain Liberal papers made my task more difficult, for they were able to suppress, not only my protests, but also those which were made by Russian Liberals themselves. Fortunately, however, your columns, and those of the English Press in general, have never been closed for the free expression of opinion, even when it differs from your own, and the conspiracy, for I can call it nothing else, of misrepresentation has failed. It is admitted now, on every hand, that the Russian Liberals are in favor of the Anglo-Russian *entente*, and the opponents of the *entente* have now taken new ground and state we must disregard the views of the Russian Liberals and consider the question solely from some peculiar British standard of ethics. That is the view which you yourself took in an extremely able leading article a few weeks ago. It is not my view, but I have no doubt there is a great deal to be said for it. I am distressed, however, to find that the old misrepresentation, which I had thought finally disposed of, crops up again in one of your leading articles this week. Commenting upon the declarations in favor of the Tsar's visit, which were recently made by the Russian Liberal leaders during their visit to this country, the article continues:—

> "They were bound in public to adopt the rather embarrassing and clearly calculated attitude of loyalty towards Nicholas II. which has been so unfairly exploited by some of their more simple-minded friends in this country."

The innuendo is not only that the Russian Liberal leaders, like Professor Milyukoff, spoke falsely when they

said that they approved of the Tsar's visit, but that they did so from motives of cowardice. I am able to say that they expressed in private even more strongly the same views that they expressed in public. While they were in this country, Professor Milyukoff and other Liberal leaders had several private interviews with those who were running the agitation against the Tsar's visit, and appealed to them to abandon their attitude.—Yours, &c.,

A. MacCallum Scott.

5, Pump Court, Temple, E.C.
August 9th, 1909.

## THE FUTURE OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Replying to Mr. Graham Wallas's questions, (*a*) I do not think that every teacher will be able to give a good religious or moral lesson. What I am anxious to avoid is a special class of scripture or religious teachers drawn either from within or without the school. Not to give the lesson required of the syllabus in these subjects I should like to be the exception and not the rule.

(*b*) I should be the last to confine the word Scripture to the books that happen to belong to the church canon. Yet, I cannot but think that the better a teacher was prepared to use other Scriptures for the purpose in view, the less would he feel it a limitation to be nominally confined to the Bible.

(*c*) In reference to Mr. Wallas's third question, my point, of course, was that the training college should aim at producing men who can use Gospel or Pauline teaching as a spiritual inspiration, and as a means of touching the feelings for what is best in life, not at turning out Scripture scholars.

My object in writing again is to suggest that if reformers are in any wise at one, as I think they are, on the points that this correspondence, under Mr. Wallas's leadership, has brought out, the way is open for some practical proposals. Accepting his suggestion, might we agree to something like the following as the next step:—

1. While there is much, perhaps all, in favor of the daily opening of school with some short form of hymn and reading, there is little or nothing to be said for the daily lesson according to the syllabus, as at present given. It is too often a mere piece of routine for the teacher, worse than routine for the scholar. With the view, then, not of turning the Scripture lesson out, but of turning it to better account, might we not advocate making it twice or thrice a week, instead of every day? This would be amply sufficient to give the children a real familiarity with the story of Israel, its heroes and its prophets, and with the Gospel narrative and the essentials of its teaching—serving at once as an instrument of historical, imaginative, moral, and religious culture.

2. Of what remains of the time that present arrangements put at our disposal, part might, with the greatest profit, be used for the purpose indicated in Mr. Wallas's second article—a lesson or a story, a poem, a picture, a current incident, which the teacher should be left entirely free to treat in his own way, but in which his object, as in the Scripture lesson, would be to give the children something of the sense of imaginative pleasure or of spiritual enlargement that the thing has given himself.

3. The other day, or two days, might be utilised on the lines advocated by the Moral Education League, in the attempt to give something systematic in the way of ethical instruction. The main point, and here perhaps I should differ from some advocates of "moral instruction," is that it should be in connection with some concrete material, the care of the body, or the duties of citizenship. But as things are, this would be all very tentative, and the extent to which it was practicable at all would depend upon the interests and acquirements of the individual members of the staff. There might very well be place here for the specialisation that Mr. Wallas desires, though even here, so far as the training college is concerned, I should, I think, be jealous of any suggestion that would exclude the principles of good citizenship from the ordinary curriculum for all.

We shall probably be told that a programme of this kind would be hard to carry out, and that we are only "adding to the burdens of the teacher." I believe it would be difficult, as all improvements are; but it is, I believe, a difficulty that the best teachers are themselves anxious to face—a burden they are willing to take up. One advantage of agreement among reformers on the suggested lines would be that by giving a definite lead it would strengthen the hands of training-college teachers in their efforts to substitute something more useful and sustaining for much that is formal in present prescribed courses on psychology and logic.—Yours, &c., J. H. Muirhead.

Birmingham, August 8th, 1909.

[Professor Muirhead has shown me his letter. I agree that the daily scripture lessons ought to be cut down, because they would be thereby improved, time would be saved for other subjects, and it would be more difficult for Mr. Runciman to make daily lessons compulsory by Act of Parliament, as he very nearly did in 1908. The Lords, who believe that secular education leads to Socialist Budgets, would never allow such an Act to be repealed. As to his proposals (2) and (3), I would allow much to local variation. But American experience seems to show that a good course of English literature gives, on the whole, the best opportunity for a sincere and unforced contact between the deeper feelings of teacher and taught. Finally, I would urge that the line which divides the peacemaker from him who "cries peace when there is no peace" is a delicate one. I cannot help thinking that Professor Muirhead crosses that line when he speaks of the teacher being "nominally confined to the Bible."—Graham Wallas.]

## "THE LOST LIBERTY OF THE ROAD."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I have followed with interest the series of able and vigorous articles upon this subject, which have appeared from time to time in The Nation, and the many letters which these articles have evoked. Much correspondence has also appeared in other papers, containing expressions of indignation, in more or less forcible English, against the abuses of motor traffic, together with the suggestion of innumerable remedies which range freely between the practicable and the impossible.

But, Sir, I would point out that all the strong feeling which finds vent in these letters to the Press is of little use in combating the evil for the reason that it is individual and unorganised. Each writer has his own particular remedy, but, however excellent it may be, and however great his ability in setting it forth, or the potential energy he might bring to bear upon its execution, beyond the relief to his own feelings (no doubt considerable) resulting from their public expression and the echoes aroused in a certain number of sympathetic readers, nothing further comes of it.

My own object in this particular letter is to suggest that it is not only possible but urgently desirable to prevent the evaporation of all this righteous indignation, and to utilise it in some more organised attempt than has yet been made to combat the evil.

The abuses and dangers to life and limb connected with motoring as at present conducted are the direct result of public apathy in the past and of the fatal lack of sufficient imagination, on the part of the people, to realise the advantake likely to be taken of the attitude of indulgent, gaping curiosity with which the new locomotion was at first received.

Step by step the motorist has encroached, and step by step he has gone unchallenged, until now at last the people are stirring in their sleep and trying in vain to shake off the terrors of the nightmare that has fastened itself upon them.

Things ought never to have been allowed to go so far, but, as they have, it is idle to suppose that a few sporadic letters to the Press can prove of any real efficacy in coping with the evil. It is the part of wisdom to recognise that the present dangers of our highways, both urban and rural, constitute a very grave situation—a situation which, having come about with gradual insidiousness, cannot be either hastily or easily remedied, and will require an infinite amount of painstaking, united work from the joined ranks of indignant letter-writers and all others who realise it. It will be at best an uphill struggle, and those who are in earnest should lose no time in beginning the fight.

My suggestion is this: that all who are in sympathy

with its aims (set forth some months ago in a letter to your paper) should become members of the Road Union, thereby enabling it, by increased financial support, to extend its work in the following ways:—

(1) The appointment of an organising secretary, who would form branches of the Road Union all over the country, beginning in places situated upon the chief highways where, as upon the Brighton road, accidents are most frequent.

(2) The arranging of public meetings where local committees were strong and the providing of speakers who should explain the aims and work of the society.

(3) The retention of the services of a legal adviser, who would hold a watching brief for the Road Union in cases where deaths or serious accidents from motoring occur.

In these, and many other ways, the Road Union might extend its work, were adequate financial aid forthcoming. Those in sympathy with such a crusade against the abuses of motoring, and who desire fuller information, should read the excellent pamphlet by Dr. Arthur Shadwell (founder and chairman of the Road Union) upon "The Motor Traffic and the Public," which can be obtained at the offices of the society at 47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.—Yours, &c.,

BETSY HOBSON.

Limpsfield, Surrey.

## "THE BREAK-UP OF THE POOR LAW."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—If you will allow me space to continue this correspondence, there are a few more considerations which I should like to add. I cannot but feel that there is a difference in practice between the present feeding of school children by the Education Committee, or the granting of pensions by the Pensions Committee, and the power on the part of many different Committees to grant home aliment which is suggested by the Minority Report. The reasons that special difficulties attach to outdoor relief are, first, that constant supervision is necessary to see that the relief is being expended in the way intended, and, secondly, that, as it is a form of relief which everyone is anxious to receive, it is likely to grow, and, if not abused, to lead to an excessive amount of charge and recovery. With the feeding of children at school we avoid the first difficulty, as there is no question but that the children receive the food as intended; in the case of pensions there is no elasticity possible, as far as the local Committee is concerned, and the recipients are obviously unable to repay as their working days are over. The Minority Report points out how completely the attempts of public authorities to establish a satisfactory and uniform system of recovery have failed in the past; may not the reason be that it is a bad business to get money from people for what they have already consumed, and it is surely likely to be a worse one when the recipient had made no application for the relief which has been given him?

It is, I think, doubtful whether an essential difference between the Majority and Minority Reports is the question whether it is the duty of a public authority to endeavor to prevent destitution. For myself I should not hesitate to say that it is their duty to attempt to do so where possible; it is difficult to discover exactly what are the principles of the Majority Report, but it does state that the system of public assistance which it establishes is to include processes of help which would be "preventive," and it drops the word "destitute" as defining those who are proper recipients of public relief and substitutes "necessitous."

Mrs. Sidney Webb suggests a possible compromise in the substitution of a Committee in place of a Registrar. In many ways it is probable that a Committee (composed of representatives from the various Committees at work in the relief of the poor) would be a more effective check and co-ordinator than a salaried official could be. There would be a closer personal touch, and a stronger and healthier public opinion would be brought to bear on the work; if such a committee were truly representative there would be less likelihood of friction in cases of disagreement, and it would be better able than an official to prevent the expert from running his theories against the general interest. What exactly should be its position and powers is no doubt a matter of controversy. The aim should surely be to co-ordinate and make the utmost use of the work of the different Committees—of the Health Visitor, the School Attendance Officer, and the expert from the Lunacy Authority—so as to ensure the action of preventive authorities at the right time, and also to promote the organisation of private and endowed charities, the provision of provident societies (the Minority wish to encourage insurance against unemployment; why not also insurance against sickness?), and the care and consideration of the family as a whole. These are essential, if preventive measures are to be really effective, or if those already destitute are to be set again upon their feet.—Yours, &c.,

(Mrs.) C. D. RACKHAM (P.L.G.).

Cambridge, 1909.

## FATHER TYRRELL'S POSITION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The letters of Mr. Delisle Burns and Mr. J. A. Walker do not, if I may say so, in the least, give definite answers to my queries. Mr. Walker suggests, indeed, that Father Tyrrell's problem *was* a sectional one. He says the issues raised in Father Tyrrell's books "affect not only all Roman Catholics, but men of all denominations—in fact, many hundreds of millions of Christians." Precisely. But millions of Christians even do not exhaust more than a fraction of the human race. Nay, more important still, a solution which reconciles all Christians will still leave outside a good half of the intellect and moral worth of Europe, to-day—that is, of what is nominally Christendom. What is the good of ignoring these truths, when you set out to serve truth? Nothing is more amazing than the way in which writers, especially in the English Press, go on talking on the assumption that those outside the Christian fold to-day in Europe are either negligible in point of numbers, or negligible in point of moral and intellectual influence.

Personally, I have, perhaps, no special claim to appraise Father Tyrrell's influence, but as everyone is giving his opinion on the subject at present, I may as well set down mine, especially as it is at variance with most of those I have seen in print. To me, then, Father Tyrrell appears as personally a very attractive and sincere figure, of much personal charm. He was probably groping towards a humanism which he never succeeded in reaching, the stage at which he would have realised that his own "reformed" Catholic Church no more furnished a solution than the Church of the Cardinals. As to his literary style, it is, I think, absurdly over-praised by a coterie in England. It was of that kind which constantly substitutes nebulosity for clearness, and obscures the meaning in a cloud of words. Mr. Walker says that Father Tyrrell's position "cannot be defined as simply as a place on the map." Some of us would add that not a little of Father Tyrrell's own writing seems designed to render this geographical problem gratuitously difficult. But, when all appreciation is made, Father Tyrrell appears in religion something of what Lord Hugh Cecil is in politics. Everybody respects Lord Hugh's sincerity, his seriousness, and his charm. But Lord Hugh, with his medievalism, his High Church—Free Trade Toryism, no more represents any lasting position in modern politics than Father Tyrrell represented any stable position in modern religious thought. People who go as far as he will to-day inevitably go farther.

Take, for instance, Father Tyrrell's appeal to the professor, in the "Much Abused Letter," to stay within the Catholic Church in order not to shut himself off from its communion. That kind of appeal might be intelligible a few centuries ago, when the Church did embrace all society. But surely to-day, when three-fourths of one's best friends are outside the Catholic "communion," when being outside involves no social or other penalty, even in the most Catholic countries, such an appeal is rather unintelligible. Half the men, I repeat, whom Father Tyrrell must have met in Europe are outside this Catholic "communion." The pathos of the appeal, therefore, rings rather false. Or take, again, the proceedings at Father Tyrrell's funeral. Does any serious mind to-day think that there exists a Being, either in the Universe or outside, whose attitude to Father Tyrrell will be determined in any wise by the fact of whether he obtained "absolution" or not, or whether or no certain formulas were repeated over his grave?

My own impression, in fact, is that half the people who are "sympathetic" to Father Tyrrell's case are interested in his personal drama, and are very little affected by his dreams.—Yours, &c., F. R.

August 10th, 1909.

## EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The review of M. Hanotaux's "Contemporary France" in your last number contains (p. 683, col. 2) a reference to Emile de Girardin which might lead the ill-informed reader to suppose that that great journalist was on the side of reaction. Girardin was at the time editor of "La France," and the campaign which during the summer of 1877 he carried on against the promoters of the "Seize Mai" is, I have no hesitation in affirming, the most admirably effective example of journalistic fighting in the 150 years of press history. Other pressmen may have shown more adroitness, more real courage, as Prevost-Paradoe in the "Débats" of the 'sixties, or Cornély in his pro-Dreyfus articles in the "Figaro." Rochefort and Clemenceau at their best have been more brilliant. No journalist ever displayed such deadly adequacy, such entire command of all the arts that ensure success. I can but recommend any Liberal journalist who wishes to master, in so far as such things can be mastered by study, the secret of effective fighting, to study the file of "La France" for the months of June and July, 1897. There were many other first-rate fighting men in the Republican ranks. I would cite Hébraid, Henry Maret, Sigismond Lacroix in very different styles and representing very diverse shades of Republican opinion, but the most telling and mortal blows came from Emile de Girardin.—Yours, &c., N.

August 10th, 1909.

## "THE POVERTY OF THE COTTAGE."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The article on the "Poverty of the Cottage," which appeared in your issue of Saturday last, will, I hope, be widely read and seriously considered, for it is more than possible that many of your readers are acquainted with the rural poor and their surroundings only by passing through our villages, chatting with some of the people here and there, and admiring, on a beautiful summer's day, the trimness of the cottage and garden, the cool-looking thatched roof, the small diamond-paned windows, and the green sward opposite, with its hen-coops and poultry.

To such people I will, with your permission, give a few particulars concerning this part of the County of Essex, which may be styled purely agricultural.

Some few months ago I was present at a parish meeting in one of our neighboring villages, when a discussion took place on the housing problem. The interest shown by the residents was remarkable, and I was given to understand that with two or three exceptions every male adult was present. It was with difficulty that we prevailed upon these sturdy, stolid men to give their views and experiences, but eventually one by one they rose and quietly, modestly, and briefly made a few remarks. Splendid specimens of English manhood some of them were—tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, with the fair hair and light blue eyes of the Anglo-Saxon. We were told by several of the younger men that they were waiting, and had been waiting a long time, to get married, and that they were unable to enter into matrimony because they could not obtain cottages. Some of the married men, with grown-up sons at home, told us that they had to sleep in a room in which it was impossible to stand upright, that three or four of them shared one tiny attic, through the thatch of which, in wet weather, the rain dripped into the room, necessitating the use of umbrellas as shields for those in bed, while buckets were placed to catch the water in the corners of the room. The sanitary arrangements I will not describe, for they are too disgusting.

Another grievance was that, owing to a lack of cottage accommodation, several men were compelled to live in neighboring villages three and four miles distant from their work.

The accuracy of these statements was not challenged, and a resolution was unanimously passed, calling on the District Council to provide the necessary accommodation. The Council does not see its way clear to do this. Councils *can* build cottages, certainly, but the investment, owing to the small rents that can be paid, means a loss to be borne by an already highly-rated community. Councils *can* also condemn these dwellings, but if they do, where are the people to live? It avails little to cry out against overcrowding, unless additional accommodation is forthcoming.

In my opinion an independent survey should be made, and the money required to erect new dwellings should be advanced by the Government at a low rate of interest. The wages earned will not allow of a rent of more than 1s. 6d. or 2s. per week being paid, so it will be evident that as a commercial enterprise building would be a folly. But even if the State lost 1 per cent. on the outlay, the expenditure would be an invaluable investment, for it would be the means of closing the present huts and giving to the people homes in which they could live better and more healthful lives.

Your contributor considers that good food is what our cottagers most need. I do not dispute this, but I do say most emphatically that better housing accommodation is quite as necessary. I have heard it said that the people are strong and healthy in spite of their surroundings. However true that may be, it is a cruel and insulting remark. Surely there is all the more reason in caring for them, because they are such a hardy and splendid race!

I am intimately acquainted with a large circle of these cottagers, and I daily see them marching along life's road manfully, cheerfully, and triumphantly. Their way is strewn with bitter hardships, yet it is rare, indeed, to meet a grumbler in their ranks. It is, however, by no means rare to find them lightening each other's burdens in a chivalrous spirit.

I have heard some of the older men tell of the days when they married on seven shillings a week. Ask them how they managed to exist, and they can scarcely tell you. The father of a large family recently told me that his daily allowance was often eaten at breakfast. "Hard times, too hard, they were, God knows how we got through." So said this man, and he is a type of scores whose friendship I value. He has brought up healthy children, most of whom are doing well in life, and let it not be forgotten—for more than fifty years he paid into a benefit club and provided himself with a small pension. I know, of a certainty, that his wages never exceeded 15s. a week, and frequently they were less. And we allow such brave souls to have such surroundings as I have described!

Sir, the service, self-denial, and exemplary conduct shown by our agricultural laborers is a great national asset. Is it sufficiently appreciated or valued? Evidently not. If it were, I am sure the country would not rest until the dark spots and blemishes on our beautiful countryside were removed.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES C. MACKENZIE.

Great Dunmow, Essex,
August 9th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I think I may truthfully say that my sympathies with the poor are as strong as those of the writer of the very interesting article with the above title in THE NATION of August 7th. That he is writing to the best of his knowledge what is true I do not for a moment dispute, but as a matter of simple fact it is not true. The special case he mentions is a strong *ad misericordiam* argument; the solution is, I rather think, very simple: The girl had been taught (?) on modern lines, and, of course, knew nothing. If ever a stupendous folly was invented, it is modern education: it is worse than folly, it is a crime, for it is the deliberate and cold-blooded extinction of the race who have been the very marrow and backbone of the nation. Ask the people themselves, north, south, east, and west, and they will tell you in plain language what they think of the tom-fooleries forced upon them and their children.

A week or two ago there was placarded on the walls of this town a large poster exhibiting the items of an actual grocer's bill of seventy years ago, side by side with the same

bill at Lipton's now. The old bill amounted to about 27s., and the present-day cost of the same items to between 6s. and 7s. Bearing in mind that wages seventy years ago were scarcely more than half what they are now, we have a monetary position about *eight to nine times* as good now as it was then. If, then, people are anæmic and sickly now, how did they exist then? Someone may say: "They didn't exist; they died." Not so; they are alive now, hale and strong, many of them, and I will undertake to produce them, if required.

In the village where I recently ministered there were about three or four families who might justly be called poor, out of a total of about fifty families, all told; that is, they averaged 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per head, per week. Others ranged upward to, probably, 7s. or more per head. One working family of seven people, living close to me, must have had even more than this, from all that I could gather, I should say, over £130 per annum. Everyone had his allotment, and could have more if he wished, from which the whole family was superabundantly supplied the whole year round; butcher's meat was largely consumed; the tea-table was usually supplied with marmalade, jam, &c., besides fresh butter; the numerous empty salmon-tins on the village dust-heap testified that luxuries were not unknown.

Thirteen shillings a week is quite enough to keep four people in reasonable comfort; a frugal and capable housewife would save money out of it. No, sir, the agricultural laborer and his family are under no necessity to starve, or to go short of anything they can reasonably wish for. The root of the mischief is the senseless thing misnamed "education," which is fast ruining our country; and I don't think I would grieve very deeply over the decay of a country which has proved itself so undiscerning, if it were not that that ruin, in other words, means the ruin and extinction of my beloved laboring classes. They are not gone yet, but between education and machinery they are well-nigh crushed, and the next generation, probably, will know them no more. *They* know it, and testify to it themselves. Let any unprejudiced deputation, with heads on their shoulders, be sent out to gather information, and if they don't testify that what I say is true, I will eat my words—whatever that means.—Yours, &c.,

SENEX QUIDAM PRESBYTER.

Trowbridge, August 9th, 1909.

## Poetry.

### NOW.

WHEN I was in yon town, and had
  Stones all around me, hard and cold,
My flesh was firm, my sight was keen,
  And still I felt my heart grow old.

But now, with this green world around,
  By my great love for it! I swear,
Though my flesh shrink, and my sight fail,
  My heart will not grow old with care.

When I do hear these joyful birds,
  I cannot sit with my heart dumb;
I cannot walk among these flowers,
  But I must help the bees to hum.

My heart has echoes for all things,
  The wind, the rain, the bird and bee;
'Tis I that—now—can carry Time,
  Who in that town must carry me.

I see not now the great coke fire
  With ten men seated there, or more,
Like frogs on logs; and one man fall
  Dying across the boarded floor.

I see instead the flowers and clouds,
  I hear the rills, the birds and bees:
The squirrel flies before the storm
  He makes himself in leafy trees.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

## Reviews.

### THE HISTORY OF THE ENCLOSURES.*

MR. JOHNSON has taken as the subject of his Ford Lectures a question that has attracted considerable interest in recent years. The very important books published by Dr. Hasbach on the "English Agricultural Laborer," and by Dr. Gilbert Slater on the "Enclosure of the Common Fields," has thrown a new light on the significance of the enclosures, and they appeared at a time when the deserted country was beginning to force itself on the public mind. Each of these works makes an important contribution to our understanding of the circumstances and the consequences of a process which ended by making England so different a society from her neighbors. Mr. Johnson's work, we fear, cannot be placed in the same category, and those who turn to these pages for the elucidation of some of the vexed problems of enclosure will be disappointed. Mr. Johnson's main contribution to the discussion of enclosures relates to the history of the closing years of the eighteenth century. On this subject Mr. Johnson thinks he has made what he calls a remarkable discovery. He has come to the conclusion that, whereas during the period from 1688 to 1785 enclosures were followed by the absorption of small holdings, during the years 1785-1802 this was not generally the case; and also that during those years there was an increase in the numbers of yeomen. This opinion he bases on the evidence of the Land Tax assessments. It occurred to him that a study of these assessments would throw some light on the periods at which these changes took place, and he therefore sent a circular letter to all the English counties, asking for leave to inspect these records. Every county except Essex agreed, and Mr. Johnson thus found access to what he calls a "perfect mine of evidence," and a mine that nobody else had quarried. It is as a result of the examination of this evidence that Mr. Johnson is brought to the conclusion which has caused him such surprise.

Unfortunately, when we come to weigh Mr. Johnson's evidence, it is seen to be too slender to warrant any general conclusion at all. We do not question at the moment the authority of the records themselves, though Mr. Johnson warns us that the assessments are not uniform or complete, and that some do not distinguish between owners and occupiers. Let us suppose, however, that the records are full and unimpeachable. The ground of our complaint against Mr. Johnson is that the startling conclusion to which he comes—that between 1785-1802 enclosure did not lead to consolidation—is based on an analysis of the records of less than three per cent. of the parishes of England. There are 15,000 parishes, and he deals with some 400, taken from four counties. Surely it stands to reason that no generalisation as to the increase or decline of yeomen, and as to the effect of enclosures, can be founded on such fragmentary statistics as these. Further, we should have thought that anybody who wanted to trace the effects of enclosure at a given time would take, not the bare returns, but the returns in relation to the enclosures; that is to say that he would ask, not merely whether the number of owners grew or shrank in a particular parish at a particular time, but whether and when that parish had been enclosed. Mr. Johnson does not seem to appreciate the importance of establishing this connection, for after arguing that enclosures during the period 1785-1802 were not followed by consolidation, he remarks: "It is also worth noting that Kent, where there were certainly no common fields in 1803, and where there probably were never many, is one of the favorite haunts of the small owner." Further, Kent supplies a remarkable case of the increase of small holders in the period Mr. Johnson is discussing. Now Kent was enclosed, as Dr. Slater pointed out, so early that there has never been an enclosure of common fields by Act of Parliament in the whole county. It follows, therefore, that the experience of Kent between the years 1785 and 1802 throws no light at all on the effect of the contemporary enclosures; any inference to be drawn from it would apply only to enclosures

* "The Disappearance of the Small Landowner." Ford Lectures, 1909. By Arthur H. Johnson. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 5s. net.

"A Short History of English Agriculture. By W. H. R. Curtler. The Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d. net.

much earlier than the 18th century, a very different question from that which Mr. Johnson is discussing. Mr. Johnson seems, indeed, to have curious ideas of the value of evidence, for he appeals to his evidence against William Marshall's statement that the yeomen were declining in Norfolk in 1790, and he then goes on to admit that his returns come from 13 out of 736 parishes, and that they relate not to the years when Marshall wrote, but to the years 1792-1814. Further, we notice that Mr. Johnson quotes Marshall as saying of the Midlands in 1790 that there was "a species of frenzy, terramania, forty years' purchase being often given by small owners." Now anybody who turns to Marshall's volume on the Midlands will find that what he says there is this: "Some years back, the same species of frenzy—Terramania—showed itself here, as it did in other districts. Forty years' purchase was then not unfrequently given. Now (1785) thirty years' purchase, on a fair rental value, is esteemed a good price." As Mr. Johnson's period begins at 1785, the difference is not unimportant. By the way, is Mr. Johnson correct in saying that (p. 102) it was not until 1801 that there was an appeal from the award of Commissioners? The fact that there was an appeal to Quarter Sessions is mentioned in the anonymous pamphlet of 1787; the author showing at the same time that it was worthless.

Mr. Johnson's general conclusion is that the small owner has survived in England when the circumstances were favorable. "His disappearance has been due not so much to artificial, as to natural circumstances, but the circumstances—political, social, and economical—have, since the seventeenth century, been against him." It is in the adjustment of responsibility between natural and artificial circumstances that the controversies over this subject arise. Mr. Johnson, though he grants that the aristocratic Government of England made a good deal of difference, so far commits himself to the theory of economical inevitability as to predict that the rest of Europe is now about to enter on the process through which England passed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a conclusion that will seem as sweeping to most of his readers as the discovery into which he has been surprised by his examination of the assessments. "In short, on the Continent the fabric of rural society is undergoing the same process of disintegration which England first underwent at the close of the fifteenth century, and our agricultural problem is beginning to arise there." The evidence Mr. Johnson offers in support of this view seems to us very far from convincing, and the only case where our example is being copied on a large scale, the break-up of the Russian Mir, would be regarded by many as an illustration of the political, and not of the natural, origin of the events that destroyed the old English village. For M. Stolypin's policy might perhaps be described as an attempt to telescope three centuries of English agrarian history, in order to create, before representative institutions develop, a species of society amenable to the direction and authority which he seeks to impose. For the rest it is safe, we think, to predict that whatever view we take of the evidence as to the persistence of the peasantry in Europe, the particular species of society which was the result of the English enclosures is not likely to emerge in any country where the poor have any power of resistance. That is, after all, the main significance of the history of the enclosures in England. Such economic development and progress as resulted from the enclosures might have been secured without the reckless sacrifice of the poor. The form of the agrarian revolution in England was determined by the character of its government. Mr. Johnson says that in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries the Crown tried, though with poor success, to stand between the rich and the poor, but, after the landowning classes had reached their zenith with the Restoration and Revolution, no effort was made to stem or control the enclosure movement, or to modify or restrict its disturbing social consequences. Further, as Miss Leonard has pointed out, the changes that took place in the legal formalities of enclosures were all to the prejudice of the poor man, and put, unchecked, the power in the hands of the big landowner. We know from Arthur Young himself how enclosures were carried out in the days when the landowning class was omnipotent. "The proprietors of large estates generally agree upon the measure, adjust the principal points among themselves, and fix upon their attorney before they appoint any general meeting of all the proprietors. The small proprietor . . has little or no weight in regulating the clauses of the Act of Parliament." Landlords, clergy, lawyers, comprised a formidable contribution, and it is not surprising that Arthur Young had to report in 1801 that "by nineteen Enclosure Acts out of twenty the poor are injured, in some cases greatly injured." Protests were made, but they were practically unheeded by an aristocracy too much absorbed in making its fortune to give a thought to the ruin of the classes that were losing their little inheritance in the common fields or the common waste.

A general account of the enclosure movement is given in Mr. Curtler's excellent little volume, "A Short History of English Agriculture." Mr. Curtler has strong opinions on many controversial subjects, and they peep out from these pages. We gather that he resents very warmly the freedom with which many of us speak of landowners, and that he thinks that neither their property nor their public services are treated with due respect. But his brief history is an excellent description of the general course of events, and though we should not accept his verdict in all cases (he does less than justice, we think, to the common field system) it cannot be said that his book has been unduly disturbed by his personal prepossessions. He tells us, for example, with a candor that does credit to his impartiality, in view of the discussion raging round the Budget, that one of the causes of the dissolution of the Board of Agriculture in 1822 was that "the landed interest thought the surveys were intended for taxation." He traces the effects of the momentous change that followed the creation of family settlements at the Restoration. From the end of the 15th century, when the famous Taltarums case enabled entailed estates to be barred, until the Restoration, land passed more freely than ever before or since. "For these two hundred years the courts of law and Parliament resisted every effort to re-establish the system of entails; the owners of land constantly multiplied, and this tendency must have counteracted the displacement of the small holder by enclosure. Sir Thomas Smith, writing towards the end of the 16th century, says that it was the yeomen who bought the land of "unthrifty gentlemen," and Moryson tells us that "the buyers (excepting lawyers) are for the most part citizens and vulgar men." After the Restoration all this was changed. All the ingenuity of the lawyers was spent on devices for re-establishing the Family Law, which the great landowners had tried in vain to restore in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The times and powers were now more propitious, and the system of strict family settlements, which then was devised, was largely responsible, as Mr. Curtler says, for the disappearance of the small freeholder. Mr. Curtler deals, of course, with the general history of agriculture, and not merely with the history of land tenures, and he is to be congratulated on producing a very interesting and useful book, on a complicated and difficult subject.

## THE QUAKER SPIRIT.*

Among the May meetings—better known a generation ago than now—there is one which deserves more recognition than it probably receives. The Society of Friends is a small body, and it does not advertise itself. But from its yearly conference a voice goes out that speaks with no uncertain sound for spiritual religion and social justice, and is a power for good in English life.

For Quakers, at least, the Spirit has never, like Matthew Arnold's third Lord Shaftesbury, "kept very much in the background." The distinctive note of the society has been the assertion of His prominence in national and individual life. In its first days this assertion was characteristic of Christianity. How great is the place assigned to the Spirit and spiritual gifts in the Pauline writings, and in the literature of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic Church! And, when a too rugged bark formed over the sap, the stream of life, though checked, was not arrested. "In the general ruin that attended the long death agonies of the Roman

* "Spiritual Guidance in the Experience of the Society of Friends." Swarthmore Lecture. By Wm. Charles Braithwaite. Headley Brothers. 1s.

Empire, the Church survived, not merely through strength of organisation, but because, with all its faults, it was the one living, heroic institution left in Western Europe."

The life of mankind, however, was more vigorous and developed more rapidly than that of the Church. Hence friction and finally rupture between the two. "The Reformation was a natural and necessary movement of emancipation": it resulted from a moral need It did not give the intellectual freedom demanded to-day; to look for this in the sixteenth century would be an anachronism. But the substitution of the appeal to scripture for that to the Church was an immense step in advance. Scripture implied interpretation, and interpretation research; the key of knowledge once given could not be withdrawn. Melancholy, indeed, is the record of Protestant intolerance. But it was in the teeth of Protestant principles, and of necessity its time was short. It was necessary, however, even in Protestantism, to assert the freedom of the Spirit. What the Montanists had done in the Early Church, what Hubmaier and Franck had done in Germany, Fox and his followers did in England. "To Fox, religion was fundamentally the revelation in the heart of the living Spirit of Christ, witnessed to, and accepted by, the spiritual faculties of man."

> "Now the Lord opened to me (he says) by his invisible power that every man was enlightened by the divine light of Christ, and I saw it shine through all. And they that believed on it came out of condemnation to the light of life, and became the children of God; but they that hated it, and did not believe in it, were condemned by it, though they made a profession of Christ."

There was no privilege, be it noticed, and no exclusion. The distinction was not between those who possessed and those who did not possess the light, but between those who availed and those who did not avail themselves of it; the illumination, if differing in measure, was common to all.

This view of religion was not new: it was a return to primitive teaching. But it involved a radical change of attitude towards ecclesiastical institutions; these became relative, secondary, subordinate to the inward word. It was a re-affirmation by men who had striven in vain for peace, by the way of ordinances, of the truth that the kingdom of God is not in these things.

> "If (said Francis Howgill, 1652) you build on anything or have confidence in anything which stands in time, and is on this side eternity and the Being of beings, your foundation will be swept away, and night will come upon you, and all your gathered-in things and taken-on and imitated will all fail you. . . . Why gad you about? Why trim yourselves with the Saints' words, when you are ignorant of the life? Return, return to Him that is the first love, and the firstborn of every creature, Who is the light of the world. . . . Return home to within: sweep your houses all: the groat is there."

Was it necessary, it may be asked, from this standpoint, to reject the exterior fabric of Christendom—the ministry, the sacraments, and the historic order of the Church? In itself, it was not. These things might have been retained in a changed perspective, and their rejection hindered the expansion of Quakerism, which, though its principles are of universal application, has been found to appeal to men of exceptional rather than average temperament. On the other hand, it is easy, taking human nature as it is, to see how it came about. A note, if it is to be heard in the bustle of life, must be struck strongly: an element of paradox is found in every great teaching, from the Sermon on the Mount downwards, that has influenced men. And at a time when the burden of the letter lay on Christendom as heavily as in the seventeenth century, the violence of the recoil need not surprise us; the bow, over-bent, snapped under the strain. The result was a want of perspective, and at times of balance. Side by side with the great results of the revival was "an intolerance in controversy, a depreciation of the value of intellectual gifts, and a frequent extravagance of conduct under supposed divine impulse." It is to the credit of the society that no moral laxity made its way, under the pretext of spiritual guidance, among its members. There could be no guidance of the Spirit, it was recognised, apart from a walking in the light. In other subject matter discernment was a difficulty. The principle was to leave the responsibility of his action to the individual. Aberration and follies there were, but they were the exception: the endeavor to develop sensitiveness to interior leading was made with what must be pronounced to be singular success. This was so in public, as well as private, life.

> "The continuous effort to refer all things to the guidance of the Spirit gave Friends, just as it gave the Hebrew prophets, a wonderfully clear perception of moral issues. Fox, for example, at a time when the penal code was savage beyond belief, wrote to the judges about the iniquity of putting men to death for small thefts. At Mansfield he spoke to the justices against the oppression caused by their fixing a legal wage for the farm-labourer below what was equitable. He frequently spoke in the markets against deceitful merchandise. As early as the year 1657, he wrote to the Friends beyond sea, who had blacks and Indian slaves, that all had their being in God, Who was the God of the spirits of all flesh, and had made all nations of one blood."

Human nature is much the same under all conditions; there has been a tendency in Quakerism, as elsewhere, to subject initiative to tradition, to regard standards rather than standard bearers. In a society which was founded on a breach with tradition, this tendency was peculiarly mischievous; it stereotyped not the mind of the race, a period, or a nation, but the devisings of a sect. It was temporary: in our own day in no religious body is freedom less fettered and learning less suspect. The risk of individualism on the one hand and of theorising on the other is met, not by authority, but by the gradual working of the common reason, and, on the religious side, of the Spirit. The confidence in human nature which the acceptance of this standpoint implies has, on the whole, been justified: "The light within is just as much a human faculty as is reason in its widest sense; it is the power of a self-conscious person to enter into communion with God. It is also divine, for it is God revealing Himself within us. In the depth of every person the divine and the human meet. As Dr. Rufus Jones has said, "Our souls open inwardly into God." This is what the older Churches and the world at large have to learn from the Friends. The great want of the time in which we live is that of outstanding personalities; if the general level is higher, excellence is rarer than of old. In religious, as in political and social life, opportunism will take us far—for concrete issues depend to a greater extent than moralists readily admit on circumstances—but without conviction opportunism is invertebrate: "It is easy to be broad but shallow, and full of expedients but empty of experience." Against this pseudo-breadth the retirement into the inner sanctuary, familiar to Quakerism, is a preservative.

> "There is nothing better able to clarify the confused half light in which we seem to live than the resolute application of that inward light which shines in the waiting heart. The man who follows this light is learning all the time to have faith in truth, and to accept its dominion over the whole area of life. . . . Further, the conviction of our fathers that opportunity must be made for cultivating the faculty of spiritual vision is a matter of still greater moment in the crowded life of our twentieth century. Meditation was, perhaps, a luxury in more deliberate days; it is a necessity in ours."

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## THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF INVESTMENTS.

If, as John Morley once said to some enthusiasts for higher education, the first duty of a young man is to learn how to earn his living, perhaps we may be allowed to say (following the same line of thought) that his second duty is to learn how to save, and his third to learn how to invest. Of course, there are hosts of people who can't save, and more who won't. But to the average middle-class man who does not wish to beg or borrow his way through life these remarks are applicable. To live so well within your income that you are able in normal times to save substantial sums is to win economic independence, and with it the materialistic groundwork upon which a higher life can be built. The man who spends more than he has is never his own master. He is economically dependent; and being economically dependent, he can never attain that full measure of social and political freedom to which every good citizen must aspire. Unluckily it often happens that those who have acquired the art of thrift, those who have the ability and strength of mind to save, fail altogether when it comes to the investment of their money.

Many, no doubt, evade the difficulty by insurance—

an excellent plan in multitudes of cases. But, even where insurance is essential, the insurer should be careful not to overburden himself with premiums. He should leave a margin for investment, so that he may have at any rate a little liquid capital available in case he is thrown out of work. Insurance against sickness and injury is a very useful and much neglected precaution which costs very little in comparison with insurance against death.

But what about investment? It is really astonishing how many careful, thrifty people lose the whole, or a large part, of their hard-earned savings by mere carelessness. A person who by hard work and thrift manages to save a hundred or two in the course of a year will very likely not give a day's serious thought to the question: "Where shall I place, or to whom shall I lend this money?" Probably as often as not he is persuaded by some untrustworthy acquaintance, or tempted by a bucket-shop advertisement, to buy some rubbishy security, which depreciates until it becomes almost, or entirely, worthless. Even of those who watch the stock markets with interest a goodly number make bad selections and wish too late that, instead of trying to be clever, they had been content with the sweet, but uninteresting, simplicity of a three per cent. security backed by the national guarantee. Yet anyone with common sense and intelligence who cares to devote a little time to what may be called the science or art of investment could probably obtain an average yield of 4½ per cent., together with a fair chance of considerable improvement in capital values.

Unfortunately this art or science of investment is not very easy to learn. Most of its professors have acquired it by sad experience, and some people are so sanguine and impulsive, or so possessed by the gambling mania, that they slip and come to grief over and over again. In fact, the history of Stock Exchange prices—the long, gradual ascents and sharp breaks or rapid slumps—are reflections, as it were, of the speculative careers of individual gamblers. Oddly enough, few theoretical books have been written on the subject, though hundreds of cunning pamphlets, with all the air of scientific treatises, have been composed by the hirelings of bucket shops and similar institutions to relieve innocents of their hard won and easily lost savings. It is therefore with real pleasure that we welcome "A Plain Guide to Investment and Finance,"* which fulfils fairly well the requirements of the man we have been thinking of—the man who knows how to save, but does not know how to invest. Mr. Young, the author, has been even more unfortunate than might have been expected, for, to judge from the absence of citations, it would seem that he has learned nothing from his predecessors. But happily (whether consciously or unconsciously) he follows a beaten track and discovers on his way a great number of fairly obvious, but very practical, truths. This is just what is wanted, and we cordially recommend the book. It contains plenty of valuable information (some of which could not easily be found elsewhere) and a goodly assortment of warnings and precepts. Mr. Young knows something about the Bank of England and the Money Market, something about crises and panics, something about national credit and the causes of its decline, something about the consequences of war, both to trade and securities. He describes the advantage of inscribed stock over bonds, and shows how you can tell from a railway balance sheet the degree of security with which you can count on your interest in the various debentures and preferences.

Perhaps partly by way of summarising, partly of supplementing Mr. Young's praiseworthy work, it may be not impertinent to make one or two additional observations. In the first place it should be observed that first-class Government stocks and bonds, whether home, colonial, or foreign, afford the nearest approach to perfect security. Although your capital may fluctuate, you can count on your fixed interest as a certainty. Nor will such investments necessarily fluctuate in value more than the gold by which they are measured. The taxpayer in a stable country hardly ever fails, however incompetent the ruler for the time being, however wasteful the parliament, however reckless the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is a good deal of ruin in a nation, as Adam Smith once remarked. But a flourishing industrial company may be ruined in a single year by the incompetence, or worse, of its managing director; and a railroad, especially an American railroad, may pass in a single decade from the ranks of the good dividend payers into the hands of a receiver. Except in special cases where the debentures are amply secured by land or buildings, which could not under any readily conceivable circumstances fail to yield the required value, it seems absurd to compare industrial, or even railway debentures, with British Consols, French Rentes, or even German Government bonds. Wars and financial mismanagement may, however, produce very serious depreciation in Government stocks, and it is well to make your investment in times of depression. Again, if foreign loans are chosen, you should distribute your risks so that the losses suffered in one part of the world may be reduced or recovered by gains in another. The most important maxim of all is never to borrow money for the purpose of "investment." It looks an easy way of making money, but those who try it, whether amateurs or professionals, almost invariably come to grief sooner or later. Besides, whoever wishes to enjoy life should have his savings invested in securities which do not cause uneasy nights or feverish yearnings after morning and evening prices.

* "A Plain Guide to Investment and Finance." By T. E. Young, B.A. Modern Commercial Text Books. Macdonald & Evans. 5s.

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## VISIONS AND VOYAGES.*

An informing method is followed by the scholars whose work Mr. Nutt publishes in the Grimm Library. A typical product of the human mind is given, and round it is grouped a series of studies dealing with its relationships in myth, folk-lore, and literature. The theme of the latest volume of the Grimm Library is the Vision ascribed to Saint Adamnán, and the comparative studies deal with the conceptions of the Other World culminating in the Divine Comedy. Traditions, classical, Oriental, and ecclesiastical, are discussed and related, and the influence of the Irish *Imrama* and *Fisi* on the literary tradition is revealed. "An Irish Precursor of Dante" should be read in conjunction with another series of studies in the Grimm Library—"The Voyage of Bran," by Kuno Meyer and Alfred Nutt, for the *Fis* or Vision developed out of the *Imram* or Voyage. The *Imrama* were romances of contact with non-mortal worlds conceived as islands in the West. Such voyages were popular in Irish romance; they were treated with imagination and often with exquisite detail. Christian eschatology came into the Celtic Elysiums; national culture became influenced by the apocalyptic writings, and so the Wonder-Voyage developed into ecclesiastical vision. Both Vision and Voyage had an effect on the literary tradition of Europe. "The Voyage of Saint Brendan" and "The Vision of Tundale" were widely translated.

"The Vision of Adamnán" has many picturesque details. "Six guarded doors confront all of mortal race who would reach the kingdom. At the door of that Heaven which is nearest on the hither side sits the archangel Michael, and with him two youths with iron rods in their laps to scourge and smite the sinners as they pass through this, the first grief and torment of the path they have to tread." The Divine Omnipresence is suggested by a quaint but impressive image. "Now to describe the mighty lord that is upon the throne is not for any, unless He Himself should do so, or should so direct the Heavenly dignitaries . . . Whoso should stand facing about him, East and West, South and North, would behold on each side of him, a majestic countenance, seven times as radiant as the sun. No human form thereto, with head or foot, may be discerned, but a fiery mass burning on for ever." In the Middle World the entrance is closed by a veil of fire and a veil of ice, smiting perpetually, the one against the other. "Faint and dazed are the wicked at the din, howbeit on the side of the Heavenly Host nought is heard of that rude discord save a very little only, and that sweeter than any music." Some details recall passages in Dante. Certain of the damned are fettered to fiery columns, a sea of fire up to the chins,

* "An Irish Precursor of Danté." A Study in the Vision of Heaven and Hell, ascribed to the eighth-century Irish Saint Adamnán, with Translation of the Irish Text. By C. S. Boswell. David Nutt. 8s. 6d.

and about their middles fiery chains in the shape of vipers. Rain of fire descends upon some, while others stand in mire up to their girdles, cowls of ice across their faces. There is a river with a whirlpool in which the spirits of those not yet condemned turn round and round. "As soon as the due time cometh for the sinners to be released thereout, the angel strikes the water with a rod, hard as though it were of stone, and uplifts the spirit with the end of the rod."

It is not suggested that Dante had access to "The Vision of Adamnán." The thesis established is that the Irish school created a literary fashion and furnished the Middle Ages with a subject that commended itself to Dante's genius. The criticism of the text would go to prove that the *Fis Adamnán* was of composite authorship; the original being the well-ordered composition of a powerful and cultured mind. As it has come down to us, the Vision is ascribed to the eleventh, tenth, and ninth centuries. Mr. Boswell's criticism would place the composition near the epoch of the scholar whose name it is associated with. Adamnán is best known as the biographer of Saint Columba (Colm Cille), from whom he was ninth in descent as Abbot of Iona. He died in 704, having figured largely in secular and ecclesiastical affairs. Bede speaks of him as "Vir bonus, et sapiens, et scientia scripturarum nobilissime instructus."

## BEFORE AND AFTER.*

In his second novel of colonial life Mr. Hyatt, we are glad to recognise, holds the balance fairly level between white man and black, a feat which he was far from achieving in "Little Brown Brother." His account of Rhodesian life, before and after the war, is typical of the changes that come about in the opening up and settling of new territories in many parts of the globe. The pioneers, explorers, and prospectors escape from civilisation, which they idealise when it is no longer within cry of them, and after taking all the risks of a savage environment and doing all the hard work, the day comes when they are thrust on one side by a crowd of newcomers who reap what they have not sown. The pioneers find they have been the means of introducing a shoddy edition of the civilisation at home. They drift away, for the most part broken men, and, perhaps, begin the same process in another part of the world.

Allingham, the hero, is a Rhodesian transport-rider, who has been out eight years from England, first as a mining engineer in the company's service, and next as a transporter of freight, by bullock wagon, for the mines and townships, through the veldt. His mining experience and natural toughness have stood him in good stead, and he has put by a good sum of money gained in his business and in successful speculations. The story opens with Allingham's arrival at the Marvel mine, where he receives a hint from the manager's wife, Mrs. Ingram, that he is not to speculate on the sanguine tip given him by her husband. The general picture of life on the road is well indicated, with its attractions of roving freedom, sport, good fellowship, and self-reliance, and its negative side, monotony, discomfort, fever, drink, and lack of white women's society. Allingham's meeting with the newly-arrived white woman, Mrs. Ingram, sets going in him a subtle train of discontent, and when he is asked to take down to the Great Ruins two passengers, Mr. Carden, the archæologist, and his daughter Hilary, who have come out at the company's expense to report on the ancient gold workings, he is more than willing. We may say at once that the motive of the novel indicated by the title, "The Marriage of Hilary Carden," though treated in a fairly convincing manner, is of no special artistic interest. Mr. Hyatt's novel is of value, because it offers us many life-like sketches of veld life, and a comparison, carefully drawn, between the old-time conditions and the new. The love plot and the feminine interest merely serve as a framework to hold the series of sketches together. So far as it goes, the picture of the girl Hilary's relations with Allingham is typical enough. Patronage and subtle pity for his lack of "culture" and refinement soon give place to a true understanding of his masculine worth, and then, after her imagination has been fired by his strength and resourcefulness in trekking, the inevitable accident to the transport-rider precipitates her into love. Allingham, who has been knocked down and trampled on by his bullocks, is lamed for life, and when he winds up his affairs and sails for the Old Country it is with the understanding that he and Hilary will marry and settle down to English home life. Mr. Carden, the peevish scholar, who, wrapped up in a sense of the importance of his own archæological researches, is "let in" badly over the Marvel mine, and borrows money from his son-in-law, which he forgets to repay, is also true to life, but as he and his London circle of young scholars, architects, art critics, minor poets, &c., form the background for Allingham's general boredom with English society, they need not detain us. A character of more significance, though a little stiff in drawing, is Cuthbert Lestrange, the grim director of the Marvel mine, who, by opening the mines, and bringing the railway up country, breaks the pioneers and early prospectors and traders, who cannot compete with the Government and the big companies. Of the old-time pioneers we have some capital thumb-nail sketches, such as Father Martin, the oldest inhabitant and original founder of Fort Alexandra, with his mixed functions of "coach agent, auctioneer, cattle dealer, and general financier to the township," and Kerridge, the old prospector who has discovered and pegged out hundreds of claims in the Marvel district, and then, as he has had no money to pay the big Government inspection fees, has seen all his titles lapse and the claims re-pegged in the big companies' names. A third is Daddy Hurst, the commission agent, who is always waiting for the boom to come to Fort Alexandra, when everyone will reap a large profit on their land investments. Hurst, with two other men, all that remain of the old crowd who knew Jack Allingham, is left, on the last page, drinking good-luck to Jack's child, and saying "We ought to be able to do something handsome for her when the boom comes, eh?" Fort Alexandra itself, no doubt a typical Rhodesian town, consisted, in the official plan, of six streets crossed by ten avenues and a market square with stands for a church, market-hall, school, and museum. But, in fact, the town, which boasted of a population of seventy-two whites and a cemetery with a hundred and fifty graves, consists of a hotel, a coach agent's office, two red brick trading stores, a grass hut, two tin shanties, six brick and tin buildings, and some wattle-and-dab huts. The methods of Leary & Co., the chief traders, who got the small settlers "heavily into their debt, took over the grain in settlement at a starvation rate, and insisted on paying any balance, not in cash, but in trading goods or Port Elizabeth whisky—*i.e.*, raw potato spirit," are illustrated by the story of a ruined white trader, who has died in a deserted camp which Allingham and the Cardens pass when on trek. The poor devil has had his gun taken by Leary & Co. for part of his debt, and, trying to live on mealie meal and sugar, gets two attacks of fever, while Leary & Co., do not stir a finger to aid him. The sequel is told in Kerridge's words: "When a transport-rider came down a week later a hyæna ran out of the hut."

It is difficult to gather from Mr. Hyatt's pages a clear view of native life and what the Mashona tribes may have gained or lost under white rule. He gives us a sympathetic sketch of old Swartboy, Allingham's Basuto head driver, who foretells that the mines and the railway will drive away the game and break up the life of the road, and who, on meeting his Baas again, after the Transvaal War, sums up the situation thus, "All they know is meat and trains and machines-which-never-stop-making-a-noise." The picture of the decline of Buluwayo market, if we are to accept it, is certainly disillusioning: "Instead of the four hundred white men he had expected, there were half-a-dozen down-at-heel Britishers standing on the outskirts of a little crowd of Greeks, Russian Jews, coolies, and natives." And more gloomy still is the narrative of the fate of the village and family of Malongesa, the Mashona, after the Marvel mine starts operations, and the boys are working in the compound and the native women are "wanting to see things." It is scarcely a tribute to Mr. Hyatt's art that all the characters whom we meet in the first part of his story should, after an interim of five years, turn up casually and con-

* "The Marriage of Hilary Carden." By Stanley Portall Hyatt. T. Werner Laurie. 6s.

veniently in the last to recount their experiences; but, as the book is one with a purpose, we readily grant that his writing is as workmanlike as the pictures themselves are humanly interesting:—

> The white man leaned forward to catch his words.
>
> "So you have been in prison, Malongesa? What was that for?"
>
> Malongesa looked away. "You remember my daughters, chief?" he said at last. "You chased two white men away from them, and had you stayed, all would have been well. But when you were gone those same white men came, many, many times, though I knew nothing of it, until at last I found there would still be children." He paused, and stared at the ground, then went on again. "I found that out, and yet, as you know, both were promised in marriage, and I had already got some of the cattle to be paid for them. I was disgraced, chief, all the country-side knew it; and I could not return the cattle, for one I had already sold to pay taxes to the mine."
>
> "What did you do?" Allingham asked, gently.
>
> Malongesa's bleary eyes flashed for a moment, then the fire died away again. "One of my daughters escaped, but one I found and slew, according to our law. Then the police took me, and I heard I should be hanged in the white man's way; but the great chief at the mine"—he mentioned Lestrange's native name—"he interfered, and, instead, they put me in prison for three years; at least they said it was three years. All I know is, I was old like this when I came out of the stone walls." He tried to draw his bit of blanket round him, and, though the day was warm, he shivered, possibly at the recollection of the awful confinement in the close prison, infinitely more terrible to a savage than to a civilised man. "I came back here," he went on, in a low monotone, "and found my village like this. They thought they would never see me again, and they fled down to the low country. But my wife had died of sorrow for me, and I had no children left. So I stayed here, in a little creek behind that great boulder, and there I shall die. My food, chief? There is another village in those hills near by, and the women bring me food, secretly. If the police knew I was here they would drive me out, because, they say, every man must live in a village, so that he can be made to pay taxes. But this is my village, chief. Here I was born, as my father, and my father's father before him, and here I shall die. I know no other place, and I am no more alone here than I should be anywhere else. . . . Am I not afraid of lions, chief? Why should I be? There are no lions now; the machine which never stops has driven away all the game, just as it has driven away the black folk."
>
> Allingham got up abruptly, and paced to and fro. He was in a raging passion against everyone connected with the mines, but most of all against Philip Carden, Hilary's own brother, who had done this vile thing. As he looked round at the desolate village, and the broken-down figure squatting on the ground, he was bitterly ashamed of the men of his own color. Suddenly there came back to him all the hopeful platitudes he had heard from the lips of Mr. Carden and his kind, about Civilisation and the March of Progress, and light in Darkest Africa. And this was typical of the results of progress—some piles of ashes, a tangle of wild pumpkins, a childless, heartbroken old man, shivering under the remnant of a shoddy trade blanket, and in the distance the Marvel mine grinding out dividends for shareholders six thousand miles away."

Lestrange holds that this stage of economic development is only transitional. Men who will build homes are to people Rhodesia. "We shall have settlers instead of employés; British traders instead of Greeks and Germans." We hope so; but much depends on whether the mines hold out, and how long.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The current "Quarterly Review" contains plenty of authoritative matter. Prof. Poulton writes on "The Centenary of Darwin: Darwin and his Modern Critics," giving an interesting account of the intellectual public's reception of the "Origin of Species," and other works, and reviewing the theories, on Darwinian lines, of Weismann, De Vries, and Mendel. "A Journal of the French Revolution," by Mr. Austin Dobson, is the memoir of Cléry, the faithful Royalist attendant who witnessed the last days of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. An article by the late Father Tyrrell, on "The Mystical Element of Religion," which is *àpropos* of three recent works by Baron F. von Hügel, Miss Caroline Stephen, and Mr. Edward Grubb, is a fine literary exposition of an elusive subject. Mr. F. Y. Eccles writes with authority on "Recent French Poetry," uttering a plea for a wider English recognition of the French poetic genius; Sir Martin Conway deals historically with "Early Flemish Painters"; and the Hon. Maurice Baring contrasts Tolstoy and Turgenieff. There are two articles devoted to the Budget, and one, Mr. Malkin's "Privileges of the House of Commons," is closely connected with that subject. The more important of the other two is Sir R. Giffen's "Recent Finance and the Budget." He takes the, by this time, more or less obvious view that the Finance Bill is not so revolutionary as its rejection by the Lords would be, and counsels the Upper House to adopt a "Fabian policy" "for the sake of the Conservative and Unionist party, as well as for the good of the State." Mr. J. A. R. Marriott writes on "Canning and his Friends." The second and concluding article on the "Centenary of the Quarterly Review" is illustrated with photographs of Gladstone, the late Lord Salisbury, the third John Murray, and other famous men connected with the publication in the past.

* * *

Writing in the "Fortnightly Review," "Excubitor" criticises the qualifications of "Lord Charles Beresford as Naval Expert," and his article, well reasoned and extremely moderate in tone, sheds a good deal of fresh light on the Beresford-Fisher controversy. Under the title of "Political Assassination in London," Mr. J. D. Rees inveighs against the friends and supporters of Indian freedom in the British Parliament, and is ironical on the subject of Mr. Bannerjee, without, however, proving more than what most people know already, viz., that a quantity of intemperate writing is published in the "Indian Sociologist" and other nationalist papers. The literary articles are more interesting than the political. Mr. B. W. Matz's reminiscences of "George Meredith as Publisher's Reader" are full of good things. Meredith became reader to Messrs. Chapman & Hall in 1860 and retained this position until about twelve years ago. His standard was "tremendously high"; many living authors, whose work has since gained much popular favor, have had their MSS. rejected by him. His "opinions," here revealed, are full of piquant and often caustic comment. Mr. Francis Gribble writes with his usual power to charm on "Chateaubriand's Third and Fourth Loves"—Madame de Custine and Madame de Noailles; the Rev. H. W. Clark has a well-balanced and well-written article on Tennyson; Mrs. Arthur Harter traces the "Influence of Italy on the Poetry of the Brownings"; Mr. Maurice Hewlett continues his "Letters to Sanchia"; Prof. W. Rhys Roberts defends "Porson and Jebb" as real men of letters, and not the mere verbalists which German and some English critics have sometimes thought them; and Mr. Kaufmann Spiers contributes a poem in blank verse, "The Madness of Launcelot."

* * *

The "Nineteenth Century and After," poorer and thinner than under its founder's rule, begins with an article on the "Foundations of Indian Loyalty," written by Sir Bampfylde Fuller, late Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal. The subjects with which he deals chiefly are the partition of Bengal, the reforms of the Indian Constitution, and the claims of the Mohammedans; and he endeavors to show that our present troubles in India, with which these subjects are closely connected, have proceeded from "a change in our views as to the claims which England has upon India's loyalty. Until recently it has been our assumption that we were obeyed because we deserved our obedience. We have now been apprehending that obedience can only be secured by negotiation, by the grant of concessions to those that may clamor for them." Concerning the changes made by Lord Morley, "there can be no question of their untimeliness, and of the harm which has been caused by the method of their introduction." Sir Bampfylde Fuller, it will be remembered, resigned on account of a difference of opinion on the Bengal question with the home Government, and it is therefore quite natural that he should write that "it was really almost suicidal to abandon an officer who had come to be regarded as standing for the maintenance of law and order." Mr. J. A. R. Marriott divides his article on "The House of Lords and the Budget" into two sections, the first of which asks, "What *can* the Lords do with the Budget, and the second, "What *ought* they to do?" Under the former he gives a *resumé* of the constitutional history affecting this question, and under the latter urges the Upper House to treat the land clauses as a separate Bill, and reject them, and to revise, or, on the same grounds, reject the proposal to abolish the Sinking Fund. The advice, in view of recent events, will probably be very well weighed before it is followed, especially as it is tendered without authority. Dr. Dillon writes much on Russia,

never convincingly. The Tennyson Centenary is the subject of an essay by Mr. Frederic Harrison; in "The 'Native' Problem and Sane Imperialism," Mr. H. H. Johnston makes a temperate plea for a Liberal policy in India and Africa; Mr. Roderick Jones takes the opposite view in "South African Union and the Color Question"; Sir Edward Sullivan writes on Francis Bacon as a poet, the Hon. John Collier on the "slump" in modern art, and Mr. W. H. Mallock has a third article on "The Missing Essentials in Economic Science."

* * *

Only in the "Contemporary Review" is the subject of "The Lords and the Budget" given first place. Mr. Harold Spender is the writer. Beginning with a division of Tory politicians into "elder" and "younger" sections, he analyses the opposition displayed by both, and explains the constitutional effects of the rejection of the Bill; emphasises the value of precedents, and meets the "tacking argument" and others brought forward by the opponents of the measure. The other articles of social or political significance are the third of an admirable series on "The Causes of Unemployment," by Mr. H. Stanley Jevons, and a quaint sketch of "Foreign Affairs," by Dr. Dillon. Mr. Jevons discusses "Trade Fluctuations and Solar Activity" in their relation to unemployment, elaborating his theory of the physical influence of weather upon trade depression and its opposite with tables of statistics and graphs. In a short article Mr. W. Maxwell-Lyte indicates the main differences between Belgian and British Oarsmanship; Mr. W. A. Moore gives a spirited account of the "Siege of Tabriz"; the translation of an address to the representatives of British Churches, delivered by Dr. Adolf Harnack at Berlin University, treats of "International and National Christian Literature"; a Chinese character study, entitled "A Chinese Solomon," is contributed by Sir J. George Scott; the Count S C. de Soissons writes on Brunetière, and Dr. W. R. Hadwen on "Malta Fever and Goats' Milk." The translation of a letter to Count Tolstoy from Vladimir Solovieff, the Russian philosopher, has a strong religious interest. It was written in 1894-5, when Tolstoy's religious opinions were not as definite as now, and is designed to prove the logical necessity of the Resurrection.

* * *

In the "National Review" the first place is given to an article entitled, "The Surrender of the Sea Lords," by "Navalis," in which the author sets out to show "how, with the full consent of these distinguished officers the British Fleet has been steadily whittled down as the German Fleet has been steadily increased." Sea power having been "sacrificed to satisfy the Socialists," nothing apparently will content "Navalis" but the resignation of all the officers concerned. The article is concluded with a tabulated statement designed to show the relative strength of the German and British Fleets in 1904 and 1909, examination of which reveals it as a shining example of the arbitrary manipulation of figures. Sir J. Bampfylde Fuller follows with "The New Dispensation in Turkey." The author is of opinion that the Greek inhabitants will give trouble in the matter of compulsory military service, pointing out that the Constitution scheme of mixing troops of all religions in the ranks is unacceptable to the Greek Christian. He suggests the formation of class companies as a solution of the difficulty. His forecast in regard to the Cretan question is borne out by recent happenings. The compulsory teaching of Turkish in the schools is also opposed by the Greek section of the population. "The Emperor of To-morrow," by Mr. André Mévil, deals with the political prospects of Prince Franz Ferdinand, the probable successor to the Emperor Francis Joseph; Mr. Frank Fox, commiserating "The Burdened Landowner of England," draws a somewhat fantastic comparison between English and Australian conditions of land occupation, in order to emphasise his contention that the British Government should subsidise the farmer; in "The Eternal Servant Problem" Miss Elizabeth Tytler advocates a Domestic Servant Trade Union; and "The Pampering of Prisoners," by "One of the Pampered," is a plea for their "more hard and more dour" treatment. Mr. A. Maurice Low contributes a general article on "American Affairs" and American temperament, and the last item of importance is Mr. J. A. Hobson's enquiry, "Can Protection Cure Unemployment?"—in which he proves very conclusively that Tariff Reform cannot.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond is the most distinguished living lady climber, and has been elected to the position of the President of the new Ladies' Alpine Club, which will some day doubtless put the old Alpine Club into the shade. She has produced a large number of very readable Alpine books, mainly consisting of collections of famous Alpine stories. But in "Mountaineering in the Land of the Midnight Sun" (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net), she gives us an account of original adventures in the far North. Mrs. Le Blond's book is a delightful, easy, record of easy adventures with little that is very thrilling, and fortunately free from that element of death and disaster which some writers seem to think must be brought into every book about the mountains. Driven from the Alps by the lamentable death of young Imboden on the Lyskamm, the writer some years ago found her way to Lapland, as a relief and change, and she has visited it every year since that time. The climbs seem to be of that middle order which are neither dull nor dangerous, and afford a certain amount of pleasurable activity both on snow and rock, combined with a large amount of beautiful scenery. The country has some obvious advantages. During the summer the sun never sets, and therefore you can climb either by night or by day. For where the sun is there you can rest without danger. That alone is a tremendous attraction. Another advantage of Norwegian climbing is that you reach the snow much more rapidly than in Switzerland. The snow level varies in every part of the world, from 15,000 feet in Southern America to 8,000 feet in Switzerland and 4,000 feet in Norway. Those, therefore, who love snow-climbing, will find the northern part of Norway a Paradise. They will, perhaps, miss the gigantic splendor of the higher Alps, but they will be able to spend days and nights on the snow without that terrible fatigue which is the drawback of Alpine climbing with so many people. Another great attraction attached to climbing in Norway is the charm and simplicity of the country. Norway is the home of "plain living and high thinking," and in these northern parts the ancient rules of hospitality still prevail. Southern Norway has, of course, been terribly invaded of recent years by the touristry of Europe; but the Far North is still little touched by the vulgarity of the southern world. The streams are still packed with trout which you can get for the fishing. You may still camp on the hills without being warned off as a trespasser. Above all, you are not divided from the people by that screen of hotel life which debars the modern tourist from bringing back any knowledge from his tours, as effectually as a gilded cage debars a bird from knowing the world. Mrs. Le Blond's book should attract more climbers to that region. It is excellently illustrated, simply written, and attractively got up.

* * *

The "Speaker's Commentary," in its New Testament section, only produced three contributions of any permanent value, Dr. E. H. Gifford's edition of Romans, Canon Evans' notes on First Corinthians, and Bishop Westcott's commentary upon John's Gospel. A work of this kind is inevitably unequal. Its parts vary in value, "one of a hundred oxen's price, the other but of nine"; and perhaps the "Speaker's Commentary" did not fall very far below the average of such literary enterprises. These three items, at any rate, saved it from disrepute by their accurate scholarship and distinction of treatment. The late Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott's commentary, "The Gospel According to St. John" (Murray, two volumes, 24s. net.), which was soon reprinted in separate form, became one of his most popular books. He was too verbal and too timid in intellect to be a mystic, but there was a tinge in his mind of what may be called—for lack of any better term—a Christian "mysticism," a sensitiveness to the inward bearing of doctrines, and the subtler elements of the Fourth Gospel formed a fairly congenial sphere for the exercise of this quality. Westcott's strength did not lie in commenting, but his "John" is better than any other of his editions. The basis of this commentary, however, was the Authorised Version. Now, West-

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cott had already undertaken the Johannine writings for the tripartite commentary upon the Greek New Testament, which he had planned in conjunction with Hort and Lightfoot. He continued to work spasmodically at this project, recasting his English notes. But barely half of the notes were revised, when he died. The work, as now issued, contains the introduction, practically unaltered, and the commentary in its partially unrevised form. His son, who has performed the pious task of editing the work, has printed the Revised Version, in addition to the Greek text, and added selected readings from the Greek uncial manuscripts. The publication of unfinished work after an author's death is always a risk to his reputation. The issue of these two expensive volumes of Westcott's "John" raises a stubborn doubt. Do these volumes really contain anything of permanent value, which could not be got from the shorter and cheaper English edition? Frankly, we are obliged to answer in the negative. Had the learned author been able to complete the work, and especially to re-cast the Introduction, in view of the vast amount of contemporary research into the Johannine problem, it would have been another matter, although even then one is very doubtful whether Westcott's mind was sufficiently elastic and penetrating to face the newer problems of Johannine criticism. As it is, however, this commentary is by no means satisfactory. It is neither adequate in method nor up to date. Anything Westcott had to say upon the Fourth Gospel can be got more easily and economically in his English commentary, and the English student who wants notes on the Greek text must be referred to Dr. Plummer's compact edition in the "Cambridge Greek Testament," until Dr. Bernard's volume in the "International Critical Commentary" appears. The ordinary scholar will turn over the pages of this work with a certain surprise; few things will make him realise more forcibly how rapid has been the advance in the criticism of the Fourth Gospel throughout this country since the days when "Westcott's John" was hailed as the high-water mark of English scholarship in this department.

# The Week in the City.

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The last few days have brought much encouragement. A spell of ideal weather has ripened the harvest, and we can almost count on an exceptionally heavy wheat and barley crop. The latest telegrams from the United States, as well as from Canadian corn belt, are also most promising, and there is now good reason to hope that more moderate prices for food will prevail in the ensuing autumn and winter. Equally encouraging are the July returns of the Board of Trade, showing an increase of nearly $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions over last July, and an improvement of nearly a million over June. We now stand midway between the boom of midsummer, 1907, and the depression of midsummer, 1908. Our exports of textiles are over a million up, of iron and steel goods £300,000, while electrical goods, apparel, chemicals and leather all show substantial advances.

### Home Railway Economies.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of this year's business on the Stock Exchange has been the activity of speculation as opposed to investment. The speculative markets were the first to benefit from cheap money, and all through the spring and summer business has been far brisker in the gambling sections of the Stock Exchange than elsewhere. A good illustration of this is found in the American and the Home Railway markets, in the first of which prices are constantly rising without any obviously sound reason, while in the second, in spite of a whole batch of "bull" points the stocks are still hopelessly neglected. I do not think that this neglect can last much longer, for the working of the last half-year was really wonderfully good, and the working of the present half is likely to be a good deal better. The economies that have been effected are quite remarkable, and, in spite of the heavy decline in traffic, net receipts are well above those of the first six months of 1908. According to a rough calculation based on a number of reports, the average proportion of working expenses to gross receipts has fallen from about 70 to about 65 per cent.—a very welcome change from the recent records of English railways. Of course, the fall in the price of coal has helped the companies enormously, and this particular economy is not likely to last long with a recovery of trade; but there is a more substantial and more permanent change in the reduction of mileage, the average difference between the number of miles run last half-year and in the corresponding half of 1908 being roughly about 3 per cent. It is to be hoped that this change denotes better management and more business-like control. The wages bill has fallen, too, and as the rates of wages have not been cut down, there must have been a considerable "retrenchment" in the number of hands. Whether this policy of reducing the staffs can be maintained seems doubtful, as one or two lines have already carried it to rather a dangerous point. Altogether, the small rise in Home railway prices seems out of proportion to the large saving in Home railway expenses.

### President Diaz.

As Mr. Enoch reminds us in his book on Mexico (recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin), General Porfirio Diaz is now serving his seventh term as President of the Mexican Republic. He is nearly eighty years of age, and one is not surprised to see fresh rumors of his impending retirement. The story is that, after his re-election this autumn, he will make a voyage to Europe and then resign. But this plan depends upon his friend, Señor Corral, being elected to the Vice-Presidency; a contingency by no means certain, as a strong popular faction is supporting the claims of a certain General Reyes, who is popular in his own province of Jualisca, and appears to hold the affections of the Mexican mob in many of the towns. A great amount of French, English and American capital is now invested in the railways, mines, and industrial undertakings of Mexico, owing to the confidence engendered by the firm and rather stern dictatorship of Diaz. It would be a real misfortune if an unprincipled adventurer were to lead the still uneducated and ignorant natives into an anti-foreign campaign. But there is certainly a risk of it. There has already been some serious rioting in a town with an unpronounceable name, and reports show that the "Reyists" were in an immense majority. British investors in Mexico are very badly served by the news agencies, and they would do well to take stock of the situation.

### From the United States.

To judge by a recent report from Pittsburg, conditions in the United States are favorable to a revival in trade. The advent of August, it is said, finds general business and financial conditions fairly satisfactory. In the month just closed the weather was favorable for the maturity of two crops of a market value exceeding $1,000,000,000—winter wheat and hay being harvested under favorable conditions. The yield and quality of winter wheat were much above expectations, while the yield of hay was above the average. As at present indicated, the yield of maize and oats will establish a high record. The critical period for maize is August and September—the former month being liable to drought and the latter to early frost. At the present time, however, the average condition is so high and the acreage so largely in excess of the previous records, that there is ample margin of safety to cover any ordinary adverse development which may attend the maturity of the crop. Cotton is the only important crop that is likely to fall below the average, but the recent advance in market value of the staple will bring the total value of a reduced crop up to the average of former years. Summarising agricultural conditions and prospects, it is said that they are "almost ideal," from a producer's standpoint. Nevertheless, bankers on the other side hold that a very big advance in trade has already been discounted by Wall Street quotations.

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# The Nation

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

Something like a political earthquake has passed over the land, which has almost submerged Tariff Reform, and left the Budget the most conspicuous object in the landscape. A great volume of evidence testifies to its sensational popularity. The Limehouse speech has, perhaps, produced a keener popular interest than any public utterance since Gladstone's Home Rule orations, or John Bright's addresses to the people of Birmingham. Hundreds of thousands of copies of it have been struck off the press and sold as rapidly as they have been printed, and the total sale has passed three-quarters of a million. From all parts of the country come reports of the complete failure of the hostile agitation. A great protest meeting at Manchester was practically broken up, and Mr. Joynson Hicks's speech abandoned, while from various centres Conservative organisers have seen resolutions carried against them, or only passed by narrow majorities. The Editor of the "Ulster Guardian" writes to the "Manchester Guardian" to say that the Unionist workmen of Ulster support the land taxes, and that many of their leaders are with them. A weight of testimony, indeed, confirms the wisdom of the "Daily Mail" in withdrawing its forces in time from a lost cause. It seems probable that, though the Lords may not throw out the Budget, an appeal to the country will not be delayed much beyond the opening of the New Year.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Budget is making steady and significant progress through the House. The date for its passage is fixed at September 17th, or October 2nd. The new series of taxes on mineral royalties have been postponed to the end of the Committee, and, as they must then be assimilated to the land taxes, their discussion cannot fail to be important. The debates on the land taxes are practically over, thanks largely to an heroic sitting of eighteen hours, which lasted from Tuesday afternoon to nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, and in which seven clauses were passed. The duties on liquor licences, which come next, will be chiefly defended in the House by the Prime Minister. The Opposition's chief argument has been Mr. Pretyman's and Mr. Balfour's contention that the cost of valuation would destroy, or nearly destroy, the first year's yield of the land taxes. The Prime Minister's answer was, even if this were true, the House had a perfect right to set up machinery more costly than the preliminary yield of a tax, and that it actually did this in the case of the legacy and succession duties. Such expenditure is, of course, no more uneconomic than the laying down of plant in a cotton-mill, or the building of compounds for the reception of Chinese or Kaffir mine laborers.

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On Friday week the Prime Minister, at a great open-air meeting at Bletchley, made a brilliant and uncompromising defence of the Budget, in which he declared that finance held the key both to the present and the future of politics. The Budget looked well into the future, and it called on all forms of property to make an equitable but not an excessive contribution to its needs. The land taxes had been safe-guarded not only against abuse, but even unintentional mistake. He treated as "nonsense" Mr. Balfour's argument that because the Finance Bill provided the machinery as well as the source of taxation, it was therefore unconstitutional. The Commons' power to tax would be meaningless unless it were coupled with the power to devise the means to tax. Such a complaint was specially foolish in the mouth of the Protectionists, the collection of whose taxes involved the preliminary employment of "an army of officials and spies."

* * *

The Union of South Africa Bill has been passed through all its stages in the House of Commons as well as the House of Lords, and emerges unchanged in intent and wording. This result, however, was only achieved by the hardest riding on the part of the Government, for the House and the majority, deeply sympathetic to the policy and the act of union, pronounced an absolutely unanimous disapproval of the color bar, and by the mouth of the Prime Minister made a direct appeal to South African statesmanship to abolish it.

* * *

On the other hand, the Bill was treated throughout as under the rule of verbal inspiration. The Ministerial whip contained a plain statement that the Government would accept no amendments, and Mr. Asquith revealed a communication from Mr. Merriman, the Cape Premier, saying that the delegates had no power to adopt any amendment removing the color bar, and that any such change must be referred to the local legislatures, which might not accept it, and to a referendum in Natal—whose policy has been the main origin of the trouble. Even with this

strong lead, 55 Liberals, Nationalists, and Labor men voted for an amendment of Mr. Barnes, limiting the disqualification for senators of the Union Parliament to the Transvaal and the Orange Colony, and removing it from the Cape and Natal, where it does not now exist. 155 members supported the Government. Perhaps the most impressive phrase in the debate was used by Mr. Cox, who said that the insertion of the color bar "would have excluded the founders of every great religion in the world. No great religion had been founded by men of European descent. *Ex Oriente lux.*" Sir Charles Dilke also said that the Empire had turned its back, probably for ever, on "its great past," while others asked whether, if troubles arose with the South African natives, British troops would be employed to settle them. But the third reading was passed without a division, subject to an informal appeal to white South Africa. The Prince of Wales is to open the Union Parliament.

* * *

THE Imperial Defence Conference closed on Thursday, and the independent Colonial point of view has prevailed. Both Canada and Australia are to develop their own local navies and have them under their own control, though in time of war they may decide to transfer them to the Admiralty. The Canadian scheme is to embrace both Pacific and Atlantic defence—a point not without bearing on the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The offer of "Dreadnoughts" from Australia and New Zealand is modified. Both Colonies are to contribute fast cruisers instead, the "Australian" to be part of the Australian Navy, the "New Zealand" part of the Pacific Squadron. This change is wholly sound. The offer of "Dreadnoughts" was made under a complete misapprehension of the naval situation, induced by a grotesque agitation; it was disliked in Australia; it imposed a heavy burden, and the belief was widely held that the money would be better spent on establishing a local navy. The new scheme has the advantage of satisfying Colonial nationalism and Colonial control while providing for Imperial training and co-ordination.

* * *

THE sub-Committee of the Committee of Defence appointed to consider Lord Charles Beresford's complaints of naval organisation during his command of the Channel Fleet (1907 to 1909) have found against him on all three counts—that the fleet was unorganised for war, that it was too weak through the excessive dispersion of force and withdrawal of ships for repair, and that it was not subject to a general strategical plan. The Committee conclude that the country was in no danger from any of these causes, though they admit difficulties arising from a general plan of re-organisation, and say that the existing forces were always much stronger than any possible enemy. The one unsatisfactory point seems to be that in September, 1908, the number of battleships was reduced from fourteen to six. This does not suggest good management.

* * *

WE observe that some Liberal criticism of two recent changes in the Budget is based on misapprehensions which it is necessary to correct. It is not true, for example, to suggest that the transference of the cost of valuation from the landowner to the State does away with the case for the franking of the first 10 per cent. increment. It is fair to remember that Mr. Lloyd George allowed these exemptions on the ground that it was proper to make some allowance for legal charges and for interest. His concession on this score is less sweeping than that made by the city of Frankfort, which allows 4 per cent. for interest, 5 per cent. for legal charges, and also 15 per cent. from the total value. The Chancellor's reduction of 10 per cent., on the other hand, is merely on the site value. It is the recurring franking of 10 per cent. increments which strikes us as now unnecessary, and we hope this will be eliminated.

* * *

THERE has been a similar misconstruction of the pledge to exempt five acres of garden from the undeveloped land tax, though not from the increment duty. There is no absolute exemption, and the incidence of the tax will depend on the proportion which the value of the garden space bears to the value of the house. Only if that proportion be a low one, will the owner secure exemption. The exact line of taxation is discovered by reference to the valuation under Schedule A. Thus, suppose a house and garden is valued under Schedule A at £200 a year. Multiplied by 20 this gives a capital value of £4,000. If the separate value of the five acres of garden is found not to exceed £4,000, they will be exempt. If it exceeds that sum they will be liable to the development tax. The tax thus puts the greater burden on site value than on bricks and mortar, which seems to be entirely just.

* * *

THE Duke of Northumberland has entered into an amusing controversy with Sir Edward Grey. After expressing his delight that he has to deal with "a gentleman" [this is the Duke's satire], he asks Sir Edward to be so good as to tell him how he and his brother Dukes can possibly recoup themselves from the taxation of the Budget by expenditure that will not press hardly on others, and inquires whether he is to do this by saving on his deer, his home farms, his gardens, his houses, his game, or his subscription to the hunt. In return, Sir Edward Grey presents him, and other large owners of his type, with several such ways of recoupment. Thus he can give up or sub-let his Scottish sporting rights, let or sell his superfluous houses, turn some sporting rights or amenities into cash, or, in the last resort, go to work himself. Sir Edward adds that none of these retrenchments will involve as serious personal hardship as the poor man's abstinence from tobacco or alcohol. As for the general effect of diminishing expenditure on luxuries, unemployment need not occur in cases where land held wholly or partly for pleasure and sport would be used wholly for profit. The Duke retorts that the only one of Sir Edward's suggestions which he can follow is to let or sell one of his houses or estates, or let the shooting or fishing in his park, and adds that his tenants might object to the first, and that no large sum could accrue from the second.

* * *

THE Cretan difficulty has probably been settled. On Wednesday four bluejackets, representing each of the protecting Powers, cut down the mast of the Greek flag at Canea, the populace assenting. At Candia, on the other hand, some Cretan gendarmes who removed the flag were opposed by a body of revolting Cretan militia. They re-hoisted the flag, which is now guarded by the populace. Probably the four bluejackets will be again requisitioned. Turkey is said to be dropping her menacing language to Greece, and none too soon, though the boycott of Greek goods at Smyrna—which is largely a Greek city—and elsewhere continues. The Powers are said to have presented the Turkish Government with a strong Note of remonstrance. It is clear that Turkey will not be allowed to make war on Greece.

* * *

THE strike in Sweden continues, and it is clear that the early reports of the collapse or defeat of the strikers

were exaggerated. Much, for instance, was made of the running of the trams and the re-appearance of cabs in the streets, but it turns out that the cabmen were forced to work by the police threatening to withdraw their licenses, and that the trams running are few and their passengers in many cases paid to travel. The strikers who have returned to work are not numerous, and they are all non-union men; the unionists remain loyal to their leaders. The union strike funds have hardly been touched yet, for the men have been living on their savings, and the prohibition of the sale of liquor has helped them to husband their resources. Considerable help, too, is coming from abroad. The strikers can hold out for a long time yet, and even their strongest critics are realising that a one-sided victory by the masters is hardly possible. That fact, and the heavy loss to industry, are provoking a movement in favor of Government or Parliamentary intervention.

* * *

The new Mahdi in the Yemen, Mohammed Idris, is causing serious trouble. He has wiped out a detachment of Turkish troops, and compelled the Government to send large reinforcements. This disturbance comes just at the moment when the Parliamentary Commission has evolved a system of autonomy for the Yemen which satisfies the Imam Yahiya, who led the rebellions of 1904-8. The Yemen is to be divided into two provinces, one including the mountain districts, the other the plain and the sea-coast. The first is to be ruled by the Imam, the second by a governor appointed by the Sultan. In both provinces the judges and officials are to be popularly elected, and the revenue is to be devoted to local purposes, though the Budgets are to be approved by the Central Government. This is an ample scheme of autonomy, which is bound to be used as an argument by the Christian nationalities. These, unlike the Arabs of the Yemen, have not territorial homogeneity, and cannot expect political autonomy; but they are claiming liberty of language and education, and it will be hard for the Young Turks to deny this to Armenians, Greeks and Bulgarians, when they offer so much more to Arabs.

* * *

A few weeks ago, when the Spanish and French Special Missions to Fez were finding the Sultan hard to squeeze, the Press was full of telegrams to the effect that the Roghi was on the outskirts of the capital and the fall of Mulai Hafid imminent. The latest news is that the Sultan's forces have smashed the Roghi, whose power is completely broken. Clearly both the strength and the revolution of Mulai Hafid have been grossly under-rated, a point of great importance if, as appears to be the case, he has protested to the Powers against the Spanish advance into the Riff country. The Spanish, however, are paying no heed to his protests. They have now 30,000 men at Melilla, and are about to enter on extensive, though undisclosed, operations. Mr. Harris, the well-known "Times" Tangier correspondent, claims that in this piratical adventure on behalf of a couple of shady mining speculations, Spain is the banner-bearer of Christian Europe.

* * *

The Sultan has given special permission for the passage through the Dardanelles of the Russian warships which are to escort the Tsar to Italy. Relaxations of the general veto have been frequently made before; the German Press, however, declares that the permanent opening of the Dardanelles to Russian warships was discussed at Cowes. This has been semi-officially denied, but the "Temps" says that though no agreement was made at Cowes an agreement was contemplated. If the "Temps'" information is correct, the Cowes meeting is raised from an affair of courtesy to an affair of international importance. It indicates the drawing tighter of the relations between this country and Russia, and an effort to convert the *entente* into something a good deal more intimate. The opening of the Dardanelles would mean the abandonment by England in deference to Russia of a principle to which she has clung for a century.

* * *

Dhingra, the murderer of Sir Curzon Wylie, was executed on Tuesday morning, the Press being excluded. It appears that he made a statement rejecting the idea of conspiracy, and declaring that he had acted in revenge for the hangings and deportations of "patriotic Indian youths." "I have," he said, "consulted none but my own conscience: I have conspired with none but my own duty." Mr. Mackarness points out in the "Times" that this accords with the expressed official view of the Indian Government, that Dhingra's crime was "the isolated action of a fanatic."

* * *

New Zealand has adult suffrage, and at the General Election in 1905 there were 263,597 male voters, as against 212,876 female voters. The latest figures show a rapid increase in the number of women voters, and it is calculated that in twenty-five years they will be in a majority. This prediction is necessarily venturesome, but already in 17 constituencies the women voters outnumber the men. The New Zealand Attorney-General has been discussing the effect of female suffrage on politics and on the position of women. At present the chief political interest of the women is temperance, but when that is accomplished they will take up other social problems. He notes a growing distaste for mere domesticity. Women are becoming citizens as well as wives or household drudges. The "Times" inevitably deplores this change, but the New Zealand statesman welcomes it as widening women's sympathies and activities.

* * *

Sir Theodore Martin died on Wednesday morning at Llangollen in his ninety-third year. Part author of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" and of some very pleasant translations of the "Odes of Horace," he could not fairly be described as other than a literary man of parts. His "Life of the Prince Consort," produced under the close supervision and with the warm concurrence of Queen Victoria, raised a Radical storm on account of its partial endorsement of Baron Stockmar's views of the place of the monarch in the Constitution. The same view was emphasised in Lord Esher's lecture and in the authorised "Letters of Queen Victoria." Sir Theodore's "Life" was a somewhat long-winded essay in courtliness. He set up a theory of constitutional government which, so far as we know, no Liberal or Conservative statesman has ever accepted.

* * *

The approaching visit of the Tsar to the King of Italy, our Rome correspondent writes, is the occasion of demonstrations against autocratic government even more pronounced than those of England and France. Their meaning should not be misunderstood. No one in Italy desires them to take an anti-Russian complexion. The protests aim only at Nicholas II. as the personification of the most tyrannical rule known to Europe. On the day in which the yacht of the Tsar enters Italian waters a general strike will be proclaimed throughout the Peninsula, which will last only one day, as a sign of national condemnation of his rule, and of the sympathy of the Italian nation with the Russian people.

# Politics and Affairs.

## LOWERING THE FLAG.

"How were they to expect the Dutch to refrain from considering whether the political instrument which the Government were now giving them could be made a substitute for the arms and the military organisation which brought them honorably into the field only four years ago? There was nothing to prevent the new Assembly making every preparation constitutionally, quietly, and without external interference, for a new war. The Transvaal was not less desirous of getting rid of Downing Street than Downing Street was desirous of geting rid of the Transvaal. (Interruption.) I don't know which proposition is disputed by the Prime Minister. Both are right; and that being so, there is no ground for making this experiment months and years before it ought to have been made. (Ministerial cries of: 'Which?' and 'Months or years?') That entirely depends upon how rapidly the wounds inflicted by the war heal, and the Government have not considered that at all. It is because I see no security that the powers to be conferred will not be used to establish a condition of things which will make some future action against this country possible, probable, and dangerous, that the Opposition will refuse to make themselves responsible with the Government for what I regard as the most reckless experiment ever tried in the development of a great Colonial policy. . . ." —Mr. Balfour, *July 31st*, 1906.

"The leaders of opinion in South Africa . . . have never allowed the bitterness incident to such a strife as that on which they entered in 1898—they have never allowed, on whichever side they fought, that bitterness to interfere with their clear vision of what was absolutely necessary for the good of all the white population in that country; and you have men of the most widely divergent past and possibly widely divergent opinions as to the present, men who have fought in battle, meeting in amity round the council board and agreeing as to what was best for the men of their own race, and coming to the conclusion, which has been common property here from time immemorial, that the only possible way by which South Africa was to play its part in the world, as it most assuredly will, was by a system of equal rights and that freedom which we have given now in full measure to every colony in which the European race is predominant to-day."—Mr. Balfour, *August 16th*, 1909.

The public have short memories; and if we contrast, at the head of this article, the reckless words in which three years ago Mr. Balfour predicted a violent and faithless use of the gift of political freedom by the Dutch people in South Africa, with the speech in which on Monday last he acclaimed their wisdom and integrity, we do so for no factious purpose, but in order to drive home the clear moral of the situation. No man could say positively in 1906 that the grant of self-government would bring to South Africa the peace and unity which in fact it has secured. Liberal statesmanship could only appeal to its theoretical belief in the value of free institutions, to its practical experience of them as a cure for the wounds of war, and to its faith in the good sense, placable character, and powerful practical vision of the Dutch population. Its victory over Mr. Balfour's sceptical fears has thus been complete. We have to point out how immeasurably greater is the gain to the British Empire which the policy of self-government has brought about than that achieved by the war, to say nothing of the deliberate scheme of Dutch subordination to the British element which Lord Milner devised. So long as the Dutch were unreconciled, South Africa must have remained a constant preoccupation of our politics. Within a year of the close of the war the two white races were fast coming together. It was merely a question whether they would unite against us or for us. The late Prime Minister fixed his eyes on the latter alternative, and adopted the only possible means of realising it. To-day his wisdom is acclaimed by all parties in South Africa and Great Britain, and by the civilised world itself. It was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman who, in conjunction with Mr. Chamberlain and the Ministries of Canada and Australia, helped to save the Cape Constitution from Lord Milner's deliberate attack upon it. It was he who, when the time was ripe, and he had full power of choice, added to a free Cape Government the two units of self-government in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony, and thus created the force that has made South Africa one.

How much more fortunate would it have been if the white peoples of South Africa had presented to the Imperial Parliament a plan for establishing not only equality among themselves, but equality of opportunity for the native and colored races of the sub-continent! Unfortunately the Union Bill bears a totally different aspect. For the first time in the history of the British Empire the Imperial Parliament will not only assent to racial inequality, but will establish it, and will stamp a color disability on all those races, African and Asiatic, who constitute most of the subjects of its oversea dominions. In the act of admitting Indians to a further share in the Government of India, it will put them under a ban in South Africa. It signs away the right of the South African native to all share in the administration of the two northern Colonies, and transfers his existing privileges in Cape Colony—carefully guarded as they are—to the will of two-thirds of the Union Parliament. The enemies of a native franchise will only have to divert a small fraction of the Cape representation in order to reduce to votelessness the entire colored population of South Africa. Unless the phrase, "European descent," is held to cover half-castes as well as Jews, we shall have decreed that no black or colored man shall sit in the Union Parliament. We hope that Colonel Seely and the Prime Minister are correct in thinking that the Imperial Government has the power of reserving legislation which will cancel the native and colored franchises in the Cape. In any case, it seems probable that when the Protectorates have been transferred to a strict form of bureaucratic rule, there will be no guarantee against the break-up of the powerful and carefully isolated unit of Government known as Basutoland. Tribesman and graduate of Lovedale College, "blanket" Kaffirs and personalities of the type of Dr. Abdurrahman and Mr. Jabavu, will all come under the new stigma of helotry, which is to replace Mr. Rhodes's ideal of equal rights for all civilised men south of the Zambesi. These things are to be our act; and when they are done and admitted, we must shoulder afresh the burden of managing as best we may scores of millions of colored men marked with this brand of inferiority. For the first time the Imperial power witholds the full opportunities of citizenship from British subjects, living under constitutional rule in their own land.

Mr. Balfour finds this flat denial of human rights preferable to the abstract admission of them in the American Constitution, combining, as it did, in the custom of the early Republic, "a very crude *a priori* statement of the equality of mankind, and the brutal

application of the principles of slavery." We cannot take this view. Eighteenth century theory may have gone further than nineteenth century practice was willing to go. But chattel slavery was wiped out of the United States by the most tremendous struggle of the age, and when that effort has done its full work, the fraudulent withdrawal of civil rights from the North American negro will be wiped out, too. With what face can a great British Commonwealth start its career under an instrument which, in the interests of a million white settlers, proclaims servitude for at least five millions of colored men, mainly aborigines? We cannot forget that these ominous provisions were inserted in the Act of Union by the pressure of Natal, which shocked both parties in the Empire by its treatment of the Zulu nation, and remains to-day little better than a planter State. The Transvaal and the Orange Colony exhibit a more enlightened spirit, but they possess neither the graduated color scale of Cape Colony, nor its color franchise, nor its educational institutions for the natives, nor the practice of common political life which qualifes the color prejudice. On the other hand, the northern native finds himself practically forbidden to rise in the scale of citizenship by virtue of the dilemma that while he is too near to barbarism to understand the meaning of civilised life, the little of Christianity and civilisation that he can assimilate destroys the rude virtue of the savage character. Add to this a rigid code of regulative law, which forbids him free locomotion, free settlement, and free labor, and a stiff imposition of social habit, which decrees in the main that the white man shall work with his head, and the black man with his hands at only the meaner forms of manual toil, and you have a condition unfavorable to the removal of the disabilities imposed by the Bill of Union. No hope of a moderate native policy resides in the conventional Dutch view of the native as a lower order of creation, with doubtful claims to the possession of a soul, or the conventional English view of him as a chattel and body-servant of the white overseer, to whom hand labor is almost a mark of shame. White South Africa has thus required us to swallow our principles, without attempting to prove that she can prosper on her own.

All that we can now hope from the passage of the Union Bill in its present form is that the controversy will be transferred to South Africa, and that the growth of a strong Liberal movement on the native question will follow the moral pressure of public opinion in the mother country. The Constitution has the great merit of fluidity, and South Africa contains her full quota of enlightened statesmen. We should be the more sanguine on this point if the Government had in the matter of the schedule yielded to the actual pressure of the South African delegates. Here we were not asked to lower the flag; we were even invited to keep it flying. The delegates would have dispensed with the schedule, and postponed the whole question of the transfer of the Protectorates. Unfortunately we have, on our own responsibility, chosen to say that when united South Africa claims, as one day she will claim, the control of these vast native regions, they shall not come directly under the Union Parliament. No doubt, in pressing the schedule, we had in view the guarantees as to the native lands and the sale of liquor which it contains. But it would have been better still to hold our powers in reserve, so as to use them freely when the occasion arose. We cannot agree with Colonel Seely that in face of Lord Selborne's "explanations" the natives desire any new arrangement. They prefer the *status quo*. We prefer the *status quo*. White South Africa for the present desires the same thing. Our advantage in retaining it is clear. Having fixed in advance the terms on which we will yield control of the Protectorates, we have greatly qualified or given away altogether the power to bargain for the removal of the color line, and for an application of the Cape policy to the whole South African dominion. No effective power of "reservation" will lie with the Imperial Power when she is faced with an Anglo-Dutch combination in a South African Parliament essentially agreed on the policy, not merely of colored inequality, but of colored subjection, to which we have set our seal. We have washed our hands of responsibility for the drawing of the color line in politics; it is for South Africa to shrink back in time from the abhorrent vision of a slave State, sinking, by the evil force of parasitism, into physical dependence on a proscribed and disinherited race.

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## THE DUKE'S DILEMMA.

The latest of the Dukes to enter the field of Budget controversy is His Grace of Northumberland, who requests Sir Edward Grey, as the most respectable supporter of the Budget, to be good enough to explain to him how he can avoid causing unemployment by the economies to which increased taxation will oblige him to resort. The Duke writes more in sorrow than in anger. He is quite willing to put down a number of "superfluities" in his personal expenditure. But he cannot bear to contemplate the ruined gamekeepers, gardeners, grooms, and lackeys robbed of the employment he can no longer afford to give them, and idly wandering through his broad domains. Such a catastrophe seems to him inevitable. "I have," he says, "a herd of deer, two home farms, two or three gardens, a certain number of saddle and harness horses, a certain amount of game; I subscribe pretty liberally to a pack of hounds, &c. Any or all of these I can reduce or abolish, and, for that matter, without any appreciable personal disadvantage; but I cannot help seeing that it means want of employment to all those who live by my keeping up these things." We are invited to believe that the great landlords of England will meet the exactions of the Budget by an immediate abandonment of all those pomps and sports which are the immemorial badges of their order—that hunting, game-preserving, and the other decorative pursuits which form the staple of their interests and conversation are doomed to vanish from the land by the waving of Mr. Lloyd George's magical wand. Now, there are stern Radicals to whom the prospect of so sweeping a change would be an occasion for rejoicing, not for lamentation; to whom lands rescued from foxes, pheasants, and deer, and labor redeemed from waste and flunkeyism, to be devoted to

the productive work of agriculture, represent no inconsiderable step in the salvation of rural England. To such men a very brief period of undeserved distress to "producers" of the ducal "superfluities," alleviated by the humane measures for unemployment and by the schemes of rural reconstruction which spring from the development grant, might appear no heavy price for so desirable a reformation. Indeed, we gladly confess to a conviction that the Budget will so tend to diminish the quantity of land and labor squandered by the Duke and his fellow-landowners upon the "superfluities" he names. Neither the land nor the labor will remain unoccupied. Instead of being put to services of luxury and ostentation they will be employed in growing food for the people and raising materials for the nation's industries. If the Duke sells land, as Sir Edward Grey points out in his reply in the "Times," plenty of buyers will be available; if he dispenses with labor, the land is full of competitive users.

But highly desirable as would be this transformation, we are not so sanguine as the Duke about the pace of its attainment. There is a lack of proportion in all the ducal reasoning upon the Budget. If we take the case of agricultural landowners, it has already been shown conclusively that they stand rather to gain than to lose by the net result of the Budget policy. The Budget errs in point of fact by an excessive tenderness towards their interests. It is the owners of urban and other non-agricultural values that are called upon to pay virtually the whole of the increased public revenue from land. But could these payments, even were they far higher than is proposed, compel the Duke and other great owners of lands, rural and urban, to practise the retrenchments he describes? The new taxes do not fall upon any part of the existing income that is devoted to the superfluities in question. Wherever any new tax is imposed a new property at least five times as large has been called into existence. Out of this new unearned increment the Duke and his friends can easily defray the increased charge laid on them by the State: they need not put down their gardens, game preserves, and stables. Nor will they. This obvious answer the Duke thinks to dispose of by urging that all the money landowners receive, by selling agricultural land which has acquired building prices, must be set aside and accumulated to meet the increased death duties. But to this there are several rejoinders. In the first place, most of the great nobility have other and larger resources which they can summon to the support of their ancestral dignity. The words of the poet ring as true to-day as they did three generations ago:—

> "Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
> The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
> The Douglas in red herrings."

Secondly, where any considerable amount of building lands are sold, a small proportion of the proceeds will suffice to meet this requirement. Can it be seriously suggested that any single one of the great noblemen who own land in the Metropolis, or in any other considerable town, is so grievously injured by the proposed taxes that he will stop his game preserving or his hunting? The very notion is ridiculous. Notwithstanding the new taxation, his net income from land will be larger than before. Why should he economise? Once more, if it be true that there are cases where very large provisions must be made for death duties and other charges on the estate, there is always the alternative of disposing of a portion of the estate large enough to meet the charges. The Duke admits that the breaking up of large landed estates is inevitable; why then this struggle to put off what he so touchingly designates "the evil day"?

No wonder the politicians of the Opposition express open dismay at the inept pleadings of the Dukes. We suppose that it could not possibly occur to the mind of the Duke of Northumberland that what he sees as "the evil day" for his order is "the good time coming" for the people whom he and his fellow-monopolists have hitherto precluded from obtaining land under conditions of personal liberty and of stimulus in the arts of agriculture. There is a humor in this noble sorrow when we bear in mind that the insignificance of the proposed taxes is being paraded as an argument for dropping this section of the Budget. Will our hunting, motoring, shooting, yachting aristocracy, for so trivial a provocation as these land taxes, renounce all the joys of life and devote themselves to hoarding in order to hand over to their heirs estates thus shorn of all the glories of a life of conspicuous waste and ostentatious idleness? We do not believe in so much devotion to the mere form of landowning once emptied of its pleasurable contents.

Sir Edward Grey is therefore right in reassuring the Duke regarding the dreaded fate of his gamekeepers and stable hands. There can be no present necessity to dismiss them. In the future the land taxes may press heavier. But the economic effects of such pressure will still be gradual, and the Duke may begin to advise his gardeners and stablemen and other producers of "superfluities," to put their sons to some more dignified and useful kinds of work. Finally, we may remind those inclined to regard the Duke as an economic authority, that the money taken from him in taxation will be expended as surely and as profitably by the State as if it had been left intact in the ducal coffers, and that it will furnish quite as much employment as before.

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## THE COLONIES AS UNITS OF IMPERIAL FORCE.

Those who, as Imperialists, are anxious to draw the various States and nationalities composing our Empire into closer union, have, in recent years, essayed three methods of attaining this object. The first has been to invite the groups of self-governing Colonies to enter into some political federation with the Mother Country and her Crown dependencies, in which all should be represented in a Central Council, vested with legislative and executive powers. This dream, after floating awhile in the imagination of a few English politicians ignorant of the temper and history of the self-governing Colonies, may be said to be finally dissolved. Its dissolution has been effected by the closer contact with the actuality of Colonial sentiments afforded by the Boer War and

the series of Colonial Conferences, and, perhaps, by the closer attention given to the history of these Colonies. We now know that no serious statesman in any one of these Colonies will consent to regard any sort of closer political union with Great Britain as practicable, now or in the future. It would signify to them the reversal of the dearest and most valued tendency of their history —viz., the assertion of an even fuller measure of self-government. This tendency may be said almost to have reached its limit in the recent assertions of a constitutional right to determine what appeals shall be submitted to the Privy Council and of the right of the Colonies to a predominant voice in foreign treaties which affect their interests.

The second road to closer union, that of an Imperial arrangement of preferential tariffs, though still considered open by our enthusiastic Tariff Reformers, is closed to all who understand the vital connection between fiscal and constitutional liberty. Each several Colonial Commonwealth may contrive to give some little preference to British over foreign imports, though development of Colonial manufactures must constantly reduce the value of such preference. But they will never consent to enter any sort of Imperial arrangement which, if effective, must of necessity curtail that full liberty to chop and change their tariffs which they enjoy at present. The stoppage of these two Imperial roads has thrown Imperialism back upon a third, Imperial Defence. Whenever any representative Colonials, statesmen or private citizens, journalists, educationalists, cricketers, or scientists, come over here on business or on pleasure, it seems to be held "good form" and good patriotism to try to scarify them with tales of England's peril, in order to wheedle out of them some good-natured undertaking to find us ships and fighting men. A more undignified performance than that presented by the Imperial Press Conference it is difficult to imagine. If fighting imaginary future foes is the only use of Empire that is left, Imperialism has, indeed, worn itself threadbare, and what is more, its threads are near to snapping.

But though we strongly deprecate a repetition of the contemptible manœuvres by which it has been sought to frighten and cajole Colonial Governments into "voluntary" gifts of "Dreadnoughts," we fully recognise the propriety of such a Conference among responsible Colonial statesmen as is this week concluded at the Foreign Office. The entrance of another group of Colonies upon a fuller national life may well be held a proper time for a quiet consideration of the best modes by which these free nationalities under our Imperial flag might co-operate in case of need. The results of the Conference, so far as the informal reports can be relied upon, are just what those best acquainted with the spirit of the Colonies anticipated. The endeavor to express "the Imperial idea" in a single central fleet and army, virtually controlled by British officers, has completely failed. We hear, indeed, of an Imperial General Staff, with a separate section for each Colony, and of an Imperial Navy which in time of war will be "under one control and undivided control." The Colonial nations and the mother country will consult one another regarding the character and disposition of their fleets, there will be a search after homogeneous forces and material, and our military experts will tender advice in the training of the Colonial armies. But the sketch of the Canadian scheme makes it quite evident that the oldest and strongest of the Colonial nations is embarking on a naval and a military policy, which is national, and only in a quite secondary sense Imperial. She will raise what troops she chooses, and, in accordance with her Militia Act, will not send them outside Canada except for Canada's defence. She will plan her own naval defence, dispose her ships according to her needs on the Atlantic and Pacific, ear-marked for home defence. The Australian scheme appears to be similar. Her fleet is not to be so much an integral part of the Imperial Navy as a force for national defence which may be handed over for Imperial purposes if the Government of the Colony should determine that such surrender was advantageous for the protection of Australia. We entertain no doubt but that South Africa and New Zealand have made it equally plain that the army and the navy they will raise are primarily for national defence, and that their *personnel* and management are to be Colonial, not Imperial. For each of these Colonial units the Empire is the second, not the first consideration. How should it be otherwise? Their military and naval policy is by each of them conceived as a natural fruit of the spirit of national independence which possesses them.

We do not undervalue the Imperial advantage which may accrue from the military preparations thus undertaken by nations who in their wider destiny will still remain our natural allies. It is a distinct gain to us that they should lift on to their own young shoulders part of the heavy financial burden we hitherto have borne, and that their armaments should be constructed and disposed so as to be most serviceable for united action, if the component nations choose to unite. But we must not deceive ourselves as to the form or the substance of this Imperial Defence. There is to be no Imperial army or navy of such a kind that if Great Britain gets into trouble with a foreign nation she can summon by right these Imperial forces. Each Colonial nation will receive a full power to decide for herself whether it is safe, profitable, or honorable, to embark her troops in such a quarrel, or whether she shall keep them for the narrower purpose of national defence which is their *raison d'être*. This is not the merely selfish policy which it might appear to ardent Imperialists. It is dictated not merely by nationalist aspirations, but also by justifiable discretion. It would, indeed, be folly to expect that these free nations, with their democratic institutions, would enter any undertakings with Great Britain which should bind them to take part in wars for the enlargement or even for the defence of the great un-free portion of our Empire. There is little in common, in sentiment or in material interest, between the self governing and those unfree sections, and the recognition of the rift is quite as much responsible for the purely voluntary character of the new "Imperial defence" as is the spirit of political autonomy. Great Britain, however, will not, we venture to think, be the loser by this independent policy. Could we have compelled or induced the

Colonies to come into a closer Imperial defence, that force would the more easily have been abused for risky diplomacy in Europe or for further enlargements of our Imperial frontiers. The existence under the Imperial flag of a number of virtually independent nations, united by race, language, and personal free intercourse, but keeping and cultivating each a judgment of its own and a national policy somewhat different from that of its sister nations, each with a considerable force which it can offer or withhold from the mother country, must be a steadying factor alike in our national and in our Imperial policy.

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## LICENSE OR CENSORSHIP?

It is unfortunate that in supporting the existence of a Censorship of dramatic art in this country, the "Westminster Gazette" should at once have ignored the case for its abolition and mis-stated the position of its critics. We cannot at this stage of the controversy even guess what the conclusion of the Joint Committee will be. But we may say at once that if they declare for replacing the present Censor by what the "Westminster" calls a "solemn and competent literary authority," they will proceed not in the direction desired by the representatives of British literature, but in a precisely opposite sense. Who has asked for such a Censorship? The only suggestion of it appeared in the course of Mr. Barrie's evidence. But Mr. Barrie's entire argument was for the abolition of the right of Censorship before production; and he only referred to the creation of an "advisory board" as a *pis aller*. The form in which that proposal was made to the Committee by the Lord Chamberlain was plainly intolerable. Serious students of the drama are naturally repelled by the notion of submitting the unrestricted control of dramatic art to an office in which, as Mr. Shaw says, "a matter of two inches of a gentleman's sword or the absence of a feather from a lady's head-dress would be a graver matter than the Habeas Corpus Act." But the idea of handing over the living body of the drama to the tender mercies of an official, a playwright, a retired actor-manager, who is, we suppose, Sir Squire Bancroft, and an almost retired actor-manager—namely, Sir John Hare—is not a thinkable proposition. It would be not less difficult to construct a "literary" board of censorship. Who would sit on it? Who would take the personal responsibility of issuing one kind of drama to the British public and denying another? The "Westminster Gazette" puts one side of the case for the Censorship when, revealing an always latent admiration for the House of Lords, it compares Mr. Redford to that enlightened body, and suggests that, like them, he represents "a sort of groping after what the public want or will tolerate." Doubtless there is a lenient side to the Censorship. As Mr. Shaw says, it does not stand against the public when the public insists on being debauched. It merely shields it from a serious non-conventional treatment of its moral usages and prejudices. An "enlightened" Censor might conclude against many a play which Mr. Redford, good easy man, passes because it merely reflects the average lubricity of a city crowd. But he would be in a terrible dilemma when he was also asked to say, on his honor and conscience, whether the myriad questionings of current ideas on religion, morals, the social and political structure, contained in the works of Tolstoy, Ibsen, Brieux, Sudermann, Shaw, Galsworthy, ought to be presented, in this or that shape, to mixed audiences at a theatre.

And why, in fact, does this difficulty arise? Simply because the idea of literary censorship is a false one. The falsity is obvious when you place the power of coming to judgment on the varied perplexities of modern life and art in the hands of a master of deportment. But in the nature of the case no right judgment is possible when you call either on a Man or a Board to say what unperformed (and therefore unrealised) play is or is not fit for the British nation to see. Does it therefore follow that we need place no restriction on the vagaries of authorship or the audacities of management? Not at all. There is the device of licensing, subject to the specific direction of law. In other words, there is the general force of public opinion correcting authors and managers, and liable to correction in its turn. The managers dislike the idea of such a tribunal, because it gives them a real responsibility for the kind of play which they produce, and the first effect of such a change would undoubtedly be to make them timid. If the power of withdrawing licences or stopping plays after production were too stringent, it might unduly discourage and hamper their business. But if it were duly guarded, and limits set to the capricious action of local authorities on plays that had appeared in London, we see no harm, but only good, in a slight raising of the moral standard of the theatre, accompanied as it would be by a greatly enhanced curiosity about it on the part of that large portion of the British people who do not go to the play. The drama would thus tend to be much more conspicuously the mirror of the nation than it is to-day. The inquirer, the reformer, the sentimentalist, the intellectual sceptic, would have his play; the Puritan his; the light-minded could not be denied his fancy. We believe that, under such conditions, the stage would present a far greater variety of subject and treatment than it now boasts. The licensing authority would understand, and the law would make him understand, that the theatre was a great business, not to be lightly pulled to pieces, and the manager would understand that his mind and conscience must be exercised on that business, rather than passively surrendered to the keeping of the Lord Chamberlain. We see no argument against this change but that of the extreme pessimist whom the two ideas of freedom and responsibility equally plunge into agonies of apprehension. He will trust neither the people nor their representatives; and in so far as he merely concludes that we shall never get a better drama than we deserve, he is right. If the mind of England is incurably false and filthy or merely silly, no power of Censorship will prevent her drama from being false, filthy, and silly into the bargain. It can be all that to-day; it is for the friends of the Censor to deny it an effective power of recuperation.

## WHAT IS BLACKMAIL?

WEEK by week the "Spectator" assails the Budget and its maker in a tone of ascending violence. Mr. Lloyd-George's Limehouse speech, however, has called forth its top-note. The accusation of "blackmail" brought by the Chancellor against the Duke of Westminster in the now famous Gorringe case is denounced as "one of the most cruel and odious that can possibly be brought against any man in the transactions of business or of private life." Many even among the supporters of the Budget appear to think that Mr. George used language of rhetorical excess, and the statement of the Gorringe case by Sir Edward Grey is held out to Mr. George as an example of accuracy and manners. Now the question of manners may be allowed to wait until the charge of blackmailing has been investigated, for we would premise that if the charge is true it cannot be bad manners to use the name.

What, then, is blackmailing? The general practice of the use of a position of advantage to sell dear or buy cheap in an "open market" cannot rightly be so designated. In every market where supply is short, prices can be raised, and sellers take an unearned or a strictly "excessive" gain. But no one would call this blackmailing. Even the owner of a "monopoly" may fix his own price in a one-sided market without being amenable to such a change. But where one man uses a special hold he has acquired upon another man, by virtue of some past business arrangement and some special knowledge of the circumstances of that other man, so as to demand the payment of the largest sum of money he calculates that other can afford to pay, with the implication that he can or will take a step which he knows will ruin or gravely embarrass him, such an act is a form of economic "blackmail." Now this is what the Duke, or his agent, appears to have done with Mr. Gorringe. Others, doubtless, have done the same, it may even be done as a matter of course by most of those who get the opportunity, it may be palliated, even consecrated, if you like, by use and wont. But though morally different from the action of the man who extorts money from another by knowledge of a guilty secret in that other's past, it is a tribute levied on the economic helplessness of another.

In order to recognise this it is necessary to distinguish the Gorringe case from the ordinary case of taking unearned increment. Sir Edward Grey mixes the two, treating the case as if a rise of value, due wholly to social or general causes, were alone taken by the Duke instead of by Mr. Gorringe. If only this "unearned increment" were the issue, it is clear that Mr. Gorringe suffered no wrong, for he was no more entitled to retain it than the Duke to extort it from him. If, in a word, the lessor on the termination of a lease exacts as his new rent all that the land and premises would fetch in the open market, he is merely a rack-renter, not an economic "blackmailer." For neither the lessor nor the lessee has earned this rise of value. It is made by the community, and in equity, as we hope henceforth in law, will be recognised as the rightful property of the community. Part of this increment, as "Leodiensis," the writer of an interesting letter in our columns, recognises, has always been claimed and taken by the municipality in rates; for any "subsidy to rates" would not ease Mr. Gorringe in arranging a new lease, but would only enable and oblige him to pay more to the Duke.

But this socially earned increase of value is not all that the Duke takes in his new bargain with Mr. Gorringe. Before any one condemns Mr. George for using either excessive or inaccurate language, let him read the actual formulation of the charge, and say in what particular it exaggerates or misstates the facts. This is his account of what the Duke, or any other landlord in like case, says to a lessee, such as Mr. Gorringe: "Here you are. You have built up a great business here; you cannot take it away; you cannot move to other premises, because your trade and goodwill are here; your lease is coming to an end, and we decline to renew it except on the most oppressive terms." In other words, it is not the taking of unearned increment which constitutes blackmail, but the taking advantage of the past energy and industry of an existing tenant and of the special inconvenience and loss which he would sustain if he were obliged to move. This trading upon the knowledge of particular necessities enables the landlord to extort the earned increment of the lessee in addition to the unearned increment; it enables him to force the terms of a bargain which will secure to him not only all past increase of value due to the growth of the community and the business energy of the tenant, but any future value due to either of these causes.

## Life and Letters.

### "JACK CADE."

THERE are two particularly critical moments in the career of a popular leader. The first is when the "Times" describes him as a "statesman." The second arrives when he is called "Jack Cade." The former phase suggests that he is dangerous enough to be feared, but not yet too strong to be praised. With the second title he has reached his place at the head of marching armies. The drawbridge over the Thames is down before him, and he may cut the ropes. He must be either inside the Tower or laying siege to it. The equivocal period is passed. The governing class understands that it cannot have him for its servant. It fears that it may have him for its master. Several months have passed since the "Times" described Mr. Lloyd George as a "statesman." The "Spectator" has now called him "Jack Cade." He stands, in short, where Mr. Chamberlain stood in 1885, when Lord Salisbury borrowed the inevitable term from Lord Iddesleigh's lips, and made him by this tribute to his daring and his power for twenty years to come the man of destiny in English politics. The doctrine of "ransom" remained an unauthorised programme. Imperialism took its place, and to-day, when one passes a bust of the younger Pitt, with the features that cut the air like a caricature by "F.C.G.," one understands that it was his spirit, and not Jack Cade's, which was reincarnated in the leader of the Birmingham Radicals. The same daring, the same spirit of rebellion, the same indifference to the benumbing praises of the governing class, the same faith in the loyalty of crowds inspire Mr. Lloyd George. It is the gift of sympathy, the quick and sensitive imagination, the freedom from the limitations of an Anglo-Saxon materialism which differentiate the new "Jack Cade" from his predecessor.

The name is an enduring tribute to the power of melodrama. The Jack Cade of Lord Salisbury and the

"Spectator" is, of course, the Jack Cade of Shakespeare. One cannot think of this outrageous creation without feeling a momentary tolerance for all the blasphemy which Tolstoy has uttered on Shakespeare's account. If only he had criticised Jack Cade instead of King Lear, no phrase in his diatribe would have been too harsh. Shakespeare was the spokesman of two intolerable snobberies—the snobbery of the commercial stage and the snobbery of Tudor loyalism. Few popular movements in our history are so obscure and so little studied as that which Cade led to a temporary victory. Shakespeare, who evidently supposed that it was democratic and communistic, seems to have mixed it up with Wat Tyler's rebellion. We have a thesis of our own, which will, we hope, induce the "Spectator" at last to do a tardy posthumous justice to the memory of Jack Cade. His rising was, so far as we can understand it, the outbreak of a peculiarly violent Budget Protest League. England was by no means poor in 1450. It was rich enough to dislike being taxed. The old economic miseries, which had made leaders of John Ball and Wat Tyler seventy years before, were happily past. Serfs were no longer sold "with their litter," and Parliament was actually constrained to pass sumptuary laws to repress the growing magnificence of yeomen and laborers. The middle class, in short, was in the state of mind which the Duke of Northumberland finds so trying. It could not make up its mind which of its luxuries to abandon first. It was still enjoying the riotous prosperity, which followed the Black Death, when the population of England was halved by the same Act of God which doubled wages. It had, moreover, accustomed itself to what the "Spectator" would call "a new way of life." It had bent all its sinews to engage in the perpetual war with France, and more especially in Kent it found the flag a splendid "asset." The French campaigns were nothing but the pillage of fat provinces and the sack of patient cities, until the little Maid of Domrémy heard her voices. The Cinque Ports gorged on booty, and lived like Barbary corsairs on the proceeds of their piracy. The offence of Henry VI. and the wretched Duke of Suffolk was that they made an inglorious peace, lost the French provinces, stopped piracy, and imposed war-taxes instead.

For the first time since the Conquest our forefathers were "little Englanders" against their will. It was against "the treasonable loss of France" and the taxation which followed it that Jack Cade rose. His followers were not a "rabblement." They were the whole orderly militia of Kent, with most of its gentry at their head and the blessing of at least two abbots behind them. They marched to protest against a penal Budget, and as it were to the cry of "Remember Majuba." Even Shakespeare knew that, when he made one of the rabble complain of Lord Say that he "made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy." They wanted "the new way of life," and war to the bitter end with the hereditary enemy, but they objected to pay a shilling in the pound. But then, to be sure, it was not, as one might suppose from Shakespeare, a just tax with a "broad basis," which hit rich and poor alike. It was a graduated tax, a super-tax, or as Stubbs puts it, in that quiet, matter-of-fact way of his which makes the middle ages as vulgarly familiar as our own times, it was "a graduated tax on incomes arising from land and offices." Nor was that all. The tax was levied in a highly bureaucratic way, by what Jack Cade called "green wax," which we take to have been the contemporary slang for "red tape." On only one point does the parallel break down. Jack Cade complained of the interference of the great nobles in elections. When our Commons complain to-day because a Duke writes in mid-contest to "my dear Profumo" they are stirring some meaningless hereditary memory of those exciting days when a Ducal letter sufficed to elect a knight of the shire, without any affected nonsense about "supporting" him. Our Constitution is full of such memories. A dog, when he curls round and round on the hearth-rug, revives the blurred hereditary recollection of that troublesome prairie-grass which had to be beaten down before it would make a comfortable bed. Mr. Swift MacNeill is to this day tormented by the conviction that his hearth-rug is a prairie.

Despite this trifling discrepancy about the interference of peers in elections, which does, we admit, detract a little from the fair fame of Jack Cade, we have, we hope, demonstrated to the satisfaction of the "Spectator" that Shakespeare perpetrated an outrageous slander. Jack Cade, in point of fact, headed the Budget Protesters of 1450. Lord Say, who was accused of French sympathies, and inventing this graduated tax, was the real Lloyd George of the time. As to the personal character of Jack Cade, we have, we confess, an open mind. Mr. Joseph Clayton, in remonstrating with the "Spectator," quotes Holinshed, to the effect that he was "a young man of godly nature and right pregnant of wit, sober in talk, wise in reasoning, arrogant in heart and stiff in opinions." That does, we admit, lend some color to the "Spectator's" unfavorable view of him. But tradition denies the godliness. It makes him a man who fled the country because he had murdered a woman with child, fought on the French side against his own country, and turned out in the end to be—an Irishman. It is on record that he kept stern discipline and executed marauders. But poor John Payne, Sir John Falstaff's servant, has left a terrible picture of him and his rebels in the Paston Letters:—

> "And in Kent there as my wyfe dwellyd, they toke away all our godes mevabyll that we had, and there wolde have hangyd my wyfe and V of my children, and lefte her no mire gode but her kyrtyll and her smook."

The revolt, if any friend of Falstaff's could speak truth, must have been even more predatory than the graduated tax. Mr. Gairdner at one stage of his enquiries was driven to explain these discrepancies by assuming that there were two Jack Cades—or, rather, that the first was killed in the hour of victory at Blackheath, and a rascal thereupon took his name and office. For our part we are convinced that there always are two Jack Cades. It is the mark of genius, for genius is essentially fissiparous. There is Jack Cade as his men see him, and there is Jack Cade as the enemy like to paint him. And when a popular leader is called Jack Cade, the meaning of the term we take to be this. He is a man who has fired his followers with faith, and hope, and enthusiasm, a man who can lead them to victory, whose defiance of the governing class begets a responsive courage in the host which he leads. He is also a man whom the enemy must needs belittle to conceal their fears. They have realised that nothing more is to be gained by calling him a statesman. He is a force unchained.

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## THE BACKBONE OF ENGLAND.

South-East Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire are the two greatest seats of textile manufacture in the world; the one for cotton, the other for cloth. In both districts mining, engineering, machine-making, tool-making, and chemical trades have swollen the populations, multiplied the prosperity, and intensified the squalor and blackness for which the staple industry is primarily responsible. Between the two stretches a narrow ribbon of moorland, the high, flat, steep-edged plateaux of the Pennine Range. If you see them indicated on a colored contour-map of Northern England, the effect is striking. On either side, to the east and the west, lie the low plains of Lancashire and Yorkshire, very properly colored green; as they approach the foot-hills of the Pennine they are blackened with the dense streets of closely contiguous manufacturing towns; the narrow valleys and cloughs, that stab deeply into the range from either side, carry the burden of mills and houses, of smoke and hum, as far inward as they go; but between them all is the last back-bone of inviolate mountain, colored brown on the map and blackish-purplish sepia in reality, whose pretty uniform height of about two thousand feet is nowhere crossed by railway or canal without tunnelling.

A curiously romantic region this, so near civilisation and yet so far. There are places in it, not a few, where you may be the single human being within a mile's radius of the spot on which you stand, quite alone with Nature, with the grouse, the ring-ousels, and the golden plovers, and yet within three or four miles of you may lie gigantic towns. A tragic illustration of this occurred some half-dozen years ago. One November afternoon two keepers went out on their beats and never came back. They were each found dead on the moor, in quite different places, murdered by gunshots. Almost certainly no witness ever heard the gunshots, and yet they were fired within about four miles of Oldham.

One looks in vain in this region for the brilliant coloring of the Welsh or Scottish moors or those near Whitby, let alone that of the moors in Devonshire or West Ireland. No landscape could be more sombre. The stone is millstone grit, a rich yellow when quarried, but speedily susceptible to atmospheric influences. Here the prevailing influence is that of the smoke from the great mills and furnaces which blacken the plains on either side. However far out of sight and mind those stern manufacturing towns may be, as you roam the broad, airy plateaux, or wash down your lunch with peaty water by a laughing, purling torrent, their smoke is stamped on all around you like a sort of baptism, the sign and seal of their grim spirit imprinted on this broad, fair forehead of a reluctant Nature. The grass and heather are grimy with it; the stones are stained with it; the old thorn-bushes are almost caked with it. The present writer remembers, several springs ago, climbing a low tree for a magpie's nest in a lonely clough at the Peak end of the Pennine, where the moors are cleaner. It was about half-way between Manchester and Sheffield, and a long way from either, indeed many miles from the nearest mill-chimney. Yet, when he left the tree, not only were his hands black, but the black smelt freshly of what it was—soot.

The sombre aspect of these moors, which on a cloudy day is almost intolerable, a sort of perpetual "Dead March in 'Saul,'" is increased by the fact that over large tracts of them there is very little heather. What there is instead, is a plant called crow-berry, which, although no relation of the heather, has a striking resemblance in leaf and growth to the large purple heather, only that it is darker, and its tiny white blossoms are so inconspicuous that for landscape purposes it has no blossom at all. Where the belt of moors is narrowest, roughly, between Oldham and Huddersfield and between Rochdale and Halifax, this dismal plant replaces heather almost entirely, and alternates with grimy cotton-grass as far as the eye can see. Whether the fact that it does so has anything to do with the fact that this is the smokiest part of the Pennine, no one seems to know. The grouse thrive at least as well on it as they do on heather, and that is enough.

There are, indeed, but two products of economic importance in this area—grouse and water. The water in the side valleys and outlets from the plateaux turned the wheels of the earliest factories, for which it earned the name of "mills." That is why they are found so far up these valleys even now. The substitution of steam power still leaves water some very large and important parts to play in textile manufacture; and there is all the thirst of the great cities to quench besides. Happy are South-East Lancashire and the West Riding that they do not have, like Liverpool and Birmingham, to go for their water to Wales. True, Manchester goes for some of hers to Thirlmere, but that is the exception which calls attention to the more fortunate rule. The Pennine plateaux are very rainy, and the diversion of their spare streams into reservoirs is very far from being exhaustively undertaken. The cult of the grouse is at least as elaborate. In respect of their number of birds per acre, some of these moors can hardly be beaten. But the sport which the Twelfth inaugurates here is a different affair to the sport in Scotland. There you go right away to your lodge in the wilderness, and for as many weeks as are vouchsafed to you immerse yourself in continual picnic. Here you are always on the fringe of civilisation; you come out from it for the day to a *battue;* you go back to it by train at night; the chief of a business takes his day off week by week in this fashion. There is not much pretence of country life about it. And, though the grouse provide excellent sport, it must be confessed that their preservation, involving as it does a pretty complete exclusion of the public from the moors, goes far to destroy the unique opportunities for recreation which would otherwise be available for the teeming multitudes of the neighboring cities.

What is the future of these solitary mountain masses which brood over the rushing, roaring, kaleidoscopically changing hives of men, so untamed though not unstained, so haughty and aloof though so near? Originally they were forested with trees. The Romans, who ran roads across them and planted forts, cut or burned the bulk of the timber; the demand for pit-poles in the early days of modern coal-mining consumed the rest. Almost certainly it would be economic wisdom to reafforest them. Their water-supply would be helped, not hindered thereby; and though the grouse might go, other game would take its place. The forested plateaux of the Ardennes, to which not a few Englishmen repair to shoot wild-boar and roe-deer, are strikingly similar in shape and elevation. Little is yet being done in this direction; but it will be remarkable if districts so fertile in industry and ingenuity as South-East Lancashire and the West Riding do not ultimately turn to account such a source of wealth and pleasure lying at their very doors. How charming a forest is on the outskirts of a city a dozen Continental cities sufficiently show.

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## THE GASTRONOMIC YEAR.

The procession of the months is always a pleasant thing to watch. It is the great interest in life to many quiet folk in country places. They note in their diaries the green spears of the snowdrops piercing the garden, the rooks beginning to build, the swallows gathering on still, sunny mornings for their autumn flight. The Colonel looks up these entries and reads them to his wife. In towns one can tell what time of year it is by a glance at the windows where they sell fruit, and fish, and birds. Each season in turn is heralded by its own dainties, coming round unfailingly like the yellow wild flowers in April, the blue in May, or the pink in June. The first principle of the science of gastronomy is surely to eat things that are in season. The dishes should appear on the table, like William Morris's apples, "at the right time of the year." They should be the best that, just at that moment, is yielded by earth or sea. "To eat asparagus in January," as the German proverb says, is not only to waste money sinfully, and to eat a tasteless vegetable; it is to introduce a discord into the harmonious scheme of things.

Let us begin our year in late autumn, when the lamps are lighted early, and in the pleasant country town the muffin man's bell is once more heard in the street. Our modest epicure does not despise afternoon tea; the first crumpet touches him like the first primrose. With the same feeling with which he sees the wood's late wintry head with flaming primroses now all on fire, he hears the sound which calls up the frosty sunshine of old autumn mornings, and the years that are gone like the tinkle of the muffin man's bell. With the raw season, too, come the chestnuts, symbol of everything warm, and cosy, and friendly. They come in with the turkey chicken, the bird of November. At the same moment, with thoughtful kindness, Nature provides the celery. The delicious smell of celery is the very breath of autumn. The crown of the lordliest dinner is a pile of the long uncut stalks in a great silver dish.

The dark months, too, from November to March, are the months of the oyster. This is the time of "angels on horseback" (without exception, the most poetic name in the whole nomenclature of cookery), of creamy oyster patties, of scalloped oysters, each with its little pool of

salty liquor in the bottom of the shell. "Vous vous en lécherez les doigts," to quote an old French phrase, coming down from days when people ate with their fingers, which according to our own proverb, were "made before forks." The nicest things, as prawns, asparagus, green artichokes, one eats with fingers still. Sometimes, as in the case of écrevisses à la bordelaise, the feat appears to the mere Englishman, not so much difficult as impossible; but French people perform it with exclamations of joy.

The event of March is the coming of lamb. Cold lamb and lettuce and mint sauce form perhaps the most satisfactory of human food. A loin of early lamb is a delicious joint, and the kidney the daintiest morsel that ever saluted the palate of man. It is a moot point whether the "one sauce" of the Gallic sneer is bread sauce or mint sauce. A better sauce than mint sauce was never invented. It has the simplicity, the inevitableness of genius, of the very best poetry. It is the exactly right thing.

From time immemorial eggs have been associated with Easter. An omelette calls up cheery Easter holidays in Normandy, old inns at Caen and Lisieux, long lines of light green poplars on blue hills. An English omelette is nearly always dried up, like the sole of an old shoe. Still, if one is happy in one's cook, an omelette is the dish for an April breakfast table. "Pesceduovo," "a fish of eggs," the Tuscans call it, from its shape.

Asparagus comes in with May. One may lunch off it very happily for thirty-one days, and not get tired. We mean the English asparagus, slim, and green, and purple-headed, of which one eats the whole, the asparagus of Cheshire, or Worcestershire, or Surrey, not the fat, white foreigner with its bitter stalk. It is delightful to say "good-bye" to chops and steaks for a whole month, and lunch off something one can eat with one's fingers. But one should have gathered it oneself on warm May mornings, when the wet asparagus beds are alive with little leaping frogs. Gooseberry fool, too, must be mentioned as one of the innocent dainties of this fresh young time. The baby gooseberry needs not even cream, so soft and mild is it. It is the *agneau de Pauillac* of fruit.

A good menu for a June dinner would be green pea soup, a salmon trout, a chicken, and *banquettes aux fraises*. The fragile, fairy boats should be made in the slums of Soho, the only place in England where eatable fruit tarts can be obtained. Why the pastry of England should be so different from the pastry of France is a mystery. The most delicious morsels ever eaten by the writer were some red-currant tarts sent from the *pâtisserie* to the *auberge* of a little Norman town. They were the poetry, the "Ode to the Nightingale," the "Christabel" of food.

A wise gastronome would spend July and August by the sea. The fish bought on the beach, stiff and glittering, is one thing, and the fish of towns, preserved in ice and chemicals for days and weeks, is quite another. Prawns should never be eaten but on the blithe, sweet Channel shore. Few things are more delightful than to suck the very soul and savor of the sea out of quite fresh prawns, swelling and bursting with their salt juice. They should be served last, at lunch; they seem a thing to linger on. Mussels one should gather for oneself, on the rocks far out, choosing the little gilded shells and throwing the big blue ones away. The best kind of sole, by the way, is a sole dieppoise. "Dieppoise," of course, spells mussels, as "portugaise" does tomatoes, or "lyonnaise" onions. The grey mullet, not the red, the mullet of the Sussex coast, the "Arundel mullet" of the proverb, which is so seldom seen in the shops, is without exception the best fish that swims.

An August dinner should begin with bisque of lobster, there should be grouse in it or perhaps a leveret, and it should end with black, fat figs. For late August or early September the mulberry trees are loaded with their fruit. One needs to pluck them in some dewy garden; they cannot be bought in shops. They give the very savor of the earth, its autumn goodness and ripeness, as prawns do of the sea. Later in the month, when the blackberries are ripe, smothered in clotted cream, they are fit food for angels. September, too, gives us the mushroom, that peculiar joy of English meadows, more delicious than any truffle that ever came out of Provençe or Gascony.

So the year comes round to the gorgeous month of pheasants, and one comes back from wandering in the wet October days to find the red creeper on the friendly wall. The days grow chilly, and the first frosts are on the celery, and the muffin man's bell is heard once more in the street, and one finds home-made sausages, split and hissing, as one comes down to breakfast in the morning.

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## ON ASKING THE WAY.

Man, by nature suspicious, obstinate, and vain, rarely enquires the way. Trusting entirely to his own reason and such information as may be gleaned from maps, he has been known to walk in rain, hail, hunger, and bodily exhaustion twenty miles in the wrong direction rather than exchange two syllables with a fellow-mortal. Pressed for an explanation of this curious folly he will laugh, turn the subject, or, as likely as not, remain mute. There is in reality no human intercourse more innocent or delightful than that engendered by a casual topographical enquiry. Free alike from the hollow artificiality of the drawing-room and the sordid selfishness of the shop, it is simple, sincere, and in the truest sense democratic. For there is no man so rich but may not fearlessly be accosted by any stranger in the public highway, few so puffed up with pride of birth or place as to resist the flattery of such a solicitation. "He that questioneth much," says Bacon, "shall learne much and content much"; and perhaps there is no readier method of gratifying the intellectual and benevolent impulses than a habit of continually asking the way.

Often, indeed, there is but little taint of vulgar curiosity in the question. You do not ask the way from motives of acquisitiveness, but because the sound of your own voice is pleasant in a strange city, or because you are curious to note the varying expressions of joy, pity, or despite that spring into the faces of your interlocutors. How quickly, in these chance encounters, is a man's nature revealed! Should your stranger reply freely and felicitously, as though the compliment were nothing unfamiliar, you may mark him down at once as a man of gifted and fortunate disposition, placed by Providence in a position of high honor and responsibility—a banker, maybe, or a baronet. Should he on the contrary start, flush darkly, swallow in his throat and stammer hastily that *he is a stranger*, be sure that he is a cheat, a low fellow, destructive of the peace, some collector of taxes, doubtless, or interviewer. The same thing may be observed of nationalities. Thus in towns where men love each other, such as Torquay, Devon, or Boston in the United States, the citizen will converse freely, take you generously by the arm, often walking with you as much as a mile of the way. But should it be your misfortune to be strayed in the Islands of Fiji, Johannesburg, or the northern parts of England, the answers to your questions will be savage, short, or quite frequently none at all.

The manner in which the way be asked permits of infinite variations. There is the country fashion, which is open and convivial; and that for town, formal, somewhat close, and more precise than general. In Regent Street, the Strand, and other bustling parts of London it is unusual to affect too lively a degree of comradeship, for the risk of misunderstanding is great and that of inattention considerable. Sober pleasantries may, however, be essayed in such neighborhoods as Eaton Square, and should you light upon a stranger whose accent pleases you in Carlton Gardens you may without disgrace invite him home to supper. When

addressing noblemen, priests, and squires, endeavor as far as possible to emulate the manners of their condition. On espying, for example, any gallant stepping from the portals of the Athenæum Club, seize him by the button-hole and cry out loudly in his ear, "Hallo, Bishop, how the d—— am I to get to Edgware Road?" Towards tradesmen, however, study to be courteous, and to young children, very kind. With omnibus conductors, underpaid and usually misanthropic, the words should be curt and clipped, the glance austere and even commanding. "Sir" (you say), "direct me kindly to the Mansion House." Should he comply, a slight bow, a smile sufficient to show breeding, and any simple formula, such as, "I thank you," "Many thanks," or "I am much obliged," may be his reward: no fee. With men of generous and noble temper, however, such as the guards on the Great Western Railway, the traveller need be at no pains to disguise his native helplessness. To take a common instance. You arrive at Paddington and enter any train that wins your admiration. Its destination is (say) Didcot, but its chief merit is a fine collection of photographs of the Cornish Riviera. After you have been seated in your carriage a little while, the guard enters and requests to see your ticket. It is labelled Bath. He looks at you simply, without any anger, and says: "Where do you want to go?" You proceed at once with your story. It is long, perhaps, and rather confused—there was your aunt, her grave illness, and your sudden summons, the wishes of your uncle, your own sense of what was right, &c. God knows (you tell him) you do not want to go to Bath, on all accounts a sad and stagnant spot, but since the matter has been so decided you will be grateful if he will teach you your surest means of arriving at that city. There are men who on being thus addressed would fly into a passion, utter foul words, and stamp their feet. But such is the patience and great goodness of this man, that without any show of contumely he will reply: "The next train for Bath leaves 4.42, Platform No. 3," and turn quietly away.

There exists a certain kind of person instinctively signalled out for question, but whose replies, whether due to lack of trained conciseness of speech or to some singularity of look or gesture distracting to the mind, the traveller is utterly unable to retain. Thus it not unfrequently happens that the way is asked of the same individual as many as three times in the same morning.

As with great occasions, so with small, it is in qualities of heart rather than of intellect that the traveller learns ultimately to put his trust. It may, perchance, occasionally have been the wayfarer's fortune to light upon some old gentleman in a lonely road, and closely press him. "Ah," he will say, "so you are bound for Putney" (or Stoke Pogis, or Cos Cob Con, as the case may be)—Ay, ay, he has heard tell of it. A fine city, so they say. A nephew of his wife's went to settle there in the year '80, or maybe '81. It might be in a westerly direction, or at any rate more north than south. You would do well to push straight on, but if anything bear a little to the left. . . . No trouble, no trouble. You are kindly welcome. He would accompany you himself were it not for his bad leg. Yes, the weather is seasonable, certainly, for the time of the year. He wishes you a fine good day. Slight though may be the geographical value of such utterances, he would be dull of soul and dead to all promptings of religion, could he not gather from them strength and confidence to continue thankfully on his journey.

Not to be asked the way argues something fearful in a man's disposition. There was a gentleman once living at Chobham, who hanged himself after twenty years of horrid misery because no stranger had ever begged of him the favor of a direction. It was said that as a lad he had once wilfully misdirected a Member of Parliament. The Member, a man of rancorous temper, shortly afterwards died, and on his death-bed (so 'twas whispered) laid a curse on the lad to the end that he might ever afterwards be unconditionally mistrusted of all wayfarers. A grim tale, and pointing a fine moral, if true.

# Communications.

## THE TERRITORIAL FORCE UNDER MILITARY LAW.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It may appear somewhat cynical at the present moment, when the success of the Territorial Forces Scheme would seem to be almost assured, to raise any question which might have the effect of militating to the detriment of the scheme, but the question which I desire to raise in these lines is one of more than superficial importance to every member of the force.

The question is: "Should the Territorial Force be subject to military law, unless, and until, they are embodied for actual service?" To the writer's mind, the answer is emphatically No! and his reasons are as follows:—

In the first place, the faults and failures of the old Volunteers were not due to the *personnel* of the force, but to their lack of organisation, and the failure of the authorities to realise what a tremendous national asset this voluntary army was. The spirit and work of the Volunteers, taken throughout, was beyond praise. For many years they made their bricks without straw, till at last the solidity of their workmanship was recognised, and all that was best in their organisation has become the cornerstone of the Territorial Force of to-day. The formation, organisation, and general scope of the Territorial Force is not hard to follow, the one alien and inexplicable note in their constitution being the submission of the force to military law whilst undergoing training. No general charge of unsoldierly or mutinous conduct can be sustained against the members of the old *régime* for a single moment. If their work was not as effective as it might have been, the fault lay with those whose object was to snub rather than to help them. Why, then, should the authorities, who have evidently recently recognised their own short-sightedness, and are endeavoring to make up for lost time, impose upon those who have been doing their duty as well as circumstances would permit, an inequitable and barbaric code of laws? Military law, take it as you will, is degrading despotism, and its application to the members of a democratic community, without just cause, cannot be defended.

The phraseological architecture of the Act, especially in sections referring to military law, has evidently been very carefully planned, with the object of making it rather more elastic than the law applicable to the Regular Army. The author of the Act, however, must not forget that these very fine distinctions will not always be interpreted by himself. The administration of the Act will be in the hands of all kinds and conditions of men—some good soldiers and some bad soldiers; some who know their work and some who do not. In a great many instances it will be administered by men who openly advocate conscription (*vide* list of National Service League members), and in all cases by men who are dependent on the adjutants for advice, and adjutants are men to whom the Army Act is the breath of life.

Many excuses, almost apologies, have been put forward for this subjection of the force to military law, chief amongst them being that offences against the Army Act are very rare. Why, then, is it necessary to apply a code which is so rarely required? The answer to that is as well known to those who included the code in the Act as it is to the writer. The enormous power which military law gives can be used so tyranically that it is quite easy to make a man's life unbearable without ever bringing him before a court-martial. That military law has been so used in the past is patent to everybody; that it will be so used again in the future is scarcely open to question. The possession of such immense power over men as military law gives is an incentive, to all but men of the very finest feelings, to bully and blackguard, instead of to lead and instruct. A man of the Territorial Force may find himself quite unexpectedly the target for the abuse of some foul-mouthed blackguard; he may find himself ordered, out of pure spite, to perform some pettifogging and degrading menial work; he may find himself needlessly worried and annoyed in order to gratify a senseless whim of a superior; and yet, should he utter one word of protest or resentment, he brings himself within the scope of the Army Act, and, therefore, liable to be court-

martialled. Again, a genuine mistake, a foolish action, and a mere boy, it may be, brings himself within the terms of the dreaded Army Act. He may be imprisoned or he may be fined. It is not enough to say that this very rarely happens. The matter must not be allowed to rest until members of the Territorial Force are exempt from military law except when embodied.

Finally, it is worth while considering whether the imposition of military law increases the fighting value of the Territorial Force, as compared with the Volunteers. It is claimed by the authors of the Act that the code of military law is necessary, but can never be a substitute for the *morale* of troops. As a matter of fact, that is exactly what does happen in the Territorial Force. The knowledge that men are liable to very heavy punishment for disobeying an order is a temptation to trust to its being carried out without troubling to see that it has been properly executed. Again, the enforcement of a penal code amongst men who are civilians for fifty weeks out of fifty-two is liable to make them nervous and guarded, lest they should unwittingly offend, and men in that condition are much harder to teach than men who feel free and contented. It cannot be urged that military law will make any difference to the gunnery records of the force, or that it will cause much improvement on the Volunteers' results; but it can be taken as certain that it will cause estrangement and suspicion between officers and men, and, as a result, an incalculable loss of fighting value.—Yours, &c., VERITY.

August 14th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE GORRINGE CASE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Will you allow me space to state the financial conditions, as between the owner and the public, in the now famous Gorringe case? Mr. Asquith, Sir E. Grey, and Mr. Hobhouse have all assured us that they do not look upon the action of the Duke of Westminster as in any way savoring of a levying of blackmail; it was a natural and proper business transaction that when the lease held by an intermediary came to an end, and Mr. Gorringe had to negotiate directly with the Duke's agents, the latter should ask for rather more than Mr. Gorringe had paid the lessees. It is, however, maintained that upon the change there was a "windfall" of "unearned increment," which ought to be made to contribute to public purposes, and the inference is that the present Budget will bring under contribution this form of wealth which previously had contributed nothing to those purposes.

I do not discuss what amount of such ascertained wealth ought to go to public purposes; I want to show that at present a considerable proportion is so applied.

In a previous letter I pointed out the difficulty of valuing any site; that, at present, in arbitrations, there is a very wide difference between the valuations made by perfectly honorable gentlemen on either side; and I urged that we cannot expect a State valuer to be more accurate than either the one or the other of these opposing experts. There are occasions when an actual valuation—not merely an estimate—is made, as when land is sold or the rent of a tenancy is revised, although in these cases there may be conditions which interfere in some degree with perfect accuracy in valuation. The value of a thing, I take it, is what it will fetch in open market. The revision of the terms of Mr. Gorringe's tenure was one of those occasions where you get a real valuation, because you have a price fixed as between buyer and seller. Mr. Gorringe was willing to give the Duke of Westminster £50,000 down—which I may treat as, roughly, the equivalent of £2,000 annually. He would also pay £4,000 a year as rent. There was the further condition respecting the character of the building he was to set up, and it may be that some portion of the expenditure upon this building ought really to go into the price which Mr. Gorringe was ready to pay for the land. In the latter condition we have an indeterminate amount, which, as I previously indicated, affects the valuation, rendering this inexact. But, leaving this out of the question, we have here a fact that, in the negotiations between Mr. Gorringe and the Duke, the land was valued at £6,000 per annum. This, however, is not all. In London the rates are about ten shillings in the £, and, in order that he might occupy this piece of land, Mr. Gorringe was ready to pay, as we have seen, £6,000 a year to the Duke of Westminster, and a further £3,000 in rates to the local authorities, the total annual cost (and value) of the land to Mr. Gorringe being, therefore, £9,000. But for the demand of the public, through the local authority, it is clear that the Duke of Westminster might have insisted on a rental of £9,000; and, therefore, as it seems to me, we have here a case in which the total annual value of the land, freshly and actually ascertained at £9,000 annually, is divided between the Duke of Westminster and the public authority, the latter taking one-third.

If my statement of the case be accurate, and the logic of it straightforward—as I believe—it is evident that already the public do take a very large proportion indeed of the value—earned or unearned increment—of the land. Whether the same proportion had been taken prior to the falling in of the old leases, I do not, of course, know. We do not seem to have any data upon which to work out a problem. But I think it would be surprising if the local authority, in their general valuation of the premises for rates, had not valued the land pretty nearly up to whatever figure their advisers thought right. They would certainly value it at, roughly, £3,500 a year, which Mr. Gorringe was actually paying to the intermediaries, and the rate upon this—the contribution from the land value to public purposes—would, of course, be £1,750.—Yours, &c., LEODIENSIS.

August 19th, 1909.

## THE NATIONAL VALUATION OF LAND.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The Budget has done more to enlighten the popular mind on the relations of land revenues to the public expenditure, Imperial and local, than a hundred abortive resolutions such as were passed in recent and mainly Tory Parliaments. THE NATION has rendered yeoman, if belated, service in an analysis of the taxing power and its legitimate exercise by the Executive Government. The reform section of the Metropolitan Press has also contributed to the general enlightenment by exposing the more flagrant cases of oppression at the close of building leases and the anomalous valuations of contiguous town properties for rating purposes. The comprehensive valuation of all lands of whatever description, which the Government are now instituting at the expense of the State, will afford valuable information which has not hitherto been available and will go far to mitigate if not altogether eliminate injustice from the levying of both Imperial taxes and local rates. Up to this time there has been an erroneous impression that the new valuation of land is being promoted to facilitate taxing only. But although the local authorities are to draw one-half of the proceeds of the new land taxes that does not affect the benefits to be derived from the re-adjusted valuation on which rates as well as taxes will in future be based.

The new valuation is in many ways desirable and—if injustice is not to be perpetuated—imperative for the following reasons:—

1. From time immemorial the "holding" of land was viewed as the counterpart of national services and contribution to the national treasury.

2. The direct land tax now paid is somewhat farcical, being based on a seventeenth century valuation and not much over one-fortieth of what it would have been had the assessment been on the "present" value.

3. The enormously increased expenditure for national defence and social reforms can only be derived from either industrial or non-industrial sources. Parliament has decided on the latter as the main source of increased taxation, and on the land revenues mainly as being best able and without injustice to bear it.

4. It is by no means probable that the taxes on land revenues will be maintained at their low initiative level, and the new valuation furnishes a basis on which any future Chancellor can rest his case and his levy.

5. In the past the land resumed by the nation and its local authorities has been at a fabulous cost and without almost any cognisance of the "right of eminent domain."

6. The valuation on which local rates are now assessed is largely based on information derived from the agents of the large landed estates and to some extent illusory.

You have lately published enough cases of inequitable rating in urban districts; I will adduce some of a rural character which are quite worthy rivals.

The parish in which I reside is almost entirely agricultural; the only village of 600 inhabitants depending partly on a decaying deep-sea fishing and much more on the receipts derived from visitors to it as a "resort." The main "estate" embraces the village and two-thirds of the parish and as usual "a home farm." The farm consists of some 430 to 450 acres of the best arable land in the parish, and of this some eighty acres have been converted into a golf course—although still grazed with sheep—yielding some £300 or £400 per annum. About twenty-five acres have been reserved for farming, and a good many leased in perpetuity at £16 an acre per annum. The land as a whole could be let as a farm at £400 a year, irrespective of building or golf course; nevertheless, it is in the valuation roll at £300. The gardeners', gamekeepers', and other dwelling-houses run from £6 to £12 a year in the valuation roll, although they would easily let at double.

But the crowning example of want of equity is found in a residence of some twenty rooms with an acre of first-rate garden, a park of four acres, shooting over some 6,000 acres, with offices, and situated within ten minutes of a railway station and telegraph post office. This is let at several hundreds a year to an ex-member of Parliament, but—on the specious pretext that the keepers and watchers are paid by the estate—it is entered on the roll at £50 a year. Indeed, until it was exposed in a local paper of a more Radical cast than the landlord-owned organs, the value was modestly set at £25! The house and garden, &c., could be let at £70, the park at £10, the shooting at £150 a year. As far as let, the rent decides; the unlet being "returned" by the estate factors. On one occasion the Parish Council of this parish, feeling aggrieved at the above, ventured to appeal. The Appellate Court is almost entirely composed of landlords and their agents, and is thus an uncongenial sphere for the readjustments such cases demand. And the Assessor bluntly told the delegates that if they troubled him much he would take them to the House of Lords.

I think, then, the new valuation is belated rather than premature, and not only highly desirable but (if justice in taxing and rating is the objective) imperative. The Chancellor of the Exchequer should make such regulations for the new basis as would ensure equable valuations for gentle and simple and make it impossible to reduce below their separate and normal value subjects let for sporting purposes. I agree with him it is high time such practices as have lately been unearthed in connection with building leases and the relative taxes and rates of the influential and the humble "should be brought to an end." The new valuation of land will for that purpose prove a potent and almost invaluable instrument.—Yours, &c., JOHN MCCULLOCH.

Portpatrick, August 16th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In a former brief note I stated as the American habit of State taxation that all real and personal property was assessed (valued) for taxation purposes at a conservative market value upon which percentages were variously calculated for State and local purposes.

I would like to add, as appropriate to the land tax discussion, that the present value of the land and the value of the improvements on the land are commonly separately ascertained, and, in suitable rentable cases, there is also considered the worth of the land at, say, fifteen or more years' purchase.

The element of differing personal judgments in this cannot, of course, be avoided, and the processes are in no respect essentially different from those used by competent appraisers or valuers everywhere.

The estimates of the prospective costs of the appraisals under the proposed Parliamentary Act seem astounding.—Yours, &c., GEO. WHITNEY MOORE.

Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.
August 12th, 1909.

## FATHER TYRRELL'S POSITION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is not improbable that Gallio, who "cared for none of those things," held opinions concerning the missionary efforts and the spiritual enthusiasm of St. Paul, like those held by "F. R." concerning Father Tyrrell. And, truly, that earlier apostle must have presented a ridiculous appearance in the eyes of any man able to take a wide survey of cultivated thought, and careful to give due weight to the influence of far more than "a good half of the intellect and moral worth of Europe," over against which this fanatic was as dust in the balance. If any group of mankind within Gallio's consideration was "negligible in point of numbers, or negligible in point of moral and intellectual influence," it was surely the group represented by the apostle, who, although a gentleman and, to some extent, a scholar, was obviously neither moving with the main current of the times nor bringing before the world a coherent system affording "any stable position in modern religious thought." It was plain, in fact, that he did not so much as aim at stability.

The absurdity, too, of a man's taking up and suggesting to other people any attitude which involved the most serious social and even judicial penalties was peculiarly anomalous, now that men of the world were aware that the utmost freedom was generally accorded to philosophic pursuit, and to a religious practice which had reached an outlook and embrace almost universal in its humanism.

As to the childish folly of supposing that "either in the universe or outside" there existed a Being who cared two denarii about the puerile ceremonies which, it appeared, these Christians found desirable, there could be only one opinion among persons of enlightenment.

Yet there was a certain amount of intelligence, and an evident good faith, about this preacher. Therefore, it might be hoped that (since he could rise so far above the common level of superstitious observance, and must "inevitably go farther"), he might have time to follow out his beginning of emancipation. One could hardly fail to be "interested in his personal drama," however little one might be "affected by his dreams."

It is, in fact, always difficult for either our Gallios or our "F. R.'s" to see the significance of a position in which a man can speak, as Father Tyrrell does in the "Much-Abused Letter," of a "life of religion, of union with God through humanity, with humanity through God," and can declare this to be "a religion which is logically (not historically) older than all the creeds that have struggled so variously to give it expression, just as every kind of life is older than its intellectual analysis"; while at the same time he maintains that a certain communion of obscure persons is "at once the highest expression or determination and the most effectual instrument of the life of religion" throughout the world. It is difficult, but it should not be impossible. That there are sovran ideas and profound spiritual truths underlying the superstitions of Christians has been amply shown since the days of Gallio, and "F. R." at least cannot ignore the verdict of that history which Gallio was unable to foretell, although he may, and does, interpret it amiss. To Father Tyrrell the life of his Church, its persistence and its power over the hearts of men, despite its own attempts at self-destruction, confirmed that which he knew in his own depth of religious experience, and by his own penetrating religious insight. It was not for him to undervalue the visible corporate expression of an experience which he recognised as, in one degree or another, universal, were it ever so grossly overlaid by intellectual "theologising," or by an absolutism of government increasing before his eyes. Nor could he be turned away by any signs of our passing time, or by the fact that for the moment "three-fourths of" perhaps even his own "best friends" were "outside this Catholic 'Communion.'" If the whole world had been outside it and had forgotten, to its peril and its loss, the treasure there enshrined and preserved for the world, what difference could that miserable fact have made to the loyalty of such a man as he?

Not because the Catholic Communion is great or prevailing, nor because it has once been both great and prevailing, but because it is still, as when St. Paul fought its battle against and for the world, the guardian of that of

which the world has need, was "the very word Catholic music" in Tyrrell's ears.

How did he know this? How do we others know it? We cannot tell "F. R.," because, when we tell him, we speak a language which, to his mind, as he says of Father Tyrrell's writing, "constantly substitutes nebulosity for clearness, and obscures the meaning in a cloud of words." We can only say to him, as was said under like conditions long ago, that the words we have to use are to be discerned as "spirit and life."—Yours, &c.,

WM. SCOTT PALMER.

Landhurst Wood, Hartfield, Sussex,
August 16th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I think the right answer to your correspondent, "F. R.'s" question, and the point that he misses, is this: The particular contribution of Father Tyrrell to the religion of humanity is that he illustrates, in a very special and important manner, the effort of the religious sense to free itself from the trammels of a dead theology. It is a movement which is common to many sections of Christianity and to other religions at the present time.

To those who believe that the religious sense is as real and universal as the mechanical reason, it will seem impossible to attach too great significance to Father Tyrrell's attitude (not "position," which implies fixity) of mind.—Yours, &c.,

H. C. CURRANCE.

August 19th, 1909.

[This correspondence should now close.—ED., NATION.]

## A MEMOIR OF FATHER TYRRELL.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As a biographical memoir of Father Tyrrell will soon be in course of preparation, I shall be greatly obliged if any of your readers who have letters from him will kindly give me the opportunity of seeing them. The greatest possible care will be taken of all letters sent me, and they will be returned to their owners as soon as copies have been taken of them.

I take this opportunity of pointing out that as I am now responsible for all publications of letters written by Father Tyrrell, it will be necessary for any one having such letters to obtain my permission before publishing them.—Yours, &c.,

M. D. PETRE,
(Literary Executor to Father Tyrrell)

Mulberry House, Storrington, Pulborough,
August 19th, 1909.

## THE PREVENTION OF CANCER.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The investigators of the Cancer Research Fund have from time to time during the last seven years published an account of their work in a series of reports. Their elaborate researches, conducted with great ability, have led to some remarkable conclusions, and shown the way to many interesting points of view for further exploration.

But on the statistical side some of the fundamental suppositions on which they proceed are not in accordance with proved facts, which, if realised and acted upon, would result much more certainly in a large reduction, not only of cancer, but of other devastating maladies. The physiological interest of transplanting tissue, of inoculating and of grafting, may conceivably, but not probably, be consummated by the attainment of a means of lasting cure. But even a cure, possible in the future, would leave the conditions productive of cancer untouched.

Mr. Bashford considered the disease to be "rare" in man, but statistics prove it to be one of the commonest—1 in 11 to 1 in 8 of persons over thirty-five in England and Wales being killed by it, as he has himself admitted.

He believes that animals, such as farm cattle, are about as much subject to cancer as man. This is contrary to the opinion of high authorities, from Sir W. Hunter, the veterinarian, to quite recent writers on this question. Possibly it may apply to beasts fattened for the market. It is rather common in the dog, and more common among carnivora than among herbivora; it is rare or unknown among wild animals such as deer.

The investigators report that statistics and comparisons of foreign countries, &c., are so unreliable and various in methods, &c., as to be practically useless; a very sweeping condemnation. But, in all their variety, the statistics of countries, of parts of countries, of communities, and of occupations point to the same conclusions. Where defective statistics, in immensely differing conditions, strongly support, without any exception, and in great number, a theory already strong from other grounds, those statistics are of high value and service.

The following statement of facts indicates very clearly the reformed habits of life which would prevent many, probably most, of the cases of disease now likely from arising at all.

(1) Wild herbivora, also uncivilised natives, especially those living frugally, are free or almost free from cancer. Natives in contact with Europeans, and with European fare, become affected.

(2) The poorer nations, and especially those using stimulants, narcotics, and irritants most sparingly, are least subject to cancer. The poorer parts of nations have been least affected, the richest parts by far the most. In the separate parts of towns a similar difference was recorded.

(3) The prevalence of the disease has rapidly grown wherever increased riches have led to a much larger consumption of meats, drinks, and tobacco. In England, tea-drinking and cancer have both been doubled in about a generation, while the use of luxurious fare, including flesh and various stimulants, has also increased rapidly. In foreign countries a rapid increase of coffee-drinking was followed by a rapid increase of cancer.

(4) Persons employed in those occupations where most flesh, beer, tea, &c., was consumed were most affected, *e.g.*, publicans and their servants, butchers, fishmongers, commercial travellers. The death rate of these classes was abnormally high, and Dr. Farr called attention to the extraordinary mortality of butchers in early middle life. The causes of general unhealthiness seem to a great extent to be the same as the causes of cancer, though many victims are robust and many have lived temperately in every way. Toxins of previous illness, of gout, rheumatism, worry, and inherited predisposition may account for a large number of cases. But the liability of strong laborers, such as the American woodmen, seems clearly due to the great excess of nitrogenous food and inky tea in their diet. External cancer is well-known to be started by various irritants on the skin, and a variety of irritants or toxins may produce the disease internally, as betel-chewing does in the mouth. The general powers of resistance are at the same time affected.

(5) Some of the best observers and specialists, including Sir W. Banks, Sir James Paget, and Dr. Keith, were struck by the very pernicious effect of meat and stimulants in exacerbating cancer.

(6) Convents and other institutions, with peaceful ways of living and frugality, have a very low rate; some have been quite exempt. Even prisons and workhouses have a rate below the average.

Such statistical evidence, and there is a mass of it which cannot be slighted, thoroughly agrees with the testimony of some of the most eminent medical men from personal observation. It is certain that excessive food and continual stimulation, unrealised as they often are, contribute to the production of rheumatism, gout, and troubles of digestion, nerves, and brain. Reformed habits, including avoidance of the minute daily doses of strong poisons now consumed by the majority in Western nations, must be followed by a great reduction of all these diseases, and more.

If a very small proportion of the sums now given to the search for elusive cures were to be devoted to safe dietetic experiments in isolated communities or voluntary groups, valuable results would be attained, and both health and economy would certainly be promoted in the whole nation. Prevention of these disorders on a large scale has been, so far, little attempted.—Yours, &c., R. RUSSELL.

August 16th, 1909.

## SLAVE LABOR ON THE PORTUGUESE COCOA PLANTATIONS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As this subject has been mentioned several times in THE NATION, I feel sure that your readers will be interested to learn that the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society has resolved to send Mr. Joseph Burtt as a deputation to the United States in September, in order to make known the facts about the slave-grown cocoa, and to arouse public opinion on the subject, especially in the important centres of the northern and eastern States.

There can be no doubt of the importance at this moment of obtaining the co-operation of the American people, and urging them to take every possible means of expressing their disapproval of the conditions under which the San Thomé cocoa is produced.

I hope shortly, with your permission, to be able to give further particulars of Mr. Burtt's tour, regarding which I am now in communication with sympathisers in the United States, and to appeal to your readers to assist by contributing to the fund which we are endeavoring to raise to meet the expenses to be incurred.—Yours, &c.,

TRAVERS BUXTON, Secretary.

51, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road,
London, S.W., August 12th, 1909.

## "THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I think Mr. Pethick Lawrence may feel at ease on one point in his letter to you of the 10th inst.

At the next General Election there will certainly not be a wholesale desertion of all the more intelligent Liberal women from the ranks of the Liberal party. Mr. Lawrence is convinced that unless a Suffrage Bill, founded on a property qualification, is included in the Government measures in 1910, the Government will have to face the desertion, not only of the Liberal women already *ex*, but also "of all the other more intelligent Liberal women who will become *ex* if their political desires are not satisfied before the next General Election." The ex-Liberals find salvation in the ranks of those Suffragists who are violently opposed to the Government.

The revolt of these women constitutes Mr. Lawrence's proof of the approaching ruin of the Liberal Party.

Now, however extensive his knowledge of ex-Liberals, Mr. Lawrence evidently knows little of the vast number of *loyal* Liberal women and their feelings towards the Government. He has not gauged the deep esteem and appreciation increasingly felt by Associations of Liberal Women for the Prime Minister's incessant labors, and also for the qualities of mind and character that keep him true as steel to all the cardinal points of Liberalism.

It might have re-assured Mr. Lawrence as to the peril of "desertion" had he seen the ovation Mr. Asquith received from the National Women's Liberal Association at the Countess of Granard's reception during their annual Council meetings.

The delegates, women with political intelligence, represented Associations from all parts of England. They understood the meaning of the fight the Government is waging over the Budget, and felt deep gratitude was due for Old Age Pensions, for the Children's Bill, the settlement of South Africa, and other measures. Liberal men—whose political existence and importance Mr. Lawrence, by the way, completely ignores—and women also are deeply interested in housing reform and rent, and they see the drift and tendency in this direction of the land clauses in the Budget. Enthusiasm grows daily for the return to power, whenever the General Election comes, of a Government that has already done so much in financial and industrial reforms—reforms that touch women very nearly. Mr. Lawrence may be assured that Liberal women trust Mr. Asquith and the Cabinet fully and sincerely in their conduct of affairs because they have shown both honor and justice. Honor in redeeming all their pledges, as far as lay in *their* hands, and justice because they have worked for the good of the whole community, and not of any one class. They have worked with a single-minded purpose towards the high aims of an ideal democracy. It is always regrettable when any of the party of progress turn away from the upward path; some women do so to whom Life has not taught the difficult lesson of patience, or that without its power there is no achievement of purpose. But to imagine that their desertion would have any material effect on the fortunes of the Liberal Party is futile, almost ludicrous. The fear is groundless. Those who state it know little of men and women's Liberal associations, their number, and the intense enthusiasm that prevails among them for the Liberal measures, which, with infinite tact and labor and patience, the Government has already piloted through both Houses of Parliament. Liberals have little fear as to the fate of the Government at the polls. In any case failure will never arise from lack of help Liberal women can give, for the simple reason that the mass of them are loyal to the core.—Yours, &c.,

(MRS.) B. BROOKSBANK.

August 14th, 1909.

## THE WOMEN'S WAR.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your article, "The Women's War," you state that "an obstacle to success" is "the still unmoved conviction of probably the majority of the male electors of this country that the women should not be given the vote." I believe this to be a mistake. At recent by-elections the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies has had an electors' petition for signature at the various polling stations, and my experience has been that the majority of the electors are in favor of women's suffrage. At the last by-election I was at Mid-Derby. I spent eleven hours on polling day at one of the polling stations, asking electors only if they would sign the petition to give women who had the same qualification as male electors the Parliamentary vote. About 420 men voted at that particular station in the course of the day, and, with the exception of times of special rush, when it was impossible, I asked almost every elector as he came out to sign his name, address, and polling number. Sometimes we had a *queue* of five or six waiting to sign, sometimes men confessed shamefacedly that they could not write their name, but were willing to make their "mark." I am convinced of this: that not one signed without knowing what he was signing and what he was supporting. The number of signatures secured was 273—out of 420—just under two-thirds. I was quite alone. My small, ricketty tables constantly blew over, and in the evening the men crowded in to vote in batches, often as many as ten or fifteen coming out quickly after each other. With more help we could have spoken to all.

I heard the results of two other members' petitions before I left Belper. One had secured the signatures of a considerably larger proportion of voters, one rather smaller. I see to-day that the same helper secured 204 signatures out of 308 at the Kirkcudbright polling station in the Dumfries by-election, and that Miss Fraser, our head organiser there, received quite an ovation when she entered the Central Hall after the poll had been declared. After Mr. Gulland's speech there were shouts for Miss Fraser after every speech, until the chairman asked her to respond. At Sheffield over 5,000 voters signed the petition, more than voted for any one candidate. If often the total number of signatures do not show the same large proportions as the separate polling stations, it is because the number of helpers is insufficient. At Mid-Derby many of the polling stations had no petition at all. The difficulty of getting Liberals to sign when the militant section have been active in the constituency (they did not put in an appearance at Mid-Derby at all) is easy to understand, as there is not always time to explain to electors in the brief moments at one's disposal, that it is not the policy of the suffragists "to try and keep the Liberal out," and that the policy of any one section of suffragettes does not affect the principle or the justice and expediency of our cause.

I contend that there is evidence that the electors would declare for woman suffrage (if they could) on the merits of the case, apart from party wirepullers, and the irritation caused by the militant section's policy of "opposing the Government."

The real difficulty, I believe, is the unknown quantity

of the women's vote. A Government with a large majority tends to be more or less content with its present electorate, and *fears* that the unknown *may* be hostile. Nevertheless, this attitude of acquiescence in the principle and (in my opinion quite unjustifiable) fear of the result is unworthy of the great party of progress, and "gives pause" to us, who, as elected officials of the party, would otherwise throw ourselves heart and soul into the great fight for the people.

There is no need for the Irish or any other party "to waive first claim." We only ask the Government to put a clause into the Electoral Reform Bill to remove the disqualification of sex. And we ask THE NATION, as the leading Radical paper, the paper of the thoughtful and intelligent Liberals in this country, to lead the way to a just and rapid satisfaction of our legitimate demands, to give the lead towards righteousness and freedom in this cause, as it has done in causes many leagues further from home, to help us to get women's suffrage incorporated in the Liberal programme.—Yours, &c.,

H. B. DOWSON.

Nottingham, August 19th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In your excellent article, "The Women's War," you truly state that "Democracy is fighting for its life." The forces of progress must, therefore, join issues and fight the enemies of democracy in whatever new guise they assume. If a few misguided women, having neither logic nor reason, choose to bob up against the Government on every possible occasion in spite of the fact that it has the sanction of the majority of the nation to usher in social reforms, they must be considered as the enemies of democracy either wilfully, or through ignorance, or through being a "little daft"; any or all of these causes. The easy toleration, good nature, and politeness with which they have been treated has certainly led them to excesses which would not have been permitted the sterner sex

As a reformer of twenty years standing (in a small way) I would advise them to "ca canny." Direct frontal attacks seldom attain the object aimed at in this age of science, and if persisted in ultimately bring the cause into ridicule and contempt, besides useless martyrdom and pain. Diplomacy, the gentleness of the dove and the cunning of the serpent, will in time remove the resisting forces and at the same time educate the great majority to see the justice of their views. This can only be done by patience, time, and hard work. There is no royal road to the franchise otherwise.—Yours, &c.,

I. MACKENZIE.

Inverness-shire, N.B.
August 19th, 1909.

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## RUSSIAN OPINION AND THE TSAR'S VISIT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I point out to Mr. Scott that the fury of the Russian Reactionaries at King Edward's speech may point to a different conclusion from that suggested by Mr. Scott. It seemed to me that King Edward's remarks must have reminded all who were present of the great difference between the treatment accorded to the Tsar in England and that given to the members of the Duma. As phantom representatives of constitutional government they were treated with cordial friendship; while the Tsar was not admitted to the mainland of England at all, because it was felt that he was reducing the forms of constitutional government to a sham. King Edward's speech must, in short, have *added* to the effect of the protest against the Tsar's visit.

As to the approval of Professor Milyukoff, I do not see why Mr. Scott should draw so harsh a conclusion as to the opinion formed of the Professor by the opponents of the Tsar's visit. No one can doubt that the Professor and his friends are in a very difficult position; and we may fully believe that they are acting honestly and even bravely for the good of their country, and yet at the same time that their painful position incapacitates them from judging of the proper attitude to be taken by those who are unhampered by these difficulties. For my part, I believe that the exclusion of the Tsar from the mainland of England, the courtesy shown the members of the Duma, and the neatly turned phrases of King Edward's speech, must all work together to convince Russian observers of the hatred felt in England for the present official policy in Russia.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens,
Hampstead,
August 14th, 1909.

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## THE POVERTY OF THE COTTAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The scarcity of cottages and the reluctance of County Councils to build, which were pointed out in a letter last week by Mr. James Mackenzie, are not peculiar to Essex

The remedy lies in the revocation or modification of bye-laws regarding new buildings. As the law stands, these must be built of brick, of stone, or of substantial concrete, and, as a cottage standing alone costs about £200 to build and a pair from £300 to £350, investors, whether private individuals or public bodies, are not anxious to sink money in cottage building when a laborer cannot pay more than 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per week rent. The mistake is to insist upon substantial buildings in country districts. In Sweden and Norway, in the United States and other countries, this has always been recognised. Country cottages and houses of a larger sort are built of wood, with brick or stone foundations. Wood may be cheaper in those lands than it is here, but, even at the price we should have to pay in England, a wooden cottage would not cost much above half the price of a brick cottage.

The risk of fire is no greater here than in other lands, probably less, because we use safety matches, which these countries do not. Cottages usually have but one bedroom storey, and could be provided with outside escape staircases. The financial risk would be covered by insurance.

From a sanitary point of view, it is desirable that cottages should not be constructed to last many generations. A good many villages might be healthier if some of the old cottages *were* destroyed by fire. A fire may be a good friend.

Wooden cottages, with a wide, covered porch or verandah, are not only much prettier, but more convenient, being warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the brick and tile horrors which mar the beauty of many of our country roads. We certainly do not want to see these increased.

When the new scheme of afforestation is realised, we shall find wood the most obvious building material for country dwellings; but we need not wait for that. The need for increased accommodation for the laborer and his family is pressing, and Mr. Mackenzie would be doing a great public service if he would agitate for the alteration of the existing bye-laws.—Yours, &c.,

ELTON CLARIDGE.

Cambridge, August 18th, 1909.

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# Poetry.

## MY LADY OF DREAMS.

(*From the French of Paul Verlaine.*)

OFT-TIMES, in dreams intense, she doth appear,
This unknown one I love, who loveth me;
Subtly she changes, yet unchanged is she
Each time she cometh to me, ah, how near!
My heart for her transparent is (but clear
For her alone, alas! its mystery).
She smoothes my forehead, all my agony
She weeps away—she only, loved and dear.

How looketh she, what color eyes and hair?
I cannot tell! Her name? 'Tis sonorous
And sweet as those that ransomed spirits bear;
No sculptured goddess hath more calm a mien;
And for her voice—not sweeter were to us
Loved voices that now are not—that have been.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

ONE of the most important issues of the autumn publishing season will be the first two volumes of "Emerson's Journals," which have been prepared for the Press by Mr. Edward W. Emerson and Mr. Waldo Emerson Forbes. These volumes, which are but the first instalment of Emerson's diaries, cover the years from 1820 to 1829, and give some fresh information about the essayist's college life, his acquaintance with Channing, his religious doubts, and the effect upon his mind of reading Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Montaigne. The journal promises to be of special interest, since Emerson not only employed it to chronicle his doings and impressions but also as a vehicle for experiments in literary style.

* * *

A "LIFE OF WILLIAM SHARP" has been written by his widow, and will, it is hoped, be in the hands of the public by next November. Mrs. Sharp has based her work upon an abundance of letters, diaries, and other literary memorials left by her husband. It is said that the book will contain a complete and authoritative account of the cause—which seems to have been a case of dual personality in the strictest sense of the words—that led William Sharp, while publishing under his own name, to adopt also the pseudonym of Fiona Macleod. The first volumes of a collected edition of all William Sharp's works are to be published simultaneously with the biography.

* * *

Two books on Gambetta are announced for publication during the year. Miss Violette M. Montagu is preparing a translation of M. P. B. Gheusi's deeply interesting "Gambetta par Gambetta," while Messrs. Sonnenschein are to issue "The Life of Gambetta," by Mr. W. Grinton Berry, the author of "France Since Waterloo." Messrs. Sonnenschein also announce a translation by Mr. J. B. Baillie of Hegel's "Phenomenology of Mind," and, in their "Special Campaign Series," "The Ulm Campaign, 1800," by Colonel F. N. Maude, and "The Shenandoah Valley Campaign, 1861-1862," by Major Redway.

* * *

IT is doubtful whether Lord Lytton's novels are now widely read, though possibly Mr. T. H. S. Escott's coming biography, "The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Baron Lytton of Knebworth," may do something to revive their vogue. Few English writers have been so versatile—he was politician, novelist, pamphleteer, essayist, playwright, and satirist—but in spite of his many-sided activity he never attained the position he sought in the world of letters. Thackeray parodied his style in "George de Barnewell," and Tennyson, provoked by a couplet in "The New Timon," in which Lytton spoke of

> "The jingling melody of purloined conceits
> Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

replied by some very bitter verses which, through the agency of Forster, appeared in "Punch."

> "Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
> With dandy pathos when you wrote:
> O Lion, you that made a noise,
> And shook a mane *en papillotes*. . .
>
> "What profits now to understand
> The merits of a spotless shirt—
> A dapper boot—a little hand—
> If half the little soul is dirt?"

* * *

A BIOGRAPHY of Karl Marx, the fruit of twelve years' labor, has just been completed by Mr. John Spargo, and is to appear during the autumn in French and German, as well as in English. Mr. Spargo is an American, and has written several books upon Socialism.

* * *

THE publication of "The Scott Dictionary: An Encyclopædia of the Characters, Localities, &c., of the Novels of Sir Walter Scott" by Messrs. Routledge, will add Scott to the small band of authors who have an entire encyclopædia devoted to their creations. One of the most notable publications of this type was the "Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine de H. de Balzac," by M. Anatole Cerfberr and Jules Christophe, in which Balzac's two thousand characters are classified and their relationships to one another expounded. Last year Mr. Alexander Philip issued a "Dickens Dictionary," in the preface to which he promised a Dickens encyclopædia. Enthusiasm for an author could hardly go further, but among English novelists Dickens and Scott are best entitled to the honor.

* * *

M. VICTOR MARGUERITTE finds that pressure of political work prevents him from giving as much time as he would wish to literature, and he has accordingly determined not to contest his seat in the Chamber at the next election. He is at present engaged upon a novel, entitled "Les Ruines," and a play in two acts to be called "L'Imprévu." Among other announcements from Paris are "Les Fourberies de l'Amour," a collection of short stories by Gérard d'Houville; "Le Crépuscule des Nymphes," by M. Pierre Louys; and "L'Amphisbème," by M. Henri de Regnier. M. Jacques Boulenger has written a study of the "Muses" of the time of Louis-Philippe as a companion volume to his former book on the "Dandys" of the same period.

* * *

"SPIRITISTIC PHENOMENA AND THEIR INTERPRETATION" is the title of a book by Professor Lombroso, which will shortly make its appearance. It maintains the view that there is hardly a doubt as to the power of the dead to communicate with the living. Although Professor Lombroso has now reached the age of seventy-three, the new book is said to be written with quite as much fire and combativeness as any of its predecessors.

* * *

NEXT month will be published the first two of a set of ten volumes which will bear the general title of "A Documentary History of American Industrial Society." The general editors of the series are Professors John R. Commons, U. B. Phillips, and Eugene A. Gilmore, and Miss Helen Sumner and Mr. John B. Andrews. The opening volumes contain a great deal of fresh material illustrating the economics of the Southern plantation under slavery and under freedom, and the industrial development of frontier society up to a recent period. The remainder of the work deals with the history of the labor movement in America, industrial conditions, trade unions, employers' associations, and the political activity of wage-earners.

* * *

BOOKS which, though taking the form of a novel or "romance," are intended by their authors as serious contributions to history seem to be growing in favor, and we are promised a work of this type dealing with the relations between George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert. Its author, Mr. George Gilbert, has already championed Mrs. Fitzherbert's cause, and in his coming book he embodies some fresh discoveries which will, he claims, place the matter in an entirely fresh light. Its title is "To My King Ever Faithful: The Life Story of Mrs. Fitzherbert," and it will be published next month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Elizabeth: Electress Palatine and Queen of Bohemia." By M. A. Green. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A Rose of Savoy: Marie Adelaide of Savoy, Duchesse de Bourgogne, Mother of Louis XV." By H. Noel Williams. (Methuen. 15s. net.)

"Rubens." By Edward Dillon. (Methuen. 25s. net.)

"Shakespeare." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Frowde. 2s.)

"The Decay of the Church of Rome." By Joseph McCabe. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Love Intrigues of Royal Courts." By Thornton Hall. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Record of the University Boat Race, 1829-1909." By C. M. Pitman. (Unwin. 21s. net.)

"The Court of Louis XIII." By K. A. Patmore. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Gilbert White and Selborne." By H. C. Shelley. (Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

"Among the Danes." By F. M. Butlin. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

"Splendid Brother." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Two Women." By Baroness d'Anethan. (Unwin. 6s.)

"En Allemagne: Berlin." Par Jules Huret. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3fr. 50.)

"Etudes sur Joachim de Flore et ses doctrines." Par P. Fournier. (Paris: Picard. 2fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## TOWN PLANNING AND TOWN PLANNERS.*

Here in opportune conjunction we are offered a manual of town planning, and the evidence of no small demand for it. Despite our natural respect for a portly volume as compared with a mere pamphlet and reprint, the latter claims first attention; for when we have seen what a fairly representative gathering of our fellow-citizens are looking for, we shall be in a better position to appraise what the professed expert is seeking to supply to them.

The National Housing Reform Council, as its name implies, though of very practical purpose, is not to be confounded with the many building schemes and directly constructive endeavors which have been springing up of late years, but acts rather as their forerunner and preacher, their prophet and pioneer. Since 1900 it has been spreading throughout the land the now prevalent, but too long delayed discontent with the housing conditions of the people in town and country, and this in the right way, by diffusing knowledge of the means of dealing with them, as these are being worked out here and there, at home and abroad. Besides much useful minor literature, it has produced, and this in handy and easily available volumes, a working encyclopædia of reference for almost all aspects of the subject, Alderman Thompson's "Housing Handbook Up-to-date," a sound compendium of information on matters of municipal and central requirements and administration, of building law and financial methods, of structure and hygiene. How far the agitation and propaganda of this body, the N.H.R.U. as it begins to be called, may have modified the attitude of the Local Government Board or stimulated its legislative activities, we need not here inquire, but it has evidently been taking a growing part in the education, both of members of Parliament and their constituencies, and this increasingly across party divisions. It expresses, in fact, within its important field, that permeation of social criticism and social effort which is so hopeful a feature of our times. By the nature of its inquiries it escapes those insular and "Imperial" limitations which at present at so many points shut in our horizon; almost from its origin it has been becoming increasingly international in its interests, like a scientific or hygienic congress anywhere. The recent Continental Town Planning Tour, of which the record lies before us, is thus not merely the natural sequel of the public interest aroused by Mr. Horsfall's "Example of Germany" and kindred literature, increased by the impulse of the Birmingham and other Town Councils' German visits and reports, and now diffused by the prolonged discussion and not altogether unfortunate delays of the Town Planning Bill; it has been in its way an independent development also. The ninety or more members of the expedition included, in fair proportions, members of town, county, and district councils, city architects and hygienists, borough engineers and surveyors, as well as active representatives of constructive associations like Garden City and its congeners; and this official report (reprinted from the "Municipal Record") resumes their journey through leading Rhenish cities and representative Bavarian ones, and appends a score or more of appreciations by individual members of what seemed to them the main lessons of their visit—occasionally its warnings also. Noteworthy evidence of the growing acceptance of this mode of civic education in the field, through actual visits to chosen places, is afforded by the peripatetic congress held by the same active body a fortnight ago at Port Sunlight, Woodlands, and Earswick model villages, and still more conclusively by the second German Tour which they are arranging for next month. Here, in fact, we have a new combination of social inquiry and travel, which unites the essential advantages, and, at least, abates the drawbacks, of types hitherto more distinct—the specialist congress, the municipal deputation, and the holiday tour. The stimulating problems and the active discussions of scientists in council are here present, without their technicality and their dispersiveness; here, too, from scores of cities, are virtual municipal deputations, with all their public purpose and local adaptiveness, but without their ponderosities and rivalries; while community of aims and variety of individual approaches to them but enhance the freedom and fellowship of an associated holiday. For such an organisation, given, of course, capable organisers, such as have happily been forthcoming, rapid growth in numbers and in influence may confidently be predicted.

Taking official report and its individual appendices together, there can be no doubt that this tour achieved its objects. Not only were the historic dignity and stately hospitality of the great German cities warmly appreciated as they deserved, and the nature and attitude of their municipal government fairly grasped, but their long foresight was understood, and their vast and comprehensive preparations for the future intelligently admired, yet not without the needful note of criticism. "Germany for Town Planning, but England for Cottages," is thus rightly set down as the verdict of the majority—a view to which German town-planners are awakening also. For the way in which civic schemes and even land-transfer facilities, have during the past generation given scope to private speculation and have thus unintentionally enhanced site-values far beyond those of this country, so condemning the working-class—who, the ruling-classes there as here constantly forget, constitute nine-tenths of the population—to tenement-dwellings, and tenement health accordingly, was very clearly realised. Indeed, if we mistake not, the proposed September tour is largely planned with the view of studying the way in which some German cities, Ulm especially, have more or less guarded themselves against this disaster. For here is a matter of obvious, almost paramount, interest in view of our own Town Planning Bill, as well as of that simplification of land-transfer which cannot much longer be delayed. Most important of all is that larger and brighter vision of city life which these various commentaries show. Many dilate upon the social amenity of German life, its family enjoyments, its domestic cleanliness and "house-pride" (an admirable word). Others are impressed by the beauty and, what is less commonly realised, the real practicability as well as beauty of the medieval town-plan, while others justly expatiate upon that all-round organising power which, as at Frankfort, not only creates a new harbor and factory quarter with unprecedented railway facilities, but beside this the needful workmen's suburbs, with not only boulevard but park, and beyond this access to forest. Another justly holds up Wiesbaden as a model to our watering-places, one at present unapproachable perhaps, yet none the less stimulating from many points of view—a city urban yet sylvan, healthy and simple, yet monumental, indeed becoming magnificent.

Above all, there has been growing up in our tourists' minds a conception more or less clear of each city as an individuality, a unique and complex personality, developing through past and present into future. The ways in which these German cities transcend our industrial towns—in elements regional and historic, institutional and cultural, artistic, spiritual—evidently made themselves increasingly felt as the observers progressed from Düsseldorf to Nuremberg, and they confess that their too narrow thought circles, brought from our too prosaic town life, of industries and communications, of rent, wages, and profits, of artisan necessaries, and middle-class comforts, and of dwellings consistent essentially with these, has been widened for the rest of their lives. The housing and town planning movement is thus visibly passing from the merely economic plane to the social; and we see builder and architect, hygienist and artist, economist and idealist, all plainly converging towards sociological thought and civic action.

So much, then, for the standpoint—or rather stage—of civic studies, which is being reached by our actual or would-be town planners and their mother organisation, as, no doubt, more widely throughout our cities; for, as we have said, this Easter German trip, the recent Congress, and the proposed autumn tour are but manifestations of an enlarging public eager for fuller knowledge, and ready for more and more expert guidance. Here then appears, in the very nick of time, Mr. Inigo Triggs's volume, and the question

* "Town Planning: Past, Present, and Possible." H. Inigo Triggs, A.R.I.B.A. With 173 Illustrations. Methuen. 15s.

"Official Report of the Continental Town-Planning Tour: Arranged by the National Housing Reform Council, Easter, 1909: Cologne, Dusseldorf, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Wurzburg, Addenburg, Nuremburg." Housing Bureau Papers. Published by the National Housing Reform Council. Leicester. 3d.

is—how far does it meet the situation and justify its ambitious title, its apparent, even emphatic, claim to be the encyclopædia of the subject? Its contents and treatment, however, soon show that this has not really been attempted, and the most that has been aimed at is an introductory manual. But this next disappoints us, and we find that we have to do with little more than a succession of chapters, which give the impression of so many separately written magazine articles, on the whole justifiably reprinted, no doubt, but without the unity and thoroughness so necessary in an ordered book, especially of such high pretensions. After an introductory essay, slight and discursive, comes a sketch of "the types of ancient and modern towns," which would be readable enough as a light essay, but which can satisfy neither geographer nor historian, still less the active inquirers into city origins, to whom it must appear at too many points insufficiently informed as to facts, unsound in interpretations, and careless, even to contradiction, in statement. It is, no doubt, a service at present to reproduce intelligible plans of old London or Paris, of Selinus, Alexandria, and Pompeii, of Montpazier, of Amsterdam, Karlsruhe, and New Orleans, but such a selection suggests a vagueness of treatment which the text only too plainly confirms. To compare the advantages and defects of the chessboard and radiating systems with reference to Washington is a more definite task, and more within the writer's competence, though in devoting an almost equal space to the hexagonal ideal plans of recent German writers he shakes our confidence anew; for here, what would have been an interesting enough paragraph, foot-note, or appendix, is given pages of full text, and this is in a chapter setting out an account of "types of ancient and modern towns." On the "Circulation of Traffic" we have mainly a summary of M. Hénard's recent and important paper, with its comparative diagrams of the essential traffic circulation of Paris, Berlin, and London, &c., with his designs for "superimposed thoroughfares"; and, of more practical value, Mr. Twelvetrees's admirably simple treatment of the congestion of Oxford and Piccadilly Circuses and the like by "gyratory traffic regulation," each diagram of which is worth a volume of the ponderous London Traffic Commission's Blue-Book of a few years ago. Of "Town Expansion," the sketch of the garden suburb movement will be useful enough to general readers, but it closes without even a constructive suggestion of the possible, here so peculiarly promising. The final chapters on the "Planning of Streets" and on "Squares and Open Spaces" may also be looked through for the sake of their summaries and process-blocks from this and that writer, German and American, but again fall far short of what the title and advertisement, and, indeed, the writer's previous works, entitle us to anticipate. And, with all his dependence on other writers, there is no bibliography.

We have dealt faithfully with Mr. Inigo Triggs, for what is too much a descent into hurried book-making; and we go further and say that his profession also is largely behind the times. The architects failed to control the speculative builder because their standard was too high, but now they are in danger of failing to lead the town-planning movement because their views are too limited. They do not yet know their cities, past nor present, still less their requirements. How, then, shall they create the possible? Let Mr. Triggs try again; let the R.I.B.A., let the new Liverpool School of Town Planning look to it. The problem of our cities is not to be solved off hand, on paper, by the imitation of plans and elevations admired elsewhere. Only in the measure of our knowledge, and sympathy, and interpretation of each city's past and present can we possibly be enabled to add our contribution to the development of its life. The true architect is the citizen as artist.

PATRICK GEDDES.

## A HISTORY OF DRESS.*

COSTUME is a subject which lends itself to a variety of treatment. You may regard it, if you please, as a symbol of the spiritual nature of man, or discover in it a forcible illustration of the law of natural selection. You may scrutinise, with Lotze, the internal significance of feminine adornment, or fling, with Calvin, lace and ribbons to the predestined flames. You may write a tract on vanity or an ode to Julia's petticoat; or you may chronicle the latest novelties in autumn millinery for a ladies' newspaper. Finally there is the method of the antiquarian, adopted by Mr. George Clinch.

It must be confessed that Mr. Clinch's manner of considering clothing falls short of the highest entertainment. There are minds, doubtless, to take pleasure in the information that the earliest mention of the periwig dates from the reign of Henry VIII., and that trousers were not unfamiliar to the Celtic Druids, but we, for our part, would rather have the writer mould the raw material of his knowledge into the semblance of some higher truth. We would have him ponder the philosophy of farthingales, study causation in crinolines, and trace the Zeit Geist working in the patch. We should like to pursue Absolute Beauty, now in the wimple of Fair Rosamund, now in the powdered head-dress of the Duchess of Devonshire, and discuss the claims of Utility in the peak-toed shoe of the fourteenth century and the chimney-pot hat of the present day. And we should like to know why it is that masculine dress has remained stationary for more than a century, and a reason for the fact that costume under the reign of queens has ever betrayed a tendency to swell.

Mr. Clinch, however, surveys the subject of costume with an unquestioning and sober eye, averse alike from the interest of speculation and the allurements of frivolity. He gives us an extract of eighteen pages from the "Daily Expense" book of a gentleman in the seventeenth century, and nine-and-forty descriptions of costumes worn by Queen Elizabeth. But we are allowed no generalisations, hardly an epigram, but few jests, and not a single colored plate.

The costume of the pre-historic Englishman was plain, practical, and severe: it consisted of a tunic hanging to the thigh. The ladies adopted a similar fashion, reverting occasionally to greater simplicity, as shown on a carving on a tooth, where the only visible clothing seems to be a collar round the neck. In the Bronze Age, chiefs and rich persons wore cloaks, caps, leggings, and sandals; they spun and wove, carried daggers, shaved their faces, and manifested caprice in the matter of coiffure. The appearance of the ancient Briton is familiar to every schoolboy, but besides woad, he employed the skins of animals, made boots of leather, and bracelets and rings of iron, silver, and gold. Boadicea's costume has been described by Dion Cassius. She wore a tunic of many colors, all in folds, and over it, fastened by a fibula or brooch, a robe of coarse stuff. Her light hair fell loosely over her shoulders, and round her neck was a golden torque. After the Roman toga had faded from these shores came the simple tunic and shirt of the Anglo-Saxon. Manuscripts of the tenth century show a graceful and pleasing style of dress—loosely girdled robes of soft, thin materials reaching to the feet, worn by both sexes, shoes, and long wrinkled hose. With the Normans came change and artifice. The ladies carried trains, developed the hanging sleeve, plaited their hair in long plaits, and "laced in." Middle-class Normans wore long tunics open on the left side to show the whole of the leg, which was covered with a close-fitting garment above and banded stockings below the knee. Soldiers wore hauberks or tunics of chained mail, and (if we may trust Queen Matilda) shaved not only their faces, but the backs of their heads as well. The thirteenth-century costume, says Mr. Clinch, is remarkable for its simplicity and grace; but except for a portrait of a knight in armor and an effigy of King John—pleasing enough in a simple smock with belt and open collar—he gives us no illustrations to support this truth. Two charming reprints from the Loutterel Psalter show us the rural costume of the fourteenth century: a laboring man breaks clods of earth, dressed in a girdled tunic, with a head-dress covering head and neck and falling in a liripipe behind; a ploughman wears the same, with a kind of sou'-wester hat surmounting the head-dress, a girdle pierced with eye-holes, and gauntlet gloves. Several pictures of St. Etheldreda show the long, rich fur-lined and embroidered robes worn by great folk, the hanging sleeves and white wimples of the ladies. The fifteenth century marks little change, save in the further development of the fantastic, horned, mitred, lunate, and heart-shaped head-dresses of the women.

* "English Costume." By George Clinch. The Antiquary's Books. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

Holbein and de Here do more than any written commentary to show the richness and extravagance of Tudor dress. Two effigies from Canterbury Cathedral mark the stiffness of the early Jacobean style, but there are no illustrations of the Caroline or Puritan era, and the costume of the Restoration is left unmentioned. A picture of a "Macaroni" of the end of the eighteenth century shows us what absurdities man may suffer for fashion's sake; and there is an amusing extract from the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1753, giving the net names of twenty different kinds of wig.

Nothing permanently great is ever immediately successful, and it has been the fate of all innovations from which mankind has largely benefitted to be heralded at birth by a storm of ridicule, abuse, and persecution. Art, letters, science, and religion guard their long chronicle of martyrdom, and we must add to the scroll of those who have suffered for an idea the name of John Hetherington, haberdasher, who, in 1795, was fined £500 for the public wearing of a tall hat.

> ". . The result of wearing such a startling novelty in head-gear was that a large crowd of spectators gathered round the haberdasher before he had proceeded far along the street. Hetherington was arraigned before the Lord Mayor on a charge of breach of the peace and inciting to riot. . . . The evidence produced went to show that Mr. Hetherington, who was well connected, appeared on the public highway wearing upon his head what he called a silk hat (which was produced), a tall structure having a shiny lustre, and calculated to frighten timid people. The officers of the Crown stated that several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children screamed, dogs yelped, and a young son of Cordiwiner Thomas, who was returning from a chandler's shop, was thrown down by the crowd which had collected, and had his right arm broken."

A London newspaper commenting on the affair remarked, with unusual penetration, that the new hat was "an advance in dress reform, and one which is bound, sooner or later, to stamp its character upon the entire community. The hat is destined to work a revolution in head gear, and we think the officers of the Crown erred in placing the defendant under arrest."

John Hetherington has been justified.

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## PAST WRANGLES IN THE FAR EAST.*

The book before us reviews the history of our commercial relations with China. It is written by a trained jurist who has the gift of directness and is not afraid of research. He has dredged with a patient and minute method many volumes of the Chinese Repository, all the Blue Books and Reports of Parliamentary debates which preceded the war of 1840, together with manuscripts in possession of the East India Office, to which he has had access. From the last-named documents he draws a humiliating picture of the first attempts to open up trade with China. Portuguese, English, Dutch, and French adventurers, with few scruples, were competing with each other and reproducing in the Far East upon a petty scale the feuds and domestic quarrels of Europe. The members of these rival nationalities often invoked the help of the Chinese officials against each other, and afforded every encouragement to the mandarins to exercise the same absolute rule over these adventurers from the West as it exercised over its own subjects. Extra territorial rights were not dreamed of in those days. The Lord Macartney and Amhurst expeditions to China, which were looked upon as visits of lowly tribute-bearers, were foredoomed to failure through the ignorance of those who took part in them. Little or nothing was then known of either the Chinese language or Chinese methods of negotiation. At the beginning of its history the Mantchoo dynasty was not set against foreign trade, but wished to proceed cautiously lest strangers from the West should make common cause with the Chinese people who did not resign themselves at once to the new order. It is a chequered story that is here told. The figures of drunken sailors running amuck amongst the people of the Chinese villages, of merchant captains no better than piratical marauders, of make-believe British officials with little or no power over the trading communities of which they were supposed to be both sponsors and presiding magistrates, group themselves into a picture upon which every right-minded Englishman must look with pain. The ensuing history to the close of the first Chinese war is set forth with much detail, and the causes of that event are singled out and presented with a patience that is almost wearisome and an accuracy which it is not easy to dispute. At many points Mr. Bromley Eames is compelled to recognise the justice of the Chinese cause, although he is not so strong an admirer of the native character as many recent writers. Possibly a closer familiarity with the people and their language might make him an apologist, if not an advocate. At any rate, he delineates viceroys and commissioners who were quite as consistent and veracious as Captain Elliot, the superintendent of British trade. Elliot was without the official prerogatives necessary for a strong part, and in the documents recited he shows himself a vacillating opportunist who deceived his own Government and slandered the occupant of the throne at Peking. In reference to the part played by opium in provoking the first Chinese war this writer is a safe guide, and his well-balanced verdict is not likely to restore our pride in that ugly bit of history. Mr. Bromley Eames's chapters on the subject may be read as a corrective to the sophistical attempt made by Sir J. B. Lyall, in an Appendix to the Report of the Royal Opium Commission, to whitewash that flagitious transaction. Although the writer is reserved in his expressions and never lets himself go on moral issues, no missionary indictment of our past opium policy is more damning.

This book is somewhat pessimistic in its outlook upon the future. The writer thinks that the Chinese Government of to-morrow may wish to rid itself of Christian missionaries, or greatly to restrict their spheres of action. He does not discriminate, however, as the Chinese Government is learning to do, between missionaries trained under a peculiar political and ecclesiastical tradition, who wish to withdraw their converts from the jurisdiction of the native courts, and missionaries who have been trained under a very different tradition and have sometimes felt qualms of conscience because they have done so little to mitigate the persecutions of native Christians. With the establishment of open courts of justice, a new code of law, and the criticisms of a native press, which is even now doing much of the work of official censors, political difficulties will disappear. The Chinese people are not likely to forget the past services of Christian missionaries. Indeed, there is an influential section of the Chinese people, by no means Christian, who would think twice before setting themselves to dismiss their friends. Some burning questions would have been further from settlement than they are if the missionaries for many years past, through evil and through good report, had not stood boldly out for the Chinese side.

The writer of this book looks with foreboding upon the effect of anti-Chinese laws in our own Colonies, as well as in the United States of America. Such measures may exasperate the Chinese Government and provoke reprisals. But the Chinaman is sufficiently enlightened to know that there is no parallel between the systematic attempt to flood the labor markets of the West and of the South with cheap yellow labor, and the passing sojourn of the white man in the lands of the Far East. This thorny problem ought never to have arisen. It is due to the fact that the vices of the Chinese emigrant have been catered for with the cognisance of nominally Christian rulers. When "China Towns" with their brothels, opium-dens, and betting hells are allowed to fester upon Colonial soil, no wonder the Chinaman is looked upon as an undesirable. The difficulties of the question may even yet be solved by insisting that the Chinaman shall live under moral and sanitary conditions, or else go, and be paid a minimum wage to which the leaders of the Colonial Labor Unions might be brought to agree. Unless his instincts for home have been blunted by vice and he is so impoverished that he gives up the hope of return in despair, the Chinaman is not likely to be a permanent settler who will annex a white man's country.

This carefully written and copious volume will be a standard history for some time to come. It is not without its humors. The stately British Minister at Peking was evolved from the supercargo of John Company, with Captain Elliot as the intermediate link.

* "The English in China." By J. Bromley Eames. Pitman. 20s. net.

## A WORK OF ELUCIDATION.*

We have among us a good many writers capable of presenting adequately a picture of certain social conditions or of putting clearly and interestingly the case for special social reforms. We have not, and have never had, many writers who, looking into the general welter of facts, actual or bygone, can discern and render comprehensible the main stream of social development. Such a writer was the late Benjamin Kirkman Gray, who, at his death, two years ago, in the prime of life, left incomplete the very remarkable volume which has been edited by Mrs. Gray and Miss B. L. Hutchins, and published under the title of "Philanthropy and the State: or Social Politics."

Mr. Gray had that best education in sociology, an intimate personal acquaintance with the lives of the poor. For some years he carried on a mission in one of the roughest and most indigent districts of West London, and in the course of that Sisyphus-like toil beheld daily the helplessness and the heroisms of the slum dweller. He began to perceive the whole problem of poverty as something national, far too great to be within the scope of private philanthropy. After resigning his work among the actual victims, he began to study the rise and growth of charitable endeavor in this country and in 1905 published "A History of Philanthropy in England in the Eighteenth Century," a book of great illuminative power and a storehouse of curious, not easily accessible information. Its style, sober and scholarly, has an undercurrent of ironic humor that makes excellent reading; the massed facts are never dull and never confusing; and an intelligent reader issues, at the end, having acquired not only knowledge but enlightenment. It was ill-advertised, and, although several reviewers recognised its merits, can scarcely be said ever to have reached the general public.

"Philanthropy and the State" shows us the beginning of that supersession of private philanthropy by State action, which had been foreshadowed as inevitable in the previous work. We see, first, a period in which poverty was almost universally supposed to be the result of misconduct, and, therefore, a phenomenon strictly limited in range and well within the possible scope of private effort. The real extent of social distress was not known, and the idea of careful, detailed social research had scarcely yet dawned. By degrees a different view of poverty arose, and side by side with this a different view of the functions of the State. Mr. Gray shows us the birth of statistics, the social importance of the census, the gradually perceived, inevitable inadequacy of philanthropy, and, evolving by degrees, the conception of "the social whole." From the perception of human interdependence grows a new sense of the general human duty. "Whereas charity confined itself for the most part to efforts for alleviation, the social politics of to-day regards prevention as primary and passes on to consider how the value of life may be positively enhanced." "None of the ills of individuals are entirely individual ills. The social tissue is too tightly woven for that. It is a social concern, in other words it is a State concern, to cure the distresses incident to social and industrial life." "The distresses incident to social and industrial life"; in those words lies the great divergence between the eighteenth century attitude and the attitude of the modern Progressive.

Starting from this root, succeeding chapters take stock, as it were, of how far we have gone in the direction indicated. Progress has been continuous, but not regular. As usual, in our "practical" country, changes have come not according to any connected theory, nor in logical harmony with an acknowledged ideal, but piecemeal and under the compulsion of the moment's need. The State has taken over completely the prisons, the workhouses, some schools, and some lunatic asylums. Drainage, the paving, cleansing, and lighting of streets, the upkeep of high roads and bridges, the maintenance of fire engines and of a staff of firemen are in the hands of those minor states, the municipality or the County Council. So, in many cases, are water, gas, electricity, and trams. Most towns have baths, some have picture galleries, free libraries, and brass bands. Everywhere moves the inspector, that "outward and visible" sign of the sub-conscious conviction that no single private interest of human life is merely private. The feeding of school children long remained, as the detection of cruelties to children or to animals still remains, in the hands of voluntary agencies; and while the recreation ground has become a public institution, the hospital still remains a private one. Behind all these varied manifestations Mr. Gray's analysis reveals the great fundamental thought of the essential brotherhood of man.

Interesting and curious are the abundant details of the processes of mental and actual transition; and interesting also—though obviously briefer than it should have been—is the chapter that deals with "the counter current," exemplified chiefly in the rules and practice of the Charity Organisation Society. The doctrine of that society, namely, that poverty can be remedied by a change in the poor man's character, and cannot be remedied by any other means, Mr. Gray roundly contradicts. "Men fail from all kinds of mischances over which they have no control, and for which they often are not responsible. . . As one who has known intimately many of those who are always on the edge of the abyss, I am prepared to deny the aspersions thrown upon them. My conclusion is that they are not below, but above, the average moral worth."

Two closing sections of the book, to have been called respectively "The Private Citizen" and "The Goal," are represented only by a couple of appendices. The first—a brilliant and penetrating bit of writing—is an incomplete study of the citizen as agitator. The second consists of rough notes, suggestive enough and connected enough to show how much we miss in losing their fuller development.

The editing has been admirably performed. The book, truncated as it inevitably is, and showing though it does certain roughnesses and certain thin spots, is of high value, and the work of preparing it for publication was a social service. It is earnestly to be hoped that readers will be many, so that this legacy of a mind at once lucid, laborious, and synthetic may become part of our general inheritance.

* "Philanthropy and the State." By Benjamin Kirkman Gray. Edited by Mrs. Gray and B. L. Hutchins. P. S. King & Son. 7s. 6d. net.

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## THE WHITE PROPHET.*

Mr. Heinemann opens up an enterprising design in his new "Library of Modern Fiction." For four shillings one can purchase these two well-printed volumes of "The White Prophet." This works out at the rate of about five thousand of Mr. Hall Caine's words for a penny. At the first blush this sounds remarkably cheap, but after trying three penn'orth or so one concludes that Mr. Hall Caine's works ought to be sold through a penny-in-the-slot machine. At railway stations, club waiting-rooms, even in the public squares, the public could always turn the handle, and absorb as much matter from its favorite authors as it felt was healthy or convenient to assimilate. The labor of distributing millions of copies of Mr. Hall Caine's works throughout an Empire on which the sun never sets would thus be saved. By a rough computation one calculates that the paper used for the editions of "The Manxman," "The Christian," "The Scapegoat." "The Bondman," "The Prodigal Son," "The Eternal City," and "The White Prophet," if spread out, sheet by sheet, would obliterate all the natural beauties of the Isle of Man. And how many forests have not been felled to furnish wood pulp for the printing of the works of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Marie Corelli, and other "popular favorites"?

In "The White Prophet" Mr. Hall Caine's intentions are so excellent that one hesitates to say whether the crude sensationalism of his art will do harm or good to the cause of Egyptian Nationalism that he is espousing. Probably it will do good, for, though the plot be absurd, the characters stage puppets, the conversations impossible, the atmosphere unreal and the sentimentality unpleasant, the British public will learn from it that fellaheen, Soudanese negroes, and Arabs have feelings, souls, and love of country, no less than the men who govern them. What "The White Prophet," with

* "The White Prophet." By Hall Caine. 2 vols. Heinemann. 4s. net.

all its emotional gush, teaches Englishmen generally, is in its effective caricature of mere caste spirit. Lord Nuneham, the Consul-General of Egypt, with his "stern jaw and steady grey eyes, behind which the cool brain was plainly packed in ice," a "massive man of iron," who, after governing the country with honor and glory for years, gets obsessed with the idea that any opposition to his projects is part and parcel of a seditious propaganda, is a plausible caricature of many governors. Unfortunately Mr. Hall Caine cannot recognise when his sensationalism becomes ridiculous, and we fear that, for every dozen readers who swallow his scenes with avidity, one may drop them with disgust. It implies a strong stomach or a weak head not to recoil before a novel in which there is barely a speech, or a thought, or an observation, a description or a shade of feeling that is true to nature, to character, to atmosphere. Like a large and crude advertisement on a cheap hoarding, displayed with a surprising wealth of melodramatic gesture, is Mr. Hall Caine's "The White Prophet." The subject is germane, and the author's intention excellent—that is the best that can be said for it.

Lord Nuneham, the grim autocrat, with "square-hewn" jaw, has a son, Colonel Gordon Lloyd, "the youngest colonel in the British Army, a man with crisp brown hair and eyes of the flickering steel-like blue that is common among enthusiastic natures." For Mr. Hall Caine's purposes Gordon combines the best traditions of the English gentleman with a racial outlook that is practically Egyptian. "Nursed on the knee of an Egyptian woman, speaking Arabic as his mother tongue, lisping the songs of Arabia before he knew a word of English, Egypt was under his very skin, and the spirit of the Nile and of the desert was in his blood." All this does not prevent Gordon from going wild with joy and delirious with excitement at the battle of Omdurman, and when his friend, Lieutenant Ali Awad, has been stabbed "by a coffee-colored demon in chain armor," from acquitting himself like a hero. When Gordon reappears riding from the fray, "with a black banner in one hand and tears in his eyes," the Colonel, quite broken down, asks, "What became of the dervish?" Then, for the first time, the fighting devil flashed out of Gordon's eyes, and he answered, "I killed him like a dog, sir." For this, and other deeds of derring-do in the South African war, Gordon is appointed "Second in Command of the Army of Occupation in Cairo," and no one is surprised. It would take, indeed, a good deal more than this to surprise anybody who is conversant with Mr. Hall Caine's inventive powers. Colonel Gordon is deeply in love with Helena, the daughter of General Graves, his superior officer, "a fine, handsome girl, with coal-black hair, very dark eyes, a speaking face, and a smile like eternal sunshine" which are inherited from her mother, a Jewess, who, we regret to say, has shattered her husband's home by becoming too intimate with a Lord-Lieutenant, "a nobleman, a sportsman, a bachelor, a breeder of racehorses, and a member of the Government." General Graves, "in his ungovernable rage, had flung the nobleman on the ground, and trampled on him, torn the jewels out of his wife's breast, and crushed them under his heel, and then realising the bankruptcy his life had come to, had gone home and had brain fever." Helena, like a good daughter, hated her wicked "mother's lover," and "on Sunday morning, when the bells rang, she would walk with her [stricken] father to church, holding his hand in her hand as if she were the mother and he were the child . . . and only to those who saw that the brave girl, with her eyes of light and her lips of dew, was giving away her youth to her old father, was it charged with feeling too deep for them." This brain fever episode has a vital influence on the story, for when Gordon has refused to obey the Consul-General's and General Graves's orders, and to take a battalion of infantry and a regiment of cavalry and clear out of the University of El Azhar all the students and their teachers, an act which means "killing hundreds, perhaps thousands of them," and "lowering the prestige of England in Europe, India, and America," General Graves has a stroke of apoplexy, and the consequences to Helena, Gordon, and Ishmael Ameer, the White Prophet, are serious. The scene of Gordon's degradation and expulsion from the British Army is so characteristic of Mr. Hall Caine's style and outlook that we regret it is too long for quotation, but if the reader's patience survives the first twenty-two chapters of volume one, he will find the passage enshrined in the twenty-third.

What happens after this tragic episode is, briefly, this. Helena is convinced that the "White Prophet," an ingenious cross between the Mahdi and a Salvation Army captain, is responsible for her father's death, and in order to be revenged on him and betray his treasonable practices to the British authorities, she wins her way into his confidence by translating foreign newspapers to him. And the "White Prophet," who is, alas, as weak before woman's wiles as are other prophets, proposes that "she shall be his spiritual wife, that she shall be formally betrothed to him, and that he shall shield and protect her from every ill." And betrothed they are, in Khartoum, while "a camel boys' song of love recalls the soft eyes of the gazelle, and the timid looks of the beloved, and the oasis, and the song of the bird in the date tree," and other desert imagery of a pleasing and relevant nature.

The plot now thickens with a vengeance. The vindictive Helena has no sooner transmitted to the Consul-General some of the "White Prophet's" apparently treasonable, but, in reality, meritorious, plan for shutting up the British officials in the Gheziral Palace, so that his followers may enter Cairo unopposed, than Colonel Gordon, the disgraced British officer, arrives in Khartoum, disguised as a Bedouin chief. Explanations follow at great length between the old lovers, and the two prepare to leave Khartoum secretly to save Helena and the White Prophet from the consequences of her duplicity. But on the morning of their flight Gordon is stunned by receiving news of his mother's death, and he then perceives that it is his duty to save Egypt and incidentally England before he saves Helena. The passage that we append only brings us to Chapter XXIII. of Book III., and there are three hundred pages more, of much the same nature, remaining for the intrepid reader to tackle. The reviewer, however, may be pardoned for stopping, if not stopping in time:—

> "Yes! Something tells me that that subtle old scoundrel is playing a double sword game—with the Ulema and with the Government—and that his object is not only to destroy Ishmael, but, by awakening the ancient religious terror, to ruin England as well—tempt her to ruin her prestige, at all events."
>
> They had reached the margin of the river, and he stopped.
>
> "Well?" she faltered again.
>
> "Well, I am a British soldier still, Helena, even though I am a disgraced one, and I want to . . . I want to save the good name of my country."
>
> She could not speak—she felt as if she would choke.
>
> "I want to save the good name of the Consul-General also. He is my father, and though he no longer thinks of me as his son, I want to save him from . . from himself."
>
> "I can do it too," he added eagerly. "At this moment I am perhaps the only man who can. I am nobody now—only a runaway and a deserter—but I can cross the line of fire and so give warning."
>
> "But, Gordon, don't you see——"
>
> "Oh, I know what you are going to say, Helena—I must die for it. Yes! Nobody wants to do that, if he can help it, but I can't! Listen!"
>
> She raised her eyes to his—they seemed to be ablaze with a kind of frenzy.
>
> "Death was the penalty of what I did in Cairo, and if I did not stay there to be court-martialled and condemned, was it because I wanted to save my life? No; I thought there was nothing left in my life that made it worth saving. It was because I wanted to give it in some better cause. Something told me I should, and when I came to Khartoum I didn't know what fate was before me, or what I had to do, but I know now. *This* is what I have to do, Helena—to go back to Cairo instead of Ishmael, and so save England and Egypt and my father and these poor Moslem people, and prevent a world of bloodshed."
>
> Then Helena, who in her nervousness had been scraping her feet on the sand, said in a halting, trembling voice—
>
> "Was this what you wanted to say to me, Gordon?"
>
> "Yes, but now I want *you* to say something to *me*."
>
> "What is that?" she asked, trembling.
>
> "*To tell me to go.*"
>
> It was like a blow. She felt as if she would fall.
>
> "I cannot go unless you send me, Helena—not as things stand now—leaving you here—under these conditions—in a place like this—alone. Therefore tell me to go, Helena."
>
> Tears sprang to her eyes. She thought of all the hopes she had so lately cherished, all the dreams of the day before of love and a new life among quite different scenes—sweet scenes full of the smell of new-cut grass, the rustling of trees, the swish of the scythe, the songs of birds, the ringing of church bells, instead of this empty and arid wilderness—and then of

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the ruin, the utter wreck and ruin, that everything was falling to.

"Tell me to go, Helena—tell me," he repeated.

It was crushing. She could not bear it.

"I cannot," she said. "Don't ask me to do such a thing. Just when we were going away, too . . . expecting to escape from all this miserable tangle and to be happy at last——"

"But should we be happy, Helena? Say we escaped to Europe, America, Australia, anywhere far enough away, and what I speak of were to come to pass, should we be happy—should we?"

"We should be together at all events, and we should be able to love each other——"

"But could we love each other with the memory of all that misery—the misery we might have prevented—left here behind us?"

"At least we should be alive and safe and well."

"Should we be well if our whole life became abominable to us, Helena? . . . On the other hand——"

"On the other hand, you want us to part—never to see each other again."

"It's hard—I know it's hard—but isn't that better than to become odious in each other's eyes?"

A cruel mixture of anger and sorrow and despair took possession of her, and, choking with emotion, she said—

"I have nobody but you now, yet you want me to tear my heart out—to sacrifice the love that is my only happiness, my only refuge. . . . Oh, I cannot do it! You are asking me to send you into the jaws of death itself—that's it—the very jaws of death itself—and I cannot do it. I tell you I cannot, I cannot! There is no woman in the world who could."

There was silence for a moment after this vehement cry; then in a low tone he said—

"Every soldier's wife does as much when she sends her husband into battle, Helena."

"Ah!"

She caught her breath as if a hand from heaven had smitten her.

"Am I not going into battle now? And aren't you a soldier's daughter?"

There was another moment of silence, in which he looked out on the sparkling waters of the Blue Nile, and she gazed through clouded eyes on the sluggish waves of the White.

Something had suddenly begun to rise in her throat. *This* was the real Gordon, the hero who had won battles, the soldier who had faced death before, and she had never known him until now!

A whirlwind of sensation and emotion seemed to race through her soul and body. She felt hot, she felt cold, she felt ashamed, and then all at once she felt as if she were being lifted out of herself by the spirit of the man beside her. At length she said, trying to speak calmly—

"You are right, quite right; you are always right, Gordon. If you feel like that about going into Cairo you must go. It is your duty. You have received your orders."

"Helena!" he cried, in a burst of joy.

---

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

When a writer of Mr. E. V. Lucas's temperament sets out to describe Paris in a book written "wholly from the outside, and containing only so much of that city and its citizens as a foreigner who has no French friends may observe on holiday visits," one may be fairly sure that the result will not be as purely "objective" as this prefatory warning suggests. Thus, while "A Wanderer in Paris" (Methuen, 6s. net) contains a lot of information about the French capital, it also has a good deal of Mr. Lucas; and those acquainted with his individuality, as revealed by his previous descriptions of wanderings in Holland and London, will know that this makes for literary entertainment. The book, in fine, is a delightful essay on Paris and its history, disguised as a guide book, and it includes most of the characteristics of his talent—a pleasant enthusiasm, a habit of whimsical, Lamb-like diversions, humor, and the charm of the unexpected. At the same time we do not consider Paris to be a subject that shows Mr. Lucas at his very best; there are chapters in the book that, for him, are almost tedious, particularly the chapters which describe pictures and sculpture. On the boulevards, or at Montmartre, or before Notre Dame, he is most enlivening, but when he strays into the Louvre, or the Luxembourg, or the Cluny Museum, and describes with much graciousness of phrase his preferences in their treasures, he sometimes fails to grip; and the reader, knowing how attractive his author can be, wishes that he would leave Monna Lisa (and what Pater said of the picture) alone, and come outside, to chat with M. Pol, the friend of Paris sparrows, to peep at the two Zoos, to visit a favorite restaurant or a pawnbroker, to criticise boldly—as Mr. Lucas does—the superfluities of Paris life. Mr. Lucas is blessed with a sense of proportion that prevents him from viewing a Latin idiosyncrasy as a moral iniquity, or confounding the froth of a national brew with its body. Mr. Walter Dexter's water-colors of Paris streets are quite in harmony with the spirit of the text, which is essentially the blithe holiday spirit, and, as far as circumstances permit, akin to that of "The Open Road."

* * *

It is occasionally possible to write about antiquarian matters in a non-antiquarian way; but for this, the subject itself must have a more than merely antiquarian interest—must have some present-day vitality. It is hard to find this in a good deal of the English cathedral music of the last three hundred years, strong and beautiful as much of it is. Great names there are in the history, and some of the music really represents the great men at their best; but long stretches of the record are necessarily filled up with the names of second or third rate men, or even—for Mr. J. S. Bumpus, in "A History of English Cathedral Music" (Werner Laurie, 2 vols., 12s. net), is inexorable in his research—men who are only fifth or sixth rate. There can surely be few writers for the church service whom he does not mention; and, brushing up against so many mediocrities, his standard of judgment necessarily gets a little awry at times. We should speak of little things in the language of inches, not, as Mr. Bumpus does, in that of yards or miles. There are certain epithets of smallness inappropriate to large works of art, and certain epithets of largeness inappropriate to small ones; we may speak of the cameo, but not of the cathedral, as being pretty, and of the cathedral, but not the cameo, as being majestic. Mr. Bumpus's enthusiasm for chants and anthems is pardonable, but his scale of adjectives of laudation is at times much too large for them. If he were writing about symphonies and operatic tetralogies and oratorios he could hardly paint with a bigger or fuller brush. Nor can any one but the antiquarian pure and simple pretend to feel much interest in many of the alleged composers who adorn Mr. Bumpus's pages. No one, surely, cares two straws for whole bevies of these forgotten musical mediocrities, with their endless Evening Services in D, Nunc Dimittis in E flat, Choral Responses in A, Jubilate in F, and all the rest of it. For those, however, whose taste lies in this direction, Mr. Bumpus has certainly done his work with praiseworthy thoroughness. For ordinary musicians, as distinguished from church or cathedral musicians, the real usefulness of his book lies in its records of the unquestionably great writers for the church, from Tye and Tallis and Byrd, through Purcell to the Wesleys. Mr. Bumpus is not critically illuminative, and perhaps has not aimed at being so; but as a straightforward compilation of facts his volumes can be cordially recommended.

* * *

Monsignor Duchesne has so great and so deserved a reputation as an ecclesiastical historian that a translation of his work on "The Early History of the Church" (Murray, 9s. net), cannot fail of a welcome from English readers. The translation has been made from the fourth French edition, and notice has been taken of recent discoveries, such as that of fresh material regarding Julius Africanus and of the Greek text of Hippolytus. The book is dedicated to M. Gaston Boissier, a scholar whose history of the last days of paganism shows a broad and thorough scholarship, a caution in speculation, and an engaging literary quality which are also to be found in M. Duchesne's work. Not the least remarkable feature of the present volume is the freedom which Monsignor Duchesne allows himself in explaining the development of the episcopate or the progress of Christological dogma under the influence of the early heresies. He writes as a convinced Roman Catholic, but in his statements of facts he is impartial. The book in its French form is already so well known to scholars that nothing more is needed than to congratulate those responsible for its appearance in an English version.

* * *

There is no lack of books upon George Sand, and in choosing her life and work as the subject of a series of lectures, given at Paris under the auspices of the Société des Conférences, M. René Doumic entered upon a field where there is seemingly very little fresh material to glean. These lectures have now been published ("George Sand: Sa Vie et

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Son Œuvre." Paris: Perrin, 3fr. 50c.), and in his prefatory note M. Doumic expresses a hope that some literary historian may be found to devote a volume to George Sand's genius and influence. As a matter of fact the *définitif* book upon George Sand has yet to be written. Caro's volume, though excellent in some respects, is not sympathetic enough, and had to be made to fit into a series. Other writers, like Rocheblave and the late Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, were more intent upon clearing up obscure details of biography or bibliography than upon giving a broad estimate of the writer's work, and though M. Doumic's lectures are fresh and sympathetic in treatment, biography occupies in them too large a place. It is only in his last chapter that M. Doumic attempts to deal with George Sand as a writer, and the appreciation has but one fault—its brevity. As an example of his criticism we may quote the following sentence: "George Sand a impregné le roman de la poésie qui était en son âme; elle lui a donné une souplesse, une ampleur, une portée qu'il n'avait pas auparavant; elle y a célébré l'hymne de la nature, de l'amour et de la bonté; elle nous y a révélé la campagne et les paysans de France; elle y a donné satisfaction à cette tendance au romanesque qui est, à des degrés divers, en chacun de nous." As a painter of the idyllic aspects of rural French life George Sand is incomparable, and this constitutes her claim to immortality.

* * *

A MORE accurately descriptive title for Mr. James Douglas's "Adventures in London" (Cassell, 6s. net) would be "Essays in Descriptive Journalism." The adventures which he relates are, for the most part, visits to various London resorts, ranging from music-halls and police-courts to the National Sporting Club and the British Museum Reading Room. There are besides a number of character sketches of theatrical and music-hall favorites and political leaders. Mr. Douglas's method is pure impressionism, and in his efforts to convey his impressions to the reader he relies mainly on the short sentence. Reading Mr. Douglas suggests a journey in a jolting train at break-neck speed. We get glimpses of a thousand different and unexpected objects, some of which are attractive enough to make us wish to see them at closer view, were not all our energies bent on the effort to preserve our balance. But though Mr. Douglas seems to have entered into a rivalry with Mr. Bart Kennedy as to which would make his sentences shorter, Mr. Douglas—handicapped apparently by the antiquated view that each sentence ought to contain a verb—is easily defeated. When we get accustomed to Mr. Douglas's style, and cease to be irritated by his fondness for forced alliterations, we are able to see that some of his impressionist sketches are the fruit of close observation and that they contain touches which represent criticism of life. "Clever" is, perhaps, the proper epithet to apply to them, and we are sure that Mr. Douglas needs not to be warned that cleverness does not carry a writer far.

# The Week in the City.

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THE crop reports are still very good from nearly all parts, including Russia, Canada, and the United States. Our English harvest is turning out splendidly, barley and wheat being generally much above the average, and oats better than seemed likely a few weeks ago. In parts of the southern counties a lot of corn has already been harvested. Trade with America was very good, but now that the tariff is signed there is a holiday lull. American bills, however, are plentiful in London, and the Indian trade is at last beginning to look up. This was bound to come as soon as the unsold stock of merchandise had been exchanged for the new crop, and India began again to overflow and to require a fresh stock of goods. The result of all this has been seen in a slight stiffening of discount rates which began to show itself on Monday and Tuesday along with a greater demand for gold. But unless Egypt and Argentine really begin to take gold the superabundance of money must continue for some time in view of the great strength of Thursday's Bank Return. The City, of course, is very empty, and even the Budget Protest League could hardly yield a sufficient number of wealthy citizens to fill a small room. I hear, by the way, that in spite of the so-called Financial Reform and the new taxes, another big loan will be required soon for the German Empire. This is causing some anxiety in Berlin.

### THE STOCK MARKETS.

Partly owing to the holidays, partly to a set back in Americans, the Stock Markets have been dull, and the tendency of prices has been generally downwards, though Throgmorton Street has not been cooled like the Johannesburg Stock Exchange by a fall of snow. Mexican things have drooped owing to a certain nervousness about the social and political unrest upon which I touched last week. "Mexico for the Mexicans" is not an electoral war cry which appeals to the foreign investor. In the foreign market there has been quite a jump in Costa Rica owing to well-informed purchases on American account, which seem to indicate that another attempt at composition is on foot, and that the Government will soon begin to pay interest once more. The Costa Ricans are a rather nice people, but they have a very bad record with regard to their foreign creditors. The demand for Russian and Japanese bonds continues, and South American loans have been in request. But the Yankee market has been the most active. It has been showing signs of weakness, and some sharp breaks have occurred in the last day or two under the leadership of Unions. Some anxiety is felt by operators about the state of Mr. Harriman's health.

### CHINA AND JAPAN.

Much interest is taken by English financiers in the diplomatic and commercial struggle between China and Japan. From a commercial point of view the support given by the Foreign Office (inspired, it is said, by Mr. Chirol of the "Times") to Japan is decidedly unfortunate. Of profitable openings for British capital and enterprise there are practically none in Japan. In China they are legion. The American Government is now playing the *rôle* of China's patron, and President Taft has sent a very clever ambassador to Pekin—a Mr. Crane, a Radical millionaire of Chicago, who is public spirited, understands journalism, and is well acquainted with the East. It is rather amusing to see the dispute over the Hankau-Czechuan Railway loan settled by increasing the amount from 5½ to 6 millions sterling, so as to give the Yankees a share, especially if (as some say) this share will have to be re-borrowed in London.

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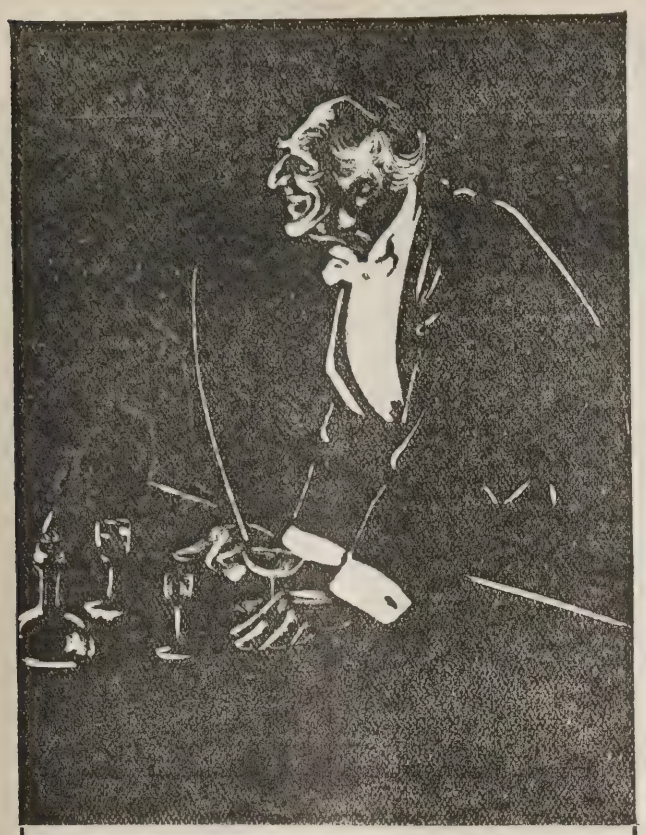

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1909

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 22.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

It is announced that Lord Rosebery, coming in, as usual, a day after the fair, has promised to address a meeting of the Budget Protest League in Glasgow, and as Lord Rosebery only calls the report "premature," it is doubtless true. The act marks, we suppose, his final severance from the Liberal Party, and the "Westminster Gazette" addresses him a brief and mournful farewell. The mass of Liberals had long ago said "Good-bye" to Lord Rosebery, not because they disliked him, but because they knew that his sympathies had been withdrawn both from their ideals and from every act of their policy, with the doubtful exception of Free Trade. While he remained under Gladstone's influence, Lord Rosebery had his period of sentimental Radicalism, which coincided with the most useful, if not the most interesting, passages in his life. But he never really belonged to that small section of the Whig aristocracy which could accept political progress and help to shape it. It is consoling to remember that if he opposes Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, he entertained similar misgivings about Sir William Harcourt's. But is he to remain an officer of the Liberal League?

* * *

The slump in the Anti-Budget agitation continues, and the Liberal papers supply scores of reports of "protest" meetings telling of total or partial failure. This lack of popular support has driven the enemy to a kind of distraction, for it clearly makes ridiculous their appeals to the Lords to act with violence. The extremists, like the conductors of the "Standard" and the "Observer," still press for the rejection of the Bill, without alleging their real reason, which is that it destroys their hope of a sweeping form of Protection, but arguing that the peers will be lost if they do not assert a function which they never possessed. The more moderate journals, like the "Times" and the "Birmingham Post," steadily put these counsels aside. The Unionist peers are said to be divided, the leaders being hostile to rejection, while, on the other hand, an organisation of F.P.'s ("fighting peers") is said to rely on Lord Curzon's leadership.

* * *

Lord Londonderry has swelled the volume of outcries from the peers. Like the dukes, it is not for himself but for others that he weeps. The rentals from his property were very small (Lord Londonderry is one of the richest peers in England) and the outgoings very large. Expenses must be curtailed, and that meant the shrinkage of wages bills. In his case "the great interests" in his property were "the shooting and gardens," which enabled him to send out "large consignments of game as presents," and to mitigate unemployment. He had opened his gardens to the public three times a week—an act, we need not say, which relieves them of the development tax.

* * *

Mr. Harcourt made a very strong speech on the House of Lords on Friday week at Derby. He said, with Mr. Churchill, that the Budget would assume its final shape in the House of Commons, and would then reach the peers in a form so sound and just that even "the most vacuous hotheads" would hold their hands. But if he desired to destroy the House of Lords, he should only pray that they would reject or amend it. He would not assume that they had so parted with their sanity as to embark, solely in defence of their private lands and pockets, on the greatest Constitutional crisis which three centuries had seen. Lord Crewe took practically the same line at Glasgow, declaring that before the Lords took a "revolutionary" course, thus claiming "the first political power in the country," they would ask themselves whether they could possibly succeed.

* * *

The Development Bill has been produced. The development fund is to consist of three items—sums voted annually by Parliament, a nest-egg of 2½ millions, paid out in five annual instalments, and sums received in the way of interest on loans and the repayment of them. The grants will be made by the Treasury, assisted by an advisory Committee, and are strictly allocated to definite purposes, forestry, agriculture, rural and fishing industries, land reclamation, rural transport, and the construction of harbors and canals. The Bill also creates a Road Board whose main business will be the construction of new roads confined to motor traffic, which will be unhampered by a speed limit. We hope that the motorists using them will not be furnished with a licence to kill any strayed reveller on their privileged highways. The Board will be empowered to buy up strips of land on each side of the new roads—a valuable provision.

* * *

The Prime Minister outlined on Thursday to the House of Commons a summary of the recent findings of the Committee on Imperial Defence. They follow the main lines of public expectation as to the standardisation of the Colonial and Imperial land forces, working under an Imperial General Staff, the nationalisation

of the Colonial adjuncts to the Imperial Navy, and the creation of an enlarged and powerful "Pacific Fleet," consisting of three units, a China unit, subsidised by New Zealand, an Australian unit, chiefly maintained by Australia, and an East Indian unit, which remains entirely Imperial. The leading feature of each of these squadrons is to be a battleship cruiser of the "Indomitable" type. We contribute one of these vessels, Australia and New Zealand finding the other two. Canada, whose naval equipment is, happily, to be on a smaller scale, practically stands out of the arrangement. For our part, we view the size and character of the new Pacific fleet with grave misgiving. It qualifies the new policy of concentration, and inevitably creates a demand for the replacing of the lost "Indomitable" in home waters. In this regard, the new Imperial-Colonial Navy offers no relief to the Mother Country, but an added burden.

* * *

Sir Joseph Thomson, the new President of the British Association, delivered his opening address at Winnipeg on Wednesday. It was, in the main, a fresh and, at times, a brilliant exposition of recent advances in physical science. Sir Joseph pleaded for a closer union between mathematics and physics, showing how mutually helpful had been the two methods of research, and how well they fitted in with each other. He expounded the theory of the molecular structure of electricity, with its infinitely small negative electrons or "corpuscles" and its larger positive units. Matter might be taken to be a collection of positive and negative units in electricity. Electricity furnished the key to the detection of the smallest particles of matter, such as the atoms of "neon," while it was the force that held atoms and molecules together, and differentiated one kind of matter from another. The medium of this all-important electrical force was the ether through which energy, streaming to the earth, travelled in waves. The study of radio-activity had enabled us to add millions of years to the age of the earth, and had revealed immense stores of heat to replace that which was lost from its interior. But the radio-active atoms, though they might possess a life of thousands of millions of years, were probably not immortal and unchangeable. They broke up gradually into other substances. There was no finality in science, and the discovery of one peak of knowledge only revealed the existence of another.

* * *

The Irish Land Bill has occupied the attention of the House of Commons during the week. Its important amendments and additions to the laws regulating land purchase in Ireland have been largely necessitated by decisions of the Irish Law Courts in hampering and narrowing after their kind the operations of the Land Acts. The closure resolution, under which the Bill was got through the Committee stage, was so framed as to give the Opposition a chance of discussing the main subjects which had been attacked and criticised during the previous debates on the Bill. Full opportunity was not taken of this arrangement and quite an undue time was absorbed by minor questions. An Irish member called attention to the "clap-trap" that was talked by some members of the Opposition so as to stop a discussion on important proposals, which will consequently go to the House of Lords "undiscussed." On Wednesday evening 3½ consecutive hours were occupied in divisions. They could have been given with more advantage to debate than to pedestrianism.

Monday was devoted to a discussion on the "zone" system in Mr. Wyndham's Act, under which the great mass of purchase agreements between landlords and tenants have to be passed by the Land Commission without any inquiry as to the security for the advance or the equity of the price. The Bill proposes to give power to the Estates Commissioners to investigate cases where they have reason to believe that the contracting parties were not free agents, or that the bargains were not *bonâ fide*. On Tuesday the main subject for discussion was a proposal of the Government to limit the amount of land, subject to a State advance, which could be acquired by one purchaser, to £3,000. This was, in principle, supported by the body of the Nationalists, who object to large tracts of land coming into the hands of one person when there is so little to go round and so many applicants. On Wednesday the House considered the proposed new constitution for the Congested Districts Board. This constitution was practically that recommended by Lord Dudley's Commission, but it is strongly opposed by the Unionists, as it brings into the Board a representative element. A discussion on compulsory powers of purchase was carried on on Thursday. All these proposed changes were bitterly opposed by the handful of Unionists who thought it worth while to attend. But little alteration was made in the Bill.

* * *

The aviation week at Rheims began on Sunday in wretched weather, but the aeroplanes came out in the evening and did some notable things. There are speed, height, and distance competitions, and the monoplane seems to have the advantage in pace, and even in distance and height. Mr. Curtiss on his biplane on Tuesday did 10 kilometres in 8 m. 35 secs., but on Wednesday M. Blériot on his monoplane reduced this record to 8 m. 4 2-5 secs. Then M. Paulhan on a Voisin biplane achieved two great feats. On Tuesday he rose to a height of 300 ft. and flew 56 kms., and the following day he beat the world's record for distance and time by flying for 2 hrs. 43 m., and covering a distance of 82 miles. He has entered for the London-Manchester prize, so that this looks much nearer being won than was expected. On Thursday, however, his record was beaten by M. Latham, the aeronaut who fell into the Channel. M. Latham covered 96 miles on his monoplane in 2 hrs. 18 m. 9 3-5 secs., and his flight was easy and beautiful to watch. It is too early to say what lessons the Rheims meeting has taught, but a correspondent makes the interesting suggestion that as apparently the aeroplanes keep up only when travelling at a great speed, the most useful form of competition would be for machines which could fly comfortably at 10 miles an hour.

* * *

The week has witnessed two notable German pronouncements in favor of moderation in naval armaments and an international agreement for their restriction. The "Vossische Zeitung" says that millions of Germans would welcome a practical plan for reduction, and that if we in England could put our ideas into a tangible shape there would be far less inclination in Germany to reject them. The "Berliner Tageblatt" speaks to the same effect, and complains that the expenditure on armaments is now "hardly bearable." The Radicals are therefore coming into line with the Prussian Conservatives, who were the first to recommend a halt in the expansion of the Navy. This movement of German opinion is of real significance, and it is important that we should take note of it. The German Navy law cuts down naval construc-

tion in 1912 from four to two ships a year, and whether that law is changed will depend in part upon British policy. An unnecessary British programme will check the tide of reasonable opinion and play into the hands of the Navy fanatics; a programme adequate to our needs but free from extravagance will help the cause of good sense in Germany and perhaps spare both British and German taxpayers a crushing burden.

* * *

At a farewell banquet in Simla Lord Kitchener declared that his voice had always been for peace, and he took credit for the fact that there had been only three expeditions during his term of office. He admitted that there had been strong division of opinion with regard to his reorganisation of the Army. Although there can be little doubt that he has left the troops and the machine in a more efficient state, it is certain that his scheme has been a heavy drain upon Indian finances, and it is more than possible that his strategy was based upon an international situation which has altered. The Anglo-Russian Convention has not been allowed to affect the disposition of the Indian Army, which has been organised by Lord Kitchener mainly to meet a Russian invasion, and perhaps does not make adequate provision for possible internal troubles. Lord Kitchener's friends suggest that the Indian Army will now on occasion be able to spare troops for Imperial needs. That, of course, means that it is larger than India requires. There can be no excuse for making the Indian peasant pay for troops intended for extra-Indian service.

* * *

The Swedish strike is now in its fourth week, but the men are holding out stubbornly. They were encouraged by the Government official census, which showed that after a fortnight there was still 284,000 men out, or practically as many as at the start. The leaders of the "Yellow" unions, which are 10,000 strong, tried to get their men to resume work on Monday, but only a few hundred obeyed. Such other secessions as have occurred are of non-union men, and, as money is coming in from abroad—the Germans alone have contributed £30,000—and the granting of strike pay has hardly commenced, the men can probably hold out for some time yet. The newspapers and influential men of moderate opinions are urging the Government to intervene. The initiative towards a compromise will have to come from without. The men are not likely to make the first move, and the employers still think that they can win a complete victory.

* * *

The strike at the Pressed Steel Car works at Pittsburg is developing the incidents of civil war. Last month there was a good deal of shooting between the strikers and the private militia of the owners, and on Monday the police, in covering some imported workers, provoked a pitched battle in which several men were shot and many wounded. The Pressed Steel Car works have a bad reputation even in Pittsburg. The accident death-rate is 4 or 5 per cent. a year; the laborers work 12 hours a day seven days a week at an exhausting pace; their pay is low, reduced by truck, and rendered uncertain by the gang system. Most of the employees are Austrian subjects who cannot speak English, and an official report by the Austrian Consul gives an unsparing picture of exploitation. As usual, American law and public opinion take quite calmly this violent anarchy of capital and labor.

* * *

The report of the International Opium Commission, which met last February, has been published at Shanghai, and the brief cabled summary suggests the disturbing thought that English influence was not thrown on the side of strong action. The Chinese found their chief support in the American delegates. The Americans moved a resolution to give every country power to prohibit importation except for medical purposes, but the English delegates helped the Japanese to get it rejected; both England and Japan, of course, do a large opium export trade to China. Another American resolution, to confine the trade in opium to medical purposes, met with British opposition, and the British delegates seem to have thrown doubt on the success of the measures for abolishing poppy culture in China. It is pretty clear that the old conflict between commercialism and humanitarianism severely hampered the Commission's discussions.

* * *

Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the "Times," who gave evidence before the Joint Committee on Friday week, contributed a somewhat remarkable surrender of the critical function. He favored a "preventive Censorship," but thought the Censor's decisions were "capricious" and some of them "wholly incomprehensible." But really it mattered little whether there was a Censor or not; personally, he would probably decide the question by tossing up a coin. The Censor had refused "Monna Vanna," a moral and beautiful play, but then the public had only missed "an evening's aesthetic gratification." The importance of all art, especially of dramatic art, was "over-rated," an opinion in which Lord Newton warmly concurred. The Censor was unreal, but so were most of the alleged evils which he did not prevent. Mr. Harcourt inquired why Mr. Walkley chose to act as critic of an art which he regarded as so trivial. The Committee, we think, might also have asked why he appeared before them to discuss a matter which he would decide by tossing a halfpenny.

* * *

At Thursday's sitting of the Committee a serious matter occurred, which, we hope, will not be allowed to drop. In the course of some remarkable evidence, Mr. George Edwardes, who hinted his moral objections to "Monna Vanna," stated that his own production of "The Spring Chicken" was "perfectly harmless," and that he had only seen one unfriendly criticism, that of Mr. Stead. All we can say is, first, that Mr. Stead's remarks on this disgusting play constituted one of the most libellous articles which we have ever read, and if Mr. George Edwardes thought himself maligned by it, he had a very obvious remedy at law, and, secondly, that the notice in the "Era," the chief organ of the theatrical profession and a strong supporter of the "Censorship," described "The Spring Chicken" in terms which, properly contemptuous as they are, we could not well reproduce in this paper.

* * *

But the most important point is that when Mr. Harcourt proposed to read Mr. Stead's criticism, he was stopped by the Committee on the ground that they could not consider the details of particular plays. Does this imply that the character of a play like "The Spring Chicken" is to be taken for granted on the word of the gentleman who produced it, and that even the nature of the charges against it is to be unexamined? If so, and if this procedure is applied to other plays in which the Censor's moral judgment is gravely called in question, one half of the case against him will go absolutely unconsidered. Is this a fair, or even a rational, position? As for Mr. Stead, we think he is bound to make some statement to the Committee enforcing his point of view.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE ISSUE WITH THE LORDS.

THE observer of politics will not have failed to note one special change which has come over the situation as the result of the introduction and criticism of the Budget. Up to that point the Opposition had the immense advantage of being the attacking party, while the Ministry stood constantly, and on some issues dispiritedly, on the defence. Now the parts are changed. It is the Government which attacks, the Opposition which defends. Instead of resting inactive, like Cromwell's army at Dunbar, before a beleaguering host, the Liberal Party is restored to its natural *rôle* of criticism and assault, with an historic question as its battleground, and an immense field of social progress to conquer. The result has been magical. The two sections of the forward army, Labor and Liberalism, which seemed to be growing farther and farther apart, have come together. Enthusiasm has revived, and with it belief in the future. The old grievance of the British people, their divorce from the land, has been presented in a simple, practical form. Just and equitable principles, involving no wrong to individuals but asserting vital public rights, have been submitted to them; deep grievances, from which all sections of the working community suffer, have been explored; and the reasonable desire for social and economic change, which is the basis of Liberalism, has been roused to full activity.

Not less profitable has been the exposure of the tactics of the Opposition. Every hour that has been spent in the development of the case against the land clauses of the Budget has turned to their advantage, and to the discomfiture of their critics. In the effort at self-justification, the great landlords have not only been guilty of acts or speech of revolting personal meanness, but they have made themselves ridiculous by asking a great industrial State to subscribe to the doctrine that the extent of their personal luxury is the measure of their public service. The answer has been obvious. The nation has plainly intimated that it can do without its dukes, and that there is not a single useful function which they claim as their prerogative, from the maintenance of charities to the employment of labor, which it is powerless to provide for itself. Will the dukes discharge their aged servants? The State will look after them. Will they starve the hospitals? The richest of nations will not neglect its sick. Will they sell land? There will be plenty of bidders. Will they cease rearing grouse and pheasants? There will be more sheep and poultry. They can keep the neighborly feeling on which they pride themselves. They are not asked to play rural Providence any longer.

But the heaviest blow which the Budget has struck has been at the House of Lords and at Tariff Reform. We doubt whether the friends of the latter cause will ever recover their attack on the land clauses. It is easy to imagine a Budget which might have made straight the path to Protection, or even produced a crooked alliance between democracy and reaction—the kind of Budget, for example, which finds favor with the "Spectator" and with those who regard the British workman much as the South African mine-owner regards his Kaffir laborers. But this was not the instrument which the Protectionists have been fighting. Their battle-cry went out against the three forms of direct taxation—the land taxes, the super-tax, and the new scale of death duties—which are aimed either at the superfluities of extreme wealth or at its future accumulations. These were the imposts which they insisted on sweeping away, so that the road might be clear for the only alternative—the taxation of food and labor. Had there have been even a tinge of true democracy in our Protectionist party, it would have followed the example of the Australian Protectionists, and welcomed a fortification of its alleged schemes for the relief of home labor. There is nothing irreconcilable between land taxes and a moderate form of Protection. The Chamberlainites might have accepted them and the super-tax as an earnest of their good-will to the workers and the middle classes. They have preferred to play trumpeter to the dukes. The inference is that they never meant Protection to assume more than the guise of democracy, and that the bloating of rents and special profits, which is its final end, made them forget that workmen and traders had to be won as well as landlords and manufacturers. It would seem as if the ring who conduct this agitation were either too slow-witted or too cynical even to dress themselves for the popular *rôle* they affect.

The worst embarrassment has been reserved for the Lords. The mask is now fairly off the special kind of political hypocrisy which treats the House of Lords as a disinterested organ of the national will. The Lords cannot conceal their immense prejudice in this matter, their private, personal stake in the Budget; they have proclaimed it to all the world. And it is no longer possible for them to pretend that in passing outside the British Constitution, and trampling on the privileges of the Commons, they will be acting as clear-sighted interpreters of the public mind, going behind the forces of democracy in order to get at its reality. Agitation against the Budget, sustained with the unlimited cash which the Protectionists command, and regular appeals to promising constituencies, have equally failed. The Budget is so popular with the masses that an unconstitutional check to it might arouse a sudden fury of demonstration and action such as our politics has not known since the days of Chartism or the first Reform Bill. The position, therefore, of the Government is peculiarly strong. The Lords may bow the neck and pass the Budget, as they are constitutionally bound to do. Or they may act as the French nobility acted in the first phase of the great Revolution. Each kind of procedure makes for the triumph of Liberalism. The first gives it the prestige of immediate victory. The latter course has the special advantage of placing the Ministry in the strongest position that any Liberal Government can occupy, the position of the Government of 1832. That is to say, it would have on its side both the constitutional argument and influences, and a passionate popular movement. In that movement, the Lords must go down. It is useless for the "Observer" to produce four reasons for

throwing out the Budget, nor need we stop to argue with a critic who is unaware that single-chamber rule in finance has for three hundred years been the unbroken custom of the British Constitution. It might just as pertinently produce four thousand. It is the popularity of the Budget which makes it impregnable, especially against an assault where all the right as well as the social convenience would be on one side, and all the wrong, and an unexampled national confusion into the bargain, on the other.

This, then, is the situation which the Government will envisage. It is one of extraordinary and unexpected promise. We remember no Ministry that in its fourth year of office has rebounded so suddenly into popular favor. The advantage is not merely tactical. Not only have its opponents over-reached themselves, but as sometimes happens amid the unrealities of politics, a shaft has been sunk into a deep and rich vein of popular interest. All through the history of the Administration since 1906, we have been on ground unfavorable to an attack on the body which has crippled its activities; now suddenly we have them at a grave disadvantage. These golden hours do not readily recur. The wise man does not look for them more than once or twice in his life-time, and when they come he seizes them for what they are worth. Three considerations seem to us of governing importance. The first is the duty of safe-guarding free trade. The second is the largeness of the social issues which the working out of the Budget involves. The third is the necessity of coming to close grips with the Lords. Here it is a case of "Thy head or my head"—there is no third course for the Liberal Party. The question is—How are all these demands on the energies of the Government and the Liberal Party to be best satisfied? If the Budget is thrown out, we expect to see the Constitution righted; but when that is thoroughly done there is matter that cannot be long kept from the electorate. If the Budget passes, as in all probability it will pass, the question of the Lords presents itself again in a form intolerable to a great political organisation, fresh from a legitimate triumph. We do not look forward with zest to another prolonged period of enfeebled compromises, or weaker surrenders, during which the Government will again be pushing Bills up to the Lords, much as the attendant at a menagerie thrusts gobbets of meat between the bars of the lions' cages. We have come nearer the determination of the great quarrel than we have ever come before. We must note and make good our new ground.

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## THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

*Noblesse oblige.* The great landowners continue to devote a considerable portion of their summer holidays to instructing the nation in the elements of political economy. There is, for example, Lord Tullibardine, heir of the Duke of Atholl, who, by means of a personally conducted tour of Scottish workmen to the top of Ben Dearg, claims finally to have exposed the small holdings fallacy, wringing from a selected "Radical" the reluctant confession that "the deer forest of Atholl is composed of heather and stones, moss, bog, and swamps, and to speak of using it for small holdings or other agricultural purposes is utter folly." The Duke of Northumberland still bewails the miserable plight to which the Budget will reduce his servants and retainers, refusing to be comforted by the specious remedies suggested by Sir Edward Grey for avoiding the necessary retrenchment. The Marquis of Londonderry has always held his property, not in the spirit of a private possession, but of a public trust. The shooting and the gardens were to him no source of personal pride or luxury. He valued them solely because "he was able to send out large consignments of game as presents, and was also able to benefit those out of employment in times of depression." How we have wronged these noblemen! Too late, alas! they have been induced to lay aside their native modesty, and to declare themselves as they really are, no cold monopolists, using the great estates with which Providence has endowed them, for their own profit, enjoyment, and aggrandisement, but warm-hearted stewards, concerned only with the welfare of the tenants and retainers for whom they find land and employment. The arduous task of fox-hunting they perform to protect their tenants from the devastation of such vermin, while they spend laborious days among their moors to shoot grouse for the sick poor. Malicious fiction-mongers have invented myths of crofters cleared out in hundreds to make way for deer, of miles of glorious scenery dedicated to grouse and pheasants and forbidden to man, of close villages where there is no liberty to live without the licence of the squire, of holdings and allotments rented to working-men at six or eight times their farm-rental, of extortion practised upon municipalities and other public bodies needing land for parks or other public purposes. Read the Conservative Press of England, and you will be staggered at the unscrupulous audacity of such inventions of Radical malice.

What are we to make of such a presentation? Reflection brings up several definite points of inquiry. Why are the great rural landowners so terribly perturbed that they bend their intellects to construct these naïve defences? The Budget does not threaten to break up the deer forests of Atholl for small holdings, or to tax Lord Londonderry's shootings, or to confiscate the 183,200 acres owned by the Duke of Portland. There is, we repeat, nothing in the Budget to justify the suggestion that great rural landowners must retrench expenditure, dismiss their servants, and enter upon "a new way of life." Only so far as these persons own city and mineral lands are they invited to contribute more largely to the public revenue. If, indeed, they were so public-spirited as individually they profess to be—they would willingly serve their country by this contribution, not out of their present, but out of their prospective unearned wealth. But even this call of the Exchequer is a very gentle one. Allowing for the increase of death duties, it can amount to a very few millions out of the vast sum, about two hundred millions, which they take each year for owning the land which certainly they did not make, and to which the work and wants of the

people have given value. No! It is not the present taxation that frightens them. It is the valuation. If they could get the Lords to screw up their courage to the point of knocking out compulsory valuation, they would be quite content. Valuation is the enemy. Why?

The answer is plain. Hitherto they have piled up rents and screwed up tenants in renewals of leases with impunity; they have reaped vast increases of income from public improvements, to the cost of which they have paid a mere pittance, with impunity; they have plundered railroad companies, municipalities, the State, by swelling the value of pieces of land, with the assistance of "experts" whose opinions could be put to no authoritative test, with impunity; upon these very lands which they sell so dear they have paid almost negligible rates by the connivance of a submissive rating authority, with impunity. All these highly profitable abuses, and many more, are bred of secrecy, and will disappear with publicity. Every landowner has hitherto been free to hold up the public in selling land, in almost every industrial and public capacity which the working community can assume, to fine his tenants, to escape his fair share of rates and taxes, because there has existed no authoritative valuation of his land whereby he might be convicted of his depredations. This will be no longer possible with full and frequently revised valuations set on public record. Square dealing will be compulsory. Only those who have made research into the early history of our railroads, or whose professional duties have brought them into close contact with public arbitrations for the sale of land, adequately realise the magnitude of these gains in the past, and the damage to the landowning classes which their stoppage in the future will entail.

But the formal register of land values is felt instinctively to be the enemy, not only because it checks these public wrongs, but because it ranks as the first step in a democratic finance which will gradually undermine the remnants of rural feudalism and the economic roots of the luxurious life of our great modern plutocracy. The lords do not merely fear the Budget because it threatens to release the rural population from their hold. They are not only great landowners, but great merchants, bankers, brewers, mine-owners, industrialists, sucking large unearned income from many sources. Except during a few decades of the later Corn Law period, the modern landed nobility have always drawn largely on these other sources to support their splendor. In the growing discrimination against unearned income and the super-tax, and especially in the compulsory disclosure of full income, they detect the same fatal pressure of publicity, the discovery of wealth, and the insistence that, in the future, wealth, not poverty, shall bear the heavier burdens of the State. Moreover, they see these burdens ever advancing in magnitude; large remedies against poverty, unemployment, disease and vice, huge preparations for national defence, an illimitable apparatus of education, loom before their inflamed imagination, to all of which they will be called upon to contribute, now that their full ability to pay is for the first time manifest and measurable. What they think themselves to be fighting is not merely this Budget, but Democracy beginning to seek definite realisation in economic and social equality. Dives had not hitherto realised it possible that he might be called upon to make his reckoning with Lazarus in this world: the other he was always prepared to risk. Nor is it merely the wild envy of the disinherited he is called upon to meet. The social conscience of the community is being stirred to a new realisation of the facts of riches and poverty and the related degradation of the luxury and deprivation they involve. Never has this nation presented such a riot of sensuous extravagance as is seen everywhere to-day in our pleasure cities and our countryside, though in the dens and huts of industry millions of our workers are still short of the opportunity to toil for a reasonable subsistence. Growing numbers of sane, honest citizens are beginning to understand the nature and origin of this contrast, and to urge a determined course of political remedy. It is this fact that gives its chief significance to the Budget and to the barricades which the landlords, Lord Rothschild, and the brewers are conspiring to erect. It is not the present taxes of the Budget, but the economic education it will afford, that is the object of their dread.

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## THE IMPORTANCE OF ART.

If there is anything in the universe more irresponsible than a kitten and a Cockney errand-boy, it is the professional literary man. To be sure the chance of giving really shocking evidence before a Parliamentary Committee does not happen often. It is a golden moment which may arrive once in a laborious career, never to return. To the pure literary man, who is neither a humanist nor a thinker, but simply a deft craftsman in words and a confectioner of epigrams, the politician, even more than the business man, is the type of the irritatingly serious, the spirit which always affirms, the Philistine who is so unpardonably necessary in a commonplace scheme of things. Mr. Shaw, of course, could not refrain from dancing before the Committee, as David played before the Philistines. He treated them precisely as he treats the Fabian Society or a group of Wesleyan ministers. He laughed at them and teased them, because he chose to resent their pretensions to be persons of intelligence. But the less pardonable performance was Mr. Walkley's. Mr. Walkley did not pose as an anti-moral or non-moral intellectual. That sort of thing has been overdone, even in England. He played the weary Philistine. Precisely how much he meant by declaring that the importance of art is over-rated, we do not know. It is even offensive to suppose that he meant anything at all. There is, of course, a fine and a true sense in which art, and the drama, and, indeed, all our human purposes, are supremely unimportant. To the religious consciousness, and in some of its phases to the philosophical consciousness, reflection must have its moments of nihilism. Under the microscope of a divine intelligence, our efforts and relaxations may seem as ridiculously fussy as the wars of bacteria and the behavior of microbes in a biologist's test-tube. The struggle of a Dutch cheese against a green revolution may matter as much or as little to the Absolute, as the Thirty Years' War or the

Revival of Learning. But it was no such remote speculation as this which Mr. Walkley intended to present for the applause of Lord Newton. His thesis was the naked assertion that, in a world where a great deal does matter, art and the drama and ideas are "apt to be over-rated." That is the assumption on which the Philistine is supposed to act. We doubt if he often makes it consciously. We fancy he would usually repudiate it, if it were set before him. He does care rather keenly about certain forms of art. He devours the novels of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine. He dotes on the "Merry Widow," and engravings after Mr. Marcus Stone. It is only the "hands-upper," "the fame Boer," the man who has deliberately transferred his loyalty from the intellectual to the Philistine camp, who gives to this supposed prejudice against art so sweeping and brutal a statement.

To Mr. Walkley, art, we gather, is nothing but a passing "gratification," and he would say, we suppose, with Bentham that pushpin is as good as poetry provided the pleasure is the same. The point of view emerged in his remarks on "Monna Vanna." It is, he thinks, "an entirely moral and beautiful play," and he stood aghast at the Censor's stupidity in suppressing it. But he went on to argue that no great harm had been done.

> "The public has been deprived of the advantage of seeing that play. Does that amount to much? They miss an evening's æsthetic gratification. Is that a very serious matter?

For our part we are grateful to Mr. Walkley for this frankly revolting statement of his case. No Philistine born would have dared to do it. The function of the "hands-upper" in art as in politics is to make the cause he espouses odious. The real Philistine would have denied with Mr. Redford that "Monna Vanna" is either moral or beautiful, and he would have claimed a positive merit for suppressing it on the ground that it was sinful and therefore ugly. But when we encounter an avowal like this that a beautiful thing may be suppressed with no greater loss to the world than that of an evening's gratification, we realise for the first time how large and serious is the issue behind this controversy over the Censorship. If it were merely a battle between two rival groups of idealists, the one contending for an exaggerated Puritanism and the other for the freedom of artistic creation, one might have said with the Greek chorus, "Let the good prevail." An ideal of sorts would in any case have emerged triumphant. But when one perceives that the battle really is between those who think that beauty does not matter, and those who think that it is supremely important, the issue becomes one of the most fundamental which life could present.

This thesis of Mr. Walkley's, if one were to do it the honor of taking it seriously, is a whole-hearted blasphemy against the power of beauty in life. An audience sees or hears a thing of beauty; it has had a pleasure, and nothing more. It misses a thing of beauty; it is none the worse for the loss. It is an assertion that a man may pass through the rare and supreme experience of appreciating "an entirely beautiful and moral thing," and be none the larger or the better for it. It is a denial of the Platonic doctrine of music, and of the Aristotelic doctrine of purgation. It is to reduce art, even the greatest art, to the function which the juggler or the performing rats fulfil at the music-hall, of giving an evening's gratification. It is to say that a man who has listened to the Choral Symphony will be next day in no higher or finer mood, when the great rhythms of the Hymn to Joy are echoing through his brain, than if he were humming a waltz from the "Chorus Lady." It is to say that Brahms' "Serious Songs" and "Stop your tickling" alike leave the mind exactly what it was before, an empty bucket with a capacious leak, through which the artist pours his fluid gratifications. The thesis is plainly nonsense, and is also self-destructive. For if there is no power in beauty, if there is no influence in art, if serenity moves the mind precisely as frivolity does, that is to say, not at all, then clearly there is no purpose or use in a censorship. The only man who has a right to call for a censorship is the man who dreads the desolating power of beauty, the man who thinks, like Tolstoy, that art is often a destroyer of souls. On Mr. Walkley's view of the function of beauty and ideas there is only one possible attitude for the practical statesman. He must take refuge in a "De minimis non curat lex."

There is clearly more at issue in this controversy than the question of winning a platform for Mr. Shaw. The real issue is whether ideas are to be allowed their influence in English life. The controversy over the means to be taken to protect the public from flagrant indecency is little more than a blind and a lure. Indecency is not a national peril. If it were, the problem would be rather how to strengthen Mr. Redford's hands so that he might deal with the commercial nastiness which now escapes his fitful vigilance. The crux of the position was quite fairly put by Mr. Walkley when he said that the Censor is "down on advanced ideas." That is only another way of saying that the Censor is there to protect us against the intrusion of new ideas, *i.e.*, of intellectual progress, into the theatre. Nobody minds the advocacy of ideas in expensive books. The man who reads a book is not aware of his fellows on whom also it is making an impression. He is isolated. In the theatre the ideas are dynamic, not because crowds are lower in their intelligence than individuals, but because the individual in the crowd is aware that he is no longer alone. He does not merely assent. He applauds, and in the act he becomes aware that others also applaud. The idea acquires the force of a collective act of will. That, rather than any dread of indecency, is the real reason why the Censorship dreads the potential influence of the theatre, allows it to play with lubricity and forbids it to propagate ideas. Ideas are dangerous only when they reach a crowd. Nobody minded the preaching of Deism by cultivated peers in costly and difficult books in the eighteenth century. It was Tom Paine who was sent to prison, not for his opinions, but for his power to popularise them. Meredith knew the danger of the advocacy of ideas in the theatre when he dated the Lombard revolt against Austria from Vittoria's performance at La Scala. Latent in all this jealousy of the stage and this talk about the psychology of crowds is, we suspect, the conviction that

a free theatre might become a great emancipating force. From that point of view the Censorship is primarily a device which permits the "Englishman's Home" and forbids the answer to it. It was really more surprising that the Censor licensed "The Silver Box" than that he forbade "Monna Vanna."

## THE NEW OPTIMISM OF SCIENCE.

Many readers of Sir Joseph Thomson's presidential address before the British Association at Winnipeg must feel as if a new continent of the physical universe were being traced out for them to which they possess no kind of chart or means of measurement. What (they may well ask) is this new series of mathematical-metaphysical conceptions on which the advanced physicists have agreed? What is radio-activity? What is this theory of the molecular structure not only of matter, but of electricity? How far is it verified or verifiable? To what intelligible notion of life does all this investigation of the infinitely little tend? How far is human language capable of expressing ideas so repugnant to the common thought of mankind as the existence of a "corpuscle" of negative electricity, as small, in its relation to the chemical "atom," as a speck of dust to the volume of a public hall, and yet so powerful that in its neighborhood the all-important, all-embracing ether acquires a density two thousand million times that of lead? What is the "life" of an atom, and how far is the process of "deterioration," which "radio-active" atoms appear to undergo, applicable to the whole processes of physical existence?

Such inquirers may, we think, be partially consoled. Some of the speculative wonders of Sir Joseph Thomson's address are as old as Lucretius, and a good deal older; others will probably change their precise intellectual forms and relationships before many years have rolled over our heads. Many of the calculations on which the physicists' theories of electric proportions and functions are based can only be verified by the few score Supermen who can follow the almost unbelievably abstruse findings of the higher mathematics. But the plain man is not left quite without guidance. The wonders of radio-activity have been abundantly verified; and with them we are introduced into a sphere of ultra-microscopic energies which in a very literal sense have put down the mighty from their seat. It may or may not be true that matter is what Sir Joseph Thomson declares it to be, "just a collection of positive and negative units of electricity." But it is certain that we have to banish for ever the notion of a universe full of crude masses of dead or inert material. Instead we are introduced to a system peopled with limitless stores of whirling energy, capable of raising life to undreamed of potencies. Sir Joseph Thomson assures us that even ordinary matter contains stores of energy so enormous that if they were not kept in restraint by the watchful "corpuscles" of negative electricity, they would explode and turn the earth into a gaseous nebula. Even this is nothing to the energetic force of uranium and its products, seemingly solid bodies whose function through the ages is to fling off, with incredible velocity, immense reserves of light and heat.

The effect of these discoveries has been to overturn much of the crude pessimism of the old scientific materialists. The new science gives the earth itself both a longer past and a longer future, adding millions of years to the geological period, and suggesting that man is only at the beginning of his mastery of the stores of vital energy that quite literally lie at his feet. The earth's crust, says Sir Joseph Thomson, contains enough radium to replace all the heat that flows from the inside to the outside of the shell, while the sun—beating down in a clear sky on the earth's surface—distributes power enough per acre to keep all the world's mechanical activities going, and to encourage scientists, not of Laputa, but of Europe, to set traps to catch its beams. We need not now think that every cold winter or dreary summer implies some stealthy approach to an extinction of the sources of life. We may dismiss mid-century speculations as to the results of a failure of our coal supply. Science at least discourages that idea of some Tithonus of a world, bereft of light and heat and creeping, with the last man, into its frozen grave. We are bidden rather to think of the earth as in its impetuous youth, and of man in his first vision of its power to maintain him, not in the hard and perilous subsistence of savage life, but in a generous opulence extended to the countless, unborn descendants of Adam. To a world so full of creative and recuperative power, Byron's gloomy vision of a decaying fabric, in which

> "The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
> Did wander darkling through the eternal space,
> Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
> Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

seems almost meaningless.

But, indeed, the very transformation of the search for a final physical expression of natural force has broken up materialistic notions of the universe. We are out of the sphere of "matter"; at the bidding of the physicist himself, we have entered that of "energy." It is also, it is true, a sphere of eternal and incomprehensible change, in which "everything flows" into something else, and the more instructed brain of the scientific thinker rejects the notion of an ultimate analysis. "Matter is electricity." But what is electricity—the last product of the crucible? What master-force lies behind it? And what behind that—and that? The "radio-activists" have already shaken some of the old, hard conclusions of the atomic theory. We are beginning to find that atoms may be broken up and that they are by no means all alike. In turn the findings of the brilliant searchers into radio-activity will be disturbed. But it is at least refreshing to the doubting spirit of man to feel assured of the presence of an "infinite energy" which breaks through the old divisions of organic and inorganic, and while it seems to promise a measure of security and even abundance for his physical existence on the earth, provided he can organise it on rational lines, bears witness to an eternal, fluid movement and adaptation of things, inconceivably fertile in the production and transmutation of activities. The Temple of Life is fuller of mysteries than ever. But at least it contains no cold, deserted, outer court; no corner that the central altar-fire does not warm and illumine.

# Life and Letters.

## "THE AUTOCRAT."

No broad, majestic river, bearing on its bosom the freight of a continent, feeding fat provinces with its overflow, now narrowing into a tumultuous torrent that carves deep, mysterious gulches as it rushes on from cataract to cataract, but a brisk-trotting brook with clear-cut banks, flowing with many quick turns through pleasant flowery meadows, chattering over the bright pebbles as its course steepens, here and there halting in some shady pool where we may look for fish, "here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling"! Some such image may serve to present the genius of the latest of the great company of 1809, Oliver Wendell Holmes. There are niggard critics who would deny genius to such a man. But, though the dapper little Bostonian, who passed a long, comfortable life in the provincial magnificence of Beacon Street, lacked those dark, fierce, turbulent passions and imaginings which seem alone to count with those for whom self-abandonment is the supreme test, the saner and more balanced judgment of the ages will certainly rank his gifts as those of inspiration. Only those will boggle to whom the sanity of genius is a contradiction in terms. There is, indeed, no single quality of literary greatness in which he was not outshone even by some contemporary writer of his own country. The majestic serenity of Emerson's philosophy lay above his understanding, the poignant pathos, the occasional deep tragic note of Hawthorne struck deeper down into the mystery of human life than any of his half-scientific probings, Poe had a mastery of weird pathos to which he could not pretend, there was in Whittier a sterner moral passion, in Whitman a far more adventurous liberality of soul than his more guarded nature could attain. Even in that blend of humor and pathos which is the most characteristic note in modern American literature and life he was surpassed by the more free and forceful writing of Bret Harte.

It is easy to understand why this was so. In an age not only of moving, even revolutionary thought, but of forceful energy in a score of fields of action, in the great work of the emancipation and the Civil War, in the feverish frontier life of the new West, with its miraculously growing cities and its goldfields, amid all the bustling riot of the new industry, the age of railroads, and of the monster business men who sway the destiny of America, the "Autocrat" stood aside from action as an interested, sympathetic, intelligent observer. Thus, standing outside the main current of national activity, he never drank the full passion of the life of his time, as it was lived by a Lincoln, a Lloyd Garrison, or even a Lowell. He was not to blame for this. He did not "set out" to be a "public man," a literary force, a mirror of the age, a fountain of inspiration. His early bent and training were scientific, the most adventurous period of his life was a sober couple of years in Paris, studying medicine; his longest and most regular occupation was that of Lecturer in Anatomy. He dropped into literature because no one could live in Boston and not discover any literary gift he had. His really profitable power he was slow to find, for until nearly the age of fifty he was only known as a brilliant conversationalist, a successful writer of *vers de société*, and an acceptable lecturer in country lyceums. Not until the "Atlantic Monthly" started under the editorship of his friend and fellow-townsman, Lowell, did his genial fancy discover its proper mode of expression. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" leapt, indeed, to quick and easy fame, for its qualities of wit and wisdom, its discursiveness, its richness of illustration, were sure recommendations to his countrymen. Indeed, the very defects which ripen reflection finds, a certain overnimbleness of mind, abrupt descents into the vulgarest art of punning, an occasional crooning sentimentality, helped to win high favor for the Autocrat. Probably they have carried a too heavy cost of depreciation in the judgment of our generation, at any rate in "cultured" circles. A later literary settlement will, however, restore Holmes to a distinguished place among nineteenth century writers, and mainly upon the merits of this single volume. For, though his work makes no powerful impact on the reader, for loftiness, or profundity of thought, or for intensity of passion, it is inspired by a glorified and penetrating common-sense which illuminates every topic it alights upon. It is, we repeat, a practical vindication of the sanity of genius. An intellect acute and independent, but not profound or audacious, a quick, bright imagination which never carries him to wild extravagance, except in conscious play, generous emotions always kept in bounds, a solid orthodoxy in morals and behavior, he was admirably fitted to awaken thought among the great semi-educated "middle-class," who form, in fact, the bulk of the American people. He was not a great thinker, but he had, as Mr. L. W. Townsend says in his excellent little commemorative volume (Headley Bros.), the valuable faculty of stating "common truths in an uncommon manner." His treatment of the three Johns and the three Thomases who take part in every dialogue between John and Thomas is, perhaps, the best quoted instance of the happy method of informal psychology before this study assumed the status of a science, and began to bristle with terminology. His bright, compact, and witty judgments were particularly useful as an offset to the wild vagaries, religious, philosophical, and moral, which followed the crumbling of the harder Calvinism that hitherto had ruled the minds and conduct of New England. Among the intellectual liberators there was too little logic, too little scientific training; the collapse of the old theology either left its followers wandering in a wilderness of materialism or drove them into some misty heights of transcendentalism. Now, Holmes was "good" for this situation. He was a genuinely free man, fearless of consequences, within the limits of his intellectual vision, and his "Autocrat," innocent as it may now appear, was a powerful liberative ferment in thousands of New England villages. In these nests of ancient prejudice such sharp sayings as the following shocked and stung, "You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it."

Though he had a pleasant knack of writing verses, with other literary graces, Dr. Holmes was not distinctively a literary man. He belonged rather to the line of general thinkers, in which Benjamin Franklin was his most eminent precursor, bringing a shrewd humor, keen interest in practical affairs, a scientific bent, and a sunny temper to bear upon his criticism of life. America has been prolific in such witty preachers, whose sermons, essays, or philosophy have been devoted to enlarging and realising for their people the great liberal sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne, "Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of him." To the discovery of this "nature" Dr. Holmes cannot, indeed, claim to have made any contribution of conspicuous mark. But on one matter of our attitude towards life he may, we think, be held to have exercised a special influence. His physiological training led him to think more closely than his contemporaries upon certain problems of human character, which the collapse of Puritan theology had left once more open to speculation. The new scientific treatment of character, with its clearer recognition of the causal interaction of body and mind, reset the whole question of human responsibility.

The theme fascinated Dr. Holmes, and served him as a central topic for his more ambitious works of fiction. The curious romance of "Elsie Venner" is, indeed, truly described as "a physiological conception fertilised by a theological idea," and in the far abler story, "The Guardian Angel," substantially the same problem of heredity is treated. Other great American

romancers, Hawthorne and Poe, were drawn to the same borderland of science, but more as artists than as thinkers. Now, though Holmes was far from indifferent to literary form and feeling, he remained *au fond* a moralist, or, one might say, perhaps with more propriety, a humanist. And the particular task of humanism to which he set himself was to re-state the mystery of life which Puritan theology had expressed in the term "sin," and in the emotions they had brought to bear upon this conception. We find in a letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes a single sentence which sheds a flood of light upon his philosophy of life. Writing to an orthodox friend, he says: "To you I suppose sin is the mystery—to me suffering is. I trust Love will prove the solution of both."

The great variety of light decoration with which Holmes dressed his thought, the constant flicker of a wit, now hilarious, now satirical, now merely ludicrous, has caused him to be taken in the world of thought for lighter weight than he was. For solid wisdom in the conduct of life among all sorts and conditions of men, we know few encheiridia to compare with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

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## THE SUN.

The greatest of modern painters died proclaiming the praise of the sun. Huxley, concerned rather with science than with art, once affirmed that if there were any god he could worship, the sun would be his god. To Richard Jeffreys worship of the sun was the worship of life: flowers, butterflies, mottled eggs, gorgeous plumage of birds but the evidence of his handiwork, the hallmark which he stamped on his possessions. Sunlight, he declared, "puts out the words of the printed books as it puts out the fire." He saw it concentrated in the gold of the August harvest, woven into the petals of the rose. Among men and women who had lived in the sunshine and given themselves freely to its service he could recognise something magical. Such were the great painters, "Rubens, for instance. Perhaps he saw it on the faces of the women who gathered fruit or labored at the harvest in the Low Countries centuries ago." It is something "not actinic, alchemic, some intangible, mysterious power which cannot be supplied in any other form but the sun's rays. It reddens the cherry, it gilds the apple, it colors the rose, it ripens the wheat, it touches a woman's face with the golden brown of ripe life. There is no other hue so beautiful as this human sunshine tint." Walt Whitman, another sun-worshipper and mystic, proclaiming the "ever recurring miracle of the sunrise," rejoiced in the "sunbath"—in the silent woods by some quiet pool, where he lay all day naked to the sunshine. It is recorded in Shelley's life that he would lie like a lizard motionless for hours upon the burning rocks in the full hot sunshine of Tuscany. All painting, says modern criticism, is the attempt not to depict things, but to depict light falling upon things. Exultation and rejoicing accompany the sun's presence in all human literature. "There is nothing hid from the heat thereof" is the boast of those who scarcely know whether they are singing the glory of the sun or of his Ruler. "He cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course," is the pæan of praise of the bringer of corn and wine to the Land of Promise and to poor humanity of the power to affirm that the common life of men could be "very good." And the vision of the great hope of an ultimate triumph came to be concentrated upon the vision of a city where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun," because "there shall be no night" there, but experience of "light ineffable" and infinite shall remove for ever the fear of "snowdrift driving fast" and "the furious winter's rages."

It is this vast, invigorating outpouring of energy as the sun sweeps over the cold expanses of our grey Northern seas, which provides the possibility of hope and exultant life amongst the people who here labor in the twilight of an uncertain day. A summer of rain and cloud is not merely a temporary deprivation of opportunities of sport and pleasure; it represents a permanent loss to humanity of an irrecoverable asset of desirable life. Poets and persons of manly mood profess enthusiasm for the wild north-easter which has fashioned hard English men. But normal human life turns towards the sun. All our dwellings we build towards the south; two of the dearest places in London are Victoria and Charing Cross stations—outlets to "lands of summer across the sea." A friend of Gladstone asserts that he was so sensitive to the changes of the seasons that a summer such as that of this year left him at the end of it physically cramped and enfeebled, like a machine imperfectly supplied with the energy by which its life is sustained. William Morris—a child of the North to whom even Italy was an alien land—could class amongst his discouragements a similar experience. "Yet indeed I am older, and the year is evil: the summerless season, and famine, and war, and the folly of peoples are heavy matters to a small creature like me." His "Earthly Paradise" in the Western Ocean is one in which the sun is always shining, which "hath little fear for the white conqueror of the fruitful year." His Utopia is set in a hot hayfield in the Thames Valley under an unclouded sky. Jeffreys could turn from the "Pageant of Summer" to hope for a time when "ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence." Morris, while the sun shone, could put away his fears of the future, and turn towards that coming day with a word of hope for the year "that it may do a good turn of work towards the abasement of the rich and the raising up of the poor, which is of all things most to be longed for."

It has been asserted that he who has only seen the sun in England has never seen the sun. Certainly his appearance here is transitory and hazardous. We are never sure of his advent. We are always fearful of his departure. He appears generally as if reluctant or displeased, flinging sombre and magnificent sunsets over the cities, as if outraged by the smoke and cloud which defile his splendor. Occasionally we can understand his effectual triumph. In the recent welcome brief interval of heat there were days when, gazing across the river from the Embankment, one could recognise here in London the very tone and essence of the South, that deep ruddy and orange glow on wall and tower which for a moment transformed the huddled roofs of Southwark and Bermondsey with the illumination of an Italian sky. He can be seen, as in the picture of Henley's golden afternoon in Piccadilly, "in a golden glory long lapsing down a golden coasted sky." He can pour down a rain of fairy gold upon the sea-coast sands of England until the huge company of playing children there become gathered into a picture of fairyland, and the commonplace crowd of awkward, shabby people who accompany them are transfigured into figures of a gold illuminated missal. Even in the furthest north, although capricious in his favors, he will sometimes exhibit his power. One of the greatest sunsets in the memory of the present writer is a vision from the wild, bleak spaces of North-West Ireland, of a huge yellow sun sinking into the sea beyond the dark heather and stones of the cliffs of Donegal on a quiet autumn evening. But in all these windy skies, lurid lights and colors replace the more tranquil and regular outpouring of sunshine, falling like golden rain through a serene air. To find this you must seek the South: watch the valley of the Loire with its hundred rivers and vine-clad slopes of historic fame; or see in Andalusia a limitless plain under a limitless blue sky with white houses facing that downhill of sunlight; or in Italy trace "the smile of God" where a radiance in the air and the scent of "old pine forests heated by the sun" tell of a region which has welcomed and absorbed the sunlight through unnumbered centuries; or go to Venice, now in August most desirable, when the tourists who cannot face this force and splendor have all fled

from it, and nothing remains but brown crumbling buildings rising from still waters silent under the furious ardor of the sun.

He has left behind him, in those places where he chiefly rejoices to abide, two particular creations of his power—the rose and the vine. Whether at Naishapur or Babylon, in the Geralda gardens or here with fainter perfume and more transient flames, the rose has always been accepted as especially the child of the sun, witness of his power of transmuting dead earth and unseen air unto a thing of wonder. And the grape—that "can with logic absolute, the two and seventy jarring sects confute"—is the product of those vineyards whose terraces are always set towards the sun, which flourish most where the soil is stony and unhidden from the heat. There are other liquors which men have manufactured in uncomfortable climes, equally competent to confute the "jarring sects." But none of them possess that power of romance which "maketh glad the heart of man." The distillations of the North awaken the vision at once of sunless regions, of futile attempts to beat off the influence of rain and fog and darkened skies. The beers of England and Germany excite no suggestion of exultation and gaiety, but the blind satisfaction of an appetite. But that draft of vintage which inspired the finest ode in English literature carries with it "dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth."

He has given us the tenderest and dearest memories of the past: the Appenines, in a purple glow, with Assisi, a little white town set amongst them, seen from the battlements of Perugia; Mount Olympus under a cloudless sky from the tideless Salonican shore; the Euganean hills in late afternoon with all Lombardy and Venetia spread out as a golden plain beneath: Etna dazzling white from the ruined temple of Taormina, with butterflies flitting amongst the stones raised by those who once worshipped the sun. To-day he stretches out his hand, and the children of men are filled with good, he turns away his face, and they are troubled.

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## SHAKESPEARE AND THE MIRACLE PLAYS.

THERE was in the Middle Ages a vast popular culture which was still alive in Shakespeare's time. The references to the events and personages of sacred history and mythology with which his plays are filled were at once intelligible to the whole audience. This culture was religious in origin. There was an accepted version of the history and meaning of the world, from the Creation to Doomsday, familiar to everybody, and this vast framework was filled in the popular mind with action and life. In our own time the mental world of the great mass is quite blank and unpeopled. The good woman who points out on her cottage wall a framed sampler depicting David in royal robes with harp and crown, will say, "I don't know who it's meant for, I'm sure." Nobody in Shakespeare's England would have a moment's hesitation over a picture of King David. All the kings and prophets of the Tree of Jesse, "the nine sibyls of old Rome," the Nine Worthies, the Seven Champions of Christendom, were familiar to the people, if not in their habits as they lived, yet in the conventional presentment of them, at once recognised by all. Everybody knew that the palmer bedizened with scallop shells, carrying an immense gourd and staff, was St. James the Great. Everybody knew that the knight on horseback brandishing a lance and trampling a dragon was St. George. These representations were everywhere.

> "St. George that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
> Sits upon horseback at our hostess' door,"

says the Bastard in King John (Act II. 1). Shakespeare's own mind had thus, from his earliest days, been filled with a whole world of imagery—"Pharaoh's soldiers, and god Bel's priests in the old church-window, and the shaven Hercules in the moth-eaten tapestry."

The miracle plays were undoubtedly the great means by which this traditional culture was diffused among the people. What a whole world of enchantment and wonder rises before one on reading the very names of these plays—the Falling of Lucifer, the Creation of the World, Noah's Ship, the Three Kings of Cologne, the Harrowing of Hell, the Coronation of Our Lady, Doomsday! Shakespeare was the heir of all this wonderful lore of the Middle Ages. The plays were passing away in his time, but they died hard, and the whole atmosphere in which he lived was saturated with their influence. He must have often seen them as a boy. One likes to think of the shining morning face of little Willie Shakespeare among the crowd, when the pageant was set up in Stratford Street, and the shows of Heaven and Hell, the Making of all the World, Paradise, Bethlehem, Calvary, were played. No detail would be missed by the boy's keen eyes, no word lost by his sharp ears. The great themes of the wonder of the Middle Ages were the Creation and the Redemption, and the final Doom of the World. These were the subjects of the plays. This wonder Shakespeare seems to have felt in the very marrow of his bones. It is the very word which he uses when he speaks of "such wonders as we feel" at hearing of "a world ransomed or destroyed." Perhaps the passage in the "Tempest" about the dissolution of the great globe itself may record the impression left on the boy's mind by the spectacle of Doomsday.

Much has been written on the question of the religion of Shakespeare. It would seem that the statements of the Apostles' Creed were so much the fundamental pre-suppositions of the world in which he lived, so much the background and setting of the life he saw, that he could not reflect that life as he did, without receiving them. The Creed covers the whole cycle of the miracle plays from the Creation to the Doom. His knowledge of the Christian doctrine was probably derived rather from these plays than from the catechisms of barefooted friars or the sermons of Puritan divines. The religion which the Shakespearean drama reflects is the popular medieval Christianity. This, like the Puritanism which succeeded it, revolves round the ideas of the fall and the Redemption. That "all the souls that were, were forfeit once, and He that might the vantage best have took found out the remedy" ("Measure for Measure," II., 2) was the foundation of miracle play theology.

Such a speech as Portia's

> "Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this
> That in the course of justice none of us
> Should see salvation."
>
> ("Merchant of Venice," iv. 1.)

would suggest a very definite picture indeed to an Elizabethan audience. The "Reconciliation of the Virtues" was a theme often treated of in the miracle plays. They frequently begin with the pleading of Justice and Mercy for and against the culprit Man before the Throne of God. The idea is worked out in a great sermon of St. Bernard on the text "Mercy and Truth are met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." (Psalm lxxxv. 10). The four Virtues are Justice, Truth, Mercy, and Peace, with which Man was endowed at the first, but which he lost at the Fall. These four sacred sisters, before at peace together, are henceforth at discord among themselves. Justice and Truth accuse Man before his Maker, Mercy and Peace plead for him. In the fulness of time the sundered sisters meet together and embrace. This is the subject of one of the tapestries in Hampton Court Palace. The three Persons of the Trinity are seen as three crowned and sceptred figures before whom the Four Virtues are contending. On the one hand stands Justice with the drawn sword, and Truth with the book exactly worded, and on the other Peace with the olive branch, and Mercy with the lily of the far-off Annunciation. The writer remembers a wild March morning in which he had the great Palace absolutely to himself, and amid all the beautiful things in that delightful place, the pictures and tapestries, the heads of the Roman Caesars, the rooks wheeling about on the dark sky, the many-colored crocuses in the grass, the

great clumps of mistletoe high up in the bare lime trees, this particular tapestry was the thing that impressed him most. A very pompous and ignorant attendant volunteered the information that it was "the story of some young prince who'd got himself into trouble." After all, the Christian doctrine on the matter could not have been more concisely put. There is a celebrated passage of Newman to the same effect.

The cycle of the miracle plays begins with the fall of Lucifer. The very A B C of the medieval lore was that before the Creation of Man the Devil fell irrecoverably, and that the cause of this fall was Pride. Shakespeare follows this teaching to the very letter when he makes Wolsey say of "the poor man that hangs on prince's favors," that

> "When he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
> Never to rise again,"

and

> "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition:
> By that sin fell the angels, how shall man then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?"
> ("Henry VII.," ii., 2.)

The growing influence of Puritanism may be traced in the references to the devil in Shakespeare. He is no longer given over bound for the sport and laughter of the children of the Church, but is becoming the mighty potentate of Milton. But the poet knew the Devil of the miracle plays well. When he makes the boy call Bardolf "this roaring devil in the old play that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger" (Henry V., iv.4), he is no doubt describing what he had often seen. The difference in the two conceptions explains why it was that the world of the Canterbury Pilgrims was so much more gay and blithe than the world of the Elizabethans. The sixteenth century destroyed the old simple-hearted merriment of those who believed that mankind was essentially and fundamentally rescued from the grip of evil powers. The Elizabethan drama is full of darkness and horror, and, although still Christian, leaves the impression that the world is an unsolved and insoluble riddle.

But the old traditions are still very much alive. Two very frequent characters in the mysteries and moralities were "Bonus Angelus" and "Malus Angelus," the two spirits who, according to a belief older than Christianity, contend for the soul of every man. These are often referred to in Shakespeare. "You follow the young prince up and down like his ill angel," says the Chief Justice to Falstaff. (II. "Henry IV.," I.2.) The fat knight himself says, "There's a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too" (Act. II. 4.). We often find touches showing the poet's familiarity with the representations of the angels in plays and pageants. When Lorenzo speaks of "the young-eyed cherubins" ("Merchant of Venice," V. 1) he has, no doubt, in mind the cherubins as they were represented, "full of eyes," according to the descriptions in Isaiah and St. John. The ancient liturgies always speak of the "many-eyed cherubins." Possibly there should be no hyphen in "young-eyed"—two adjectives may be intended instead of one. Norfolk, in describing the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," says:—

> "their dwarfish pages were
> As cherubims all gilt."
> ("Henry VIII.," i., 1.)

The wings of the cherubins were no doubt gilded to represent their flaming color. Falstaff speaks of a flea as "a black soul." This was the technical name for a lost soul—the saved were "white souls." Not only Heaven and Hell, but the "Limbus of the Fathers" was frequently represented. "I have some of them in Limbo Patrum," says the Porter, speaking of the mob in the last act of "Henry VIII." He had no doubt often seen the place with the name above it in large letters in the play of the "Harrowing of Hell." In the last thirty years the word "limbo" has ceased to be popular English. Talking of English, there is a phrase which occurs frequently in the historical plays, which shows the true meaning of our expression "the debt of nature." The medieval form of the phrase was evidently "we owe a debt to God." Shakespeare's ruffians and profligates indeed are still able to speak of God very simply and naturally.

In another paper we shall hope to give further examples of the influence of these old time popular shows on the great poet's work.

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## SALMON STREAMS AND STORAGE.

Year by year, as the holiday time comes and goes, it is found that the salmon rivers and the trout streams of Scotland yield poorer and poorer baskets. That is an incidental result of agricultural drainage. Hills and dales alike are so seamed with artificial channels that the rivers and streams have had their character changed. Before the age of drainage they were never excessively high and never excessively low, but nowadays they are practically always one or the other. In the old days the rainfall soaked into them gradually, and they remained of temperate flow until the next storm; now it is rushed in so quickly that they are over their banks for a day or so, and fall away into trickles long before another storm comes. Both these extreme states are bad for the fish. The abnormal floods tear up the spawn-beds, and the abnormal droughts, leaving uncovered many places in the channels, destroy myriads of immature insects and small shell-fish which would otherwise become food for the fish. Besides, the comparatively few fish that remain give less sport than they would if the waters were in a natural state. The trout see the angler, as a rule, long before he is within casting distance of them, and then they dart off to cover. As regards the salmon, the state of affairs is worse. On most of the rivers hardly anyone ever tries for a salmon from the end of May, by which time most of the snow water has been run off the hills, until the middle of August, when there is usually a flood. Indeed, it has come to be generally understood that between the dates mentioned the salmon in the rivers are very few, and that no fresh run from the sea is to be expected then. This belief is roughly in accord with the facts, but the facts are not in accord with the design of nature. Fresh-run salmon are absent only because the rivers in the summer months have ceased to be fit haunts for them. There is not enough water. If the rivers were approximately as they used to be before the drainage was established, sport would go on all through the summer. This has been conclusively shown on the Helmsdale, in Sutherland. That stream was taken on lease by six anglers, who had a plan for restoring the natural flow. It has two sources—Loch Baddenloch and Loch An Ruathair. The tenants raised the levels of these waters a few feet by damming the outlets; the dams were fitted with sluices, so arranged that extra water in such quantity as might be required could be let into the stream at any time; in short, the autumn, winter, and spring water, instead of being rushed off in wasteful and devastating floods, is stored, and used in time of drought. The experiment has been an unqualified success. "Before the dams were built," one of the tenants writes, "the only fishing on the Helmsdale was early in the spring. Generally it was over between the middle and the end of April, by which time the river had run so low that sport was impossible. The design towards improvement has been abundantly successful. The season of 1905 was one of the driest experienced in Sutherland for some years, the Brora and other streams dwindling away to mere trickles; but the Helmsdale, regulated, afforded good sport until the middle of August. The Torrish rod alone had nearly fifty salmon during the shooting season."

The gladdening example set on the Helmsdale has already been followed in a few places. Lady Cromartie has applied the storage system to three or four rivers, Lord Dalhousie to one river, and Sir Tollemache Sinclair to one. It is understood that in all these cases the results are highly gratifying; but a suggestion that the system should be applied wherever possible has called forth a statement of misgivings from a most unexpected

quarter. Mr. Charles George Barrington, a venerable sportsman, who went fishing with Lord Palmerston, of whom he was a colleague, will have none of the storage system; at least, he will not countenance it on salmon rivers. It might, he says, be of some good use on trout streams, but on salmon rivers it would benefit the net-men only. These, the commercial fishers, who work mainly in the estuaries, would intercept practically all the salmon induced by the artificial floods to come up from the sea. To reason in this way is to pay too much deference to the net-men, who have already done untold damage to a national interest. Are they to be allowed to go on doing damage permanently? It is not even in their own interests that this should be. Whether the storage system is generally applied or not, the salmon must become practically extinct unless netting is curtailed. Happily, there is reason for believing that Mr. Barrington's difficulty is in large measure unreal. He himself will perceive this when he looks into the question. Who are the net-men? They are all the "riparian proprietors," or the persons to whom the proprietors let the right to net. In practically all cases, however, the proprietors neither net on their own accounts nor let the rights to net. They know that any exercise of the rights would be most injurious to the stock of fish. The only proprietors who do exercise the right are the Crown or the few private persons whose lands border the tidal waters. There should not be much difficulty in removing the obstacles that thus remain. It is in the interest of the whole community that the stock of salmon should be preserved and increased. The rights of the Crown, therefore, will not stand in the way of reform. The rights of the proprietors on the estuaries cannot be allowed to do so. In all the domains of human activity there is no other case in which it is so startlingly clear that individualism must be subordinate to the general interest. Unless the salmon can pass in fair numbers from the sea to the head waters of the rivers, the fish must inevitably become extinct. That is not a prospect to be tolerated.

At first sight the storage system seems open to an objection which Mr. Barrington does not mention. As the reservoirs are formed at the heads of the rivers, manifestly it is only a portion of the rainfall on the watersheds that can be stored. Is this portion enough? Does it suffice to overcome the droughts of a whole summer? Well, it suffices, as we have seen, on the Helmsdale, and there is no obvious reason for fearing that it would be insufficient elsewhere. Few of us realise how much water there is in this country. If most of it were not allowed to run waste, there would be a visible abundance at all times. An astonishing lesson in the conservation of water may be learned by anyone who strolls over the high-lying heath about three miles west of Aldershot. He would not expect to find water in any measurable quantity on that flinty upland, and, indeed, on the heath as nature made it there is, except in time of rain or just after, not a drop to be seen; but by-and-by the wanderer will come upon a narrow conduit down which water is trickling, and soon upon another, and another; in fact, there are conduits all over the northern slopes; and, lo! at the base, in Bourley Bottom, three lakes, not at all large indeed, but enough to supply the camp with water, and in the case of one of them to provide first-class trout-fishing! This, no doubt, is, in one sense, an instance of the very drainage system which has deranged the rivers, but in another sense it shows how they may be redeemed. If that arid hill at Ewshott is capable of yielding water enough to provide for the wants of a great community, the lakes on marshlands can surely be converted into reservoirs sufficient to keep the rivers and streams in ample flow. The cost of the dams is inconsiderable. Only £1,150 was spent on the wonderfully successful works at the sources of the Helmsdale. The subject is well worth the consideration of Mr. Burns, who has promised a Bill to strengthen the hands of the public authorities responsible for the purity of our streams and rivers. If these are to be restored to their natural purity, they may as well, at the same time, be restored to something like their natural flow.

# Present-Day Problems.

## THE WARREN ON THE HILL.

At four o'clock every morning I trudge up a hill in a large provincial town. The hill is steep and long. In the uncertain half-light of these August small hours the narrow street looks like two cataracts of dingy houses descending. Odd wayfarers, belated, dragging heavy feet behind them, disappear into the gloom of the shadows between, or vanish behind slammed doors into the Unknown: night workmen going home. Others come out from the Unknown, and walk with brisk, clanging footsteps downward to the town: workmen who must walk two or three miles to be at the gates when the five o'clock hooter breaks the morning silence.

The Unknown! Behind these straight and gloomy plaster walls, behind the dirty grey sheets and table-cloths that serve for blinds, or the tattered muslin through which glows the yellow light of oil lamps, is a territory unexplored except by the inhabitants. Silent people for the most part, preserving their own code of ethics and etiquette, the most difficult people in the world to know. Their country is honeycombed like a rabbit-warren, impermeable by any larger animal than the debt-collecting ferret or the rent-hunting terrier. They live their own lives, die their own deaths, pursue their own passions, unregarded save by the ferret and the terrier.

At four o'clock in the morning, in the squares and terraces beyond the source of the cataract, there is dead sleep and silence, save for the whistle of a bird or the rustle of a wind in the trees. Not so in the long street. The windows are all open. In these tall, plaster-faced houses are no pantries; the window-sills are all speckled with milk-jugs, placed there so that milk may not turn to curds in the lamp-laden air of the rooms. Through the open window comes a dim, confused murmur of voices, pierced by the whirring of an alarm clock, the voice of a woman rousing her husband, and, most frequent, the crying of children. This crying of children pierces deep; it goes through the murmur of the warren to the heart's core.

By day the street swarms with children. More than five hundred children live in it. By night more than five hundred children sleep in it from half-past eleven, when the shouting of revellers and the noises of traffic cease, to five or six, when the cries of trafficking and the noises of the day begin. They cry in sleep, wake from sleep to cry; they toss in illness and moan; they are brought forth from the womb in lamplit rooms to wail; the vibrations of their crying mingle in the ears of the passer-by, and echo there continually.

For, with a few exceptions, no family which inhabits the rabbit-warren on the hillside is able to occupy more than two rooms, and every house is the residence of three or four families. How they sleep is their secret; they pay their 4s. 6d. or 5s. a week to the terrier, and wrap the sequel in impenetrable mystery, to which the only clue is the crying of children in the night.

Half-way round the provincial town stretches the cool sea; on the other side the country, in its guise of olive-green woods, and hills, and streams, and fields, and great estates, and purple moors. To out-plant those families in cottages built on this widespread, beautiful land would seem to be a simple thing, and worth doing, so that the children should cease crying in the night. But not only is it not simple, it is impossible. The reason is rent. Land is very valuable in this quarter of an English county. The smallest house on a self-contained plan in an accessible place cannot be had for less than £15 to £20 a year. The families which inhabit the rabbit-warren do not average more than £30 or £40 a year for their income. They pay from £12 to £14 a year for their shares of the warren, but cannot go beyond that. If they maintain two adults and a family of four or five children on fourteen shillings a week, they say—with what reason I will leave others to judge—that they are doing all we can expect from them.

One morning a denizen of the warren came out,

stretching his arms and looking up at the sky. "That's better," said he, opening his lungs. He asked me for a light to his clay pipe.

"Warm nights!" he exclaimed. "I should think so. In there! I never knew how hot it could be till I came to the town. Me and the old woman and three little kids in the bedroom, and the two big boys in the kitchen. God's truth, I'd never have left the country if I'd known."

No; he could not afford a house anywhere. He earned an average of 21s. a week, and paid 4s. 6d. of it for the rent of two rooms. He was no worse off than others, for he was strong and in regular work, and the inn at the corner did not see much of him.

It seemed a pity that he could not have a cottage for his 4s. 6d.; but the price of land would not permit builders to put up a cottage at a rent he could have paid. There was a large estate or two on the outskirts of the town, held by the landlords till about twenty years ago, then gradually sold at the market price and built upon. The unfortunate circumstance was that, while the estates had been kept in their virgin condition, the population had been increasing. As there were no houses to hold it, the population squeezed itself into the rabbit-warren and other like places. Then the market price of the estate was found to be so high that those who bought it had to charge such large rents for the houses they built that the people in the rabbit-warren could not emigrate to them.

On Saturday morning I met on the hillside a doctor whom I knew. He emerged from behind one of the barriers of the Unknown Land. He stretched his arms and said, "That's better," as he opened his lungs. I inquired of him.

"I've just assisted a small boy into the world," said he, pointing to a yellow-lit window whence the wail came.

"How do you manage in a place like that?" I asked.

"Oh, we cleared everybody into the other room when the crisis came (there were five in this instance), except a little girl of three, who was sound asleep in a corner. Rather stuffy. I'm glad to be out again; troublesome case, and I was tired. I went to Wyndham's meeting last night, and was called again at two."

"Fine meeting?" said I.

"Yes, and a great speech. Literary quality which would appeal to you if you weren't party-blind. And he gave your rotten, land-taxing, Socialistic ideas their quietus, too. There'll be no improvement till we get Tariff Reform, my friend. That'll kill your Socialism, and give our politics their true Imperial direction. That's the real reform, not this putrid, class-hating Budget. Well, I'll see if I can get some sleep."

We shook hands, and I went on up the hill between the open windows whence the lamplight shone in rooms where children cried.

R. A. J. Walling.

# The Drama.

## AFTER THE CENSORSHIP?

If the Censorship were abolished, how would theatres be controlled? That is a question which is being constantly asked, and to which the London managers, in particular, seem to hold it impossible to find a satisfactory answer. Their argument may be thus summarised: "Absolute freedom is impossible. The drama, like all other methods of publication, must be subject to some control; and there are reasons in the nature of its mechanism why the form of that control should not be exactly the same as that applicable to books, pictures, &c. The existing system of the inspection before performance affords us (by custom, if not by law) immunity from any subsequent interference with productions which may represent an investment of many thousands of pounds. Abolish that system, and we should never feel secure from disturbance, either by high-handed action on the part of the police, or by the decree of elective authorities who, in the case of non-compliance, might threaten the withdrawal of our licence. Whatever the authors may think, we hold it better to bear the trivial ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

This is a specious argument, and I shall not waste space in marshalling the considerations that diminish its apparent force. There are many good reasons (among them the experience of the Colonies and the United States) for believing that the risk of interference with any honest production by a reputable manager would in fact be infinitesimal. But so long as such a danger theoretically exists, managers may reasonably demand to be safeguarded against it; and my present purpose is to review, and somewhat amplify, the proposals to that end laid before the Joint Committee last week by Professor Gilbert Murray.

The subject falls into two distinct branches. We have to consider (1) the managers who produce new plays, (2) those who take or send plays from theatre to theatre after their first production. These two classes, of course, to some extent overlap, but their interests may be considered separately.

### I.—As to New Plays.

Professor Murray's proposal was practically to render the Censorship optional or permissive, depriving it of its absolute veto, while enabling it to afford to managers a guarantee against vexatious interference. "I suggest," said Mr. Murray, "that there should be an Examiner of Plays, whose duty should be, not to express a general opinion about good manners or decorum, but to consider whether a play breaks any known law, or commits any one of a list of scheduled offences, and, therefore, becomes liable to prosecution. If the Examiner does consider that the play contains a legal offence, he should warn the manager and the author. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they would bow to his opinion. Suppose they did not—and this is quite important—the manager should have the right to produce the play, against the Examiner's advice, and risk prosecution. He would only do that in some case where a strong principle was involved, or where he thought the Examiner was obviously mistaken. The Examiner should have the right to put the Attorney-General or the Director of Public Prosecutions in motion, or to do nothing. . . . If the Examiner passed the play, it would have the same immunity—not, I understand, an absolute immunity—which it has now." Mr. Murray further stated, in answer to the Chairman, that he proposed to leave it to the manager's option whether he should or should not submit a play for licence.

A solution on these lines seems to me by no means impossible; but there are a good many points that must be thought out before we quite know where we are.

Let us recognise, in the first place, that the most careful scheduling of offences will not relieve the Examiner of the necessity of relying on his private taste and judgment. It would be fatal to draw up a number of hard-and-fast prohibitions which could be applied automatically to every case that came within their purview. It is precisely the unintelligent application of such a set of prohibitions that has made the existing Censorship a byword. What we require is not a list of topics that shall be barred, but rather the reverse—a list of topics that shall *not* be barred, unless they are treated in such a way as to outrage good sense and public decency. (As a matter of fact, of course, the embargo would be tacitly, not explicitly, removed.) It is possible to test by appropriate instruments the purity of milk or the strength of whisky; but there is no instrument and no definition that can infallibly determine

what is indecent and what is blasphemous "within the meaning of the Act." Lay down what rules we may, the application of them must always be a matter of discretion—the discretion of an Examiner, of a judge, or of a jury. What Mr. Murray means, I take it, is that the Act should empower certain courts to order the stoppage (with or without penalties) of any performance which, on certain stated grounds, was found to be contrary to public policy, and that the Examiner, in considering a play, should be guided by what he believes will be the view taken by such a court. Thus, in declining to license a play, he would not say, as at present, "This play runs counter to my prejudices or those of my office, wherefore it shall never be performed," but "I believe that a prosecution of this play, under such and such a section of the Act, would be successful; wherefore I advise you not to produce it."

The Act would, I presume, provide some rapid method of obtaining an injunction against a play produced either without application for a licence, or in defiance of the Examiner's refusal of a licence. But I suggest that it should be left to the Examiner's discretion whether to set this instant machinery in motion, or to be content with the more leisurely and regular process of the law. Only in very flagrant cases, such as (I believe) would seldom or never occur, would summary suppression be desirable. But a manager continuing a performance after notice of action had been given might, if the case went against him, be mulcted in the amount of his ascertained profits; so that he would be under no temptation to seek for a "success of scandal" by running an incriminated play.

Should there, or should there not, be any method of appeal against a decision of the Examiner, other than the very expensive appeal of producing the play and taking the chance of prosecution? Should the Examiner be bound, on demand, to "state a case" for the consideration of the court? Or should the author or manager have power to move the court for a mandamus compelling the Examiner to issue a licence? Or, again, should there be a system of private arbitration like that which has been suggested as a remedy against the despotic power of the Censorship? These are questions for careful consideration.

My own feeling is that, with the necessary adjustments, Professor Murray's scheme might work very well in its application to the serious drama, but that, in relation to the frivolous drama, the Examiner's position would be one of extreme difficulty. How would he deal with "Spring Chickens" and "Dear Old Charlies"? He could not, on the one hand, make himself the instrument of a stolid and killjoy Puritanism; but still less, on the other hand, could he do as the Censor now does (with the grateful approval of Mr. Charles Hawtrey), and guarantee "Dear Old Charlie" as wholesome fare for family consumption. On the whole, my personal inclination is towards the more logical course of abolishing all preliminary examination of plays,* while interposing adequate barriers between the manager and irresponsible or fanatical meddling. But if this be considered too adventurous a course, Professor Murray's compromise seems by far the best that has as yet been mooted.

### II.—As to Plays taken on Tour.

The points to be secured in the case of plays taken on tour are (1) that the local stage should not be entirely removed (as it practically is at present) from all control or influence on the part of municipal bodies; (2) that they should not be able to exercise that control in an irresponsible, arbitrary, sudden, and unforeseen fashion. The first of these principles, it may be objected, would give to municipal bodies a censorship of their local stage; but this is a playing with terms. Censorship, in its objectionable sense, means the secret suppression or mutilation of a play before it has been acted at all, before it really exists, before performance has given the only true measure of its qualities and its tendencies. But we are here dealing with the right of a municipal body to consider a play which has been publicly acted and criticised, and to determine whether it be desirable that it should be presented within their boundaries. This is a totally different matter from censorship, as it at present exists. If it be held that municipalities ought to have no such power, then the problem is simplified, and we have only to declare that a play which has been licensed by the Examiner of plays, or, if unlicensed, has been performed a stated number of times without legal interference, is for ever immune against local disapproval. That would be a simple provision; but for my part I do not think it would be politic.

Assuming that municipalities should have some control, I suggest these provisions:—

Every play licensed by the Examiner or performed (say) twenty times (in London or elsewhere)* without any action being taken against it, should have a right to a maximum of seven performances in one week in any provincial town, without molestation by the municipality; but the municipality might then prohibit any further performance of the play within its limits, subject to the right of the owner of the play to move each new Town Council for the withdrawal of the prohibition. In the case of unlicensed plays which had not, in their novelty, been performed twenty times (or, in other words, which might conceivably have escaped protest simply by escaping notice) the manager should have to apply to the local authority for a permit. The local authority could take cognisance of the play in whatever way it pleased. In nineteen cases out of twenty the Press notices of its production would be sufficient; and if there was any doubt as to the granting of the permit, the manager should have the right to plead the cause of the play, personally or by deputy. Similarly, if it was proposed to give more than one week's performances of a play in any particular town, notice would have to be given to the local authority, and a permit obtained, otherwise the municipality should have the right summarily to stop the play after its one week was out. A play having had its week of performances, and no notice of prohibition having been given by the municipality, it might be brought back again to that town whenever and as often as the manager thought fit; but at the end of each engagement the municipality should have the power to prohibit any further performances of the play, subject to the limitations above stated. The fact of having produced a play which (after its week) the municipality had prohibited should not of itself militate against the renewal of the lessee's licence; but if a lessee frequently produced plays which fell under the municipal ban, and if there was reason to doubt his good faith in the matter, that would naturally be a point of character to be taken into consideration.

As here stated, these proposals may sound complex and cumbersome; and no doubt they are capable of much amendment. Nevertheless, I cannot but believe that some such arrangement would give local bodies a reasonable and healthy interest in the theatrical life of their locality, without subjecting either lessees or touring managers to arbitrary and unforeseen interferences with their interests. I have stated this scheme as an extension of Professor Murray's; but it would need very little adaptation to fit in with almost any other method of dealing with new plays.

William Archer.

* Except, possibly, in one very limited class of cases. I have suggested elsewhere, and in face of criticism I maintain the suggestion, that managers should be entitled (I do not say compelled) to present to one of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, before production, any play dealing wholly or in part with foreign relations, and ascertain the view of the Department as to whether any inconveniences would arise from its production, and how those inconveniences might be obviated. The case of "An Englishman's Home" is the only case known to me in which the action of the Lord Chamberlain's office seems to have been positively beneficial; and there is no reason why a manager, desiring guidance in such a case, should not know where to apply for it.

* A new play produced in the provinces should be exactly on the same footing as a new play produced in London,

# Communications.

## THE HOUSING AND TOWN-PLANNING BILL.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—A large number of men and women of all shades of opinion specially interested in the better housing of the working classes are looking forward with some anxiety to what will happen to the Housing and Town Planning Bill, the Committee stages of which will be taken on Monday and Tuesday next. As only two days can be given to the Bill there will be little opportunity for farther detailed consideration of the clauses of the Bill, and it will be extremely difficult to secure amendments strengthening the measure. There are, however, one or two changes of the first importance that ought to be made if the Bill is to effect a real reform, and there is a threatened attack on the most valuable clause of the Bill which should be resisted by all friends of housing reform in Parliament. The most important clause in the Bill is Clause 30, which provides that every house and tenement should be entered in a register containing particulars as to the name of the owner of the site, the owner of the house itself, the size, nature, and sanitary condition of the rooms and yards, together with the number of persons in occupation at the time of making the return or inspection. In other words, it is merely an attempt to ascertain the facts about the houses and let them be known to the owners and to the local authorities and others interested in the health and housing of the people. It is not an inquisition into the lives of the tenants, but a survey of their dwellings and environment. The great Housing Deputation which waited on the late Sir Henry Campbell-bannerman in 1906 pointed out to him through the Bishop of Wakefield and Mr. Harold Shawcross that just as the factory inspection is the basis of administration of the factory laws, so systematic housing inspection must be regarded as the basis of good housing administration. In his reply, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said:—

> "I was struck with the remark made by Mr. Shawcross as to the contrast between the care we take of the health of a workman when he is in a factory and our neglect of him when he goes to his home, if it is really a home. I think that consideration should be impressed upon the public mind, and I am not sure that a man would not be better who had a good healthy home, even if he had to submit to worse conditions for part of the day in the factory, than if you reversed the process and secured the best sanitary conditions in the factory, whilst leaving him to live and sleep under unhealthy conditions in his home."

The opponents of housing reform recognised that this inspection and registration of dwellings is the most potent weapon against slums, overcrowding, and high rents, and are opposing Clause 30 with the greatest energy and determination, for nothing is more dreaded by them and by reactionary local authorities than that the actual facts should be known and recorded.

They realise that if the facts are duly known, registered, and published, public opinion would be so aroused and maintained as to insist upon proper administration of the housing laws, and to overcome those corrupt, but powerful, influences which too often baulk municipal health committees and place local authorities under the control of the very persons who, with their friends, are responsible for some of the worst housing evils. Unfortunately several of the associations of local authorities have been seduously worked up into opposition to the clause, and in particular those controlled by large urban areas where frightful death rates exist and where there is most need for action. Certain powerful interests have worked on parallel lines with the slum owners and obstructive official elements, who too often dominate the committees and sub-committees to which such questions are referred, and although it has been rare to find local authorities themselves who have had a public discussion on the matter, the resolutions of these committees and sub-committees, meeting in private, have been paraded as the opinion of the local authorities themselves.

In Birmingham, where a public discussion took place, the opposition to Clause 30 was promptly disavowed, and only the most reactionary local authorities—just those whom the clause was intended to stimulate—are taking direct action against it. On the other hand, all the leading housing reformers in the country and all the Housing Reform Associations support the clause strongly, because it will reveal the facts which will supply the "driving force" necessary to educate public opinion and compel local authorities by sheer weight of evidence to devise adequate measures for coping with bad housing conditions.

The Lower House of Convocation has declared in favor of the Register; the Royal Commission of Labor, presided over by the late Duke of Devonshire, made a similar recommendation; the Select Committee on Rural Housing strongly recommended it; and on May 4th and 5th of last year a special conference representative of Local Authorities comprising 10 County Councils, 110 County Boroughs, Municipal Boroughs, and Urban District Councils, and 28 important Associations, including the Co-operative Wholesale Society, the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee, the British Institute of Social Service, the Charity Organisation Society, the Christian Social Union, and a number of Housing Associations in the country, strongly and unanimously approved of the clause.

The ostensible grounds of opposition to the clause are mutually destructive. They are, first, that it is unnecessary, because inspection is already done effectively; and, secondly, that if local authorities are called on to inspect and register, the cost will be too great a burden. It is clear that the alleged cost is grossly exaggerated in any case, because it is true—as alleged—that local authorities already do the work; it is merely a question of writing the register and summarising the results. In Paris the cost for 2,500,000 people is only £2,500 a year. The real answer, however, to objections of cost is that the cost of present ignorance, both as regards its consequences in loss of life, spiritual, mental, and physical, as well as actual money burdens, is infinitely greater than the largest sum that could be mentioned as the cost of obtaining and registering the facts.

There is no reason why the clause should not be modified so as to leave the precise method of keeping the register to the Local Government Board, and there is every reason to urge that the Government should make a special grant towards the cost of the survey, whether it be large or small.

It is, however, important for Members of Parliament and the general public to realise that this clause, which only asks for the facts to be known, is the test of all others as to whether there is to be a reform in housing administration or whether it is to continue to be the sham in the future which it has so largely been in the past. Instead of weakening the Bill, it is hoped that, if time permits, something may be done to strengthen it In the first place it is very desirable to improve Clauses 2 and 59, which deal with the acquisition of land.

In 1900 most of the members of the present Government supported a proposal to enable local authorities to hold land compulsorily acquired for housing purposes when not wanted for immediate use (see Hansard, June, 1900, page 926). Sub-section 3, as at present worded, limits this power of "holding" to land acquired by arrangement. It is desirable to amend the clause by inserting "compulsory or" after the word "land" in Clause 2, Sub-section 3, line 6.

Clause 59 should also be amended, so as to include "any land suitable for working-class dwellings" in the area that may be purchased under a Town Planning Scheme.

The insertion of these words will enable local authorities to buy cheap land on the outskirts of towns, as is done in Germany, in anticipation of future needs, to provide sites for workmen's dwellings. This is extremely important, because, although the suburbs of London and many other large towns are over-built, it is not a suitable type of dwelling for working men. In most cases landowners try to restrict the use of their land for the erection of shops and small villas, with which we are already oversupplied, and which only ruin the speculative builder and the would-be shopkeeper, for the benefit of landlords and mortgagees. Recent figures showing how many of these houses are empty while the working classes are overcrowded, demonstrate this point to the hilt. Cheap money should be secured by amending Clause 3 so as to provide for loans at the lowest market rate of interest at which the Government can themselves borrow. At present the clause only gives the same terms as for small holdings, and provides simply that housing loans should not be treated worse than other loans.

The Public Works Loans Commissioners have practically discouraged housing loans by charging high rates of interest. Ireland has had much better terms than England and Scotland, as will be seen from the following comparison:—

Ireland ... Loans for 68½ years, 3¼ % (*including* repayments).
England... „ „ 50 „ 3¾ % (*not* including repayments)

The case of the Savings Bank money should be raised in this relation. The Belgian Government Post Office Savings Bank Department pays 3 per cent. on deposits, and £10,000,000 sterling of this money is lent at 3 per cent. for housing purposes. The British Post Office Savings Bank pays 2½ per cent. on deposits, but Public Housing Loans (see above) are charged at 3¾ per cent. at present, and under the Bill would only be reduced to 3½ under existing conditions of the money market.

The definition of working-class dwellings in Clause 14 is a very bad one, and kills the value of Clauses 14, 15, and 30, because it assumes that in all places with a population less than 50,000, working-class dwellings are, as a rule, let at rents under £16 per annum. As a matter of fact, rents in Chiswick, where the limit is proposed to be under £16, are in reality just as high as in the adjoining borough of Hammersmith, where the limit is put at £40. The substitution of £26 for £16 in sub-section C would substantially meet the difficulty.

Clause 53, which deals with Town Planning, should be modified by deleting the words "land which is in course of development, or is likely to be used for building purposes," and inserting "land or roads within or in the neighborhood of their area."

Under the Bill, *Site* Planning, but not *Town* Planning is provided for. A town plan should be provided for the the construction and planning of the main arteries of communication, both of the existing and future area of the town; it should not give any fictitious value to land controlled by it, however, by ear-marking of such land as "likely to be used for building purposes." It should include all land within or in the neighborhood of the area of the town, and should find power to make a general or skeleton plan of roads on the existing area, as well as on future areas, so as to prevent the heavy expense incurred by local authorities for piecemeal widenings, following on a multiplicity of separate Local Government Board inquiries and provisional orders as is the case now.

It is estimated that £15,000,000 has been spent in this manner in London and the large towns during the last ten years, and of this £10,000,000 could have been saved under the proposed amendment, but not under the Bill as it stands.

Should the foregoing amendment be inserted in the Bill it will prove to be a most useful measure of housing reform; but if the Bill is in any way weakened, and if none of these necessary improvements are made, it will be necessary for Parliament at an early opportunity to face the whole problem again, in view of the inevitable failure of such legislation to deal with the root of the evil, especially as regards effective administration.—Yours, &c.,

W. Thompson.

August 26th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## RUSSIAN LIBERALS AND THE TSAR'S VISIT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—As I see Mr. A. M. Scott returns to the question of the attitude of Russian Liberals to the Tsar's visit, you might like to hear a little incident bearing on it which happened to us. Talking to a Russian lady at D—— one evening on the balcony, she expressed her great satisfaction at the cordial way we had received the Duma delegates in England, though she said some were much better men than others. I had no means of knowing what her point of view was, but I said that while we had all been pleased to see the members of the Duma, there was great difference of opinion about the Tsar's visit. "Oh, yes," she said, "we saw in the papers that there was a letter to Sir Edward Grey, but we could not find the letter; only we were so glad of it. My husband telegraphed me from Paris that there had been a letter well signed." When I told her that my husband was a member of a committee who had initiated the letter, she became most effusive and declared that if Russians could sign anything safely we should have had thanks signed by hundreds of thousands. The rest of her party subsequently told me that, as Mr. Scott says, Russian Liberals are strongly in favor of the *entente*, or alliance they call it, with England, and hope much from influence of English Liberals, but that their hearts sank at the reception of the Tsar, and all the Reactionaries, who were against the English alliance, rejoiced at that part of it. But the letter had put matters right. A truly foreign touch was put to this conversation the next evening when my Russian friend suddenly appeared before my husband and me as we were drinking our coffee, and said, "I want to present my daughter"; and a beautiful young lady stepped up and laid before me an enormous bouquet of roses. I was so taken by surprise that I hardly understood what they said, but the letter to Sir Edward Grey appeared to be the main reason for this demonstration. Probably Russian Liberals differ like other Liberals, but this incident shows what some of them think.—Yours, &c.,

C.

August 17th, 1909.

## A BLOT ON THE "ACT OF UNION."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I was sorrowfully interested to read the able article in your last issue by my friend, Mr. Jabavu, against the color bar in the "Act of Union" for South Africa. Lord Selborne's many speeches in favor of native representation are fresh in one's recollection. And his recent public eulogy at Cape Town of my late husband and of his "just, generous, and statesmanlike policy" towards the native races, &c., had led many of us to expect very different conclusions to be arrived at as to the Bill now before the House of Commons.

Even at this eleventh hour I should like to point out a few facts to show why I strongly uphold the arguments brought forward by Mr. Jabavu in his plea for the cause of his people and of the colored Cape electors.

A few quotations from Lord Selborne will illustrate the subject. On December 27th, 1908, the High Commissioner gives a timely warning to us Europeans, earnestly urging us "not to deny to natives those elementary principles of justice which you have always claimed for yourselves. For then," he continued, "the mills of God will grind slowly both you and your children." In his beautiful address before the Cape University on the 27th of last February these pregnant words occurred: "Direct government by a Parliament of white men is the worst form of government for natives." And he proceeds to say that it "will be sometimes unjust, and often unwise." My study of the native Blue Books during many years on the spot, and my intimate knowledge of the people themselves, and of magistrates, doctors, and missionaries, and their experiences, all lead me to agree with this administrator in these views, as also with his further statement: "That therefore he would create the native franchise, even where it does not exist already." Surely, English legislators have not sufficient information to hand about the aboriginal tribes and of British responsibilities with regard to them, when they approve the color bar by passing the Bill in the House of Commons?

Long before we sought to civilise them, our intelligent and superior native tribes enjoyed an admirable system of responsible government of their own, their councillors, who were the direct representatives of the people, assisting to control and direct the policy of the chiefs. These, as a rule, loyally adhered to the ancient laws, and initiated no new legislation without the advice of the Council. Every village was duly represented at the "Pitso," or national assembly, so that, to quote Mr. Orpen, an old member of the Cape Legislature and an authority on native affairs: "Unless all the members of the organised sections of any tribe, or aggregation of tribes under one rule, had been duly and publicly summoned, nothing that the Chief and Council decided was considered valid and binding."

A study of native government, of their wise legal codes, and their marvellous hygienic, marriage, and social regulations, would lead Liberal men and women the more clearly

to discern that this color bar is a blot on the "South African Union."

I have not alluded to the military autocracies, which deserve judicious management and settlement at our hands, the warlike Zulus, crushed and demoralised, their relatives, so to speak, the Matabele people, and we may add those of Swaziland. Is it not the natural duty of conquerors to deal fairly and righteously with the conquered? What a parody on British Christianity our treatment of these tribal people might afford to the infidel!

The virtues of the peace-loving Bantus are too widely known to require advertisement. Many Europeans might do wisely to imitate them. Olive Schreiner depicts them truly as "the makers of our wealth, the great basic rock on which our State is founded—our vast laboring class"; and they belong to a stock "which refuses to die out in contact with our civilisation."

I remember an occasion on which Sir Gordon Sprigg, then Cape Prime Minister, delighted an English nobleman* by describing a great Basuto Pitso, and adding, "I never listened to such eloquent oratory in my life, no, not in the House of Commons."

To lawyers, barristers, and judges our South African natives, including those of a humble station, have afforded a remarkable problem, as it is impossible to make them contradict themselves by any amount of clever cross-questioning.

It is my privilege to look back on many a sunny year of my life, when native Chiefs and Headmen, splendid preachers like the late Rev. Tyo Soga, medical doctors, and other notable men of color took their place as equals at our table. Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, high officials, and eminent English visitors to our shores—to their honor be it spoken—invariably welcomed an invitation to meet them. To all of us who believe in something more noble and divine than the oft-repeated "Equal rights for all civilised people," namely, "Fundamental rights for *all human beings*," is there not a jarring note in the fine-sounding apology for this "South African Union"? "We are one people, under one King, let us have one Parliament"—the Parliament of a Constitution carefully framed to include only white males. While, within the boundaries of the vast territories to be governed, some five-sixths of the aboriginal inhabitants remain unrepresented.

Behold these dusky millions, and, near them, a pathetic group, composed of the white women of the four united countries. We are clinging to our likewise barred-out children who raise their supplicating little hands towards the unyielding door of the Constitution, while the whole picture pleads the cause of unrepresented humanity, as none save the woman-genius of the new Dominion could paint it—the women "heart-broken," indeed, at "*this death-blow to all our hopes.*" We, these white women, ranking lower in the constitutional scale than the least important of all the excellent colored voters of the Cape of Good Hope!

What marvel if there be those among the melancholy crowd who feelingly recall the poetic fancies of their youth, and faintly murmur in the olden, Tennysonian tones, "*Someone has blundered*"!—Yours, &c.,

GEORGIANA M. SOLOMON.

6, Belsize Avenue,
Hampstead, N.W.
August 19th, 1909

## THE REAL JACK CADE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your delightful portrait of Cade as a Budget Protester is surely as beside the mark as the "Spectator's" notion that Cade was a kind of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Both suggestions are grossly unjust to Cade.

In the 14 articles of complaint of the Commons of Kent in 1450, only three related to taxation, and two of these articles were directed against the evil methods of the tax collectors. In the third case the objection was to taxation for the royal revenue going to "other men."

Both the "complaint" and the "requests" of the Commons were directed *inter alia* against the illegal confiscation of property practised by the King's servants, not against the legal confiscation of the tax collector. Of course, the desire of Cade and the Commons for a change of Ministry may be likened to our Budget Protesters' enthusiasm for the return of Mr. Balfour to office; but there the comparison ends.

The suggestion that the men of Kent "marched to protest against a penal Budget" is monstrous. The judicial and political corruptions of the time of Henry VI. are notorious. Stubbs—no friend to popular risings—admits that Cade "based his complaints and demands on the existence of grievances, political, constitutional, and local, which could not be gainsaid." Ramsay, in his "Lancaster and York," holds that "with Cade's followers the loss of Normandy was a secondary grievance; they wanted administrative reform and a change of Ministry." The old "Chronicle of Henry VI." puts it that "the realm of England had been ruled by untrue counsel, wherefore the common profit was sore hurt and decried."

As for your statement, "Tradition denies the godliness" of Cade, it is not tradition, but the royal warrant for Cade's arrest (issued *after* the dispersal of the Commons, when the Captain of Kent was a broken man), that is responsible for the stories of Cade having murdered a woman with child, fled to France, and fought against England. I am not aware that a scrap of evidence has ever been produced in justification of these libels. Is it likely the squires and gentry of Kent, Cade's neighbors, would have rallied to a captain guilty of such offences? Certainly Cade (who, after all, may have been a Mortimer, and a kinsman of the Duke of York, as Professor Oman points out) may have been born in Ireland, and it is quite probable he served under the Duke of York in France.

John Payne's letter, in the Paston Letters, was written fifteen years after the rising, when its author had become a somewhat disreputable begging-letter writer. Fastolf, at all events, seems to have lost all confidence in his servant.

It is bad enough to have Cade's memory blackened by the opponents of liberty. It is too bad that THE NATION should add to the misrepresentations and misconceptions which have obscured for centuries the heroism of one of England's greatest democratic leaders. It is more than time that justice was done to Cade's work and character.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

Hampstead, August 23rd, 1909.

## SCOTLAND AND THE FINANCE BILL.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Ruskin wrote in 1877—"The organisation of a Parliament, strong enough even to modify the existing methods of land tenure, would *be* revolution." Such a Parliament has arrived. Will its urgent, equitable, and just land tenure proposals cause revolution? I hae ma doots. It is far more probable that there will be revolution if they are opposed by the House of Lords, and if they are not carried into effect. Quoting from the "Builder," Ruskin wrote: "Five men own one-fourth of Scotland. One duke owns 96,000 acres in Derbyshire, besides vast estates in other parts of England and in Ireland. Another, with estates all over the United Kingdom, has 40,000 acres in Sussex, and 300,000 acres in Scotland. This nobleman's park is fifteen miles in circumference! Another duke has estates which the high-road divides for twenty-three miles! A marquis there is who can ride a hundred miles in a straight line on his own land! There is a duke who owns almost an entire county stretching from sea to sea. An earl draws £200,000 a year from his estates in Lancashire. . . All the lands of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are owned by less than 60,000 persons, and they say to the 32,000,000 of people 'All this land of Great Britain and Ireland was given to the children of men, and behold we are the Lord's children in possession, and you millions, you go to work.' *We must get this land system readjusted*, or revolution is bound to come within the lifetime of grave and reverend seniors like you and me. The fact is, Sir, that a majority of the inhabitants of this country are in a state of squalid poverty—living in miserable fever dens, without any of the decencies of life—scarcely ever getting a good meal, and yet they are becoming educated. Cannot others see what this means?

* Lord Ashton, the son of the great Earl of Shaftesbury.

Are the dukes and lords and baronets and squires so blinded by their wealth—the result in too many cases of sacrilege—that they cannot see what is coming? Education and starvation? What will they produce? Why, Sir, as sure as two and two make four, they will bring revolution. . . . The land monopoly is at the bottom of all the pauperism, both that which is recognised and that which is unrecognised."

In 1909, as in 1877, but worse—with an increase of poverty, destitution, unemployment, and seething social revolution. Ruskin thought the only remedy was the steady and irrevocable purchase of the land for the nation by national subscription. The Asquith Liberal Administration is nothing if not bold. They have produced another remedy. Will it be supported by the majority of the voters? Obviously it will. Why? In Fifeshire on the Tay in the north, and on the Forth in the south, land is locked up by landlords and the dead hand. Between Elie and Anstruther, as parts between Newport and Newburgh, it cannot be obtained at any price. "There are too many people on my land already" is the objection of one landlord. His demesne, with a palatial mansion-house in the centre, extends for miles inland and along the seaboard. Feus for building purposes may be obtained at from £16 to £26 per acre. It is not realising £3 per acre as an agricultural subject.

The beautiful estate of Camperdown is partly in and adjacent to Dundee. Lord Camperdown draws thousands of pounds in feu duties and from farms yearly.

The unearned increment in land adjacent to towns in Fifeshire and in Forfarshire has amounted in recent years to tens of thousands of pounds. The landlords grasp all, and the towns that have enhanced their income get not even the turn-over of household necessities. These be the object lessons of almost every county in Scotland. Hence the ever-increasing popularity of the Budget.

An ex-President of the United Irish League in this city was asked "How fares the Finance Bill?" He replied, "It has steadily increased in popularity week by week since its introduction. This is partly owing to its inherent justice, and partly to the speeches of Asquith, Churchill, and Lloyd-George. They have demonstrated that the proposed new taxation is to be raised from rich sources, hitherto untaxed, or inadequately taxed. Generous concessions have shown that the Government wish not to press inequitably upon, or to injure any trade or industry. He believed that the lurid five-chamber posters, illustrated, posted all over the city by the Unionists, and entitled 'Blunder Budget,' would not take a single vote from the Liberal Party at an election."—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS OGILVY.

Bellefield, Dundee,
August 25th, 1909.

## SUFFRAGETTE TACTICS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There appear to be one or two rich men and women who think that, by hiring others of their sex to throw bricks into public meetings and stones through private windows, they can prove either that rich women should have the vote or that all women should have the vote.

May I be allowed to suggest that the contrary opinion, besides being held by seven-eighths of the nation, is easily defensible, on the ground both of justice and expediency? In considering any political measure you must look to the effects. There are two possible modes of giving women the suffrage. One is to give it to women of property. This would have a similar effect to doubling the plural vote, which most Liberals desire to extinguish. Such a measure sent to the House of Lords might go through, and would be an effectual barrier to further progress. The second mode is to enfranchise all adult women, in which case there would be a majority of women electors in almost every constituency. This would be (1) unjust, because women have no right to declare a war which men must wage, or to introduce conscription, in which only men would serve, and (2) inexpedient, because it would enormously increase the number of incompetent, inefficient, and, therefore, corruptible voters.

Trusting that you will find space for this letter.—Yours, &c.,

MEDIUM TEMPLUM.

London, August, 24th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I indicate one aspect of the controversy on the Suffragette methods which has, I think, been overlooked? It is one of importance. The issue has been narrowed down to the legitimacy of the so-called "militant" tactics of the W.S.P.U. Their keenest critics approve of the aim of the W.S.P.U., approve of their by-election policy, their meetings and journalistic propaganda; they disapprove only of their organised disturbance of public meetings and their essentially feminine, if unladylike, policy of hen-pecks.

Usually the defenders of these "militant" methods admit that they are bad in themselves. They defend them—and even claim pity for their being forced to adopt them—on two grounds; first, that "constitutional" methods have been tried and failed; and, secondly, that the "militant" methods have had conspicuously successful results.

I do not wish to dwell on the first argument. It should, however, be pointed out that "constitutional" methods have *not* been tried in the sense that "militant" methods have been tried. £50,000 has never been devoted to "constitutional" propaganda in one year. And, in spite of the very limited trial they have been given, "constitutional" methods have *not* failed. They secured for women the municipal franchise and the right to sit on municipal and county councils and other local authorities.

But what it is important to combat is the other argument—that the "militant" methods are justified by their success. It is simply the old argument: that in politics the end justifies the means; a view, surely, that is the negation of political morality. The methods of an agitation have often a greater influence on a country's history than its results; and this is inevitable, because they have usually a more immediate and direct influence on its public morality—an influence stretching far beyond the limits of the particular agitation and its aims. Violence is necessary sometimes, and then we respect it; when it is necessary it will usually be found that its influence is good, even apart from the results of the agitation which employs it. But the W.S.P.U. have, as yet, neither attempted violence, nor shown that the conditions obtain which justify it. The methods of the politicians who compelled the present Chancellor of the Exchequer to escape from a public meeting in Birmingham in disguise were "justified by success"; they won the General Election of 1900. The methods of the citizen of Manchester—we will call him Smith—who was elected to the City Council on the strength of a poster, "Vote for Smith and *no swank*," were "justified by success." It is possible that the W.S.P.U.'s method of using any and every means, short of violence, to obstruct and hamper the work of government, may achieve their immediate end, and obtain women the vote by making all votes futile. But everyone who cares for democracy will hope they may fail; not because failure will prove them bad, but because they are in themselves, quite apart from any consideration of failure or success, bad.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY CLAY.

Toynbee Hall, E.
August 24th, 1909.

## "LOWERING THE FLAG."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In an article entitled "Lowering the Flag" in your current issue, your contributor laments over the evils of political inequality, viz., the restriction of the right to vote for, and to sit in, Parliament.

He describes such inequality as a "flat denial of human rights," he justly sees that those who suffer under it are "under a ban," and bear the "stigma of helotry." He even says that such a system involves not merely inequality, but "subjection" for the disfranchised, for whom, indeed, it "proclaims servitude."

"For the first time the Imperial power withholds the full opportunities of citizenship from British subjects, living under constitutional rule in their own land."

Your contributor writes this of South Africa. Is a woman in the United Kingdom, then, less a British subject than a Kaffir in South Africa?

Women who are under this "ban," who meet here with a "flat denial of human rights," and who have learnt that political "inequality" means "subjection," are likely to sympathise with all who, being excluded from the franchise because of their color, become thereby a "proscribed and disinherited race." (And women are more completely excluded than Kaffirs and colored people are, seeing that these have the Parliamentary vote in Cape Colony.)

But Liberal men who feel as the writer of your article does over a far-off wrong should realise that their own flesh and blood at home are filled with a growing resentment that Liberals do not hasten to remove from *them* "this stigma of helotry," and to establish for them "equality of opportunity."

"While South Africa has thus required us to swallow our principles"; yes, that is true; but who (women ask) requires you to swallow your principles at home?

We have still faith in Liberalism to believe that if men, as by a vision, could put themselves in women's place, they would sympathise with us even as they do with Kaffirs and Indians, and then there would be no more "lowering the flag" within our own borders.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET CLARK GILLETT.

Oxford, August 25th, 1909.

## THE WOMEN'S WAR.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Like Mr. Dowson, I believe your opinion that "it is the still unmoved conviction of probably the majority of the male electors of this country that the women should not be given the vote" to be a mistake. Indeed, in the face of what has happened when the question of the suffrage for women has been voted upon in Parliament it is difficult to understand how such an idea should have entered into any one's head.

Mr. Dowson's figures of those in favor of the suffrage for women at one of the polling stations at the Mid-Derby by-election show, as he points out, 273 out of 420—just under two-thirds majority. There are also the figures for the present House of Commons. The Government have done excellent work in their grant of self-government to the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. They have made a good beginning in making the land more available to the people of this country; they are passing now a Budget acclaimed, not only by Liberals, but by many progressive municipal Conservatives, as an excellent step towards adjusting the burdens of taxation to the backs most capable of bearing them.

These things having been accomplished, let the Government, as Mr. Dowson says, promise to carry out *themselves* (for they are there for the purpose) the ideas of the British people, as ratified by the two-thirds majority in the Commons, by "putting a clause into the Electoral Reform Bill to remove the disqualification of sex."

If the Government, instead of carrying out the ideas of this large majority of the Commons, give way to the ideas of a minority of the Cabinet, many Liberals like myself who feel most strongly that the very essence of Liberalism, and, indeed, of all truly representative government, is that the majority, not the minority, should rule, will become rapidly out of sympathy with their party with unfortunate results for Liberalism in the future.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD R. MEADE-KING.

West Derby, Liverpool,
August 22nd, 1909.

## THE RESIGNATION OF THE NEERGAARD CABINET.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In the last issue of THE NATION there appeared a note, expressing the opinion that the fall of Mr. Neergaard's Cabinet might very likely mean "the end of an ambitious militarist policy in Denmark."

This opinion is, however, hardly correct—for the simple reason that no such policy has really existed. There is in Denmark neither seed nor soil for Chauvinistic sentiments. The thought of making an attack on Germany is under *any* circumstances out of question. Slesvig may, indeed, be given back to Denmark, when, in time to come, a democratic conscience shall win its way to German politics, and make them try to rectify the deeds of crime and insolence with which the "junker" party has been sullying the old Teutonic geniality, in scorning many laws of justice and of honor; but until such internal change has taken place, the Danish policy will be to wait in hope. Any chance of *forcing* the events seems inconceivable, just as it is surely inconceivable that there will never come a better day for Europe, when small minorities shall cease to be oppressed—when Finland shall escape the Cossack's knout, and Slesvig be delivered from the mean brutalities of present Prussia.

The Danish population is laboriously bent on peace; its genius is placid; its temper very calm; hardly any other nation is as far removed from entertaining military dreams. That, however, does not mean that they have overlooked the absolute necessity for following, to some extent, the present European craze for armaments. That this is a necessity is no exclusive thought of the Conservatives—it has been taught with equal fervor by the Liberals; they all agree that certain circumstances have of late endangered Denmark; they all consider it imperative that Copenhagen must again be strengthened as a fortress. There are many reasons why the Danes may fear that some misfortune can befall their State; some of these THE NATION has described as "nightmares"—others lie, however, open in the day. All of them, of course, have little value to detached observers, especially to those of foreign nations, but they have some considerable weight with those who have the independence of the Danish State at heart. The fundamental arguments are two: (1) It is impossible to rest assured that there will never be another European war; (2) And it is therefore possible that future fighting may take place in Danish waters. These propositions given, the problem consequently is how to demonstrate—*by force* if need should be—the strict neutrality of Denmark.

Difficulties have, however, gathered round the matter. Years ago the Parliament appointed a committee to report on national defence. When this report at last appeared, the Conservatives demanded that it should be carried out immediately in its entirety, but Mr. Christensen, the Liberal Premier, insisted on some alterations, insuring, as he said, increased efficiency at less expense. The following discussion soon became, as fate would have it, interrupted by the Alberti incident, and Mr. Christensen was forced to leave the Ministry. Mr. Neergaard, his successor in the Cabinet, urged by the elections, which took place in May, at once decided to propose a compromise. This the Conservatives, although with hesitation, stated they were willing to accept, but Mr. Christensen, as leader of a section of the Liberals, refused to deviate, however slightly, from his old suggestions, and Mr. Neergaard therefore handed in his resignation.

It is here to be observed, however, that there is very little *real* difference as to the character of the defence: they all desire Copenhagen to be better fortified; they all are willing to increase the fleet. Party feelings have postponed the matter; but the coming ministries, whatever they may be, will have to satisfy this national demand for means of safety.

This patriotic carefulness is scarcely militarism, but, whatever it is, the resignation of the Neergaard Cabinet has altered next to nothing in the state of things.—Yours, &c.,

A DANE.

August 10th, 1909.

## THE GORRINGE CASE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I offer a few comments on the letter from "Leodiensis" you published in your columns last week?

His argument is, that because "Mr. Gorringe was ready to pay, as we have seen, £6,000 a year to the Duke of Westminster, and a further £3,000 in rates to the local authorities, the total annual cost (and value) of the land to Mr. Gorringe was, therefore, £9,000," and from this he

concludes that, "it is evident that already the public do take a very large proportion indeed of the value—earned or unearned increment—of the land."

But is his statement of the case correct? Mr. Gorringe was certainly ready to pay £6,000 a year to the Duke of Westminster for the land, but the £3,000 he was ready to pay the local authority was for his share of certain definite services—police, street cleaning and lighting, sewerage and other sanitary services, &c.—as essential, in the main, for the carrying on of his business as the electric light and water he uses.

It seems to me there is a very sharp distinction here. It was not the total annual cost (and value) of the *land* that was £9,000, but of the land (£6,000) and those essential services (£3,000), and to say that, "But for the demand of the public, through the local authority, it is clear the Duke of Westminster might have insisted on a rental of £9,000" is obviously incorrect.

In that case, of course, the Duke could only have "insisted on a rental of £9,000" on condition that he performed and paid for the services in question himself.

The assumption I have indicated vitiates the whole argument, and, I think, in spite of your acceptance of it in your leading article, "What is Blackmail?" makes the conclusion arrived at worthless.

I can only regard the letter as an ingenious bit of special pleading, all the more effective because of its moderation of tone and air of complete detachment, but none the less unsound, and calculated to convey an entirely false impression.—Yours, &c., JAMES H. ROBERTSON.

Muswell Hill, N.
August 23rd, 1909.

## ASKING THE WAY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—We are staying at present in the country, so we only received our copy of THE NATION by this morning's post. In it we found an article "On Asking the Way," and determined when we went out for a walk that we would not be "suspicious, obstinate, or vain," that we would not "trust entirely to our own reason and such information as may be gleaned from maps"—because, for one thing, *we* did not intend to "walk twenty miles in the wrong direction in rain, hail, hunger, and bodily exhaustion." We had also read that there is in reality "no human intercourse more innocent or delightful than that engendered by a casual topographical inquiry." We thought we would be free alike from the "hollow artificiality of the drawing-room and the sordid selfishness of the shop," but would be "simple, sincere, and, in the truest sense, democratic."

We read that, according to Bacon, "He that questioneth much, shall learne much, and content much," and "that perhaps there is no readier method of gratifying the intellectual and benevolent impulses, than a habit of continually asking the way."

We wished to test the truth of this, and, so, when we met a typical old countryman upon the road, we "closely pressed him." But—he did not answer, as we had been led to expect: "Ah! so you are bound for Putney," &c. No; it was with silence that he received our "open and convivial question."

"Is this the way to W——?" we asked again, a little more timidly. He gazed upon us kindly—and slowly drew out an *ear-trumpet!*

Our hopes of the promised delightful "human intercourse" were dashed to the ground, for how can one converse even in "sober pleasantries" with a gentleman who presents an ear-trumpet?

Our conversation consisted only of: "Is this the way to W——?" in ever-increasing shouts, for we did not like to relinquish at once all chance of gratifying our "intellectual and benevolent impulses"; but the man's nature refused to "reveal itself in this chance encounter"—he remained deaf to our questionings, shook his head, but did not even "start, flush darkly, swallow in his throat, and stammer hastily that he was a stranger in these parts"—so we could not be sure that he was a "cheat, a low fellow destructive of the peace," &c.

Are people with ear-trumpets always so unresponsive? Perhaps we were not open and convivial enough—or is there a proper way to address a fellow-man who uses an ear-trumpet? We should have known how to behave to a "Bishop coming out of the Athenæum Club had we wished to go to the Edgware Road," and we had other instances given us too, but such a possibility as an ear-trumpet seems to have been overlooked. And it is certainly true that our "intellectual and benevolent impulses" received a violent shock when our old friend drew his trumpet out.

We should be glad if the author could inform us what is the proper move after such a "check" as this.—Yours, &c.,

"A WOULD-BE HABITUAL TOPOGRAPHICAL ENQUIRER."
Penrith, August 23rd, 1909.

## "THE WHITE PROPHET."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Having read this book with great interest and pleasure, and having been much impressed by the stand which Mr. Hall Caine takes for a more enlightened government in Egypt, I can only conclude, after reading the review published in your yesterday's issue, that THE NATION is as inconsistent as the majority of journals. If one may so express it, your leading articles are written in one spirit, and your reviews in another. I have hitherto looked upon THE NATION as the most advanced of the Liberal organs, and yet when an author advances opinions, in the form of a story, which must commend themselves to you, you are content to allow an average critic to work his sweet will and take the revenge which long experience has led us to expect whenever anything appears from the pen of Hall Caine. I am not a devoted admirer of this popular novelist, but I do like fair play, and I have as yet seen only one other review of "The White Prophet" as ungenerous as that in THE NATION.—Yours, &c.,

G. J. FOULIS.

23, Lancaster Road, New Southgate, N.
August 22nd, 1909

# Poetry.

## WHERE TO GO.

LEAVE the South! O, leave the weary golden shore
Of the Midland Sea,
Where a thousand ships have touched before;
Come away with me
To a place of wide, untravelled waters,
Silvering the leagues of sombre wood,
Where the lake-nymphs and the river-daughters
Dance all night along the shining flood.

Leave the South! for she is mournful with the weight
Of remembered years;
Lapped in ancient splendors, dim and great,
Wrought of time and tears.
For the dark earth that nourishes her flowers
Hardly veils the ever-watchful dead.
The purple vine and cypress in her bowers
Are memories of passion and of dread.

But the North lies all open to the morrow
From the fells to the strand;
Her clear morning wakens, free of sorrow,
On a timeless land.
Dreamily the pines sway in slumber,
Careless is the singing charm
Of the brook, which the grey stones cumber
With a heavy arm.

Till the lake-water ripples to the falling
Of low wings in flight,
And the woodland hears a whispering and calling
Through the brief, golden night.
Lightly, from each rock-cleft and hollow,
Little people of the stones slip forth,
Weaving spells, which the wanderer must follow
On and on, through the glamor of the North.

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE Johnson bi-centenary celebrations will begin at Lichfield on Wednesday, September 15th, with the opening of a Johnson Memorial Exhibition by Lord Rosebery. On subsequent days there will be lectures, visits to places of interest connected with Johnson and his friends, a performance of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and a special service in the Cathedral. The Johnson Club intend to mark the occasion by a special meeting in London, presided over by the Prior of the Club, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, at which Mr. Augustine Birrell will give an address. In the publishing world the bi-centenary will be celebrated by Mr. A. M. Broadley's volume, "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," which contains Mrs. Thrale's unpublished journal of the Welsh tour made by Johnson and the Thrales in 1774, letters of Goldsmith, Boswell, Fanny Burney, Dr. Charles Burney, Arthur Murphy, and others, as well as several other documents bearing on Johnson's career. Mr. Thomas Seccombe has written an introductory chapter, and the book will be issued by Mr. John Lane.

* * *

ANOTHER literary celebration fixed for September is the jubilee of the publication of Victor Hugo's epic, "La Légende des Siècles." There are to be performances at the Comédie Française, when several of Hugo's poems will be repeated from the stage, and on Thursday, the 30th, Rodin's statue of the poet will be unveiled, and speeches delivered by M. Doumergue, M. Léon Blémont, President of the Société Victor-Hugo, and M. Gustave Simon.

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a volume of representative extracts from the writings of the late Father Tyrrell, and the book will be issued shortly by Mr. Mayle, of Hampstead. Father Tyrrell was a master of English style, and many readers who take no interest in religious controversy will welcome the selection.

* * *

MR. FRANK HARRIS'S critical work, "The Man Shakespeare and his Tragical Life Story," some particulars of which we gave in January last, is now almost ready, and will be issued by the New Age Press towards the end of next month.

* * *

MR. H. G. WELLS, who has removed from Sandgate to Hampstead, thinks of writing a novel which will deal with present-day politics. It is remarkable how few political novels of any distinction have appeared in recent years. Trollope and Disraeli are the two English writers who have excelled in the *genre*, and though one does not often hear nowadays of Trollope's political novels, they are probably the best in the language.

* * *

ONE of the latest Harmsworth projects is a serial publication, to be called "The World's Great Books," which aims at giving a series of "little pictures" of "all the great works in all departments of literature." Publishers have been asked to permit the inclusion of summarised versions of works still in copyright, the recompense offered to author and publisher being permission to advertise in "The World's Great Books" at a reduced rate. The plan for reducing literature to tabloid form is not, however, meeting with the approval of publishers. We cannot imagine an author who respects himself or his profession having anything to do with this compilation.

* * *

MANY new facts in regard to the career of Madame de Maintenon and her relations with Louis XIV., both before and after their marriage, have been brought to light by recent research, so that a biography, "Madame de Maintenon: Her Life and Times," by Mr. C. C. Dyson, which is announced by Mr. John Lane, will probably place her character in a new light, at least for English readers. Mr. Dyson has chosen a good subject, for the career of a woman who, though born in a prison, became the wife of Louis XIV., and who, though the grand-daughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, approved of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and did more to enforce a rigid Catholicism than any woman of her time, is full of piquant contrasts. Saint-Simon's one-sided portrait has done her memory some injustice. She was a prude and a bigot, but she did good service to education by founding the schools for girls at Reuil, at Noisy, and at Saint-Cyr, and she will always be remembered as one of the most copious and interesting of letter-writers.

* * *

EARLY in October Messrs. Methuen will publish a book by Sir Oliver Lodge, bearing the title, "The Survival of Man: A Study in Unrecognised Human Faculty." It gives an account of Sir Oliver Lodge's investigations into matters connected with psychical research during the last quarter of a century, and treats of automatic writing, trance speech, and similar phenomena. The author's conclusion is that there is a basis of ascertained fact for the belief that human beings survive their bodily death.

* * *

A BOOK on "French Cathedrals, Monasteries, and Abbeys, and Sacred Sites of France," by Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell, with a large number of illustrations from drawings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, is announced by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The volume is the fruit of twenty years' study of the French cathedral cities on the part of both author and artist, who hold that among the Christian churches of the world the French cathedrals are supreme "in the dignity and grandeur that befits the house of God, in the harmony without which the work of art is not complete, in the human sympathy expressed in its inexhaustible ornament, which appeals to the people, and tempers their awe with love."

* * *

MR. WERNER LAURIE has in the press a book called "Spirit and Matter Before the Bar of Modern Science," by Dr. Isaac Heysinger, which brings together the recent conclusions of physical science, psychology, and comparative religions upon the conflict between Materialism and Transcendentalism. Dr. Heysinger holds that every materialistic clue "has been run out, and ended in a *cul de sac*, from which there is no extrication except through spirit—what Romanes named 'the Spirit of the Universe.'" The same publisher announces "The Quintessence of Nietzsche," a volume of selections and a commentary by Mr. J. M. Kennedy.

* * *

"MEN AND MANNERS OF OLD FLORENCE," is the title of a book by Dr. Guido Biagi, the Librarian of the Laurentian and Riccardi Libraries at Florence, which appears on Mr. Unwin's list. It attempts to do for Florence what M. Jusserand and Dr. Jessopp have done for medieval England—to explore the byways of history and show the everyday life of the people.

* * *

AMONG novels to be published during September are Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Open Country," Miss Rosa N. Carey's last novel, "The Key of the Unknown," "Stradella," a story of Venice in the seventeenth century, by the late Mr. Marion Crawford, "Northern Lights," by Sir Gilbert Parker, "The Doom of the Severins," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, "Happiness," by Miss Maud Stepney Rawson, "The First Round" by Mr. A. St. John Lucas, and "The Holy Mountain" by Mr. Stephen Reynolds.

* * *

BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"George Bernard Shaw." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. (Lane. 5s. net.)

"Saint Teresa of Spain." By Helen Hester Colvill. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Literary Taste." By Arnold Bennett. (The New Age Press. 2s. net.)

"Parliament and the People." By J. H. B. Masterman. (Headley. 1s. net.)

"The Search Party." By George A. Birmingham. (Methuen. 6s.)

"True Tilda." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. 6s.)

"Les Dessons de la Police Russe." Par Jean Longuet et Georges Silber. Préface de W. L. Bourtsev. (Paris: Juven. 3fr. 50.)

"La Beauté dans les Formes." Par Camille Mauclair. (Paris: Librairie Universelle. 3fr. 50.)

"Pisanello et les Médailleurs Italiens." Par Jean de Foville. "Les Grands Artistes." (Paris: Laurens. 2fr. 50.)

"De l'humanisme. Le Secret de la Renaissance." Par Péladan. (Paris: Sansot. 1fr.)

"La Cité qui tue." Par P. Pourot. (Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## CHESTERTON ON SHAW.*

[By Shaw.]

This book is what everybody expected it to be: the best work of literary art I have yet provoked. It is a fascinating portrait study; and I am proud to have been the painter's model. It is in the great tradition of literary portraiture: it gives not only the figure, but the epoch. It makes the figure interesting and memorable by giving it the greatness and spaciousness of an epoch, and it makes it attractive by giving it the handsomest and friendliest personal qualities of the painter himself

I have been asked whether the portrait resembles me. The question interests me no more than whether Velasquez's Philip was like Philip or Titian's Charles like Charles. No doubt some mean person will presently write a disparaging volume called "The Real Shaw," which will be as true in its way as Mr. Chesterton's book. Perhaps some total stranger to the Irish-British environment may produce a study as unexpected, and as unflattering, as the very interesting picture of Nelson by a Turkish miniaturist which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Like all men, I play many parts; and none of them is more or less real than another. To one audience I am the occupier of a house in Adelphi Terrace; to another I am "one of those damned Socialists." A discussion in a club of very young ladies as to whether I could be more appropriately described as an old josser or an old geezer ended in the carrying of an amendment in favor of an old bromide. I am also a soul of infinite worth. I am, in short, not only what I can make of myself, which varies greatly from hour to hour and emergency to no-emergency, but what you can see in me. And the whole difference between an observer of genius and a common man is not a difference in the number of objects they perceive, but in their estimate of the importance of the objects. Put one man into Fleet Street and ask him what he sees there; and he may give you an accurate description of the color of the 'buses, the sex of the horses, the numbers of the motor-cars, the signs of the public-houses, and the complexions and probable ages of the people. Another man, who could not answer a single question on these points, may tell you that what he sees is a Jacob's ladder with angels moving up and down between heaven and earth. Both descriptions are true. The first man, demurring to the other's description, would say that a cabman is not an angel. But the second man, the Jacob's ladder man, would never dream of saying that an angel is not a cabman. Call the taxi a chariot of fire (which it literally is) and the verbal difficulty is half smoothed. But the real difficulty is that the Jacob's ladder man is a man of genius and the other is not; and that difficulty is not to be got over. Mr. Chesterton is the Jacob's ladder man. He perceives that I am an angel; and he is quite right. But he will never convince those who cannot see my wings; and for them his portrait will never be a good likeness. Fortunately lots of other people will take his word for it, and some will rub their eyes and look a little more carefully; so his book will be of signal service to me.

All the same, it is in some respects quite a misleading book, not so much because it is here and there incautious, as because its only distinctively English quality is its fundamental madness. First, as to the incaution. Everything about me which Mr. Chesterton had to divine, he has divined miraculously. But everything that he could have ascertained easily by reading my own plain directions on the bottle, as it were, remains for him a muddled and painful problem solved by a comically wrong guess. Let me give a screaming example. Here is Mr. Chesterton on Major Barbara.

> "Sometimes, especially in his later plays, he [Shaw] allows his clear conviction to spoil even his admirable dialogue, making one side entirely weak, as in an Evangelical tract. I do not know whether in 'Major Barbara' the young Greek professor was supposed to be a fool. As popular tradition (which I trust more than anything else) declared that he is drawn from a real professor of my acquaintance, who is anything but a fool, I should imagine not. But in that case I am all the more mystified by the incredibly weak fight which he makes in the play in answer to the elephantine sophistries of Undershaft. It is really a disgraceful case, and almost the only case in Shaw, of there being no fair fight between the two sides. For instance, the Professor mentions pity. Mr. Undershaft says with melodramatic scorn, 'Pity! the scavenger of the Universe!' Now if any gentleman had said this to me, I should have replied, 'If I permit you to escape from the point by means of metaphors, will you tell me whether you disapprove of scavengers?' Instead of this obvious retort, the miserable Greek professor only says, 'Well then, love,' to which Undershaft replies with unnecessary violence that he won't have the Greek professor's love, to which the obvious answer of course would be, 'How the deuce can you prevent my loving you if I choose to do so?' Instead of this, as far as I remember, that abject Hellenist says nothing at all. I only mention this unfair dialogue, because it marks, I thinks, the recent hardening, for good or evil, of Shaw out of a dramatist into a mere philosopher, and whoever hardens into a philosopher may be hardening into a fanatic."

If the reader will now take down the play and refer to the passages in question, he will discover, with a chuckle, first, that the professor of Greek actually does make the precise retort that Mr. Chesterton says he ought to make, and, second, that "Pity! the scavenger of the Universe!" is a howling misquotation. I do not disapprove of scavengers any more than I disapprove of dentists. But scavenging is only a remedy for dirt, just as dentistry is only a remedy for decaying teeth. He who aims at a clean world and sound jaws aims at the extinction of the scavenger and the dentist. What Undershaft says is, of course, "Pity! the scavenger of misery!" And my retort to Mr. Chesterton is, "If I refuse to permit you to escape from the point by means of misquotation, will you tell me whether you approve of misery?" As to the professor making no fight, he stands up to Undershaft all through so subtly and effectually that Undershaft takes him into partnership at the end of the play. That professor, though I say it that should not, is one of the most delightful characters in modern fiction; and that Mr. Chesterton, who knows the original (evidently not so well as I do), has failed to appreciate him, is nothing less than a public calamity.

Generally speaking, Mr. Chesterton's portrait of me has the limitations of a portrait, which is, perhaps, fortunate in some respects for the original. As a picture, in the least personal and most phenomenal sense, it is very fine indeed. As an account of my doctrine, it is either frankly deficient and uproariously careless or else recalcitrantly and (I repeat) madly wrong. Madly, because it misses the one fact that a sane man should postulate about me—namely, that I am a man, like any other man. And the really amazing thing about this oversight is that Mr. Chesterton is aware of it, and, in a magnificent Bacchic rhapsody, finally excogitates, as proof of my superhumanity or sub-humanity, exactly the reason that would have been given by one of Wellington's private soldiers. This reason is, that I, having enough money in my pocket to purchase unlimited beer, do actually pass by public-house after public-house without going in and drinking my fill. I know no extravagance in literature comparable to this. Teetotallism is, to Mr. Chesterton, a strange and unnatural asceticism forced on men by an inhuman perversion of religion. Beer drinking is to him, when his imagination runs away with him on paper, nothing short of the communion. He sees in every public-house a temple of the true catholic faith; and he tells us that when he comes to one, he enters ostentatiously, throws down all the shields and partitions that make the private bar furtive, and makes libations to the true god and to my confusion. And he will see nothing but "cold extravagance" in my sure prevision of the strict regimen of Contrexeville water and saccharine in which his Bacchic priesthood will presently end. I don't drink beer for two reasons: number one, I don't like it, and therefore have no interest to blind me to the plain facts about it; and, number two, my profession is one that obliges me to keep in critical training, and beer is fatal both to training and criticism. It makes men cheaply happy by destroying their consciences. If I did not know how unsafe it is to conclude that men practise what they preach (Mr. Chesterton doth protest too much, and may be little better than a hypocritical abstainer), I should challenge him to forswear sack and dispute my laurels as a playwright, instead of lazily writing books about me. Is a man to live on my work, and then tell me I was not drunk enough to do it properly? Have I survived the cry of Art for Art's Sake, and War for War's Sake, for which Mr. Chesterton rebukes Whistler and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to

* "George Bernard Shaw." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. Lane. 5s. net.

fall a victim to this maddest of all cries: the cry of Beer for Beer's Sake?

Another insanity of Mr. Chesterton's is his craze for fairy tales. I read every fairy tale I could get hold of when I was a child, and in the normal course took to stodgier literature later on. Mr. Chesterton, I suspect, began with Huxley or George Eliot, and was caught in later life by that phase of the Oscar Wilde movement which Du Maurier satirised in his picture of the aesthetes raving about the beauty of Little Bo-Peep. He must have read Jack the Giant Killer for the first time in the budding vigor of his manhood, and read it as a work of art; for no child ever loses its head over a fairy tale as he lost his over this one. He does not seem to have ever read another, or to remember whether that one was really Jack the Giant Killer or Jack and the Beanstalk. Jack was enough for him; and, ever since, he has preached an insane cult of that particular fairy tale. The result is that he falls foul of me for pointing out that the true hero is not an average Englishman miserably mortifying his natural badness, but a superior human being strenuously gratifying his natural virtue. I illustrated this by our myths, which show the hero triumphing irresistibly because he has a magic sword, an enchanted helmet, a purse of Fortunatus, and a horse beyond all motor-cars. This infuriates Mr. Chesterton. He declares that I shall never be nearer to hell than when I wrote this; and I hope he is right, as I was not in the least scorched. Thinking of Jack and forgetting Siegfried, he declares that all the fairy tales show a little man vanquishing a big one. Now, seriously, nothing can be more horrible than the defeat of the greater by the lesser. Even to see the greater driven to vanquish the lesser by cunning and treachery is not pleasant: it is more endurable to pity Telramund in his helplessness against Lohengrin than to exult in David killing Goliath by what was, by all the rules of the ring, a foul blow. All the stories which represent Jack as killing the giant are mean flatteries of our Jacks and gross and obvious calumnies of our giants. In the great world-significant stories the giants are slain with pitiable certainty by the gods, and not by tailors and hop-o-my-thumbs. There are no consolation prizes for the devil in the book of life. Mr. Chesterton has read only one fairy tale, and that a mean one. I have read them all, and I like the ones in which the hero conquers, not because he is a well-plucked little 'un, but "in this sign."

Mr. Chesterton is, at present, a man of vehement reactions; and, like all reactionists, he usually empties the baby out with the bath. And when he sees me nursing the collection of babies I have saved from all the baths, he cannot believe that I have really emptied out their baths thoroughly. He concludes that I am a Calvinist because I perceive the value and truth of Calvin's conviction that once the man is born it is too late to save him or damn him: you may "educate" him and "form his character" until you are black in the face; he is predestinate, and his soul cannot be changed any more than a silk purse can be changed into a sow's ear. Next moment Mr. Chesterton is himself Calvinistically scorning me for advocating Herbert Spencer's notion of teaching by experience, and asks, with one of his great Thor-hammer strokes, whether a precipice can be taught by experience, to which I reply, in view of the new railway up the Jungfrau, that I should rather think it can. On another page he is protesting that I exaggerate the force of environment, because I proclaimed the staring fact that Christmas is a gluttonous, spendthrift orgie, foisted on us by unfortunate tradesmen who can just make both ends meet by the profits of the Christmas trade. He concludes that, in my joyless Puritan home (oh, my father! oh, my mother!), I never melted lead on "Holi-eve," never hid rings in pancakes, never did all those dreary, silly Christmas things, until human nature rebelled against them and they were swept out of our domestic existence, like the exchanging of birthday presents and the rest of the inculcated tribal superstitions of the kitchen; and he would have me believe that every Christmas he turns his happy home into an imitation of the toy department at Gamage's, and burns a Yule log ordered, regardless of expense, from the Vauxhall ship-knackers. Chesterton, Chesterton, these are not the spontaneous delights of childhood: they are the laborious acquirements of bookish maturity. Christmas means: "Thank God Christ was born only once a year; so let us get drunk and have done with it for another twelve months." I would not give twopence for a Christian who does not commemorate Christ's birth every day and keep sober over it. But I must stop arbitrarily or my review will be longer than the book! For there is endless matter in G. K. C. My last word must be that, gifted as he is, he needs a sane Irishman to look after him. For this portrait essay beginning with the insanity of beer for beer's sake does not stop short of the final far madder lunacy of absurdity for absurdity's sake. I have tried to teach Mr. Chesterton that the will that moves us is dogmatic; that our brain is only the very imperfect instrument by which we devise practical means for fulfilling that will; that logic is our attempt to understand it and to reconcile its apparent contradictions with some intelligible theory of its purpose; and that the man who gives to reason and logic the attributes and authority of the will—the Rationalist—is the most hopeless of fools; and all that I have got into his otherwise very wonderful brain, is that whatever is reasonable and logical is false, and whatever is nonsensical is true. I therefore ask the Editor of THE NATION to open a subscription to send him to Ireland for two years. As I write, with the Kerry coast under my eyes, I can see, breathe, and feel that climate, that weather (changing every twenty minutes more than the stiff, fierce, brain-besotting weather of England can change in a month), which he calls "material and mechanical," mere "mud and mist." His English will, his English hope, he says, are stronger than these mere physical things. Are they? What about the Scotch will, the Yorkshire hope of the Shaws—have they prevailed against that most mystical of all mystical things—the atmosphere of the Island of the Saints? Let Mr. Chesterton try that atmosphere for a while. In ten minutes—no more—he will feel a curious letting down, ending with an Englishman's first taste of common sense. In ten months there will not be an atom of English will or hope anywhere in his ventripotent person. He will eat salmon and Irish stew and drink whisky prosaically, because he will hunger and thirst for food and drink instead of drinking beer poetically because he thirsts for righteousness. And the facts will be firm under his feet, whilst the heavens are open over his head; and his soul will become a torment to him, like the soul of the Wandering Jew, until he has achieved his appointed work, which is not that of speculating as to what I am here for, but of discovering and doing what he himself is here for.

G. B. S.

## THE DECAY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.*

THE plain man, Mr. Matthew Arnold's Philistine, though liable to occasional fits of panic as to the supposed designs of the Church of Rome upon his domestic life, regards her in his settled moods as a negligible quantity. For him, Giant Pope is as dead as Giant Pagan; their day is gone. The man of culture views her in another light. He is impressed by her past, by her wide diffusion, by her appeal to the imagination. He does not admit her claims, but he looks at her as a constant product of human nature, at least a relatively permanent part of the order of things. Which of the two estimates is nearer the truth is the question to which Mr. McCabe addresses himself. And he decides in favor of the former: the Philistine is right, the man of culture is wrong.

> "There is no country in Europe in which Roman Catholicism is making progress: in every country it has to admit, by the mouth of its own representatives, very serious losses; and in almost every part of Europe the loss is proportionate to the literary and mental activity of the population."

The apparent progress is accounted for by the migration or movement of nations—the Irish are a conspicuous example. On the whole, Catholicism is in a state of rapid dissolution. During the last half-century the Church has lost 80,000,000—a third part of its adherents; and the educational test gives even more decisive results than the numerical; as education advances, Catholicism decays.

The belief in the permanence of Rome rests on *a priori* grounds which break down under examination.

* "The Decay of the Church of Rome." By Joseph McCabe. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

> "The Positivist pays Rome the tribute of borrowing what he thinks to be her imperishable forms. The Rationalist is almost always convinced that, in his familiar phrase, the last stage of his war will be the struggle of Rome and Reason. To the former it should be evident that, in sharing Roman forms, he has incurred a share in Rome's decay: and the flaw in the theory of the latter is that its starting-point is false. The Roman Church has more than once warmly rejected the notion that she asks her followers to rebuke reason and stand by faith alone. Her theologians, in fact, denounce as 'Protestantism' the theory that faith is an emotion, and not a deliberate adhesion of the informed judgment."

While the view that the Protestant Churches are temporary shelters only, or occasional protests against abuses that have crept into Catholicism,

> "accords neither with the broad features of religious evolution nor with the facts of religious psychology. Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism—nay, Christianity itself—had the initial character of a protest or revolt, yet the life-giving motives and the structures endure. In nearly all the great schisms of religious history the virility has passed into the dissenting body."

Few institutions have ever lived to so great an extent on an undeserved reputation as the Church of Rome. A Christian Church, she possesses, if overlaid with much that is not Christian, the substance of Christianity, and numbers among her children many of the most perfect Christians that the world has ever seen. She knows how to use such persons. They are parade figures: behind them stand the men who manipulate the ecclesiastical machine. A St. Francis covers a Brother Elias, a Loyola a Lainez. It is the latter, not the former, who represent the spirit of Rome and do her work. Her political instinct, in the past a strength, has become a weakness; the world has outgrown it. What was genius has degenerated into trickery and intrigue.

> "A day will come when historians will wonder how the Vatican ever acquired a reputation for statesmanship. In the small, momentary ruses of diplomacy it has usually been able to command the services of skilful men, but its whole management of the Latin races has been devoid of any large statesmanship. In spite of its imposing profession of a view that ranges over eternal things, it has lived from decade to decade like an Oriental. . . The Pope of the twentieth century rebukes intellectual advance with peevish references to Antichrist, and meets the social revolt of the workers with the maxims of resignation to the poor and philanthropy to the rich."

Pressed hard by the defection of the Latin races, the original stronghold of Latin Christianity, the Catholic apologist falls back on the progress made in the English-speaking communities, and on the Spanish-American continent, where the Church has called into existence a new world to redress the balance of the old. To what does the argument amount? With regard to the British Empire and the United States, the central fact of the situation is the dispersal of the Irish.

> "This fully accounts for the apparent increase of Catholicism in England, America, and Australia. The millions that have appeared in these lands owning an allegiance to the Vatican owe their existence to no subtle magic, but to a process that is very familiar to the social student—migration. If 1,000,000 Irish Catholics have immigrated into England in the course of the nineteenth century, it can hardly be deemed preternatural that the Catholics of England to-day number 1,250,000; the remarkable thing is that, with the normal growth of population, they do not number 2,000,000 or more. So, in regard to the United States and Australia, the other chief destinations of the Irish emigrants. In 1801 the population of Ireland numbered nearly 5,500,000. As the population of England has quadrupled since that date, we assume the same, at least, for the people of the sister isle. But the actual population of Ireland is 4,458,775; where are the missing 18,000,000? They are the body of the Roman Catholics of the United States and England to-day. Add to them a constant inpouring of French, Italian, and German Catholics: the descendants of the Catholics of 1800; and the converts that have been won from other Churches; the question for the social observer then becomes, not 'Where have the Catholics come from?' but 'Wherever have they gone to?'"

And to the Irish in the West correspond the Poles in the East of Europe. There the numerical strength of the Church, such as it is, is maintained by "the prolific growth of the backward and illiterate races that have been so largely absorbed into the German, Austro-Hungarian, and Russian Empires." With regard to Spanish America, it contains more than a fourth part of the Catholic population of the world.

> "But what a population it is! One third of the 60,000,000 are aborigines or negroes, who very largely elude every test of civilisation. They rise gradually from a state of complete wildness, in which even the most ardent apologist would shrink from recognising Catholicism, to a state of incomplete civilisation in which Catholic doctrines mingle light-heartedly with pagan beliefs and practices. A third more are half castes, with, to a very great extent, a half caste civilisation. Less than one-third are whites, and these whites, apart from certain classes of foreigners, are at a lower cultural level than Spain or Portugal. About 53,000,000 are densely ignorant and illiterate. And of the remainder, the majority of the men are either indifferent or intensely hostile to the Catholic Church."

The chief point in which Mr. McCabe is open to criticism is the extension which he is willing to give to the term Catholic. When he tells us that since the middle of the last century the Church has lost a third part of her members, the question rises, what does membership involve? He does not, of course, mean to say that the 80,000,000 persons in question, or any appreciable part of them, have joined another Church, or even formally seceded from Rome. What he means is that their membership has ceased to be effective.

> "I decline to regard anyone as a Catholic who never goes to mass or Easter communion: or who habitually supports parties that are sternly condemned by or openly hostile to the Church. Where there is obviously neither belief nor obedience to commands, that, on the most familiar Catholic principles, bind under pain of eternal damnation, I do not see how a census declaration that one is a Roman Catholic can be taken seriously. Our experience has been that, in so many instances, such a declaration merely means that one is neither Protestant nor Jew."

The Catholic apologist will argue that indifference, political or religious, is not alienation; and the parallel from the moral province is in his favor. Recent events in France, however, where the "Camelots du Roi" are noisy enough, do not lead us to expect any great results from Catholicism of this negative type, even where its interests and sympathies are enlisted on the side of the Church; while, on the part of the great majority of Frenchmen, what has taken place has been no mere expression of superficial Voltaireianism or of a passing political resentment, but "a cold, judicious, slow, and temperate dismissal of the Church from the life of the nation." Such decisions are not reversed lightly: what is done is done.

What is called in German *Schadenfreude*—the pleasure taken by base natures in the misfortunes of others—would be on the part of Protestants at once misplaced and unworthy. The Roman Church is undergoing a process of dissolution—"without are fightings, within fears." Her theology is no longer possible, unless a large latitude of interpretation in a symbolic sense be granted; and under Pius X. this has been definitely refused. Yet no other Church or system is ready to replace her: the future of religion in the Latin races, and in general in the Catholic world, is gloomy in the extreme. No wise and good man can do otherwise than deplore this. The interests of religion, under its many and various forms, are one. A Leo XIII. retards, a Pius X. accelerates the inevitable. If it be, as we believe, in the interests of mankind that it should come later rather than sooner, it is desirable that the successor of the reigning Pontiff should be a Leo XIV.

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## HERESY, AND SOME POETRY.*

From time to time one hears of artistic malcontents who would have poetry do what music is doing nowadays, which is, altering its mode of expression. Of course, music is changing its expression because the content of music is, in some sort, changing; but what these malcontents do not see is that the boundaries of poetic content were long ago extended to such spacious width that it is not humanly possible to extend the *imperium* of poesy, and consequently, that the mode of proper poetic expression is also, within broad limits, practically fixed. We may liken the two arts to states, and the expression of the arts to government. Poetry is a very ancient state, its antique frontiers thrown out as far as ages of experience show may be congruous to good government; and the mode of government (that is,

* "Personæ of Ezra Pound." Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
"A Vision of Life." By Darrell Figgis. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
"New Poems." By John Marjoram. Duckworth. 2s. net.
"Wind and Hill." By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.

the art's expression) has long ago adapted itself to the administration and control of all the various peoples and climates within the state. It is unlikely that anything will occur within the borders of the poetic state with which the established poetic government will not be able to cope. But music is a new and upstart state. It is continually throwing out new and more ambitious frontiers; and therefore the state government (the expression of music) has to be continually altered to meet the requirements of the new provinces that are from time to time absorbed. Strauss and Debussy, for instance, are not insurgents against the constitution; rather they are viceroys ruling, with provisional powers, recent additions to the empire of music. But we may justly accuse a poet of mere rebellion and treason if, while abiding within the old boundaries, he defies the constituted, but extremely elastic, government of his state. Not such were Browning and Whitman; they were rather eccentric, but quite law-abiding citizens. Such, however, is Mr. Ezra Pound. He has mistaken insurgence for strength, treason for originality. Not having anything particularly new to say (it is none the worse for that), he yet seeks to be unusual through a strange method of expression. By this we do not only mean queer tricks of metre and diction; poetry easily allows such eccentricities. Mr. Ezra Pound gives us plenty of them; some are successful and pleasant, others irritating and foolish. One may tolerate such Chaucerian words in modern verse as "swevyn" for "dream," and "everychone" for "everyone." But "ellum" for "elm," in a poem written not in dialect, and "mine fashion" for "my fashion," are merely silly; and to address Phoebus Apollo as "'Pollo Phoibee, old tin pan, you," is not humorous, but ludicrous. Such matters some modern critical opinion holds to be insignificant, though they are greatly important really; but they are not Mr. Pound's gravest offences. And we could forgive his habit of beginning a poem in the middle, and his uses of German, French, and Italian words. The grave error that Mr. Pound commits lies in the initial shaping and conduct of his thought. From the beginning he will not, or cannot, manage his thought according to the high and nameless, but rigorous, logic of poetry. Poetry does not consist in a fine clothing of words; the words must clothe, not only a spirit, but a spiritual shape. A mere gusty wind of spirit will not do for poetry; it must be a spirit with formed lineaments and stature, a spirit with at least the shape of divinity. Except in a few cases where he is following Romance models, one finds no such spirit wearing Mr. Pound's words; they are but carried on unruly tempests of thought or emotion. We dare say Mr. Pound finds these poems of his full of subtleties and allurement, for he knows, no doubt, what meaning runs through them. But for most others many of them will seem, we fear, only abrupt, discontinuous and meaningless exclamations, rather trying to patience. One sometimes detects vigorous poetic phrasing in his work, and the ring of heroic thought, as in the "Ballad for Gloom":—

> "I have loved my God as a child at heart
> That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,
> I have loved my God as maid to man
> But, lo, this thing is best:
> To love your God as a gallant foe that plays behind the veil,
> To meet your God as the night winds meet beyond Arcturus' pale."

Mr. Pound very properly objects to the "crepuscular spirit in modern poetry," and would be the cock that "scatters the rear of darkness thin," as he says, rather finely:—

> "Great God, if we be damn'd to be not men, but only dreams,
> Then let us be such dreams the world will tremble at."

Certainly, Mr. Pound makes a lively din; and it is because it is lively, and not mechanical, that we have criticised it at some length. There are admirable qualities in his work, but not the supreme quality; like the cock's, Mr. Pound's din lacks measure. Were that present, he would be one of the most notable poets of our time.

There are no doubt those who would commend Mr. Pound for breaking away from the "holy habit" of poetic thought; in these free days, they will think, it is a hardship that the manner of poetic expression should be fixed and determinate, even though the bounds of that manner be so large that for those who understand its necessary limitings its service is perfect freedom. Such persons might do a good deal worse than read Mr. Darrell Figgis's "Vision of Life." Mr. Figgis's poetry is not at all conventional, or even orthodox; it is new and original. Yet it is quite good poetry, implicitly obeying the code of poetic law. Beneath all its complexity and elaborate decoration, the rigorous poetic conduct of thought is there, hard and firm. The chief poem in the book is that which gives it its title, "A Vision of Life," which is a sort of ode of enormous dimensions. It deals with the old conflict between pleasure and duty, and deals with it by means of elaborate music and spacious imagery. But the poem, on the whole, is top heavy; its complex superstructure is built upon only a small foundation of thought. It is, in fact, much ado about little; but the ado, if sometimes it becomes rather like a pother, is a fine and exhilarating one. Mr. Figgis sometimes uses far-fetched diction, and his sentences are full of involution, put there, apparently, for the sake of involution. The rhymes also are often so far apart that they do not, as a physiologist would say, function. Nevertheless the poem is so vigorous, so "full of pomp and gold," that it is very far from being negligible. Here, as a sample, is the first sinister appearance of Duty:—

> "So, as I glowered upon its portals, wan,
> Gaunt, lofty, lifting up a parlous height
> Of shadowy phantasy, before its brink
> Palely the air shivered, and its atoms shone
> Pregnant with waking light.
> Unknowing what its purport, what to think
> Scarce dared I hazard—gazing, smote to trance,
> Riveted there with every thought and glance.
> The pallid atoms, hither-thither mazed,
> Smitten with iridescent rigors, shaped
> As to an outline—gaunt and leanly draped
> With flowing vesture, bony arms upraised
> Talon-befingered. Its Visage all was wan,
> Harrowed and sexless, like some skeleton
> Draped o'er with lifeless skin."

The shorter poems in Mr. Figgis's volume are more ordinary, the mood in them much less intense, than in "A Vision of Life."

Mr. John Marjoram, aiming at less portentous themes, achieves a more obvious success. He seems content to enclose beauty and emotion in his art; and that is enough for poetry. The "Fantasy of the Sick-Bed," in his new poems, is a quite exquisite piece of writing, full of delicate metrical and verbal effects and charming portraits of Nature. These are qualities that appear in the shorter poems also. Mr. Marjoram is an indubitable artist in words, and though the title of the poems we have mentioned might lead one to suspect it, there is not the slightest decadence in his poetry.

Here is one of the dream-pictures that visit the sick man in the "Fantasy"—a very pleasant piece of delirium:

> "Beyond the wood is the seaward hill
> Covered with gorse . . . My heart stands still
> At the scent, and I walk—as if afraid.
> For the lane leads past the hill to the shore
> Whence she comes, whom I long to meet . . .
> And come she must; I am certain now
> It shall be, though I know not why or how.
> Here at the edge of the young green wheat
> I will wait to watch how the squirrel spies;
> How Zephyr wanders up and down.
> Shaking new odors from her looped gown—
> Till every living being feels the sweet
> Spring juices in it rise,
> And thistledown flies—
> And a young lamb cries
> And pushes to pass the hurdle;
> And the sound of a footstep haunting by me."

Another poem, "Afternoon Tea," is a bold attempt to portray the senseless drivel of polite society, concealing a burning elemental passion underneath it; and the contrast is managed with great skill. But there is admirable poetry throughout the whole book.

There is a very evident difference in the motives underlying Mr. Marjoram's "Fantasy of the Sick-Bed" and Mr. Young's "Wind and Hill." It would be easy to say, of course, that Mr. Marjoram takes us into a darkened room and Mr. Young into mountain air; but that would not be a just contrast, since, as we have remarked, Mr. Marjoram is in no way sickly or feverish in his poetry. We can, however, fairly put it something in this way: Mr. Marjoram, one may safely assume, writes poetry because that is the main desire of his life, whereas Mr. Young has

been moved to express himself in verse because he feels that nothing else will fit the delight and invigoration of "corporal toil," and his communion with

> "the chief things of the ancient mountains,
> And the precious things of the lasting hills."

Mr. Young is a mountaineer; and surely no pastime or business should be more provocative of poetry than mountaineering. It has, however, mostly been left for poets who never tackled a chimney or a traverse in their lives to sing the emotional meaning of mountains, poets like Coleridge, Wordsworth, or Shelley. Obviously, if a mountaineer could be vocal, he would have enormous advantages over such theorists. He would not only be uplifted by the mountainous grandeur of appearance, by the feeling that Mont Blanc has a voice which can "repeal large codes of fraud and woe"; but also by the recollection of experienced difficulties, physical danger, and triumphant effort. And in Mr. Young we have a vocal mountaineer; and certainly by far the best poems in "Wind and Hill" are those which contain his personal adventures, physical and spiritual, among mountains. He takes us up into lonely peaks, and shows us that hills are something more than "earth set a little higher above the face of earth," but are, as it were, persons, distinctive members of the world of being. In Mr. Young's poems we feel the silent frosts of the heights, the mountain winds and rivers, the majesty of sheer bulk, and glaciers "glorious as the Gates of Heaven beneath the keen, full moon." And we feel also the triumph of will over the fear of precipitous height, the ascending struggle of sinew and nerve against the body's weight; we

> "Tighten the muscle, feel the strong blood glow,
> And set the foot upon the utmost crest."

And for the mild, home-keeping reader of poetry, to mountaineer thus by proxy is a very exhilarating experience; for Mr. Young can not only command mountains, but also those more risky, more treacherous things, words.

## MR. WISE ON AUSTRALIA.*

The publishers of this book are to be congratulated upon their choice of a writer. Educated in England, distinguished in Australia, both in the legal profession and in public life, Mr. Wise brings to bear upon his task exactly the training and experience that are wanted. He knows most of what there is to know of Australia: and he knows how that knowledge should be arranged so as to appeal to English readers. One meets in every chapter a practical acquaintance with life in more than one division of the Empire. There is an almost entire absence of colonial provincialism. A long and even brilliant career in New South Wales has not blinded the author to the features and claims of other Australian States. He writes as broadly as might have been expected from one of the leaders in the fight for Australian federation. Indeed, the volume might be entitled "The Australian Commonwealth, by one of its Founders." He is free, too, from the partisan bias which so often detracts from the value of a politician's review of affairs and institutions with which he has been in close personal contact. Beyond a modest expression of hope that his name may be remembered as one of those who labored in the building of the Commonwealth, Mr. Wise scarcely refers to his distinguished public career. His eulogy of the abler Australian politicians, Griffiths, Deakin, Gillies, Parkes, Inglis Clarke, Kingston, Graham Berry, and others, and his spirited defence of the efficiency and honesty of colonial Parliaments, are quite untainted with egotism.

The descriptive sketching of the earlier chapters is brightly, yet carefully, done. Though admitting that tropical Australia—one-third of the continent—will, for the present, have to lie almost fallow, Mr. Wise takes a patriotically roseate view of the future of his country. He reproduces a map which appears to show that, after making a fair allowance for the impossible central desert, Australia's fertile and, more or less, well-watered fringe equals the area of Europe outside Russia. To the present writer that estimate seems economically much too high. But even a cautious prophet might put the area of habitable Australia—habitable, that is, by white women and children—as equal to the superficial extent of France, Spain, Italy, and what used to be called the Barbary States. The day may come when Australia, with the aid of intensive culture near the coast, artesian wells, and irrigation in the interior, and medical science in the tropics, may support in comfort eighty millions of highly-civilised whites. Such a destiny is great enough to justify patriotic dreams and to excuse a good deal of that Australian assertiveness which is hinted at, though palliated, by our author.

The industrial and social chapters of the volume are, as a matter of course, well done. The former are packed with information, the latter are readable and correct. The main vice of the people, which is not drink, indolence, corruption, or proneness to predatory legislation—as certain critics have been silly enough to suggest—but gambling, especially over horse races, is candidly admitted and condemned. Twenty-five years' experience at the Sydney bar (during six of which he was Attorney-General) give weight to Mr. Wise's words when he says that nine-tenths of the embezzlements, forgeries, and breaches of trust which come before Australian courts are due to horse racing and its concomitants. One of the strangest parts of the racing mania is that the colonial public is far too intelligent not to be fully aware that dishonesty is rife among jockeys, trainers, and even horse-owners. But gambling in more or less modified form seems to have a peculiar temptation for the sanguine dweller in Australian sunshine. Industrious, honest, in many ways self-denying the Antipodean usually is, but speculate he must; at any rate, a very common type of him must. Has this anything to do with the prominence of gold and silver mining and the unsettling fluctuations of seasons and the prices of such staple products as wool and meat?

It is, however, the political portion of the book which lends it its chief interest. We turn to a survey of the constitution and Parliamentary life and find it admirably done. The writer has hit the happy medium between ignoring the personal roughness and occasional coarseness and brutality which deface the life referred to and attaching too much weight to these important, but not quite essential, defects. The politicians may be blatant, vulgar, and sometimes bitterly personal. But, after all, they are, as a class, neither inept nor corrupt. They are professionals, paid servants of the State, who, on the whole, earn their wages honestly and do their work creditably. Oddly enough, the most economically dangerous class amongst them are often the quietest and most decent-spoken. These are the "roads and bridges men," country members, often rather conservative in theory, often fiercely anti-Labor, but whose value to their constituents is apt to be expressed in terms of the public expenditure in their districts. To the Labor Party Mr. Wise is just; and his defence of the White Australia policy is pithy and accurate. Nothing seems able to convince the English Press that the entire working-class of Australia is not doggedly and blindly opposed to all immigration—white as well as colored. On few colonial subjects has more nonsense been written in London, not seldom by Australians themselves. The truth is that the exclusion of Asiatics from the Commonwealth is a political as well as an economic question in which an overwhelming majority of the colonial middle-class sympathises with the manual workers. The success of the sugar fields after the expulsion of Kanaka labor may be bracketed with the boom on the Rand which has succeeded the repatriation of the Chinese coolies. Both together have spelt a signal rebuff to the Jingo Imperialism which proposed to develop the British Empire by semi-servile labor recruited without compunction in the cheapest markets.

Space does not permit more than the briefest reference to a compact summary of the all-important land question, and a temperate vindication of the much-discussed labor laws. In particular may be noted Mr. Wise's exposition of industrial arbitration, which has done, and is still doing, good work in Australia, though it has scarcely met there with the remarkable success and almost complete acceptance which it has achieved, and at this moment commands, in New Zealand. In New South Wales, however, as Mr. Wise

* "The Commonwealth of Australia." By B. R. Wise. Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

justly claims, public opinion prevented a hostile Government from abolishing the principle in 1908; and in Western Australia it appears firmly established.

One defect the book has, more serious than the repellant all-red hue of its exterior. It has not been at all carefully read before being sent to the printer. We do not refer merely to such slips as "leave" for "lease," and "Sir Thomas McKurack" for "Sir Thomas McIlwraith." The otherwise capital exposure of the myth of the Six Hatters is turned topsy-turvy by the omission of a negative. Elsewhere nonsense is made of an estimate of Australia's indebtedness to foreign creditors by printing £5,000,000 as £500,000. Worse still, this misprint is accepted and taken in a calculation lower in the page. Errors of this kind are the more to be regretted in what is, on the whole, a sound, workmanlike, and serviceable book.

## FRENCH POETRY.*

Mr. Eccles has produced a book which will delight those who care for French poetry and will also lead many who at present remain upon its threshold to enter one of the pleasantest chambers in the palace of literature. To compile an anthology is, with all its appearance of ease, one of the most exacting tasks which the critic can set himself. Taste, feeling, knowledge, and a ripened judgment are a few of the qualities it demands. But of equal importance with these, for its absence will make them all nugatory, is a severity, even a ruthlessness, in excluding all that is not really excellent "To keep the mean between the two extremes of too much stiffness in refusing and too much easiness in admitting" is a principle that worked admirably in compiling the Book of Common Prayer. It would be disastrous in an anthology; for there, more than anywhere else, "le bon est l'ennemi du mieux."

In his preface Mr. Eccles explains that though his volume contains what is in his judgment "a fair proportion of the very finest French verse written in this century," it also includes "much else of interest coming far short of that superlative." His plan has been "to cull among the works of some forty poets—not necessarily all the best, but each representing a phase in the later poetical development of France—such examples as should convey a just notion of their peculiar qualities and of their range." We find, accordingly, that, although there is little in the book that does not deserve a place, there are absences which we regret. Thus of Musset's immortal "Nuits" only "La Nuit de Décembre" is given, and though there are twenty-two poems by Victor Hugo, these do not include the "Tristesse d'Olympio," nor that exquisite lyric beginning "Puisque j'ai mis ma lèvre," which is to be found in "Les Chants du Crépuscule." Again, among the selections from living poets we miss M. Verhaeren's grim pictures of London, and we hardly think that M. Henri de Régnier is represented at his best in the four poems which Mr. Eccles has chosen. We would suggest that the lines beginning "J'ai cru voir Ma tristesse debout sous les saules" are at once on a higher level and more characteristic of the poet than any of the four in Mr. Eccles's volume. But no two people will agree regarding any volume of selections. We have each our favorite poets and our favorite verses which please us for reasons personal to ourselves. If the compiler of an anthology keeps his own bias subordinate to the principles that should guide his choice we have little ground for complaint, and there is so much of the pure gold of literature in what Mr. Eccles has given us that to reproach him for this or that omission would both be churlish and betray a misunderstanding of his purpose.

For his book is something more than an anthology. It is a helpful and attractive introduction to the study of modern French poetry. Each poet is introduced by a biographical and critical notice, and it is this portion of his work which must have cost Mr. Eccles the most pains and in which he is most successful. These notices are models of what such introductions ought to be. They are short, but they are also satisfying. They are written with enough independence of outlook to give freshness to what their author has to say, though at the same time he keeps clear of the cardinal vice of the latter-day critic and never uses his subject as a vehicle for the display of his own cleverness. Except for some looseness in the texture of the style and a tendency to overload the sentences, we should have equal praise for the "Essay on the Development of French Poetry" with which the volume opens. Its main thesis is to prove the existence of "a continuous and venerable French tradition in poetry," and in his estimates of the various schools and of the forces that called them into being Mr. Eccles gives evidence of a fine critical perception. As examples of his skill in setting forth the literary ideals of very divergent epochs, and the moulds into which their activity ran, we quote the following passages:—

> "The admirable poetry made in the Great King's reign supposed the rigorous distinction of mind from matter, and dealt exclusively with mind; its paramount concern being the conflict of passions, reason or discernment, and free will in the social man. It sought to represent human truth purged of its accidents; and, instead of the ideal figure summing and lighting up the movement of the Sixteenth Century, that creature of diverse aptitudes, mobile temperament, and unprejudiced curiosity called the complete or universal man, it substituted, as the arbiter of its tone and language and interests, *l'honnête homme*—the cultivated man of the world, who made the study of his fellow-men (or more narrowly of his equals) the occupation of a stately leisure, whose talk was mainly a ventilation of ideas, a gleaning of maxims, a definition of types, and whose abhorrence of obtruded personality, intolerant of strangeness, mystery and emphasis in speech, proscribed the learned and the trivial jargons, terms of art, and all that smacked of a function or a hobby or a trade.
>
> "*L'honnête homme* sublimated—such was the poet of those spacious days, one who eliminated both autobiography and the exaltation of unconscious nature from his matter, whose characteristic tone was neither introspective nor ecstatic, but observant, conversible, even declamatory, and whose predilection for the general, the human, and the durable, shaped a speech already rich in rational elements and, if anything, deficient in the sensuous; for he held the understanding supreme, the common measure of sensations, and was persuaded that we become articulate only by becoming a little less ourselves. And so he renounced the elegiac solace of intimate avowals, the direct appeal from sense to sense and from mood to mood, the notation of fluid dreams, the hoarse eloquence of a dishevelled frenzy."

And, after a deserved tribute to what the Romantic poets have achieved for French poetry, this is his summary of their demerits:—

> "The great militant generation of poets had brandished the notion of beauty self-justified in the faces of their elders, and had given some examples of an indestructible and flawless excellence; but, in general, they had seemed to prefer adventure, character, vitality, to that perfection in which form and matter are one. They measured success by the intensity rather than the quality of the emotions they excited. They had nursed the idea of inspiration as a state of passive receptivity; but they had too often mistaken the craving to project an ideal personality for an imperious visitation of the muse. They had trusted in their own exuberance, and, disdaining to know, had asked of time and space nothing more than an incitement, a background, an embroidery."

Mr. Eccles's book ends with a short discussion of the principles of French prosody. He is of opinion "that nothing accounts so well for the poor reputation of French poetry in England as the assumption that (unlike the Greek and Latin) it can be approached and appreciated without the most distant notions of its prosody." We are afraid that there is a deeper cause than this. Englishmen who care for poetry value it above all for its power of suggestion, its capacity for carrying the reader to the brink of some mystic world and giving him at least the feeling of having peered into the *au-delà*. Though these are to be found in several modern French poets—Verlaine above all—they do not constitute the strength of French poetry. Its qualities are very different, and the great merit of Mr. Eccles's book is that it sets the English reader on the road to their enjoyment.

* "A Century of French Poetry: Being a Selection illustrating the History of French Poetry during the last Hundred Years." By F. Y. Eccles. Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

## THE BANCROFTS.*

In 1888 was published a book in two volumes, through the now extinct firm of Richard Bentley, entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on and off the Stage, Written by Themselves." This book went through seven editions, a fact that contra-

* "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years." By Marie Bancroft and Squire Bancroft. With Portraits and Illustrations. Murray. 15s. net.

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dicts the oft-heard statement that no book about theatrical people succeeds, although it does not, indeed, confute a companion statement that no book about theatrical people permanently attracts the public. In any case, we have now in one volume the contents of the earlier two, with much added matter, issued under the title of "The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years." Here, certainly, is no lasting contribution to literature. The most that can be said is that with it the confirmed playgoer may wile away an hour or two. Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft are popular people in the life of to-day, and the interest in them continues. That it should extend to a capacity for reading about every play in which they have acted together is surprising. It is still more astonishing that any one can enjoy the old time newspaper praise of their work. One half of this book belongs to a bygone period, the pre-Ibsen age, when what our authors call the "picturesque pen" of Mr. Clement Scott was taken seriously, and Robertson's comedies were believed to thrill with life.

The value of this book lies in such light as it throws upon the development of stagecraft, and upon the possibilities of the stage as a career for man or woman. Lady Bancroft took the Prince of Wales' Theatre upon a loan of a thousand pounds, which was repaid within two years. Here, and later at the Haymarket, she and her husband would seem to have acquired a fortune, although they raised the salaries of actors, and gave to the stage the suggestion of costly realism in dress and scenery which it wears to-day. As an example of the profits, take those of "School" in 1880, which from May to August exceeded £10,000; as an instance of salaries take George Honey, who as "Eccles" received £60 per week. As an example of the reform of dress on the stage, we have Mrs. Bancroft's shocking confession that before her *régime* she had seen a leading lady at the Haymarket theatre end one act in a dinner dress, and pay a morning call in the next act wearing the same garments. The Bancrofts changed all this, and changed still more completely the method of mounting plays. They carried their realism so far as to have copies of some of the portraits at the Garrick Club reproduced for "Peg Woffington," while they carefully copied the garret presented in Hogarth's "Distressed Poet." The stories are good, even those that one has heard before. There is the tale of H. J. Byron, who, when lodging in a country town, complained to the landlady in the morning that he had been attacked by fleas. "Fleas, sir; no, sir! I am sure there is not a single flea in my house." "I am sure of it too," Byron replied, "they are all married and have large families." We like the story of Terriss rehearsing the duel in the "Corsican Brothers" with Irving, and saying, "Don't you think, governor, a few rays from the moon might fall on me? Nature, at least, is impartial." There is an anecdote in the same *genre* of Macready, acting as Hamlet, and telling one of his subordinates, who took the part of the King, in a whisper, to "die further up the stage." Whereupon the stricken monarch sat bolt upright on the stage, and retorted, "I guess, Mr. Macready, you had your way at rehearsal; but I am King now, and I shall die where I please."

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. E. Dillon's handsome volume on "Rubens" (Methuen, 25s. net) has several conspicuous merits, not the least of which is that the account it gives of the great Fleming's diplomatic career is unusually complete. Very few modern writers have troubled themselves with this phase of Rubens's activity, the result being that the most hazy notions prevail in regard to the character of the negotiations that he undertook with a view to making peace between the Crowns of Spain and England; Mr. Dillon lifts the veil to a great extent by his careful study of the international politics of the time, and shows that the artist-ambassador was (1) the servant of Isabella, Archduchess of the Spanish Netherlands, rather than of King Philip, and that (2) he was never entrusted with plenary powers—a fact that doubtless accounts for the inconclusive, not to say inglorious, ending to his efforts in the cause of peace. His position, in fact, was exactly the same as that of Balthazar Gerbier on the English side. Both men were agents, not ambassadors; both were liable to be repudiated in event of misfortune. The chief difference between them was one of character, not of political position, for Rubens's probity was beyond question, while that of Gerbier was not. In view, indeed, of the latter's want of principle, the friendship that existed ostensibly between the two men is one of the inexplicable things in history. When Mr. Dillon comes to Rubens's art career—which he keeps severely distinct from the rest—he is obviously oppressed by the thought of the multitude of books on Rubens that have gone before, and his writing is distinguished by careful summarising of facts rather than great critical insight. Yet if he adds little to the existing bulk of constructive criticism, he at least deserves our gratitude for eliminating most of the untrustworthy data and theories with which popular guides and handbooks are filled to suffocation. We have a memory of being informed, for instance, by an Antwerp guide that the two women in the left hand corner of the "Descent from the Cross" represented Isabella Brant and Helena Fourment, notwithstanding the fact that the latter was unborn when the picture was painted, and this statement and the legend that the "Assumption" in Antwerp Cathedral was finished in sixteen days are typical of a kind that Mr. Dillon wisely leaves alone. We cannot quite follow him when, in dealing with Rubens's pleasure in scenes of torture and physical distress, he traces this to "some obscure psychological working of the artist's brain" in regard to religious conceptions, and compares this "orgiastic spirit" to that which at the same period prevailed "in the treatment of subjects taken from profane history and domestic life." The piling-up of horrors was a notable characteristic of Flemish painting, religious as well as secular, before and during this period, and even Rubens could not have been wholly unaffected by his *milieu*. The absence of any reference to Gasper De Crayer, whose artistic sympathy with Rubens is very emphatic, is somewhat curious in a book treating as comprehensively as this does of the master and his contemporaries. Nevertheless the work is an essentially just survey of Rubens's life and art, and the author has succeeded admirably in his self-imposed task of avoiding mere repetition; while the 484 full-page reproductions of pictures alone suffice to render it a colossal achievement in illustrated biography.

* * *

"The City of Jerusalem" (Murray, 12s. net) is the third large book which has appeared within two years upon the history and topography of Jerusalem. Colonel C. R. Conder ranks Professor Smith's great history and Mr. Merrill's monograph among the "controversial works" in his bibliography, alongside of Buhl's "Geographie des Alten Palästina." This is odd enough. His own work covers a wider scope than theirs, since he traces the story of the city down to modern times, but it is equally controversial, in the sense that any book must be which deals with scores of disputed archæological and geographical topics. If Colonel Conder's pages appear less controversial, it is because he generally takes his own line, leaving the reader to infer that there is, or can be, little room for any difference of opinion. Such self-restraint is inevitable in the case of a volume which essays to deal succinctly with an extremely intricate subject. But anyone who is even moderately acquainted with the problems will hesitate to believe that matters are quite so settled as these pages would occasionally suggest. Monumental evidence has its own value, but the literary criticism of ancient documents is not to be set aside in the easy-going fashion advocated by our author, and Josephus will not be accepted by experts as a final court of appeal, in spite of the sarcastic plea that "his knowledge of Jerusalem topography was personal and contemporary, and he is more likely to have known the facts than any scholar writing in the west of Europe or in America to-day." Colonel Conder's book, however, may be read with considerable profit and interest. He has done honorable service in the exploration of Jerusalem. He is under no illusions about the character of most of the traditions. As he puts it, we cannot feel sure we are standing on the very ground trodden by Jesus, unless we have the bare rock of Jerusalem as the surface. The traditions of the pilgrims have to be received with great caution, while, even with regard to the Holy Sepulchre, we must say of our Lord, as it was said of Moses, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Colonel

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* * *

Miss Alice D. Greenwood's "Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England" (Bell, 10s. 6d. net), is intended to supplement Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England." Miss Strickland did not include the Hanoverian queens in her work on the ground that materials for an impartial history were not available when she wrote. Her successor's first volume contains two biographies—those of Sophia Dorothea of Celle and Caroline of Ansbach. Although Sophia Dorothea was divorced by George I. before he became king and has thus no claim to rank as a Queen of England, Miss Greenwood was, we think, justified in including her in the volume "partly for the sake of completeness, partly as the ancestress of the royal house, and partly because of her very real importance in the history of the royal family." In her account of Sophia Dorothea's tragic history, Miss Greenwood inclines to the view that Sophia's attitude was not that of "a consciously guilty woman." The gruesome circumstances which have often been related concerning Königsmarck's murder are, she says, taken from romances, "and rest upon little or no other evidence." The biography of Caroline of Ansbach fills the greater part of the volume, and here Miss Greenwood is unsparing in her chastisement of George I. and his grandson Frederick, Prince of Wales. Of the latter, Caroline said to Lord Hervey that he was "the greatest ass and the greatest liar and the greatest *canaille* and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I most heartily wish he was out of it." A chapter is given to Caroline's political work, and though nothing fresh is told us in regard to her steady support of Walpole, the facts are well marshalled, and the portrait of Caroline's character helps us to understand the causes of her influence upon politics. It would be faint praise to say that Miss Greenwood's work attains the level of her predecessor's. In judicious use of her material, caution in reaching her verdicts, indeed in every quality except the art of giving an air of picturesqueness to her pages, the later writer is by far the superior.

* * *

The "Letters of Diana, Lady Chesterfield, to her Daughter and Sister," by Mrs. Crackanthorpe (Heinemann, 2s. net), were well worth reprinting from the pages of the "Westminster Gazette," where they originally appeared. The Lady Chesterfield, who is, of course, of Mrs. Crackanthorpe's creation, is an aristocrat of the Victorian era, whose accomplishment in the now decayed art of letter-writing recalls the famous masculine prototype of the eighteenth century and the same name. While, moreover, the letters to her daughter, Philippa, who has gone to London for the season, are dominated by the writer's distinctly "class" and narrow notion of the right course for a young girl to pursue, they are shrewd, witty, and, in regard to the affection they express, essentially human and mother-like. Without these qualities the analytical discussions of Philippa's eligible suitors might become a trifle nauseating; as it is, and when the maternal manœuvres end, as her ladyship intended they should, in Philippa's falling in love with an old flame of her mother's, one feels that Lady Chesterfield is an attractive, as well as a clever, specimen of a fast-vanishing type. Mrs. Crackanthorpe maintains her letter-writer's point of view from start to finish, the whole series of letters constituting a character-study so adroit and convincing that one hardly requires the "obituary notice"—Lady Chesterfield is killed off before the completion of her last letter—to round off the picture.

# The Week in the City.

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Thanks to the excitement about Mr. Harriman's health and the consequent perturbations and uneasy heavings of the American market, there has been more animation than usual at this season in Throgmorton Street. The Bank return is stronger than ever, and consequently the continuance of cheap money is confidently predicted. It is satisfactory to see from the last pauperism returns that London conditions are now much better than last year and are, in fact, no worse than in 1907. Employment is improving, and if a spurt occurred in the shipbuilding trade there would not be much to grumble about. A much more confident feeling prevails in the iron and steel districts. The staple industry of the West Riding has been stimulated by a big order for Khaki from the Turkish Government. Lancashire is beginning to export more cotton goods to India.

### U.S.A. Cereal Crops.

The only trades which seem to be benefiting by the passing of the U.S. tariff are steel and leather, from both of which a substantial amount of protection has been withdrawn. Trade generally is still rather dull, over 20 per cent. of the workmen in New York State being still unemployed. However, the food crops are so splendid, and the prices obtained will be so high that another industrial boom might easily take place. The Commercial National Bank of Chicago, in its "crop and business report," hesitates as to whether wheat, maize, oats, and barley will or will not beat the record of 1906. Winter wheat is put at 444 and spring wheat at 290 million bushels, some 80 or 90 million bushels better than last year. The worst crops are those of Texas, Ohio, and Indiana. The maize crop is expected to yield over 2,900,000,000 bushels, more than 300,000,000 bushels in excess of last year, the excess being mainly due to an expansion of sowing in Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, and other Southern States. In spite of a bad drought Texas will be the third maize State this year after Illinois and Iowa. Of the Indian corn 80 per cent. is consumed at home chiefly in fattening pigs and cattle. The yield of oats is calculated at 940 million bushels, a hundred million more than last year. Barley promises 183 million, and rye 35 million bushels, both substantially better than last year. Rye bread is still eaten by the Germans, Scandinavians, and some of the foreign Jews in the United States, but the consumption is rapidly declining, though rye flour is relatively much cheaper than wheaten flour.

### The Foreign Market.

In the foreign market nothing of great moment has occurred. The demand for good bonds yielding 4½ to 5 per cent. is still very strong South Americans have been favored. The Argentine drought is over; but the situation in Brazil, owing to over-expenditure, over-borrowing, a monstrous tariff, and bad coffee finance is rather gloomy. But it is satisfactory to learn that a candidate has at last been found to oppose the Chauvinistic Marshall Hermes de Fonsecas for the Presidency. From Mexico a brief telegram announces that General Reyes is in hiding, fearing the political vengeance of President Diaz. Upon this intelligence Mexican railway stocks rallied a little, as if a military despotism were a synonym for security! Those who know Turkey best are anxious about the Yemen, where the successes of the rebels might cut off Mecca and strike a fatal blow at the prestige of the Sublime Porte. Nothing further is known of the new German loan, but there are many signs of financial uneasiness in the German Press. Russian bonds are still in high favor, as the political situation is thought to be improving, and the harvest promises well.

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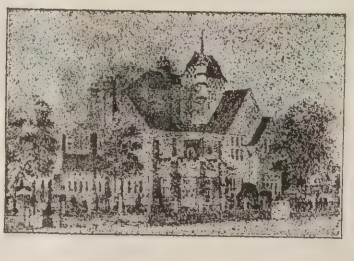

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With a daring hand I won thee,
With a faithful heart I'll keep.

"O my Helen, thou bright wonder,
Who was ever like to thee?
Jove would lay aside his thunder,
So he might be blessed like me.

"HOW mine eyes so fondly linger
On thy soft and pearly skin;
Scan each round and rosy finger,
Drinking draughts of beauty in!

"TELL me whence thy beauty, fairest,
Whence thy cheeks' enchanting bloom?
Whence the rosy hue thou wearest,
Breathing round thee rich perfume?"

THUS he spoke with heart that panted,
Clasped her fondly to his side,
Gazed on her with look enchanted,
While his Helen thus replied:

"BE no discord, love, between us,
If I not the secret tell!
'Twas a gift I had from Venus,—
Venus who hath loved me well.

"AND she told me when she gave it,
'Let not e'er the charm be known
O'er thy person freely lave it,
Only when thou art alone.'

"TIS enclosed in yonder casket—
Here behold it's golden key;
But its name—love do not ask it,
Tell't I may not, ev'n to thee!"

LONG with vow and kiss he plied her,
Still the secret did she keep,
Till at length he sank beside her,
Seemed as he had dropped asleep.

SOON was Helen laid in slumber,
When her Paris rising slow,
Did his fair neck disencumber
From her rounded arms of snow;

THEN her heedless fingers oping
Takes the key and steals away
To the ebon table groping,
Where the wondrous casket lay;

EAGERLY the lid uncloses,
Sees within it, laid aslope,
Fragrant of the Sweetest Roses
Cakes of PEARS' Transparent Soap!

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## Drawn by MR. WALTER CRANE, R.W.S.


"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 23.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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[*The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.*]

## Diary of the Week.

There seems no reason to doubt the accuracy of the splendid news that Dr. Cook, an American explorer, reached the North Pole by a swift dash on April 21st, 1908. The last news had placed him N. of Ellesmere Land on March 17th of last year, about 420 miles from his goal. No further tidings having come, he had been given up for dead until this week the Colonial Office at Copenhagen received a telegram from Greenland giving the startling intelligence of Dr. Cook's achievement and of his safe arrival. When the rush of speculation as to route and method has passed, the world will look with an immense interest to the explorer's history of the greatest victory over nature in our age. Dr. Cook is a man of scientific training, as, indeed, every successful explorer needs be, and may be expected to enrich several sciences with a hard-earned store of new facts gathered in his heroic adventure.

* * *

With unconcealed feelings of relief the Opposition last Wednesday quitted their damaging defence of landlordism for the more congenial and, as they hope, more popular task of defending the Trade. Their tactics, however, were embarrassed at the outset by the sweet reasonableness of the Prime Minister, who with the chief assistance of Mr. Samuel and the Solicitor-General, has undertaken the guidance through Committee of this section of the Finance Bill. The prompt correction of a crude error in drafting which unintentionally lowered the minimum for grocers' sales in England to one-fourth of a quart, removed from the Opposition a weapon which their Press was already brandishing with holy zeal for virtue. Next followed a reasonable concession, allowing the holders of July licences to enjoy them at the old rate until September. Then came the allowance of a reduced minimum for Ireland, based upon the preponderance of smaller houses and the prevalence of mixed trade in Irish liquor-selling shops. It was characteristic of Mr. Balfour's worst manners that, returning to the House without listening to Mr. Asquith's reasoned defence of this preference, he should unhesitatingly impute this concession to the crudest form of political "deal."

* * *

The larger debate on the liquor licences was chiefly squandered on an attempt to re-assert and defend lost positions. Why select for special fiscal treatment one "legitimate" trade among other trades? Special taxation of liquor is an act of vengeance for the loss of the Licensing Bill. Neither manufacturers nor retailers can bear the new taxation, ruin stares them in the face. We are champions not of the rich brewer, but of the little men who cannot defend themselves. Thus ran the wearisome array of stock "arguments" bearing the familiar liquor mark upon them. Mr. Asquith never shows to more advantage than in submitting fuddled reasoning to the test of logic and of facts. The whole case for the taxation stands on the special legal and economic conditions of a trade which is removed from free competition and which, as the Premier showed, has concentrated its manufactures and achieved economies to an unusual degree, assisted by recent remission of the sugar duties. The just effect of the rejection of the Licensing Bill in enabling the Government to re-adjust and raise the licence duties was argued by Mr. Samuel in a powerful and closely informed speech. The real source of the virulence of the brewers and their political backers is a fear, well grounded, in our opinion, that the trade will not be able to shift the bulk of the new burden on to the consumer. There is a limit to the economy of watering, and experiments in tampering with "fourpenny ale" have not proved encouraging.

* * *

The powers of the Road Board to be set up in order to work the second part of the Development Bill deserve close study. Five men are to be appointed to construct new roads or to improve existing roads "for facilitating motor traffic." They are to have the full powers at present exercised by a County Council to construct and maintain main roads, except the power of levying a rate. They can do the work themselves or by subsidising the existing highway authorities. "A new road constructed by the Road Board will be primarily a road confined to motor traffic, and the speed limit will not apply on such a road." But other sorts of traffic may be allowed to use the roads on payment of a toll. No other road can communicate with these new *viae sacrae* except by permission of the Road Board, who will charge what they please for this privilege. The Road Board can compulsorily purchase strips of land a quarter of a mile broad for their roads, securing for their sole use any unearned increment due to their improvement. If any existing highway gets in the way of the new motor road, the Road Board may shift the highway by carrying it, by means of bridges, over their new road. The County Council or other local authority may raise objections to these motor roads, but has no power to enforce these objections. The Road Board need only give notice to the County Council or Borough Council of their intention to make the road. Even the Local Government

Board has no power to veto a proposed motor road. The Treasury is to be the new road authority, and can authorise the making of these motor roads after "consulting" with the Local Government Board. The moneys used by the Road Board come, apparently, from three sources: (1) Tolls and charges levied on private roads and non-motor vehicles and rents from lands along their roads; (2) the net proceeds of the duties on motor spirits and motor licences; (3) loans from the Treasury up to an amount the interest on which does not exceed two hundred thousand pounds a year.

* * *

For a "non-controversial" measure the Housing and Town-Planning Bill was subjected to a pretty harassing ordeal in Committee. The principal points of attack were the arbitrary powers claimed for the Local Government Board to institute local schemes and to over-ride the local authority, the application of the compulsory purchase clauses to the case of railways, docks, and other public companies which have acquired land, under statutory powers, the right of the public authority to acquire and hold for future use all sorts of land, vacant or built upon, and the departmental power to determine the objects and the amount of compensation without an appeal to any court. On all these questions of centralised authority Mr. Burns stood stiffly for his office and for the large powers claimed under the Bill. Though there is reason to hold that the recent treatment of many of our most progressive and enlightened municipalities by the Local Government Board has been exceedingly vexatious, it is impossible to deny that the effective operation of this Act involves adjustments between different local authorities which can only be accomplished by the central department. So, again, the power accorded to local inhabitants to surmount the bar of County Council prohibition and to appeal through the District Councils to the Local Government Board for improved housing should greatly improve the condition of our villages.

* * *

But the perverse rejection of the quinquennial survey and register, secured by Mr. Burns, has grievously injured the efficiency of the measure. A thorough and repeated survey is essential to the success of the housing reforms, especially in rural parts, where the existing powers of inspection and improvement are rendered nugatory by the influence of property owners upon local bodies. There was no reason to hold that the cost of such a survey would be great, or that an "army" of officials would be needed. As Sir John Dickson-Poynder points out in his letter to the "Daily News," no real weight attaches to any of the three objections, viz., that the survey is (1) new and expensive; (2) superfluous; (3) inquisitorial. The rejection of Clause 30 invalidates the operation of the whole measure, for it destroys the machinery for gathering the detailed facts required to enable the Local Government Board to exercise with discretion its judgment in the particular cases of proposed reform. It is notoriously untrue to say that any genuine sufficient survey and inspection exists or can exist, especially in our villages, under the present Public Health Acts.

* * *

On Friday last 2,500 officers and men of the Greek army seized a hill outside Athens and demanded that the Premier should receive a deputation on their political views. This was too much for M. Ralli, who resigned, but a new Ministry, under M. Mavromichaelis, found itself in a convenient agreement with the mutineers. The European Press has taken a very serious view of the movement, and believed that it is anti-dynastic. M. Mavromichaelis, however, says not, and there is nothing in the actual programme of the Military Leaguers to contradict him. They asked for reforms in the army and the resignation of the Royal princes from their posts. It was the Crown Prince who arranged the very remarkable strategic movements of the Greeks in Thessaly during the war with Turkey. His commandership-in-chief must, we would think, have been a source of weakness of which the Crown should be glad to get rid. This it seems disposed to do; and, if so, any immediate danger to the throne is probably past. But the appearance of the *pronunciamento* in Greek politics is profoundly disquieting. What Greece wants most is not a fine army, but political education, and the new Military League, standing as it does for a revolt against what are rather unreasonably regarded as the humiliations put on the country, does not seem likely to supply it.

* * *

A detachment of the Spanish Army in the Riff country has formed a new base at Suk-el-Arba, which is at the opposite end of the Mar Chica lagoon from Melilla. It is an attempt to find a "way round" the almost impregnable Moorish position at Gurugu, which blocks the main advance from Melilla. At Suk-el-Arba there is open country extending to Zelouan, which is the first objective of the Spanish Army, and is fifteen miles distant; and the Spaniards hope, by an advance along this route, to force the Moors out of Gurugu, and so open up a clear way to the Spanish army in the north. The spirit of the troops is said to be very good; but the difficulties of the advance are enormous, and the political consequences of another defeat would be disastrous. The war is exceedingly unpopular in Spain, and with very good reason, as is proved by Mr. Cunninghame Graham's revelations in this month's "English Review" of the politico-financial transactions that led up to it. Spain has rejected the Sultan of Morocco's overtures, on the ground that he has no real authority in the Riff country. But Spain, by her contraband trade in arms with the Riffians, has done her best to undermine that authority, and has herself supplied the powder and shot that have already sent many hundreds of poor Spanish conscripts to their graves.

* * *

The net result of the recent Imperial Defence Conference, it would seem from Mr. Asquith's brief summary last week, is to be the formation of a new Pacific Fleet in three squadrons—an East Indian, a China, and an Australian squadron. Each squadron is to consist of one armored cruiser of the "Indomitable" type," three "Bristol" cruisers, six destroyers, and six submarines. Australia is to furnish the "Indomitable" for her own station, New Zealand's offer of a "Dreadnought" is to be commuted into an "Indomitable" for the China station, and the third "Indomitable" is to be supplied by this country. The Australian squadron is to be under Australian control, and to be stationed in her own waters; temporary assistance will be given by the Imperial Government, but in time the whole will be supported by Australia. New Zealand, on the other hand, prefers the plan of direct contributions to the Imperial Navy. Canada will form a small squadron of her own for service on the Pacific seaboard. These new arrangements are to be explained in detail by papers that are to be circulated later, and they are subject to the consent of the Colonial Parliaments, which has yet to be obtained.

* * *

The only serious Colonial criticism that has yet been reported is from New Zealand, where the

"Dominion" wonders whether the creation of three separate squadrons has not involved some sacrifice of naval strength. But little hostile criticism is to be expected from the Colonies, whose wishes have been studiously met. The scheme is open to more serious questioning from the English point of view. It will be observed that the net result of the Colonial offers of "Dreadnoughts" will be actually to decrease our strength in home waters by one large cruiser instead of increasing it by two battleships. The stationing of an "Indomitable" in the Pacific is a reversal, to some extent, of our policy of naval concentration in home waters. The reversal is not to be justified for the sake of a symmetrical arrangement with Australia and New Zealand, and it may well be asked on what grounds of policy it is made.

* * *

According to the Canadian correspondent of the "Times," there is reason to believe that the Dominion Government has decided to refuse its support to the proposal of an Imperial cable service. Considering the enthusiastic approval given to this proposal by Sir William Mulock, and by Mr. Lemieux, his successor, this announcement has not unnaturally caused consternation among Imperialists. The "Times" correspondent openly suggests that private business interests have tampered with the Government, and that Sir W. Laurier, genuinely distrusting all forms of public ownership, has allowed their arguments to prevail with him. The private cable, telegraph, railroad, and telephone corporations exercise even greater influence in Canada than in the United States. The Canadian Pacific Railway has its own telegraphic system, handling a great commercial and press business, the Great North-Western Telegraph, linked up with the Western Union Company of the United States, is also strongly entrenched in most Canadian centres; while the Bell Telephone Company is alleged to have among its stockholders "some powerful friends of the Government." Recent revelations of the power of commercial and financial companies to influence and to direct the expenditure of public resources in Canada indisputably lend countenance to such an explanation of the decision attributed to the Government to ignore the projected Cable Conference in London.

* * *

The protracted negotiations between China and Japan over Manchuria have at last ended in the almost complete triumph of Japan. In Eastern Manchuria, it is true, China retains her sovereignty over the Corean settlement at Chien-Tao, an important point gained, because if Japanese subjects carried their country's rule with them wherever they settled, China might as well abandon Manchuria altogether. But, economically, the future of the country is already lost to her. She may not extend her railways in Western Manchuria without the consent of Japan, on the ground that such extension might compete with the railway to Port Arthur. Moreover, over the whole course of this railway, Japan has made good her claim to sovereign rights; and she has carried her point, too, with regard to the policing of the branch line from Mukden to Antung. Japan has, in fact, asserted as much as Russia claimed from China before the war; and her diplomacy has been even rougher than Russia's. Since the war Russia, in the north of Manchuria, has had the same difficulty with China over the rights of sovereignty along the railway as Japan in the south; but Russia had to withdraw the claim that Japan has enforced. Whatever may be said for the Anglo-Japanese alliance, it can hardly be maintained any longer that it is an instrument that makes for the preservation of China's rights.

* * *

The meeting of the British Association at Winnepeg, though well attended and productive of many excellent papers, seems to have been unusually devoid of intellectual controversy. The chief interest seems to have lain in the field of physics, opened up so luminously by Sir Joseph Thomson's presidential address. Though geology and biology are full of new and vigorously contested positions, the holiday atmosphere of such a gathering does not appear provocative of keen discussion. Still more significant was this pacific note in the department of economics, where a stiff Free Trade challenge was received almost in silence by an audience which must have held many Protectionists who believe that a Tariff policy is "scientific." This decline of controversy is, we think, to be regretted, especially at a time when new and, *pace* Sir Oliver Lodge, highly "speculative" doctrines are in the air. Why is it that the tough instructive contests waged in the early years of the Darwinian "hypothesis" are not renewed to-day over the new and hardly less revolutionary conceptions of the Universe and man's place in it which recent science has evolved?

* * *

The meeting of the International Trade Union Congress this week at Paris must be considered to have had an educative rather than a directly practical importance. Apart from the usual condemnatory attitude on the matter of international "blacklegging," the issue which seems to have aroused most interest was that of the arbitrary measures taken by the Prussian police in requiring foreign workers to produce permits on pain of expulsion from the country. A valuable suggestion to the effect that the Trade Union Organisation should seek the assistance of the International Parliamentary Bureau on this and kindred matters, deserves consideration. Trade Unionists might also bear in mind that on labor questions a beginning of what may rightly be termed international labor legislation has already been made. It ought to be possible for labor parties in the several countries to utilise more fully this line of practical co-operation, urging their Governments to make legislative pacts on the lines of those which have been made for the restriction of night labor and for the abolition of poisonous processes in the match trade.

* * *

The "aviation week" at Rheims has founded a new and romantic sport of which it is still impossible to foresee all the developments. The first honors of the meeting go to Farman for a flight of 118 miles in rather more than three hours. But Farman's flights are low and his motions less delightful to the eye. Latham carries off the palm for brilliancy and altitude of flight. The prize for speed was won by Curtiss, who did the course of twenty kilometres in 15 min. 50 secs.; but Blériot, who was again so unfortunate as to get rather badly burned, was almost as fast. More important, however, than these records of distance and duration of flight was Farman's flight with two passengers. If passengers could not be carried, flying would remain for long enough a sport for the adventrous and the gifted. But Farman promises the pleasures of flying to every man and his wife who are rich enough to afford a machine and an "aviator," to borrow a word from the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian." It was a brilliant week, and they were lucky who saw the flights that mark unmistakably the beginning of man's conquest over the air.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLAND.

The introduction of the Development Bill marks a new stage in the realisation of Liberalism. The narrow conception of the work of Government, as confined to national defence and the preservation of internal order, has long since yielded to a fuller interpretation of the State as an instrument for securing to the citizen such positive conditions of individual liberty as are contained under the terms sanitation, education, protection against destitution, and against various forms of industrial oppression. For such purposes a great variety of public health, education, and industrial enactments have been placed upon our Statute Book, and large administrative powers have been vested in our national and local Government. But almost the whole of this enlargement of the State has hitherto been directed to the redress of grievances or the prevention of injuries. Even where the State, as in the case of the Post Office, has invaded the realm of private enterprise, it has been actuated more by a desire to curb vexatious monopolies than by any theory of constructive activity. It has always hitherto been impelled by pressure from behind, and has scarcely claimed to play a positive part in the application of national resources to the arts of industry and of social progress. Other European countries and some of our own Colonies have been pioneers in new experimental paths of public policy. We have kept more closely to the older ways. This tardiness enables us with fuller confidence to undertake a task designed to "promote the economic development of the United Kingdom," as is set forth in the title of the Bill. The main objects and the chief methods of the measure, though they will be rightly subjected to close scrutiny, are not likely to be exposed to keen party controversy in the House of Commons. There are, indeed, belated politicians who would rule out *a priori* all such public enterprise, upon the ground that "The State cannot make the country richer or more prosperous through Government expenditure," settling all claims to the contrary by arguing that money taken in taxation for such public enterprise implies the diversion of capital from better use in private hands, to worse use by the State. Such reasoning, were it sound, must, of course, be equally condemnatory of public education, and, indeed, of all other State activities. It is the economics of sheer anarchism. Sane reflection must lead any man to recognise that private profit, which is the test of success in individual enterprise, is no true measure of the public utility of such an enterprise, and that there are some undertakings which, from their magnitude or their slow fructification, or from the very nature of their product, are not accommodated to private industry. Every civilised nation has come to this conclusion, and there is a tolerably close agreement as to what these profitable public undertakings are.

The Development Bill embodies no new Socialistic attack upon competitive industry, as the mere recital of its objects serves to indicate. Forestry, the reclamation of waste lands, the improvement of rural transport, the construction of harbors and canals, the improvement of fisheries, the promotion of scientific and economic research and education in agriculture and rural industries —is there any one of these objects which is not greatly desirable in the interests of our national welfare, and is there any one which can safely be left to private industry or casual philanthropy? So far from encroaching upon or injuring private enterprise, every one of these improvements, if they can be compassed, will be an increased food and stimulus to profitable trade, enlarging the actual area of utilisable land, improving its accessibility, imparting new skill, affording an enlarged variety of remunerative employment to our working population, and adding to the real wealth of the nation. No cavilling at the slackness of official management, occasional corruption, or "the Government stroke" of public employees, disposes of the arguments in favor of this enlargement of the State. This is sound, necessary public work, and a civilised State must bring its best powers of energy and character to its performance. It will cost money! Of course it will, but the outlay will be richly remunerative. A small fraction of the expenditure upon armaments will suffice to open up this process of development, though we are glad to see that the financial provisions of the Bill set no close limits upon further expansion. We believe that when once the truly profitable nature of this economic development is recognised, a larger and larger proportion of the public revenue will be applied to it, its seen advantages serving as a wholesome curb upon the wild extravagance of the destructive services of so-called defence.

There is, however, one part of the scheme which we approach with grave misgivings. In dealing with road transport as one of the modes of development, the construction and improvement of roads is formally excluded. This exclusion appears to be made good by Part II. of the Bill, which is specially devoted to Road Improvement, and which sets up a Road Board entrusted with large powers to make new roads and with large financial resources for carrying out the work. But this road-making is not for the general use of the rural population, but for a single class of vehicle and a single small class of users. The whole of this expenditure is "for facilitating motor traffic." Now, it may be true that in the future motor vehicles will largely or wholly displace horse and pedestrian users of the road. But this is not the case at present. It cannot be seriously maintained now that these new roads will be public benefits, except to the extent to which, by providing alternative roads for them to take, they may abate the dangers and the nuisance which motors are allowed to cause to the general public. The text of the Bill and the memorandum leave the picture of these new roads very vague. But it is difficult to understand how roads, which are designed expressly for motors running without speed limit, upon which ordinary roads must converge and cross, undertaken by a Road Board whose powers appear to override all the ordinary powers of the local authorities, can be defended as a legitimate object for the expenditure of the taxpayers' money. It is not even the case that the public money to be ex-

pended on such roads is confined to the product of the motor taxes. Far from it. Apparently the Road Board is to draw an income partly out of the unearned increment of strips of land along its roads, partly by rack-renting private roads which communicate with it, and is further empowered to borrow a sum of money amounting to several million pounds, the interest to be guaranteed out of the public funds. The composition of the proposed Road Board, the powers it claims, the sources of revenue it is to enjoy, and the uses to which this revenue is to be put, all demand the closest scrutiny. The people will want to know why a little class of wealthy pleasure-seekers is to be endowed with public money for the purpose of providing new facilities for a sport pursued hitherto with callous disregard to the public safety and convenience, and in flagrant, systematic, and avowed defiance of the law of the land.

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## THE INTERVENTIONS OF LORD ROSEBERY.

It is evidence of the waste of force in Lord Rosebery's career that both parties agree in regarding his practical secession from Liberalism to Conservatism as an event of no special importance. It is interesting; it is even sensational. We hear of it much in the spirit in which we note M. Blériot's capture of a momentary "record" in "aviation" from M. Latham, or M. Latham's recapture of his lost laurels at M. Blériot's expense. But we do not feel it to be a true historical landmark, like Gladstone's election for modern Liberalism, or the opening of the second momentous phase in Pitt's career. So much that has happened to Lord Rosebery has seemed to flow less from a genuine effect of opinion and sentiment than from an effort to keep himself in the public eye, and secure not so much a following as an audience. Again and again this device of the ever-popular artist has succeeded. The people have been entertained, have enjoyed a certain hypnotic satisfaction, and have only woke up a little later to find that they have been sent empty away. It was so with Lord Rosebery's Premiership. It was so with his Chesterfield speech. Nothing happens as the result of his innumerable excursions, alarums, appeals, perorations, and protests. The agriculturist ploughs no "furrow," lonely or other. The laborer's task with the "spade" is o'er before it has well begun. With Lord Rosebery all is pose, and the course of each one of his interventions in politics is exactly foreseen before it has begun. An epigram or two, an emotional triumph, a plausible representation of a national mood, or a sectional prejudice, a storm of applause, and the accomplished artist disappears, as the *diva* retreats to the wings, bowing and pressing to her bosom the tributes of an enraptured "house."

This is not to say that Lord Rosebery is an inept critic, or a careless student of affairs. When he comes forward, as an opponent of a Budget, or of Home Rule, or of the Scottish Land Bill, we may know that a certain stream of public opinion has been set going, and that Lord Rosebery has been an attentive observer of it. It is more doubtful whether he has been well advised in his attack on the present Budget. This time his trumpet sounds an almost solitary challenge. He might have led a faction against Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman: he can only lead a family against Mr. Asquith. He attacks a solid Ministry and party, led by an old friend whom he acclaimed as his own successor in the headship of Liberalism. His only followers in secession will be of his own clan. Moreover, he comes out as the adversary of the one line of thought in Liberal politics with which he can be said to have shown any marked individual sympathy. His best and least affected *rôle* was that which he assumed when he undertook, with no slight success, the management and direction of the first Progressive majority on the London County Council. The Budget of 1909 is the matured fruit of the agitation which won its first victory on the first London Council, and gave Lord Rosebery his chance of the Premiership. It is characteristic of Lord Rosebery that he should fail to recognise the pit out of which he was digged. The new Radicalism put the crown on his head in 1894. His first act of consequence was to disown it in foreign affairs. His last act as a Liberal is to denounce as a "revolution" the advance which he helped to prepare when his own career was in the making.

A career so futile ends with peculiar want of grace when it signifies the timidity of great wealth in the presence of moderate demands on its public spirit. This is not a happy issue for the admired, the caressed, Lord Rosebery. He has chosen no such direct mark in life as Mr. Chamberlain has from time to time set up; he has no philosophy of politics, like Mr. Balfour, nor can he boast a steady Conservative instinct, tempered by cautious trust in democracy, such as guided the late Duke of Devonshire. He has simply failed, like the young man of great possessions, to live up to the light that was in him. He might have devoted his great talents of persuasion, his unusual charm of personality, to the service to which they were originally vowed. But even if he had failed to keep pace with modern Liberalism, and had felt some distrust of its later developments —and there would be no moral fault in such an attitude—he might have spoken more like a statesman and less like a great landowner. He might have aimed at keeping his old party "straight," instead of directing sensational attacks on them. But the author of the speeches on the Scottish Land Bill and of the letter on the Budget has seemed to possess just the kind of unimaginative *hauteur* which is the stamp of aristocracies on their defence, and to be at heart no more of a Liberal than Lord Wemyss or the late Lord Salisbury. Mr. Chamberlain, in spite of his later associations, never quite ceased to be a Radical. Lord Rosebery's present demeanor makes one doubt whether he was even a moderate Progressive. Neither the increment tax nor the development tax, nor the super-tax could be styled "revolutionary" developments by anyone moderately familiar with the line of thought which the Liberal Party has pursued since the days of the Newcastle programme.

But, indeed, it is Lord Rosebery's much-praised function of "orator to the British Empire" which re-

veals his weakness as a political figure, and makes it impossible for him to offer his country much serious or considered advice. What is oratory divested of practice and responsibility? It has no more value, or little more value, than the sonorities of the City Toastmaster. Each party knows that the moment it begins to act Lord Rosebery stands apart from it. The healthy human plane of associated labor has been closed to him by his own shyness and incalculable temper, until it may almost be said of him, as of Charles II., that if he never says a foolish thing, he is never in a position to do a wise one. Therefore all the polish and sparkling malice of his own speech are in the nature of a mere intellectual entertainment. Lord Rosebery could never, like his hero, Pitt, throw a tremendous force of character and skill in affairs into the balance, and in the act outweigh the most accomplished assembly of mere talent. Whatever he counsels on the present situation, whether he be an advocate of moderation or of violence on the part of the peers, he is dealing with a situation which his own tardily offered advice cannot decisively affect. Yet, in one respect, his latest bound into the arena has a significance of its own. It is a sign that the more truly Conservative side of our political aristocracy is, at last, thoroughly over-shadowed. In ceasing to be a Whig, Lord Rosebery almost brings the main tradition of Whiggery to an end. His letter on the Budget is the letter of an alarmed, if not a very sincere, politician, and breathes nothing of the sagacious temper which the Duke of Devonshire who, all through his career, heartily disliked a good deal of Radical politics, applied to the actual conduct of the affairs of the British nation. Here is a loss; for adaptation and concession are of the essence of our State system, and for the moment the country is singularly barren of these useful arts. But Lord Rosebery was not born for systems, and when he shines fitfully over the scene, we know that the light leads no whither.

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## THE GREEK PRONUNCIAMENTO.

Peoples are in nothing more imitative than in their revolutions. The Russian general strike of 1905 was copied within a year in Vienna and in Teheran. The Young Turkish conspiracy has just been reproduced, as far as the radically different conditions admit, by the officers of Athens. When once the thing has been accomplished, one asks oneself rather why it never happened before than why it has happened now. The Young Turks had enormous difficulties to overcome, both moral and material. They had to cope with the most ubiquitous system of espionage in all the history of tyranny. They risked not merely death, but torture. They had to deal with a people which possessed no tradition of liberty, no precedent of revolution, a people, moreover, which was not quite decided whether it chose to be considered European and progressive or Asiatic and stationary. The Greek officers, on the contrary, are more at home in politics than in the field. They are accustomed to the slackest and most genial discipline. Their soldiers address them by their Christian names, and orders are regarded chiefly as subjects for debate. The Constitution is the most democratic that exists outside Latin America, and every Greek of a little more than middle age remembers the revolution that overthrew King Otho and brought in the present Danish dynasty. The organisation which has carried out this *coup d'état* made no affectation of secrecy. The Greek for a secret is rumor. It had its ramifications in the ranks; it included several hundred officers; it was allied with some working-class leagues. There is good reason to suppose that it was before it that the late Ministry of M. Theotokis retired, while it still possessed a majority in the Chamber. His successor, M. Ralli, held his own for a few weeks. He did good service in tiding over the Cretan crisis. He was allowed to return a smooth answer to Hilmi Pasha's menacing despatches. That task accomplished, he also had to reckon with the Young Greek officers. They marched out and encamped on a historic hill, framed their demands, and brought about the prompt resignation of the Ministry. There has been neither conflict nor resistance. A docile, or perhaps one should rather say a friendly, Ministry under M. Mavromichaelis has bound itself to execute the programme of the rebels. The *coup d'état* has succeeded; the Crown Prince has resigned his command of the army, and a general amnesty has smoothed over a momentous mutiny.

There was nothing subversive or dangerous in the programme of the mutineers. They have, apparently, no quarrel with the King, if he will do their behests. They do not wish to overthrow Parliament, provided that it will efface itself. They have only this in common with the Young Turks, that they have risen in protest against a national humiliation. Greece was unable to second the bold gesture of the Cretans, for the simple reason that Greece has neither an army nor a navy. There is, happily, no thought of repeating the experiences of 1897. But the officers are resolved at last to aim at efficiency. Their programme seems moderate and not unreasonable. They demand the economies in the civil services which will render possible an adequate expenditure on defence. Some shipbuilding, some improvement in the farcical system of military training, the engagement of a foreign general —these are their more essential claims. The most contentious item in their programme was the demand for the resignation of the Royal Princes, who, seven in number, threatened to occupy all the more important places in the services, from the chief command downwards. There is no lack of talent in this Russo-Danish family. But it has never known how to win the affections of the Greeks, and it gave in 1897 no proof of military capacity. One indisputable claim King George has to the gratitude of Greece. His capacity as a diplomatist, and his intimate family ties with all the Courts of Europe, have enabled him to render to the country which he rules services which the most efficient of armies could hardly have bettered. He brought the Ionian Isles as a gift. He helped to add the rich plains of Thessaly. He won the reversion of Crete, despite the disasters of the Græco-Turkish War. By such concrete

boons he has managed to keep his hold over a race among whom the passion of criticism and the genius of suspicion are abnormally developed. They have never professed to like him. They laugh at his pedestrian common-sense and his taste for business. But they did him the justice to admit that he is useful. It is, no doubt, the failure of his diplomacy to use the Balkan crisis for a solution of the Cretan problem favorable to Greek claims in Crete, which primarily explains this movement of discontent and this sudden cry for military efficiency.

The psychology of the Greeks makes a somewhat complicated study. There is hardly a sacrifice too great for their patriotism in an emotional crisis. They give to public purposes with a prodigal generosity which no other race can equal. The least martial Levantine from Alexandria or Smyrna was ready to take up arms as a volunteer and face defeat during the war of 1897. Private citizens not only talk but act as though the rivalry with Bulgaria in Macedonia, and the old feud with Turkey in Crete, are the absorbing preoccupations of their lives. Yet it has been possible for this race, so intelligent on its critical side, so democratic in its politics, so jealous, not to say Chauvinistic in its patriotism, to leave its army and its navy in the same state of hopeless disorganisation in which the campaign of 1897 surprised them. The fleet is actually worse than it was then, and the army, save for some recent purchases of material, is no better. The explanation is, we think, two-fold. In the first place, the tradition of the Greek race, from the days of Odysseus downwards, has been to trust to its subtlety and its gift for intrigue. The Bulgarians, slower-witted and much less passionate in their patriotism, rely on work and organisation. At the back of his brain no Greek really believed that the army could win Crete and Macedonia. He hoped everything from diplomacy. In the second place, this buoyant and intolerant patriotism defeats itself. Its first employment is always to repress and silence the pessimist and the critic. It is too busy with the glories of the past to face the facts of the present. These racial characteristics may be for the moment in abeyance. The Young Greeks are profoundly impressed with what the Young Turks have done. But while there doubtless will be some fitful attempt to reorganise the army, we need not expect to witness anything at all comparable to the patient effort which has made of Bulgaria a formidable military Power. It is well for Greece that she cannot hope to compete on the plane of physical force. For if she could learn the patience of the Bulgarians and the discipline of the Turks, her numerical inferiority would still doom her in a conflict to certain disaster. One is inclined to think that in such conditions any fresh expenditure on armaments must be unmitigated waste. Her wiser course would be to embrace the advantages of neutrality, instead of courting the risks and accepting the sacrifices which are the lot of the weak belligerent.

For the moment this Greek pronunciamento is a merely local happening. It will begin to affect the balance of forces in the Near East only if these officers attempt to maintain a steady influence in politics. If that is their aim, we may predict with certainty that, so soon as they have effected a measure of military reform which to the sanguine national mind seems adequate, they will begin to pursue a policy of adventure in Crete or in Macedonia, or in both. In the Balkans armies are emphatically intended for use, and use means aggression. The process of army reform, according as these officers are intelligent or the reverse, may occupy months or years. But European diplomacy may reckon with confidence on the revival of one or both of these questions, so soon as this renovated army conceives itself to be fit for war. The present shelving of the Cretan question is not a settlement. No settlement will ever be lasting, short of a union with Greece. British diplomacy, though its methods have been neither adroit nor far-seeing, has done well to spare the Turks an immediate crisis and a fresh humiliation. But in their interests, no less than for the sake of the Cretans, it is essential to begin betimes to prepare the union. Crete can have no tolerable life in its present amputated state, and Turkey will only be weakened, without and within, while she insists on retaining this thorn in her own side. There is, we believe, one means by which the transfer might be made palatable to the Young Turks. If the same settlement which gave Crete to Greece were also to restore Cyprus to Turkey, the prestige of the new *régime* could not suffer. The island is only an annual drain to us. We have made of it no military use. Our rule is neither popular nor markedly successful. Disraeli took Cyprus with the idea of gaining a fulcrum from which to help a decaying and weakened Turkey. By restoring it we might earn for ourselves an influence which would be worth more to us in the East than the possession of all the islands of the Levant.

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## MR. BIRRELL'S IRISH LAND BILL.

Many persons are puzzled how it is that a system which is acclaimed to be so great a success as is Irish land purchase, should require Parliament to consider a Bill of over sixty clauses within a few years of the parent measure. But the success of the Act of 1903 was its undoing. Mr. Wyndham estimated that a sum of one hundred millions sterling and twelve millions for a bonus would tempt the landowners to sell their estates to the occupying tenants in a period of from fifteen to twenty years. But the advantages and temptations offered proved so seductive that, after the Act had been but five years in operation, land to the value of eighty millions was sold or agreed to be sold. This phenomenal success had its disadvantages. The sales were agreed to far more rapidly than they could be carried out by the Estates Commissioners, or than the money could be got by the Treasury to finance them. Mr. Wyndham's one hundred millions was soon found to be far under the sum needed. Already the actual demands have reached the sum of £83,000,000, and it is probable that as much more may eventually be required. The causes of the success of the Act were the great prices that the owners of Irish estates were able to get for their property and the bonus

of twelve per cent. which was thrown in. Prices under the Act jumped up from seventeen years' purchase to twenty-three years' purchase of the existing rents. This was due to the reduction in the annuity payable by the tenant-purchasers from a four per cent. to a 3¼ per cent. rate. The purchasing tenant seldom considered the sum he was giving for the land—he thought only of the reduction in his annual payment. Mr. Wyndham estimated that from five to seven millions a year would be required, but sales were agreed to at a rate that would require £16,000,000 a year. Mr. Wyndham estimated that the money could be raised by the issue of stock bearing interest at 2¾ per cent. This stock, however, on the average has not produced more than £88 per cent. The £12 per cent. loss had to be found by somebody, and Mr. Wyndham's method was to throw the loss on the Irish ratepayers. Doubtless he never contemplated that the burden would be so enormous. For some years a fund, known as the Irish Development Grant, stood the loss, but that soon was exhausted, and the Irish ratepayers became vocal in their objections to undertaking the obligation. Hence the necessity for a new method of financing the Act.

It was evident that the finance of the Wyndham Act was bad, that the provisions for raising the necessary funds were inadequate and not self-supporting. The landlords, quick to recognise what this meant, were in favor of a Bill to improve the financial arrangements by transferring the loss upon the ratepayers to the Treasury. They, however, strongly objected to such an alteration in the annuity rate as would enable the money to be raised without loss. Such an alteration meant lower prices. Consequently, they contended that the Government should bear the loss on the plea that the financial scheme of the Wyndham Act was the British Government's confirmation of and participation in the terms of a treaty. This, of course, is not so. The Act of 1903 clearly shows that the intention was that no loss should fall on the Treasury. The Liberal Government recognises, however, that, having regard to official continuity, it, to a certain extent, is responsible for the bad finance of the Wyndham Act, so they propose to undertake to meet the loss on existing contracts, but at the same time to make the future arrangements for raising the necessary funds self-supporting.

The Irish Party, however, refused to be parties to a measure which merely supplied funds for land purchase. It demanded that some important reforms and additional power should be in the Bill. The measure introduced by Mr. Birrell contains a large number of more or less technical provisions which five years' experience showed to be necessary, but its main features are: Improved finance, powers of compulsory purchase, limitation on the zones, and a new scheme for the congested districts.

The new financial arrangements will allow the Treasury to create a 3 per cent. stock for land purchase purposes. In the case of agreements already entered into, the vendors, if they so desire, must be paid in cash to be raised at the cost of the Treasury, should there be, as there must be, any loss. In the case of future agreements, the vendor may, at the option of the Treasury, be paid in 3 per cent. stock, and, as in such cases the annuity to be paid by the tenant purchasers is to be 3½ per cent., of which 3 per cent. is for interest, there will be no loss to the taxpayer. Neither landlords or tenants naturally like this arrangement, but it is unquestionably fair to the Exchequer.

The House of Lords cannot alter the finance of the Bill, but it can deal as it pleases with its other provisions. As money is so important to vendors it is evident that, although the landlords do not like the new finance, they will take it rather than leave things as they are, especially as it includes a raising of the bonus from three per cent. to seven or eight per cent.

There are three things in the Bill that the landlords will not have on any terms, if their representatives are to be believed. They will not agree to compulsion, to interference with the zones, or to the constitution of the new Congested Districts Board. Most of the other provisions in the Bill they will swallow. As the landowners are omnipotent in the House of Lords, it may be assumed that that body will only pass a measure that, on the balance of advantages, will satisfy the Irish landlords. The compulsion in the Bill is very wide. Powers are given, not alone to acquire lands compulsorily which are necessary for the relief of congestion, but also where the landlord will not agree to terms of sale with his tenants. There is room for compromise in this matter. Compulsion is necessary for the relief of congestion, but hardly yet for bringing about ordinary sales.

As regards the constitution of the Congested Districts Board, there is, perhaps, also room for negotiation and compromise. If the representative members of the Board are to have any real voice in the administration they will seriously hamper the paid members, who must be regarded as the working heads. If, on the other hand, the elected members are to be only figure-heads, and have no real power, they will be the cause of constant complaints and irritation.

The only other matter of importance that is likely to lead to trouble with the House of Lords is the provision that enables the Estates Commissioners, at their discretion, to inquire into cases that come within the "zones." The landlords seem to fear that this provision will lead to the destruction of the zone system, which they regard as the best feature of Mr. Wyndham's Act. But the zones have now done their work, whether for good or evil, and their abolition would make very little difference in the prices of Irish land. What is required is that, in cases at present protected by the zones where it is a matter of doubt whether the parties were free agents, the Commissioners should have the right to inquire. The Irish courts have practically taken away this right, the necessity for which an unprejudiced person would have considered an elementary proposition. This power of inquiry should be secured to the Commissioners perhaps best by specifying in the Act the circumstances under which the right of inquiry should be exercised. Were the alterations here suggested made, Mr. Birrell's Bill could hardly be violently opposed in the House of Lords, and at the same time it would lose little, if anything, as a valuable addition to the Land Purchase code.

# Life and Letters.

## THE JOHNSON BI-CENTENARY.

In this year of centenary celebrations it would not have been possible to pass over a man so characteristically English alike in his merits and in his shortcomings as Samuel Johnson. The centenary of his death hardly received the notice which it deserved. The year was, however, marked by the foundation of the Johnson Club. Born of a dinner given by Mr. Fisher Unwin, the club soon attracted many notable votaries. Among its yearly Priors have been the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill, Mr. Birrell, Sir Frank Carruthers Gould, Dr. Sidney Lee, Mr. George Radford, and other men of letters. For a quarter of a century it has met in Fleet Street and discussed more than a hundred papers without sign of flagging, and, to borrow Johnson's own phrase, without having travelled over his mind. With or without reason, it claims to be more enthusiastically Johnsonian than "The Club," the august society which is able to trace its lineage to the sage himself. At any rate, in this bi-centenary year it has shown itself more ready to come forward in Johnson's honor and to give its labor to the cause. Very properly, it is Lichfield—"Magna Parens," as she is saluted in the Dictionary—that takes the lead. The Corporation of that ancient city and county are in possession of the house in which Johnson was born, and have converted it into a museum which may illustrate his life. They have bestirred themselves to much purpose, taken counsel with the Johnson Club, and secured the services of Lord Rosebery to inaugurate the celebration, and of other lecturers to carry it on. They will conduct their visitors to the scenes of Johnson's early life, will sup them jointly with the Johnson Club upon the sacred birthday, and will dismiss them with a sermon from Dr. Beeching in the stately Cathedral which Johnson loved. The five days assigned to the festival make perhaps too long a period, but Johnson is so ample a personality, and presents himself to different persons in such different lights, that the various speakers and preachers are hardly likely to find themselves travelling over the same ground.

We have said that Johnson was characteristically English. Within the limits of the eighteenth century there was perhaps one man who was even more so. But Swift's work was finished before Johnson's name was known, and when "London" attracted the attention of Pope the unhappy exile of Dublin was almost "a driveller and a show." In later days Swift has the one advantage over Johnson that a certain profession must look back to him as its founder, since even Defoe cannot dispute his claim to be the father of journalism and perhaps the greatest of journalists. Yet between us and Swift there flow the nine streams of Styx. No knowledge can penetrate the mystery of his life, no affection can overcome the *saeva indignatio* which he allowed to lacerate his heart. We acknowledge his genius, we try in vain to explain it to the foreigner, we recognise vaguely his kinship to ourselves, but we remain cold to the man. A brother he may be, but certainly a *frère de loin*. With Johnson Charon has plied his oars in vain. We know him as we know no other man of the past. His face lives no more clearly on the canvas of Reynolds and in the marble of Nollekens than his heart and his mind, his speech and his manners, in the pages of Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi. He may vex us at times, but we love him none the less. We are little troubled if we cannot make a Frenchman understand Swift, but it becomes a personal grievance when the same man asks us "What is there in your Johnson?" In fact, our knowledge of Johnson grows rather than lessens. Our fathers left "The Rambler" on their shelves, and even Sir Leslie Stephen thought that we could no more read its numbers for our pleasure than we could get through the sermons of Stillingfleet, or Secker, or Porteous. With us the dust no longer lies on the volumes, and we read them, not as sermons, but as illustrations of their author's mind, as a view of life which may be unduly sombre, but cannot be safely neglected by man that is born of a woman, a creature whose happiness is in peril from hour to hour. In fact, the end of the series coincided with the greatest blow that can befall a man. The death of the wife, whom Johnson, despite her years and some of her qualities, had loved with a deep and sometimes boisterous affection, left him, since man's help were vain, to beg only for remembrance in the prayers of his oldest friend. Yet it is clear that he was the better able to bear the blow because he had not only thought much on human life, but had also put his thoughts into written form in the pages of "The Rambler."

Such a celebration as we now keep is hardly the fittest time to lay emphasis on Johnson's faults, except in as far as we may be prone to share them ourselves. That he was sometimes wayward cannot be denied. It was not always easy to say beforehand what side he would take, and that not only when he argued for victory. Then he did not bring to all his problems, literary and practical, the scientific spirit. His depreciation of Gray, mistaken though it was, is hardly an instance in point, for a man of Johnson's training could hardly give another judgment. His judgment on Milton was warped, though he did not, as Keble did, go so far as to construct a theory of poetry which should exclude the Puritan poet from the first rank. Characteristic of our nation as Johnson's faults must be called, we should grant him no celebration were it not that his virtues are no less characteristic, and, in some ways, present us at our best. He was the type of British resolution. It is true that we grumble and he did not. "Whether the subject," says Boswell, "was his own situation, or the state of the publick, or the state of human nature in general, though he saw the evils, his mind was turned to resolution, and never to whining or complaint." The difference between Johnson and his countrymen seems great, but, in truth, is merely on the surface. Our grumblings seldom have any reality, and do not, in fact, affect our resolution. We may be sure that the man who complained to Johnson that by the increase of taxes labor would be dear, other nations would undersell us, and our commerce would be ruined, though he may have desired to lessen his own burden, did not really believe his own predictions, and would not let them alter his own conduct. He did not need Johnson's reassuring words, "Never fear, sir. Our commerce is in a very good state." This manly resolution is the quality which Lichfield desires above all to celebrate, and this resolution was based, not upon ignorance, but upon knowledge. Had it been the constitutional cheerfulness which, in the case of one of his friends, was always breaking in and forbidding him to be a philosopher, again there would have been no celebration. Johnson was not cheerful. He was the victim of a life-long disease, which brought invincible fits of depression. His gaiety, when it came, was not gentle, but boisterous, and gave some color to Mrs. Piozzi's statement that he was always in extremes. Nor should we keep his festival if his optimism had come from inability to see, if he had thought that rose-water could cure the plague, or, like Mrs. Nickleby, that a difficult situation could be overcome by a pudding once a week or fish twice. He "saw the evils," but he had no sympathy with anyone who cried that they could not be overcome, or exaggerated their force in order to commend his own nostrum. And this, we take it, is the reason of his preferring Walpole, "the fixed star," to Pitt, "the meteor." Much as he differed from Walpole, hotly as in his younger days he had denounced Walpole's administration, he could not but see that in the great Whig statesman there was a continuity of thought and action, a resolution as firm and as wise in small things as in great, a magnanimity independent of the greatness of an occasion. Pitt could be for a moment perhaps greater, certainly more brilliant, than Walpole, but only when the occasion would throw a fierce glare upon his achievements, only when the lightning flashed and the heavens were ready to fall. What Walpole was in the State, that was Johnson in the lesser world of letters and private life. We go to Lichfield to celebrate a fixed

star. We shall see the house in which the poor bookseller struggled for a living, the school in which his son outshone the more favored children of clergyman and squire, and the house at Edial in which that son struggled to make a living on his own account. We shall remember how his failure drove him not to despair, but to fresh resolution, how he went forth to capture London, how he never fainted even under actual hunger, how at last he could proudly tell Lord Chesterfield that a great nobleman's patronage was nothing to a man who was known. We cannot say that, of those men who seek a living from the pen, Johnson was the first to establish his own independence. That good fortune had fallen to Pope; but Pope stood alone, Johnson gave independence to his class. And Pope and Johnson were tradesmen's sons. Dryden was of gentle birth, but henceforth there were to be no such fulsome dedications as defile his pages. This also will be remembered at Lichfield. Thus there is no man who more deserves a celebration, and, thanks no less to his biographer than to himself, there is no man who provides more material for it.

## BOND OR FREE?

Are we witnessing the birth of a new free nation in South Africa or of a white oligarchy standing on a permanent foundation of black servile labor? This momentous question, we may agree, cannot be satisfactorily answered by mere reference to the insertion of a color bar in the Constitution and the present denial of a franchise to Kaffirs and colored people in three provinces of the Union. But, after making all due allowances for present political expediencies, we cannot look forward to the future without grave apprehensions. The issue at stake is neither sentimental nor merely humanitarian: it is primarily practical, and that in the hardest and narrowest sense. Taking any modern standard of "success," we may premise that, if a nation is to "succeed," it can only do so by the fullest discovery and the best utilisation of the personal capacities of all its population. Civilisation can only advance by applying effective stimulus to personality. The ultimate sin of slavery is the denial and depression of human personality. But every political or economic arrangement which denies and depresses personality is of the nature of slavery. The denial of an opportunity to acquire a political franchise on the ground of race, color, or sex is clearly of this order. The various modes of sophistry by which a "superior" race seeks to evade this plain lesson of history have never been better illustrated than in the Southern States of the American Republic, and we commend the study to the "Liberal" statesmen of South Africa who so confidently assert and believe that just and safe government is possible on color lines. The most specious of the arguments for denying justice takes the form of urging that industrial education must precede a bestowal of political and civil rights. Indeed, the new setting of the Negro Problem in America may be said to turn precisely upon this issue. A singularly interesting presentation of the question is given in a volume, "The Negro in the South" (Fisher Unwin), to which the two most influential members of the negro race, Mr. Booker Washington and Professor Du Bois, contribute. Mr. Washington opens his case with an acknowledgment of the services which slavery rendered to the negro race. "At the end of the period of slavery, about two hundred and fifty years, the negro race as a whole had learned to wear clothes, to live in a house, to work with a reasonable degree of regularity and system, and a few had learned to work with a high degree of skill." Cast suddenly upon the country with a liberty they had not learned to use, and a political power they could not but abuse, they were collapsing into industrial and moral inefficiency in the era following emancipation, until the new gospel of "work" got hold of them, and induced them to subordinate political and even spiritual aspirations to the primary need of economic progress. Large numbers of Northern "negrophils" are heard openly regretting that the Fifteenth Amendment, bestowing a negro franchise, was ever put into the Constitution, and they condone the various legal or illegal devices by which Southern States have evaded the enforcement of this constitutional provision. Let negroes show themselves successful farmers and individualists, acquiring property and achieving solid positions of material respectability, white American sentiment will then begin to recognise them as serviceable elements in the national life, and will accord them all the rights and opportunities of American citizenship! So Mr. Washington and his Northern philanthropists preach acquiescence in present political and civil subjection, content to dwell upon the fruits which such institutions as Hampton and Tuskeegee are bearing in the growth of negro farms and trading businesses.

Mr. Du Bois rips up this cowardly complacency by a sharp analysis of the new economic situation in the South. Cairns, in his brilliant work, "The Slave Power," showed the fundamental inconsistency between slave labor and the demands of successful agriculture. So long as the South was virtually confined to agriculture, a mere modification of the old servile conditions has sufficed. Peonage, contract labor, convict chain-gangs, apprenticeship, have maintained sufficiently the old economic system, while the great majority of the independent negro farmers are free only in name, lying at the mercy of the factor who takes their crops, or the machine-maker or the town mortgagor. The development of the new industrial South, with its iron and steel industry in Alabama and Tennessee, its coal mines in Tennessee and West Virginia, its cotton mills in Carolina and Georgia, brings out anew the desperate fatuity of the processes of race oppression which have replaced slavery. If the South is to march abreast of the rest of the country in the path of civilisation, the same encouragements of hope, intelligent interest and opportunity, must stir her laboring classes. Modern industry demands and admits neither slaves nor serfs, but free men: education, liberty to choose one's work, to acquire and practise any sort of manual or mental skill of which one is capable, to rise to positions of responsibility and power, to combine freely with one's fellows, to reap in sentiment and public esteem the full fruits of individual character and capacity—these are the undeniable essentials of success in the higher walks of industry. Though large sections of the Southern negro races may not be able to respond to this industrial appeal, no one can doubt that out of the seven millions of colored people, who compose the great labor force upon this spot, large numbers are capable and eager to help in the industrial advancement of their country. But full political rights, equal education, and equal access to all occupations are indispensable conditions. These conditions the Southern whites refuse: by constitutional juggling they annul the franchise, on pretexts of economy they starve the negro schools, while white Trade Unionism has been allowed to exclude colored men from almost all the best-skilled and best-paid trades. Such progress as the negro race has made has been in the teeth of a persistent and a brutal opposition, in which the authority of the law has commonly prostituted itself to the cause of injustice, and even of crime. The denial of the franchise, with all that it entails, is defended by the allegation that the negroes as a race are definitely and permanently inferior to the whites in intellect and moral responsibility. This is a good ground, no doubt, for insisting upon education and character qualifications. But it is a notorious fact that the race-passion of the Southern whites is especially directed against the minority of civilised city negroes, who, as tradesmen or professional men, have shown themselves "as good as white men" in intellect and character. Here we touch the kernel of the race problem. It is not the ignorant, stupid, unprogressive, or even the vicious members of the lower race who rouse the animosity of the superior race, it is the able, intelligent, and progressive members, who challenge comparison with white men upon white standards, who can do white men's work and claim white men's pay and white men's rights. The white South does not want "educated niggers." At present it is bestirring itself

to entice sufficient European immigration into its industrial centres to enable it to continue to keep its niggers down. Should this policy succeed, it can only accentuate the race cleavage and exasperate race feeling. For the more energetic and aspiring blacks must come more and more into economic collision with the incompetent and shiftless members of the European races, the growing company of "poor white trash" whose unruly conduct has always fanned the flames of the race feud. But white immigration can no more solve the labor problem for the Southern States than for South Africa. Amid many diversities the root issue in the two countries is the same. In each country the hard manual labor upon which industrial civilisation stands is done by a large settled population of blacks, increasing in numbers at least as fast as the whites. In neither case is deportation or close confinement to special areas practicable. In neither case can the two races continue to work and live side by side without the elevation of the lower and the degradation of the higher. The policy of intellectual and moral segregation, only partially successful in one instance, that of Java, is impossible for America or for South Africa. In both countries the blacks are flowing more and more into the white man's cities, and acquiring by imitation the fruits of civilisation: the Christianity of the Churches, however carefully medicated, is certain to sow seeds of moral and of social aspirations. Although the present tendency is towards firm racial supremacy, the rigorous enforcement of the color line in politics, industry, and social life, such an experiment is foredoomed to failure. The "dignity of labor" must always remain an idle phrase until it is associated with free and equal access to the whole range of rights and duties which make the dignity of manhood.

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## SHAKESPEARE AND THE MIRACLE PLAYS.

### II.

SHAKESPEARE'S men and women have always the old-time devotional feeling. The writer remembers reading somewhere of a street accident in medieval London. A man had broken his leg, and the bystanders crowded round, "bidding him be of good cheer, and think of the Passion of Our Lord." The event to which it was so facile and natural to them to refer was one of which they themselves had been, as it were, the life-long spectators. In Shakespeare these references occur at every turn. His characters speak of

> "the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
> Of the world's Ransom, blessed Mary's Son."
> ("Richard II.," ii., 1.)

of

> "the Blessed Feet
> That fourteen hundred years were nailed
> For our advantage to the bitter Cross."
> ("Henry IV.," i., 1.)

of

> "the precious image of our dear Redeemer."
> ("Richard III.," ii., 2.)

We see, in particular, the profound popular impression produced by the two Passion scenes, of Judas kissing his Master, and Pilate washing his hands. One of the murderers of Clarence says:—

> "How fain would I like Pilate wash my hands
> Of this most grievous guilty murder done."
> ("Richard III.," i., 4.)

Again, Richard II. says:—

> "Tho' some of you like Pilate wash your hands,
> Showing an outward pity: yet you Pilates
> Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
> And water cannot wash away your sin."
> (Act iv., 1.)

To quote only one reference to Judas from the same play:—

> "Did they not sometimes cry 'all hail' to me,
> As Judas did to Christ? But He in twelve found faith
> In all but one; I in twelve thousand none."
> (Act iv., 1.)

The Old Testament stories are referred to constantly by Shakespeare with all the traditional details with which their scenic representation had familiarised his audience. He alludes, for instance, to the story of Cain and Abel again and again. Abel, the first Martyr, who is three times called "Righteous" in the New Testament, by Our Lord, by St. Paul, and by St. John (St. Matt. xxiii. 35; Heb. xi. 4; 1 St. John iii. 12), and who is spoken of as "Thy Righteous Servant Abel" in the Canon of the Mass, has always been one of the great figures of the Divine Drama, and Cain one of the chief objects of Christian abhorrence. The tradition is that it was in a field at Damascus that the murder took place. Adam and Eve were placed at Damascus after they were expelled from Paradise. According to the Septuagint, Cain said to his brother, "Let us go into the field," and there murdered him. In the first part of "Henry VI." Shakespeare makes Winchester say:—

> "Nay, stand thee back, I will not budge a foot,
> Be this Damascus, be thou cursèd Cain,
> To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt."
> (Act i., 3.)

The crying of Abel's blood for vengeance would doubtless be made much of in the miracle plays. We find this in "Richard II.":—

> "Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
> Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth."
> (Act i., 1.)

A jawbone was always used on the stage for the committing of the crime. Hamlet speaks, in the grave-digging scene, of "Cain's jawbone, which did the first murder." Cain, like Judas, was always represented as a red-headed man. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor" Simple speaks of "a Cain-colored beard" (Act I. 4). Red is the "dissembling color," and Cain not only murdered his brother, but "wrought guilefully" in enticing him into the field with that intent.

The constant proverbial references to Noah, to Job, to his wife, to Samson, to Goliath, are evidently such as were in common use in Shakespeare's time, and are such as could only be employed by people who had not only read or heard of these characters, but had seen them, and had their living images in their minds. Such proverbs as "As poor as Job," were probably coined by the spectators of the miracle plays. They had seen him sitting on his dung-hill with their own eyes. The people of our own day might, no doubt, speak proverbially of the strength of Samson or the size of Goliath—as a matter of fact they seldom do—but they would never speak, like Moth, of "Samson carrying the town's gates on his back," or like Falstaff, of "Goliath with the weaver's beam." We read again and again of being "as slanderous as Satan," "as poor as Job," "as wicked as his wife." These things had become part of the people's minds. Shakespeare is full of jests about "Noah before he was a sailor," and the like. They call up the vivid farcical scenes in which the audience so much delighted—the well-known characters, Job's wife cursing and railing, Noah's wife refusing to go on board the Ark. The spectacle of Dives and Lazarus seems to have had a special attraction for Sir John Falstaff. He talks of "Dives in his purple," of being "damned with the glutton." He calls his Coventry soldiers "slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, when the dogs licked his sores." There is always the vividness of the description of an eye-witness.

The stories of the Saints were still familiar to everyone in Shakespeare's England. A bitter opponent has described that medieval world of pageantry in lines which curiously betray the fascination which it had even for those who destroyed it.

> "Christ's Passion here derided is with sundry masks and plays,
> Fair Ursula with her maidens all doth walk amid the ways,
> And valiant George with spear then killest the dreadful dragon here,
> The Devil's house is drawn about wherein there doth appear
> A wondrous sort of damnèd sprites with foul and fearful look,
> Great Christopher doth wade with Christ amid the brook,
> There walketh Catherine with her sword in hand and cruel wheel,
> Sebastian, full of feathered shafts, the dint of dart doth feel."

To give only one example of Shakespeare's familiarity with these stories, and the way in which he refers to the most obscure and little known of them, with an easy

assurance that the point will not be missed by his audience, the Dauphin Charles says of La Pucelle:—

> "Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
> Nor yet St. Philip's daughters were like thee."
> (I. "Henry VI.," i., 2.)

These were the two daughters of St. Philip the Apostle, who accompanied him to Hieropolis, where he slew the great dragon. After his martyrdom they lived many years in the city, teaching the Faith to the people, and at last were buried, one on the right hand, the other on the left, of their father. The most minute details in the plays are significant of the poet's acquaintance with all this saintly lore. When Horatio says, "There's no offence, my lord," and Hamlet replies, "Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, Horatio," in the scene after the appearance of the Ghost, the oath is no mere random exclamation. It refers, no doubt, to the "Purgatory of St. Patrick," the many descriptions of which were one of the great sources of the medieval doctrine as to the state of departed souls.

We can hardly read ten lines of Shakespeare without coming across some reference to Christian folk-lore and customs, if it is only a jest about the Apostle spoons at a christening. The lines in "Hamlet," which enshrine the old beliefs about Christmas, are too hackneyed to need quoting. A "chrisom child" is an old English phrase which occurs in the scene where Mrs. Quickly describes the death of Falstaff. "He went away like any chrisom child" (Henry V. 2. 1). The writer admits that here we get a glimpse of Mrs. Malaprop as she existed in the fifteenth century. "He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever any man went to Arthur's bosom." It would be interesting to know when the phrase "a chrisom child" went out of spoken English. The chrisom of the early Church was a white robe, which afterwards became a white cloth. On the Continent one frequently sees the priest put the child's white cap on its head at the words, "Receive this white garment." The chrisom vanishes from English literature in the seventeenth century, until the "maid who keeps her chrisom white" appears again in Keble. To give another example. When the Clerk of Chatham is brought before Jack Cade and his followers, they ask his name. When he replies "Emmanuel," he is told:—

> "They use to write it at the top of letters,
> It will go hard with you."
> (I. "Henry VI.," iv., 2.)

This refers to the custom of beginning a letter by writing the name "Jesus," or "Emmanuel," at the head. The inference is that any one suspected on whatever ground of knowing how to read or write will probably be hanged. The alphabet, again, is spoken of by its old name of the "cross row." Clarence, for instance, says of his brother Gloster, that "he from the cross-row plucks the letter G" (Rich. III. 1. 1). It was so called because the sign of the Cross was placed first in the row of letters. In the "Comedy of Errors," when Adriana says:—

> "Back, slave, or I will beat thy pate across,"

Dromio replies:—

> "And he will bless that cross with other beating;
> Between you I shall have a holy head."
> (Act. ii., 1.)

Such allusions, not irreverent even when ironical, could not but rise naturally and spontaneously to the lips of those who saw the Cross everywhere. It was the sign of the whole community, the recognised token of human solidarity. When the plays were written Charing Cross had not yet been broken down, and the old market crosses were still standing everywhere, as they do still at Chichester and Malmesbury. Our forefathers began to learn to read with the Cross. It was on the coins that passed from hand to hand in that old England, the "angels" and "nobles" of the Plantagenet and Tudor kings. It could not but be found traced on the pages where the life of old England is reflected so faithfully by the great poet, who is yet the child and heir of the old tradition, William Shakespeare.

## THE FOOTBALL INDUSTRY.

Eleven men on one side; eleven on the other; the contest, who shall kick the ball most times through the goal that the other side defends. It is a capital pastime for winter weather, and it were no bad thing for us if the whole able-bodied youth of the country could be divided into hostile elevens every Saturday. Football would then have a better right than it has yet to the title of "national game" bestowed upon it by the leader of the Labor Party in a diplomatic message to the Football Association this week. But football has strayed far from this simple ideal. For every twenty-two men that play there are as many thousands who find looking on the better part. The best players have so far out-distanced the average as to become subjects of hero-worship, chosen champions of a craft as remote as that of Galahad from the capacity of Gurth. The workers in our factories and others contribute their tens of thousands of sixpences to witness a single match. The more notable the players, the greater the crowd, the greater the mountain of silver, and the greater the difficulty of allocating it between the players, the clubs—and the Football Association. We cannot enter into the reasons why Association football has become professional while cricket remains mainly amateur. The professionalism of League football is simply a fact that must be taken account of. The question of a footballer's wage and what right he shall have to bargain with his employer must be determined by the same principles that apply to the boiler-maker, the music-hall artiste, or the journalist.

Left to themselves, the clubs and the players would be able to work out between them this question of hiring. The managers of the Manchester United, for instance, were anxious to pay this week the wages due to their players, but were prevented by a higher authority. The Football Association has undoubtedly its useful and legitimate functions—to organise the League and Cup-ties, to create and maintain universal rules of play, to keep the game clear of violent and doubtful tactics by making it impossible for incorrigible offenders to play for any team. The Association draws its support from three main sources. It takes from each affiliated club a fee of a guinea or so per annum, five per cent. of the gate money of all the Cup-tie rounds, and every other year the entire gate money at the three international matches. It is a question whether a too ample sustenance has not made the Football Association powerful beyond the limits of usefulness. The public is beginning to trace some connection between its invested thousands and its late stiff-necked attitude towards the players. Its ruthlessness towards a man who has offended against its standard of honesty or good conduct is perhaps salutary. The discipline of the football field is perfect, and the game is as free from taint of crookedness as most amateur games. But it is doubtful whether it is any part of a Football Association's business to interfere in the economic relationship of players and their clubs, or to say whether collective or individual bargaining and settlement of financial differences shall be the rule. Least of all should it impose collectivism on the clubs and forbid it to the men. The only reply to the interference of the Association with the economics of employment was the establishment of the Players' Union. The suspension of all players who join that Union is very like the last word of a despot. The end of the dispute will probably be that the Association will amend or further define its constitution, and confine its activities to the regulation of the game.

When we think of the attitude of this huge organisation towards the players, it is hard to realise that the latter have no standing whatever within the Football Association. It is simply an affiliation of clubs, in which the Leagues vote solidly, as a kind of Parliamentary party, but are liable to be outvoted by the amateur clubs, which can scarcely have a particle of sympathy with the players. It was the vote of the amateur clubs, and of the poorer clubs which cannot afford to pay high wages, that instituted the rule that no club shall pay any player more than £4 a week. If Mr. Clegg, instead

of Lord Kinnaird, had been in the chair, the motion would probably have been ruled out of order and a swift end made of it. At present the whole Council advocates its repeal, but cannot prevail on the annual meeting to give quite the necessary two-thirds majority. It does not seem to occur to the Council that the dignified and proper thing to do would be to resign. This oddly out-of-date Statute of Laborers is doomed to evasion, and, perhaps, to ignominious rescindment by a court of law. Together with the transfer method it makes the football player very like a chattel slave. Any prince of the game who signs a £4 contract is, by rule, bound as long as he proves useful to the club—*or its assignees.* The club can sell him, and does sell him, to a rival for as much as £1,000, and the man must go to his new master and may claim no more than one sum of £10 for removal expenses. Thus the rule of the £4 maximum does not restore equality between the rich and the poor club. It does not alter the market value of the superior player: it merely puts that value into the pocket of someone to whom it does not rightly belong.

Needless to say, the maximum pay rule is notoriously evaded. A man can scarcely be expected to play his best at £4 a week when he knows that he is worth three times as much, and that his employer actually pockets the difference. So the good-will of the purchased gladiator is secured by the payment of two or three pounds beyond the maximum. More often an unsaleable man is released by his club and is bid for by other clubs more or less as a free man. It may even be that a man procures his freedom by calculated or instinctive listlessness begot of a mere £4 wage, and that shrewd agents know that he will play a good deal better for £6. Some clubs have loyally agreed with their men (falsely, as regards the Association) for a higher wage than the maximum. In other cases men have been betrayed and ruined by those with whom they were so incautious as to negotiate. The case of Parsonage will suffice. This Fulham player, on the point of terminating his contract, was approached by representatives of the Chesterfield club, who allowed him to suggest that a removal grant of £50 would scarcely make it worth his while to engage with them, then reported him to the Association, who took away his only means of livelihood by suspending him for life.

Perhaps it is shrewd instinct that makes the football authorities fear the exposure in the courts of such methods as these. At any rate, that is the rock on which the whole organisation was likely to have been wrecked this week. A little more than a year ago, the Football Association of its own motion sanctioned the formation of the Players' Union "with welcome." The Union was then already seven months old, and its rules had been under the consideration of the Association for at least four months. The welcome of the Association lasted six months, and was withdrawn solely because the Union, in pursuance of its most elementary duty, supported a member who had sued his employer in the County Court. It is true that this clashed with an "opinion" of the F.A. Council, to the effect that neither clubs nor players should resort to law, but it is an opinion of highly doubtful validity and not of the clearest expediency. It was inevitable that the quarrel should soon work into the bitter channels and somewhat ludicrous situations lately presented to the public. They have included the spectacle of clubs willing and eager but forbidden by the Association to pay their men their agreed salary, of men deserting, rejoining, and again leaving the Union, as they were swayed by their ultimate interests and the present prospect of starvation, of the attempt to form a union of non-unionists, whose merit in the eyes of its promoters was that it would do nothing for its constituents. Thanks to the generous support of the Union by the Trades Union Federation and the friendly mediation of the Labor Party in the House of Commons, open war has been succeeded by an honorable truce. The Union has undoubtedly won the elementary right to combine, and it seems certain that the football industry will be purged of the more glaring anomalies that are the product of its peculiar history.

# The Drama.

## A CHAMPION OF THE CENSOR.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, author, along with Mrs. Hamilton, of "A Sense of Humor," boasts himself "the only playwright in England who is a thick-and-thin supporter of the Censor." He further holds that "The 'precious' people who think that the British public have no taste for anything but garbage and the horrible things of life ought to be censored." Who these precious people are he does not say; but manifestly, if they exist at all, it can only be in Colney Hatch, under the censorship of their keepers. Incidentally, Mr. Hamilton informed the "Pall Mall" interviewer that his play had been censored; whence one might be apt to deduce that, in its unchastened form, it was "garbage." That, however, would not be a fair inference. I saw the play, at a private performance, in (presumably) its pristine shape; and I should never have dreamt of applying such a nauseous epithet to it. I did, and do, dislike it heartily, because I happen to disagree with the Lord Chamberlain and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, who think that adultery ought to be treated with "a sense of humor." But I do not hold it either good manners or good sense to go to Billingsgate for my critical vocabulary.

I shall be told that no actual "misconduct," in the divorce-court sense, occurs in the play. That is quite true; but from the rise to the fall of the curtain everything skirts around it. Two married couples, Sir William and Lady Hutton and Major and Mrs. Hay, are sharing a fishing-cottage in the island of Mull. Sir William Hutton and Mrs. Hay have, or think they have, fallen in love with each other. Sir William's valet gloats over their endearments; for, as he says, "Next to playing in a billiard-tournament, there is nothing he likes better than watching the aristocracy at play." He has already taken part in one aristocratic elopement to Monte Carlo, and confidently looks forward to another southern trip, to be followed, if all goes well, by a happy half-hour in the witness-box. Lady Hutton's maid, however, is a person with no sense of humor, and holds it her duty to inform her mistress of Sir William's "carryings on." Major Hay, meanwhile, has noticed his wife in Sir William's arms, and confides his sorrows to Lady Hutton. She, fortunately, possesses a sense of humor, by the application of which she believes that "every tragedy can be turned into a comedy." Her philosophy of life further assures her that, at certain regular intervals (I think she says once a year), wives are apt to behave as Mrs. Hay has just been behaving, and that, on discovering it (if he has a sense of humor), "the wise husband sets back the calendar to the honeymoon, and 'God's in His heaven, All's right with the world.'" Accordingly she suggests that Major Hay shall now summon up all the humor he can muster, and join her in the merry jest of pretending that he (Major Hay) and she (Lady Hutton) are madly in love with each other, and desire nothing so much as an exchange of partners, without any formality or fuss. Sir William and Mrs. Hay now enter, and the bright little scheme is propounded to them, much to their amazement. The act-drop falls upon Lady Hutton clasping Major Hay's hand and saying, "Thy people shall be my people." In the original version, if I remember rightly, she repeated the whole passage from the Book of Ruth. If its curtailment is due to Mr. Redford, he has not lived quite in vain. It was much out of place in this "humorous" setting, not because it is biblical, but because it is beautiful.

It seems, at first, that Lady Hutton's scheme is to succeed; for Sir William's jealousy is violently aroused. But Mrs. Hay is not so credulous; she sees that Lady Hutton and the Major are only playing a game, and she induces Sir William to enter into the joke and keep it up. The amiable quartette have a long discussion on the limited accommodation of the cottage, and the probability that, now that they are "two honeymoon couples," they will constantly be getting in each other's

way. At last comes the time for Lady Hutton to play her master-card. She has instructed the Major that "when she says good-night he is to follow her, as a matter of course, to her boudoir, and lock the door"; and this programme is carried out to the letter. She announces her intention of retiring, and when her husband asks where she is going, she replies, "To my boudoir! Good-night!"—whereupon the Major solemnly takes up her lighted candle and follows her, as the act-drop falls. I seem to recollect that in the earlier performance two brass bedroom candlesticks of the most unmistakable pattern stood on the table. For these a pair of blue porcelain, non-committal candlesticks have been substituted, doubtless from motives of delicacy. I wonder whether this, too, was an inspiration of Mr. Redford's?

What Lady Hutton calls her "boudoir" is, of course, a dressing-room, with the bedroom and bed very plainly visible beyond. Once locked in with the Major, her sense of humor fails her, and she has an attack of nerves; and it is in no humorous frame of mind that the two strain their ears to make out whether Sir William and Mrs. Hay have taken the other candlestick and retired to the other "boudoir." As above indicated, things do not go quite so far. Sir William bursts into the bedroom, mutual explanations ensue, and Major and Mrs. Hay go off together in the odor of propriety, as Lady Hutton lets down her hair and remarks that: "God's in His heaven, All's right with the world." Mr. Redford, if a Mr. Redford there must be, might, I think, protect Browning, no less than the Bible, from Mr. Hamilton's sense of humor.

Of course, I am far from suggesting that the Censor did wrong in licensing this play. It does not happen to appeal to my sense of humor. I take no pleasure in skating on thin ice; nor do I greatly value the propriety which calls bedrooms "boudoirs," and applies the term "garbage" to the work of writers who do not deal in such euphemisms. But I am not one of the people who think everything they don't like ought to be summarily suppressed. If the public sense of humor responds to Mr. Hamilton's, there is no great harm done—no harm in the least comparable to the injury done to the body politic by an exercise of despotic and irresponsible power. But Mr. Hamilton is wise in supporting the Censor through thick and thin. But for the sedative influence of that official upon the susceptibilities of the public, it is not at all impossible that people might come to feel that such plays as "A Sense of Humor" are at once a little too thin and a little too thick.

There ought to be a great fortune awaiting the man who shall write a really good detective play. Or is it, perhaps, a condition of success in detective plays that they shall be as silly as possible? "Sherlock Holmes," a great success, was thinner than the very thinnest of Sir Arthur Doyle's stories, and immeasurably inferior to his best. "Raffles" was poor stuff up to the end, when an ingeniously comic or comically ingenious effect took the audience by storm. And here is "Arsène Lupin," apparently a copy of "Raffles" (unless I am misinformed as to dates), put together with rather more technical skill, but not, fundamentally, a bit better invented. Indeed, it has what I, personally, find an unpardonable fault in this class of work: it cleverly works up your anticipation of some really ingenious climax or catastrophe, and then it fobs you off with mere audacious nonsense. I confess myself foolishly addicted to detective stories. Having a conveniently short memory for plots, I can read and re-read Sherlock Holmes; and I have a pleasant recollection of his not unworthy disciple, Martin Hewitt. But just because I love a good detective story, I resent a bad one; and I have never yet seen a good one on the stage.

So long as we do not know the plot of "Arsène Lupin," we think there may be something in it: the moment we understand it (if that moment can be said ever to come) it tumbles to pieces. Lupin is a burglar of genius who successfully impersonates a deceased Duc de Chamerace, and is the accepted suitor of the only child of a colossally wealthy and idiotic art-collector. As his title and position seem to be fully established and unassailed, one would think this a good opportunity for him to retire from his profession and settle down as nobleman and millionaire. But such sordid ambitions do not, it would seem, appeal to him. He practices burglary as a fine art, with no thought of filthy lucre; wherefore he devotes himself to robbing his prospective father-in-law of all sorts of art treasures, which he cannot possibly sell, and has to put in a safe deposit. No wonder he baffles the detectives; for detectives are apt to reckon on a spice of self-interest among the probable motives of robbery; and when a man disinterestedly despoils art collections, which will one day be his own, of objects which do not and cannot bring him any profit, Sherlock Holmes himself might well be out of his bearings. Detective psychology assumes sanity—the peculiar sanity of the criminal—in its subjects, and may not unnaturally be nonplussed by a lunatic burglar. Meanwhile, the art-collector (who is evidently no connoisseur of character) engages as companion to his daughter a young Russian lady, who is, like his ducal son-in-law, a thief. Lupin recognises in her a kindred spirit, falls in love with her, and shields her in a peculiarly inept robbery which she commits. Finally, he outwits the Sherlock Holmes of the play, by means of a trick elevator (a monstrous development of the "Raffles" clock) and a preposterous and wholly undeceptive disguise. Really, I rebel (and I should not be altogether surprised if the public rebelled) against the humiliation of an innocent detective by such inept methods as these. It is not playing the game.

The piece is full of loose ends and clumsy devices. Why, for instance, does Germaine, in the first act, take no notice of the somewhat startling circumstance that a gentleman who has called to inspect one of her father's automobiles is detected in the act of purloining a rope of pearls? She lets him go off with his associates to bargain for the motor-car, without giving her father a word of warning. No doubt Germaine is a goose, but her conduct in this case is imbecile. Though every one is perfectly conscious of living in an atmosphere of larceny, every one continually leaves valuable objects trailing around for the purpose of being stolen. In the last act, when Lupin, apparently cornered, has handed to the detective all sorts of priceless and quite portable objects, that officer, instead of buttoning them up in his pockets, is careful to place them on a table for the express purpose of letting the burglar re-possess himself of them. An action which cannot be carried on without the aid of such flagrant stupidities is surely an insult to the meanest intelligence. Why does the detective employ ridiculous handcuffs connected by a chain which can be snapped at a single wrench? Why does Lupin keep carefully secreted a sham bomb, and treat it and speak of it, *when there is no one present whom he wants to deceive*, as though it were a real infernal machine? The answer is plain: there *is* someone present whom he wants to deceive—namely, the audience. If audiences relish being thus clumsily taken in, the play will succeed; if not, we may hope soon to see the clever company, including Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, Mr. Dennis Eadie, Miss Alexandra Carlyle, and Miss Rosina Filippi, in something better worthy of their powers.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Communications.

## THE MISUNDERSTANDING OF DARWIN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In the "Fortnightly Review" for August there is a really remarkable article, by Mr. E. B. Iwan-Müller, on "The Cult of the Unfit."

The author, after heading his work with a title which is absolute nonsense ("The Cult of the Unfit"), declares himself to be a Darwinian—not a passive, contemplative Darwinian, but one anxious to teach "the practical lessons involved in acceptance of the theory of evolution." And this he proceeds to do by applying what he understands of

the doctrines of evolution to the "grave problems" of poverty and unemployment. Needless to say that he goes ahead on the easy and somewhat worn-out lines of classing the poor and the unemployed among the unfit, and of then attempting to prove by means of biological data that to assist the poor and the unemployed is to cultivate the unfit.

But we do not quarrel with Mr. Müller for turning Darwinism into a class weapon. What does concern us, however, as students of Darwin, is this gross misinterpretation and distortion of his teaching. This is unpardonable.

Mr. Müller uses "fit" and "unfit" in two senses, without each time specifying the particular sense intended. "Fit," biologically, merely means "adapted to environment." In this sense a tape-worm is "fit"—in fact, a tape-worm actually is an egregious example of the survival of the fittest. "Unfit," therefore, does not necessarily mean low, or base, or poor, or unemployed, in the biological sense, it means merely unadapted—just as some great artists have been unadapted—Beethoven, Mozart, Bizet, Whistler, Rodin, Nietzsche, for instance, and hosts of others. In the strict biological sense a fine quadruped (like the lion) may be less fit than the cockroach in our kitchens. When Mr. Müller speaks of the unfit, therefore, as the unadapted, he is right; but when he speaks of the unfit in the human sense—that is to say, as creatures which it is a political and natural crime to cultivate, he is obviously wrong; because then he invokes our taste, our human aspirations, and our racial ambition, and, according to these, Mr. Müller's unfit may be precisely those we should like to cultivate. Is this clear?

Suppose we take Mr. Müller quite seriously. We then find that his article is no more than *naïf*, for he has to subscribe to the following propositions:—

1. Marie Corelli belongs to a class of novelists who ought to be cultivated. She is surviving triumphantly.

2. Thomas Otway belongs to a class of dramatists who ought to be suppressed. He died of starvation.

3. The pavement-artist belongs to a class of painters who ought to be cultivated. Some of them make a good living.

4. Jean François Millet belongs to a class of painters who ought to be suppressed. He was on the verge of starvation all his life.

This is obvious nonsense. But Darwin gives one absolutely no warrant for this puerility. He attaches no human valuation to the words "fit" and "unfit." If he did, he would be unable to show that parasites are also examples of the survival of the fittest. How, then, is Mr. Müller justified in implying that there is a "duty" to be done in regard to his "unfit," which a "benign Radical Government" does not do? Mr. Müller, we presume, does not divorce all human valuations from the words "fit" and "unfit"? He does not really subscribe to the propositions given above? (See Herbert Spencer's Essays, Vol. I., p. 379.)

There is one assumption underlying the whole of his article, and that is, that the conditions reigning in the civilised world at present are a desirable and satisfactory test of superiority or inferiority (we do not use the words fitness or unfitness here, for they connote no superiority or inferiority).

In conditions which are undesirable, the fittest which survive are, of course, "fit," but not necessarily "superior" in a human sense. In fact, given really base conditions, the unfit, biologically, might be the superior individuals in a human sense. Now, where does Mr. Müller make any attempt in his article at showing that the unfit nowadays are inferior, because the conditions now reigning are the best possible conditions for testing superiority? He attempts nowhere to do this. Had he upheld modern society as the best possible form of social organisation for the testing of superiority and inferiority —however much we might have disagreed with his point of view—at least his article would have been consistent in itself. According to him, however, the test of success is alone final—no matter how undesirable, unsatisfactory, unfair, foolish, and chaotic the conditions may be, the fittest which survive, in the biological sense, are the superior in the human sense.

This is the conclusion of his article. My objection to it is that it is an abuse of science. It is an abuse of Darwin. And it is an abuse of the reader.

In saying this, in all sincerity, I should like it to be understood that I in no way wish to support the policy that Mr. Müller attacks, for I know too little about politics. My sole desire is to call attention to the misunderstanding of Darwin which a reading of Mr. Müller's article is bound to reveal.

It is precisely this misunderstanding which no doubt helped to make that scientist so surprisingly popular all over Europe towards the end of last century; for, when his doctrine is interpreted as Mr. Müller interprets it, it certainly gives a scientific sanction to all those who may happen to have reached the top of the tree, whether by fair means or foul.—Yours, &c., ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

August 25th, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE GORRINGE CASE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I offer a small defence of the position held by me, and by yourself, against the criticism of Mr. James H. Robertson.

It is said by Mr. Robertson that my letter on the Gorringe case is "special pleading." I take it that Mr. Robertson does not wish to be discourteous, and that in this little controversy he aims at accuracy; therefore, that he uses the phrase in its strictly legitimate sense. I find it stated that "the function of the special pleader was important to the English practitioner whether in preparing documents or in detecting defects in those of the adversary"; and further, of special pleading, that "its strictness and subtlety were frequently a subject of complaint." In this sense, I am content to accept Mr. Robertson's statement.

When, however, I turn to his argument, I find him urging that the £3,000 a year was not taken by the public from the gross annual value, because Mr. Gorringe was obtaining in return certain public benefits such as "police, street cleaning and lighting, sewerage, and other sanitary services." Mr. Robertson forgot to mention the support of the poor and of workhouses, which ought surely to have been included in the reasons for the contribution. He also forgot that this £3,000 taken by the public represents only a portion of what Mr. Gorringe had to pay, since the annual value of the building also comes under the survey of the rating authorities; the total rate being, one may suppose, at least £6,000 a year. When one is desirous for accuracy, I think these things should not be ignored.

But my argument had reference solely to the amount taken from that which, but, for the public claim, would naturally have gone to the owner of the land. As you, sir, so rightly put the case, any subvention given in aid of the rates would reduce the share taken from the owner of the land—would, in fact, go into his pocket. This, surely, is elementary doctrine. Mr. Robertson objects that, in return for what the public take, the public give something in the way of services. I have always understood a fundamental principle of all rating and taxation to be that the public authority shall give something. We do not suppose that we are paying rates simply for amusement, or out of good nature. We look to get something back again. I do not think Mr. Robertson would agree that he himself ought to pay "for his share of certain definite services" and something over, which, *ex hypothesi*, he does not owe; and I think Mr. Robertson would object if his rate demand note were presented to him, claiming so much for this service and so much for that, and a considerable addition for which no valid reason in the way of benefit could be set forth.

May I suggest, however, that in regard to police, street lighting, cleansing, sewerage, and paving, it is probable that the rate per yard of frontage charged on Muswell Hill is enormously lighter than that charged per yard frontage of Mr. Gorringe's land—lighter, that is, in comparison with the actual cost of the services rendered. Even in the matter of workhouse accommodation, I imagine that Mr. Gorringe and the Duke of Westminster would pay in proportion to the services rendered them a very much higher rate than Mr. Robertson. In other words, the proportion paid out of this value of the land is enor-

mously heavier in the case of the Duke of Westminster's land than it is in that of the neighborhood where Mr. Robertson resides. Therefore, as it seems to me, when the enumerated services are paid for, there is still in the Gorringe case a very large balance which is taken by the public for services not actually rendered towards the efficiency of the land on which Mr. Gorringe's premises are built, and the owner of the latter therefore is paying much more than the costs of the services "as essential in the main for the carrying on of his (Mr. Gorringe's) business as the electric light and water he uses."

To my mind, Mr. Robertson shows the essential weakness of his position when he intimates that the public should take from the value of this land something very much greater than the value of the services rendered, and upon this principle he founds himself. The principle can only be justified upon the general theory that we rate people on the basis of ability to pay, and not upon that of payment for services rendered. My contention is that we do rate on the basis of ability to pay, and that, therefore, a very much larger amount is paid by the Duke than would be required if he had himself to make provision for his share of the general lighting, street cleansing, and police in front of the land on which Mr. Gorringe's shop is built, and for the workhouse accommodation which he may or may not require.

May I put the case in a way which may perhaps make it even more clear? Prior to the new lease, the amount of rating falling on the land was distinctly less than afterwards. I do not know the amount of annual assessment, but in my letter of August 19th I suggested that there might be a valuation of £3,500 a year, this being what Mr. Gorringe was actually paying to the intermediaries; and the contribution to rates on this account at 10s. in the £ would, of course, be £1,750. The value of the building was also much lower than after it had been re-built in accordance with the terms laid down in behalf of the Duke of Westminster. If I may judge from experience of renting a site and building an office in another part of London, I estimate the ratable value of the erection itself at certainly not less than that of the land. In the Gorringe case, I think the valuation of the new building would be greatly in excess of this. If, however, we take the two as equal, it appears that, prior to the granting of the new lease, rates were paid to the extent of £1,750 upon the value of the land, and an equal amount on the value of the building—a total of £3,500 a year. This, I think Mr. Robertson will agree, represented the amount taken in rates—from his point of view, to cover the cost of various public services. Under the new lease, however, the contribution would be very greatly increased. It would certainly be £3,000 on account of the land value; and, if we add another £3,000 in behalf of the building itself, we have a total of £6,000 contributed towards the rates, an increase of £2,500. Whereas I think it cannot be disputed that the public services rendered during the last few years of the old lease did not materially differ from those when the new lease and extra payment came into force.

Of course, my point is that, even on Mr. Robertson's own showing, and if I accepted his conditions, there is a margin of several thousands a year, which has no fresh equivalent in public services.

I submit, therefore, that the "obviously incorrect" has become the obviously correct, and that a very large sum has gone to the public revenue, which otherwise must have been taken by the Duke—that is, a considerable slice of the "unearned increment" has been diverted from private to public purposes.—Yours, &c., LEODIENSIS.

Sept. 1st., 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There is considerable pleasure in replying to a piece of clear straight-thinking such as "Leodiensis" can put together, and I trust you will permit me that pleasure. I ignore the last paragraph, in which he throws away part of his statements in order to keep within figures which are excessively safe. Let us assume with him that, all things considered in the negotiation between Mr. Gorringe and the Duke of Westminster, the land was valued at £6,000 a year and that the rates taken by the public authority amount to £3,000 a year. The rates would actually be more, because property is rated not only on the value of the land, but also on that of the buildings. It conduces to simplicity, however, to confine our attention to the land, of which, following "Leodiensis," we are assuming that the Duke takes two-thirds, and the public authority one-third, of the annual value.

Now the public authority for its one-third supplies certain services to the community, in which, as the user of a certain value of land, Mr. Gorringe receives the benefit. Streets, lighting, public sanitation and police services are matters in which the occupier as such is directly interested, and these the public authority supplies for its one-third. But what does the Duke give for his two-thirds? What has he given or done at any time?

It is being realised by an increasing number of people that the mere taking and holding of natural resources does not in itself constitute a right against mankind. All values owe their existence to the demand which depends on the presence and needs of the community. But the ownership of that which the individual brings and offers to the community as the result of his own effort (whether it be improvements in land or movable goods) is quite a different thing from the ownership of the site or the original and unproduced contents of the land.

The single taxer maintains that the value of these natural resources should be the basis of all taxation, to the exclusion of all other values, whether of personal services or of objects brought into useful form or situation by human effort. And the science of economics knows only these three classes of real value; that is (1) natural resources, (2) human effort and services, and (3) the objects adapted by human effort to supply human needs.

The Liberal Party has not adopted the single tax, but "Leodiensis" clearly shows that Mr. Gorringe would have been quite willing to pay £9,000 a year in rates and taxes on his premises, were it not for the tribute which the Duke of Westminster levies on the use of the land he did not produce. Who can say, in view of this, that the single tax on land values would not suffice for the public needs?

A more immediately practical question is whether the community is to be content with one-fifth of the future increment beyond the £6,000 a year tribute already levied? The force of public opinion will very soon insist that so far from the Budget making too great a claim on landowners, the claim it makes is altogether too small. Those who feel this most strongly are glad to see a beginning made in the right direction. But when the first step has actually been taken the next must be taken without delay.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. LAYCOCK.

Sheffield, August 26th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—There seems to be great confusion in the minds of your correspondents about the Gorringe Case. They apparently make no distinction between ground rent and rack rent, and are evidently bewildered by the different utterances of the Cabinet Ministers.

Mr. Asquith, who is a born statesman, spoke as the logical lawyer, when he said at Bletchley "Every man is entitled to exercise the rights that the law gives him." Yes, but when his Grace the Duke of Westminster, in assessing the terms for a new lease to Mr. Gorringe, who had worked hard for forty-five years to attract trade to a street possessing previously little or no commercial value, and who had had to pay heavily for every interest he had disturbed in the enlargement of his area (by way of goodwill, costly alteration of premises on short leases at rack rents, and so on)—when, I say, his Grace the Duke took the value of the ground, mainly created by the labor of Mr. Gorringe, *plus* the premiums and rack rents paid by him for getting possession of adjoining premises, as the basis of the new ground rent for a site on which was to be erected a palatial pile of buildings, and, moreover also demanded from Mr. Gorringe, as a preliminary, £50,000 premium, virtually purchase money for the goodwill of his own business, it became an infamous abuse of an iniquitous law, and may equitably be called blackmail.

One correspondent says, "Mr. Gorringe was willing to pay £50,000, &c." What arrant nonsense! Mr. Gorringe himself told me that he regarded the terms as so outrageous that he very nearly abandoned the scheme.

Let the readers of The Nation bear in mind that the case referred to is no exception. I enclose for your perusal the Armbrecht case, typical of scores of others, where deserving tradesmen have been turned out and deprived of the hardly-earned results of years of toil and anxiety without hope of redress.

The Budget, sir, bears the impress of far-seeing statesmanship in every line, but I do appeal to the Prime Minister, I appeal to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to remember that tenure is even more important than taxation.—Yours, &c.,

John Lewis.

278 to 288, Oxford Street,
21 to 28, Holles Street, London, W.
September 1st, 1909.

## "THE TERRITORIAL FORCE UNDER MILITARY LAW."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The tone and substance of your correspondent "Verity's" letter, in your issue of the 21st inst., are regrettable.

His remarks are based on two misconceptions in regard to military law, namely that it is degrading, and that its imposition on the Territorials is by way of a penalty.

As a matter of fact, it is a promotion for the Territorial to be placed on the same footing with the professional soldier. And there is every reason why he should be so placed. While in camp he is a soldier; it was his own choice to become one; then let him be subject (as he himself wishes to be) to a soldier's conditions. To make such a distinction as your correspondent suggests between one kind of soldier and the other would be taken as uncomplimentary, both by the Territorial and by the "regular."

Military law is a despotism, certainly; but I deny that it is a degrading one. Obedience is the first law of the military man, and is essential alike to discipline and to the acquirement of knowledge without which his service would be worthless.

What if the law is administered by the Adjutants (who, by the way, are the most competent to administer it); what if a man does now and then suffer abuse, or if his sergeant or officer is foul-mouthed (although not, on that account, necessarily a blackguard); what if one does have to perform menial work? These things do no harm to a man who is robust enough to take them in the right spirit; if he is not that, he is not fit to bear arms.

Moreover, I protest against the idea that menial work need be degrading. Those who find it so are usually the ones who are put on to it for shirking or "miking"; these are no acquisition to any corps. The roughest and dirtiest menial work, such as that of the sergeant cook and his staff, is mostly done by men who volunteer for it; they do not find it injurious to their self-respect.

To argue that the present system is liable to make the men "nervous . . . . lest they should unwittingly offend" is mere nonsense. Your correspondent can hardly have seen a Territorial camp from the inside, or he would have known that nervousness and estrangement are found only amongst the inefficient, the non-efficient, and the knock-kneed; and these are few in number.—Yours, &c.,

W. E. Sykes.

Eynsford, Kent,
August 31st, 1909.

## THE BUDGET INCREMENT CONCESSION.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—In your notes of August 21st you refer to two Budget points on which a misunderstanding appears to have arisen; viz., the exempting of undeveloped land up to five acres, if occupied with a dwelling-house, and the ten per cent. exemption of the increment duty.

In regard to the latter, you infer that the ten per cent. reduction is on the *first* sale or transfer, and not on the successive transfers. I hope your inference is true, but have you any special grounds for such an interpretation? With the concession of the valuation at the cost of the State, Mr. Lloyd George should have withdrawn the ten per cent exemption, as no longer necessary, and as undermining the Budget pledge to retain twenty per cent. of *future* increment for the public who create it. When I saw your explanation of August 21st I felt somewhat reassured to think that at least a part of the twenty per cent. would eventually reach the public. On reading the excellent reprint from the "Daily News" "50 Budget Points," I found in point 49 an illustration of a piece of property in King-street, Manchester, which was withdrawn in 1881 on a bid of £20,250 and sold in 1900 for £40,000—showing an increment of nearly 100 per cent. in nineteen years.

Between 1881 and 1900 the property was sold and resold eight times. On six of these occasions the increment was under ten per cent., and on the other two occasions only just over ten per cent., with the result that, instead of the £3,600 which would have been due to the public under the original Budget proposals, only £140 would come to the Treasury if the first ten per cent. exemption is allowed on each successive sale or transfer.

Seeing an instance of this kind newly advanced in an influential and reliable Liberal publication, backing up the Budget on the grounds of its great moderation, it makes one wonder which interpretation of this clause is the right one, the "Nation's" or the "Daily News.'" If the latter, then the increment duty is practically a dead letter, because the great bulk of the land will not reach or exceed the ten per cent. exemption. Add to this, the five-acre garden concession as an "amenity" to placate the big Tory dukes, the exemption of agricultural land, the right of owners to re-apportion or manipulate their estates from time to time, in order to avoid having to pay too much of the publicly created increment duty, the fact that all present values are now given for ever to the present private owners, that profitable London and big town slums practically escape altogether; and what becomes of the general all-round ground-value taxation we were led to expect from the present Government? As Mr. Lough has pointed out, this is now barred from future imposition. Surely under such disappointing circumstances Mr. Lloyd George will never allow the ten per cent., or half of the bare twenty per cent. remnant promised, to be filched from the creating public on every successive transfer! If he does, then the land clauses had better be dropped altogether, and a small ground value tax or rate on *all* land substituted, as in parts of Australia and New Zealand. This would be a start in *real* ground-value taxing.—Yours, &c.,

H. Horner.

50, Belgrave Road, Keighley,
August 30th, 1909.

## LANDLORDS AND LABORERS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—May I suggest that the cry, "Back to the Land," applies quite as much to the landlords as to the laborers? Absenteeism is one of the great curses of the present land-holding system, and if the landlords have to curtail their charities and the amount spent on labor when the Budget is passed, let them give up their London establishments and live on their estates, whence their wealth is derived. We want more landlords of the type of the late Earl of Leicester, who could hardly be tempted to London, unless under the most urgent plea of duty. He was lord lieutenant of his county, as well as a great territorial magnate; and he used to say that his duty was towards his tenants, and the people of the country generally look upon it that the day must come when farming will become a partnership between landlord and tenant, and when the former must share the losses as well as the profits of the latter. This can only be done by both being on "the spot."—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

28th August, 1909.

## THE PROPOSED MOTOR ROADS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—It is surely strange that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should call his proposals with reference to roads uncontroversial, seeing that they violate every canon of Liberalism and democracy, and constitute a subordination of the public good to a class interest more violent than anything that has proceeded from a Conservative Administra-

tion. For, shorn of legal verbiage, the proposals amount to this:—

(1) That new roads are to be made for the special benefit of a particular class which only constitutes 1-500th of the population.

(2) That the whole of the taxes derived from the special luxury of this wealthy class is to be devoted to their amusement and advantage.

(3) In addition to these extraordinary advantages this small class of wealthy people is to receive assistance by being empowered to levy a toll on all their poorer fellow-citizens, who may desire to use these roads.

(4) Meanwhile the great bulk of the community are to receive no corresponding advantage by being freed from the daily terror and inconvenience inflicted upon them by motorists, who are to be permitted, not merely to have special roads for themselves, but also to continue to use the present roads as at present.

(5) The one feeble barricade that the law of 1903 raised for the protection of the public against motor-cars is to be non-operative on the new roads; so that non-motorists who use the new roads will not only have to contribute to the advantage of motorists, but also run a very good chance of getting killed.

On this question the non-motorists are like the Lapps and Tartars, mentioned by Lord Rosebery; and Parliament does not represent the feelings of the electorate.—Yours, &c.,

JOSHUA BROOKES.

National Liberal Club,
September 1st, 1909.

## THE POVERTY OF THE COTTAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Will you permit me to say how much I appreciate the letters of two of your correspondents on the "Poverty of the Cottage"? In my early days I knew it from the inside, and a few months of rural wandering has supplied my note-book with abundant material strongly to endorse all that they have written on the tragedies of village housing and village economies.

Of the inadequate supply of houses or the ghastly horror of many so-called dwelling-places in most villages, every reader of THE NATION is undoubtedly aware. I often ask myself, depressed at the seeming hopelessness of the problem, What on earth is the good of teaching children something of morality and the value of personal hygiene, when we compel them to live in places where it is impossible to practise the elements of common decency?

But the remedy? Will the Town Planning Bill help? Will it give power not only to local authorities to build—composed, alas! of many people with little imagination—*but is there to be a power behind them?* That is the heart of the matter. But whatever may be attempted in this direction, I plead on behalf of my friends, the agricultural laborers, that nothing shall be done in the direction of solving this root problem, this imperial problem, *to build down to the present economic condition of the laborer.*

A member, who represents a rural constituency, one of the most lovable and sympathetic of men, has just erected six excellent cottages. These are to be let, I am informed, with an acre of ground to each house, at £10 per annum. That member has imagination, and those houses will set a standard to which all future building in that village will undoubtedly approximate.

Given money at a cheap rate for a long period and the necessary compulsory powers to parish or district councils to procure land and build, and in time the village hovels may give place to something more worthy of the name of home. Those powers, however, must contain a minimum standard of building, below which no locality should be allowed to fall.

Of the poverty of rural life—poverty in its widest sense—who can write with restraint? In many villages in Cambridgeshire wages are 12s. a week. At the beginning of summer, owing to prolonged wet, little work was possible in the fields. No work, no money! At the end of a wet month in one village between twenty and thirty men, driven to desperation, tramped eight miles in the pitiless rain to the nearest Board of Guardians for some assistance. Just think of that for a decent, sensitive man—and these poor are sensitive. Sixteen miles' tramp for able-bodied men to beg, cap in hand, for a little relief. Twenty names are in consequence missing from this year's list of voters. I said to a big farmer a few weeks ago: "There will at least be an opportunity for all of them to make an extra sovereign at harvest, won't there?" "No," he replied; "we discharge some men at harvest time."

I have no heroic remedy to suggest. A strong branch of the Agricultural Laborers' Union in every village would do much to give the laborers a better wage, as it would certainly help to kill that ox-like patience which is an almost inseparable hindrance to economic improvement. But I hope to live to see the day when the proposed machinery to deal with sweated trades may become law, and include within its beneficent scope one of the worst sweated of them all, the agricultural laborer.

I could write much on the eagerness with which men in every village are grasping at the new opportunities which the Small Holdings Act is slowly, but none the less certainly, bringing to most of them. In that magnificent piece of Liberalism we have the key which is opening the door to almost infinite possibilities. But I have trespassed too long upon your far too valuable space for my inadequate plea, and I will only add in conclusion one word to your correspondent in whose letter I find an echo of what one frequently hears from a certain type of farmer, viz: that the present-day system of education prevents them getting cheap boy labor. I do not want wilfully to misunderstand your correspondent, but what does he mean by his tirade against education? Does he mean that the children of the laborer should be ear-marked for the plough? Or, if not, what, in his opinion, is the right kind of education to be provided in village schools? His reply should prove interesting.

With the deepest gratitude to you, Sir, for your powerful advocacy of all those causes which aim at a national minimum standard of life for the poor and needy.—Yours, &c.,

A WANDERER.

Cambridge, August 26th, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As the writer of the above-mentioned article, I have read with great interest the two letters on the subject which appeared in a recent issue. I should like to endorse every word Mr. Mackenzie says on the housing of the poor in country villages. It is all true, more than true, true ten times over. I could tell of horrors, tragedies, caused by overcrowding in country villages—doubtless every country clergyman could do so. As to the condition of the cottages—well, I have myself lived in one for twelve years, with the rain on the bed and the rats on the floor. When these wretched shanties are pulled down no new ones are built. I think if the temperance agitation could be bodily diverted into a crusade in favor of decent houses for the people the gain would be enormous, not least to the cause of temperance itself. When writing the article I did not speak of this, because one can only say one thing at a time, and having mentioned a "circus" I naturally thought of "food." The "circus" is really the third, not second need of the poor. I think they run (1) food; (2) houses; (3) circus. If the first two needs were supplied they would appreciate the third. At present they don't. Country children will look with dull, unamused eyes at baby elephants playing cricket, hitting away the ball and shambling across the stage, and the attendant fixing up the score of their runs. This is because they are underfed and overcrowded.

"Senex Quidam Presbyter" takes the typical view of the "better classes." He says "thirteen shillings a week is quite enough to keep four people in reasonable comfort; a frugal and capable housewife would save money out of it." I would point out that sometimes the housewife has to keep not four people, but ten (herself and her husband and eight children), on the thirteen shillings a week. "Presbyter," too, seems to think that only food has to be provided with this money. But it has to do for *everything*. What about boots, for instance? A woman with a big family and this money once said to me, "Why, there isn't bread after Tuesday." How can there be? The "salmon tins" are probably the last evidence of hopeless wretchedness. The most poverty-depressed of cottage women frequently run up bills

for sardines, apricot jam, and the like. It saves firing, saves the trouble of cooking. The cottage woman, generally speaking, thoroughly dislikes cooking, in spite of the kind instructors who from time to time descend and teach her, say, how to make a bombe. Her great need, I must repeat, is something to cook. Give her that, and the cookery will come. The upper classes appear to me to be simply children in their view of the poor. I remember a little girl whom I told that some friends had gone on a walking tour, "taking their cooking things with them." "Oh," she said, "I suppose they've taken an omelette pan and a soufflé pan." This shows quite as much knowledge of the facts as the ordinary well-to-do talk about the poor. "The man of Uz, and U without the Z, Have need of patience."—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

## "SUFFRAGETTE TACTICS."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Under the above title there appears in your issue of August 28th a short letter signed "Medium Templum," mainly devoted to an attempted demonstration that the denial of the vote to women is "defensible on the ground both of justice and expediency." The writer, citing one possible mode of giving women the suffrage (viz., "to enfranchise all adult women, in which case there would be a majority of women electors in almost every constituency") observes: "This would be unjust, because women have no right to declare a war which men must wage, or to introduce conscription, in which only men would serve."

On this basis, what becomes of the "right" by which men carry through, as at present, by an *exclusively* (not merely preponderantly) male vote, legislation affecting women far more intimately than men, legislation indeed more truly to be described as affecting "only" women than the waging of war or the establishment of conscription can be said to affect "only" men? What are we to think of the reasonableness of an opponent of the suffrage who can take into his hand such a weapon as that argument and not realise that its heft is as sharp-edged as its blade?—Yours, &c.,

E. M. WHITE.

Auchnabach, Ballinluig, Perthshire,
August 30th, 1909.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I am not concerned to defend Mr. Walkley against your strictures or to belittle the pretensions of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Granville Barker, and the other dramatists who are aggrieved because a Censorship will not let them produce what they regard as their best dramatic work. We have, however, had one dramatist in this country whose height I still regard as greater than that of the whole lot put one upon another's shoulders, and in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" he has at least suggested his own censure upon the art he wielded so well. You may remember that when the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe" was being performed, Hippolyta became femininely contemptuous. Thesus reproves her:—

"The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if imagination amend them."

It was not to teach or to evolve problems in morals that this worker in "shadows" tried; he was content to hold the mirror up to nature, and to be regarded not as a teacher, but as a workman and artist.—Yours, &c.,

J. S. R. P.

September 1st, 1909.

## A WARNING FROM THE UNITED STATES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I think the following extracts from a letter just received from an American kinsman, who has taken his share in political life, may be of interest:—

"I have been watching English politics with much interest. The outcry against taxing the 'unearned increment' strikes me as the height of absurdity. Even in this country, which is loaded down with a protective tariff, we are not quite so silly. 'Unearned increment' gets taxed here, and I suppose in all civilised nations except Great Britain. . . . . In this country we are said to have revised our tariff. This only means that there has been a shaking up, and that the 'interests' have had another struggle among themselves for a fairer division of the spoils. The unfortunate consumer is just where he was before. The people of England had better be careful, I think, about 'protecting' English industries. Once adopt the system (and it can only be adopted by humbugging the consumer) and our experience in the United States shows how hard it will be to get rid of it. In the debates in Congress you never hear a word bearing on Free Trade or Protection as *principles*, but only of the claims of this or that section whose manufactures want to continue 'protected.' I sometimes wonder if anything except a regrettable political convulsion will overthrow the system."

You are welcome, sir, if you think well, to publish these remarks.—Yours, &c.,

H. O. STURGIS.

Queen's Acre, Windsor,
August 31st, 1909.

# Poetry.

## WOLF'S EYES.

[*From the French of Jean Richepin.*]

THE hang-dog fellow looked at me askance,
And shut his lips, mumchance.

He said no word to quicken charity;
But thrust his hand at me.

No glibly muttered thanks fell from his tongue
For the poor dole I flung;

But in his gray wolf's eyes was plainly set
His reading of the debt.

They said: "Dost think, proud fool, for ha'pence thrown
To have me all thine own?"

They said: "'Tis I that make thee charity;
Thou givest nought to me."

They said: "In giving thou alone canst find
Comfort, in being kind."

They said: "These ha'pence given, and thou art free
To lord it virtuously."

They said: "What kingly right is this, to thrust
Thy fellow in the dust!"

They said: "My right it were to spit at thee,
And spurn thy charity."

They said: "I take it; but thou canst not lift
The curse that dogs a gift."

This message in the gray wolf's eyes was set;
For so he read the debt.

And I, too, looking on his hang-dog face,
Said nothing for my case;

But fingered yet more ha'pence; went my way,
With nought at all to say.

For there was truth in what the wolf's eyes said;
And, shamed at heart, I fled.

JOHN PALMER.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY has completed a translation of the "Iphigenia" of Euripides into English verse, and it is probable that the play will be performed at one of the London theatres during the autumn.

* * *

MR. B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE, whose book on the social and industrial conditions of York is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to practical Sociology, has completed a book called "Land and Labor: Lessons from Belgium," which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan during the autumn. The work deals with the social and economic condition of Belgium, especially with reference to the land system, and attempts to show the relation between the system of land tenure and the general well-being of the people. Other matters such as taxation, education, temperance, the railway system, and household budgets are also discussed, and the whole study has been undertaken with a view to showing how this country may benefit by Belgian experience.

* * *

FOR many readers there would be something wanting in an autumn publishing season that did not bring them an anthology by Mr. E. V. Lucas. His title this year is "Some Friends of Mine," and the volume will contain a series of character sketches by favorite authors. Mr. Lucas also promises a collection of essays, to be called "One Day and Another." There are few living essayists who write in so engaging a style as Mr. Lucas, especially when he treats of bookish topics.

* * *

"SHELLEY: THE MAN AND THE POET," by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, announced by Messrs. Methuen for publication early in the season, is not a complete biography but a narrative of those facts which seem to throw light upon the poet's character and art, accompanied by a running commentary upon both. Mr. Clutton-Brock writes at some length upon all Shelley's chief works, and makes use of original documents as far as possible.

* * *

NEXT week Mr. John Lane will publish "Carlyle's First Love: Margaret Gordon—Lady Bannerman," by Mr. R. C. Archibald. Froude stated that "Margaret Gordon was the original, so far as there was an original, of Blumine in 'Sartor Resartus,'" but the assertion has been disputed and the distinction has been claimed for Miss Catherine Aurora Kirkpatrick and for Mrs. Carlyle. It can hardly be doubted that Blumine in "Sartor" and Jane Montagu in Carlyle's unfinished novel "Wotton Reinfred" were drawn from the same model. Carlyle worked at the latter book immediately after his marriage, and Mrs. Carlyle was hardly the woman to remain silent had she suspected that the heroine of what was intended to be Carlyle's first "real book" was someone other than herself. It seems probable that Carlyle made Blumine an idealised portrait of his wife, though he may have painted into it traits from the two other women who had most attracted him.

* * *

ENGLISH translations of no fewer than three works by Professor Rudolf Eucken are to be issued this autumn. Mr. Fisher Unwin has in preparation "The Problem of Human Life as Viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time." Under the three headings of Hellenism, Christianity, and the Modern World it presents and criticises the different philosophies of life that have been put forward by famous thinkers. "The Meaning and Value of Life," announced by Messrs. Black, is a shorter work containing in simple form the fundamental convictions of Eucken's philosophy, while "Christianity and the New Idealism," to be published in Messrs. Harper's "Library of Living Thought," is a brief examination of present-day religious thought. Professor Boyce Gibson, who was the first to make Eucken known to English readers, has supervised the translation of the first two volumes.

* * *

A REVISED and expanded edition of Mr. J. M. Robertson's "Montaigne and Shakespeare," containing some additional essays, is to be issued by Messrs. Black. In the new edition Mr. Robertson brings further evidence to support his contention that Montaigne's essays had a great influence upon Shakespeare's thought, and he also argues against the counter theory that the poet was deeply read in the classics. Mr. Robertson is almost the only thorough English adherent of the scientific school of literary criticism founded by M. Hennequin, and there could not be a better exposition of both the method and practice of that school than his two volumes of "Essays Towards a Critical Method."

* * *

"THE SOUTH COUNTRY" is the title of a book by Mr. Edward Thomas, narrating what the author has seen and thought in his rambles through the English southern counties, with the exceptions of Dorset and Somerset. It will be published by Messrs. Dent. Mr. Thomas is the biographer of Richard Jefferies, and his work is marked by something of Jefferies' power of observation and delight in an open-air life.

* * *

AN abundance of family papers as well as documents in the public libraries, dealing with the Hicks and Hicks Beach families, have been employed by Mrs. W. Hicks Beach for a volume of memoirs which Mr. Heinemann will shortly publish under the title "A Cotswold Family—Hicks and Hicks Beach." It contains some hitherto unpublished letters of Sydney Smith, who was at one time tutor to the sons of the family, as well as other letters dating from the reign of Elizabeth to the present time, which are said to contain many curious illustrations of life and customs in an English county.

* * *

THE manuscript of a completed work has been found among the papers of the late Jonas Lie. It contains a collection of fables closely resembling the same author's "Goblins," and will be published at once by Gyldendal, of Copenhagen.

* * *

THE results of a journey of exploration in China by Dr. W. E. Geil are to be given in a book called "The Great Wall of China," which will be issued by Mr. Murray. Dr. Geil is the first European who has traversed the whole length of the Chinese fortifications—1,700 miles. It appears that quite a number of great walls have been constructed by the Chinese, and Dr. Geil treats of the history, legend, sociology, botany, and zoology connected with them. Another work to be published by Mr. Murray is Lord Balcarres' "The Evolution of Italian Sculpture." It relates the history of the plastic arts in Italy, and analyses the methods and ideals of the different schools.

* * *

AMONG Messrs. T. & T. Clark's theological announcements are a translation of Professor Theodor Zahn's "Introduction to the New Testament"; "The Gospel of Reconciliation," by the Rev. W. L. Walker, the author of "The Cross and the Kingdom"; "An Introduction to the Architectures of European Religions," by Mr. Ian B. Holborn; and the second volume of Dr. Hastings' "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics."

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Town Planning in Theory and Practice" By Raymond Unwin. (Unwin. 21s. net.)

"The Last King of Poland and his Contemporaries." By R. Nisbet Bain. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Three Plays." By Granville Barker. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)

"The Birth of Modern Italy: Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario." With an Introduction by the Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Revaluations: Historical and Ideal" By Alfred W. Benn. (Watts. 3s. 6d. net.)

"South Africa." By Ian D. Colvin. "Romance of Empire Series." (Jack. 6s. net.)

"The Bride." By Mrs. Ernest Rhys. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Science et Morale." Par M. Berthelot. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.)

"Jules Gaufrès: Sa Vie et Son Œuvre." Par G. Compayré. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

"L'Amie Lointaine." Roman. Par Raymond Casal. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## ARCHITECTS AND ARCHITECTURE.*

ARCHITECTURE differs from the other arts in this, that the merely mechanical and journeyman portion in it is much more important and bulks much larger to the eye than is the case with other arts. It is no small thing to be able to prepare and manipulate pigments, and work up a fine impasto on the canvas, and it takes time and patience, as the old Italian masters knew well enough, and as we in these days are rather apt to forget, to acquire such knowledge perfectly; and it is no small thing, too, to attain a sculptor's mastery over marble and stone, and to be able to cut and polish it to the required dimensions, and this, too, requires time and training. Nevertheless, this command over his materials, in the case of the painter or the sculptor, we readily take for granted. We assume that the painter or sculptor can make paint and marble do what he, according to the measure of his knowledge and inspiration, requires of them, and we go on at once to ask of the picture or the statue what it contains in the way of inspiration, what thought it embodies, what emotion it is charged with. But with architecture it is otherwise. Here the merely material part of the art is so important, so preponderating, that it is difficult to get beyond it. All sorts of intricate professional problems confront the architect at every turn. He has to handle matter in such vast masses, and in such an infinite variety of ways, that the mere knowledge of how so to dispose and handle it becomes in itself almost a profession. The complex questions which arise in connection with the construction of a great building—the proportion of weights to supports, the nature and extent of foundation, the kinds of material best adapted for every part, the planning of the vaults, the right estimation of their side-thrusts, and the meeting of such thrusts with pier or buttress in due proportion—all these and a thousand other difficulties, some tremendous and structural, others elaborate and delicate, are of so engrossing and so technical a nature that they constitute an end in themselves. A man is already an architect, and no mean one, who has thoroughly mastered the capacity of his material, quite apart from the quality of his ideas. He may have nothing whatever to say, but he passes simply because he knows the language.

In the building of architecture, in the criticism of architecture, in all the ideas that are circulated and presented to the public in connection with architecture, this predominance of its technical aspect plays its part. In the first place it has had the effect of throwing the appraising, criticising, and general explanation of the art almost entirely into the hands of its professional exponents, for none but people with "expert knowledge" are supposed to be capable of grappling with the difficulties of the subject. So that, while almost all critics of painting and sculpture are non-professionals, and deal with the *effects* of those arts, almost all critics, lecturers, and writers of books on architecture are themselves architects, and deal with its causes. And in the second place, the preponderance of technical interest in architecture has its inevitable effect on architects themselves. For in the same degree in which the difficulties of the subject warn off the outside public, so they tend to imprison and enmesh the profession. Constantly revolving in their minds the complex problems of their art, occupied day by day with the laws which govern the disposal of their material, the natural inclination of professional architects is to repose on the belief that their art consists in these problems, and is bounded by these technical laws. They fall into the habit of regarding the material view, and the structural laws by which it is organised, as the sole factors in the evolution of style. Mr. Jackson, who is one of the most distinguished lecturers and writers on the art at the present time, goes what is called the whole hog in this direction. He declared in a series of lectures recently that the explanation of the origin of Gothic was to be found in the fact that the medieval builders were obliged from motives of economy to use small stones, instead of big ones. The classic age, having command of slave labor, could use large blocks of masonry, and indulge in trabeated forms of construction. The Gothic architects, reduced to free labor and small, easily handled masonry, piled up, inevitably and of necessity, the Gothic vault as we see it. The difference is purely in the material. It was the stones that did it, not the men.

Mr. Russell Sturgis, and his theory is the most generally accepted among architects, makes a step forward, and passes from material to structural law. It was the problem of vaulting, according to him, which necessitated and gradually introduced the new style. The Romanesque architects had got a certain way in the solution of the problem, but a certain way only. The steps they had taken, however, necessitated the steps that were to follow. The pointed arch, and all that followed from the pointed arch, were parts of an inevitable and mechanical sequence. The new style "grew," as a plant or a tree grows which contains within itself the impulse and law of its own development. In Mr. Russell Sturgis's own phrase, its evolution was "wholly constructional."

Following the same line of thought, we now have a series of lectures published by Mr. Blomfield, another recognised and professional authority on architectural matters. "The point of interest for the student," Mr. Blomfield asserts, "is how the space is spanned by the vaults, how the thrusts are met, the actual dimensions of the masonry, the proportions of wall to window, in short the actual details of the building." Theories which connect human emotions and ideas with architecture are brushed aside by Mr. Blomfield with some little contempt. Let us leave such notions "to the industry of German speculation," and confine our own attention strictly to "the anatomical structure of the building, the disposition of its planes and masses, the pro portion of its parts, the materials and their treatment."

Considering that architects are the public's almost sole instructors in the architectural art, considering that the public looks to them for an explanation of the meaning and origin of all the phases of the art, it is perhaps in some ways a pity that they should lay such exclusive stress on "the materials and their treatment." Certainly the materials and their treatment are matters of great importance and complexity in architecture, and so long as it is a question of materials and treatment let us by all means kneel at the feet of architects and accept what they have to tell us about vaults and thrusts with due submission. But when they tell us, as they do tell us, that the materials and treatment exhaust the subject, that the secret of the evolution of a great style is contained within itself, is a law of its growth, and that he who follows step by step the development of a style and observes the degrees of change which ensued one upon another, has mastered the reasons of the evolution of the style and fathomed its purpose and meaning, it is time surely to call a halt. It is time to protest that means are not ends, that *how* is not *why*, that the steps and degrees by which a change is brought about do not explain the new thought, or purpose, or aspiration in the mind of the age which made the change seem desirable. On many points, on the elimination of unessentials, and the subordination of detail to the whole effect—principles which architecture shares with all the arts, and even with literature—Mr. Blomfield has much to say which, as is apparent even to the amateur, is valuable and suggestive; but there is one point of view he seems never willing to adopt. He never considers a great architectural style as the expression of the mind and spirit of its age, or rather as the impress cast in stone of the mind of its age. Yet this is precisely the point of view from which architecture, to all who are not architects, appears most significant. Greek architecture is pre-eminent for its quality of purely aesthetic beauty; yet even Greek architecture, with its exquisite consciousness of the sense of form, its hankering after perfect definition and delicate and precise statement, is doubled in interest for us when we take it as, what it truly is, the image of the classic mind, of the classic view of life, and classic ideals of conduct. It interprets for us, looked at thus, and lights up, as nothing else can, a phase of intellectual development, the very perfection of which depended on its limitations. And when we come to styles less perfect aesthetically, but into which more of human life and human feeling have been crammed, this human interest naturally increases, and becomes, in some cases, quite the dominant interest. It is

* "The Mistress Art." By Reginald Blomfield. Arnold. 5s. net.

the dominant interest in Gothic. All the strong, keen impulses of medieval life; its intense democratic vitality, its religious fervor and exaltation, combined with the circumscribed narrowness of its outlook on life, are fused and blended in a Gothic cathedral, just as they were fused and blended in the lives of Englishmen of that day. It is these influences which still, by the inward affinity we have for such moods, draw and attract us, and certainly a mind open to the architectural language will find itself more filled and penetrated by the consciousness of the medieval spirit through a study of its architecture than by any other kind of study whatsoever.

Moreover, it is to be remarked that this human significance is always present in architecture. Its aesthetic value may vary to any extent. It may be immense, or it may be non-existent. But the human interest is ineradicable. Even present-day architecture, with its random impulses and individual eccentricities, is a perfectly fair record of the mental conditions we live in. No doubt it would be unreasonable to expect architects to be always dwelling on this aspect of the question. They have their own intricate technical problems to attend to, which require study and due explanation. Nevertheless, to an unbiassed onlooker, capable of looking at the matter both from its technical and human points of view, it must seem a matter to be regretted that the recognised exponents of the art should either ignore, or even deny, the very existence of the human interest in it altogether. Even from the professional standpoint it seems a pity; for it is by this that the art appeals to the public. Architects may lecture about materials and their treatment, but it is by that which they ignore or deny, by the human passions and emotions it bodies forth and portrays, that architecture claims most forcibly the interest of living people. Who knows? Perhaps, if the professors of the art were to dwell a little more on this aspect of architecture, Mr. Blomfield would no longer have cause to designate an architect as the "least popular of men."

## A FRENCH COURT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

Mrs. Patmore (a daughter-in-law, we believe, of Coventry Patmore) is to be congratulated on a felicitous *début* in letters. There is nothing hasty in "The Court of Louis XIII.," a work which must have involved much research and extensive and judicious reading, and which, in the choice and arrangement of material, exhibits no small power of historical appreciation. To the common sort of compilation it bears no resemblance whatever. It is of serious as well as of lively interest, and not even among French works on the earlier half of the seventeenth century could we name one in which so wide a tract of ground is so completely covered.

We have to remember, moreover, that whereas the importance of this reign lies very largely in its politics, foreign and domestic, this part of the subject has had to be very sparingly treated. The dominant figure in the France of the first half of the seventeenth century is Richelieu, and though he certainly makes a splendid appearance in the social world, history knows him chiefly as the diminisher of turbulent nobles, the compeller of Parliaments, the builder of despotism. A volume on court life has, obviously, no great concern with Richelieu the minister, but Mrs. Patmore gives us an excellent account of his rise to power and his consummate management of the puppet King.

Louis XIII., the son of Henri IV. and Marie de Medicis, was between eight and nine years old when his father was slain by Ravaillac. We may readily believe that, degenerate as he was, no training would ever have made of him a really king-like man; but his mother—a narrow-minded, meddling, ineffectual woman—gave him uncommonly little chance. The royal child was reared on a mixed diet of birch-rod and powders. For things of the intellect he had neither aptitude nor inclination, and to his tutor, M. de Fleuranges, he said, on one occasion, "If you will let me off my lessons I will make you a bishop." The tutor kept him to his tasks, but neither whippings nor blandishments availed to make a scholar of him. He cooked little dishes (as, indeed, he continued to do through life), played at soldiers, and made cowls for toy monks.

> "As years went on the young king displayed more and more those aptitudes for handicrafts which nearly two centuries later were seen again in his descendant, Louis XVI. If he went to lay a foundation he must also amuse himself with the work of a mason. He shod horses and helped in the removal of furniture. A house-moving had been among his childish games. 'He had,' remarks one historian, 'all the points admirable in a valet, but none belonging to a master.'"

His mother, encouraged, perhaps, by her extraordinary favorites, the Concini pair, kept him from all participation in affairs of state, and allowed him to be severely disciplined under the very eyes of the courtiers. Mrs. Patmore finds some excuse for her.

> "Henri IV., in the hour of his son's birth, had laid the sword of government upon the infant form, and recognised him as the property of the State: *Cet enfant est à tous;* but Marie, her perception blocked, we may allow, by the spectacle of her husband's discursive amours and the laxity of the court in general, resolved, perhaps, that her son should be driven with a tight rein lest he also follow in the same groove. Marie de Medicis has been the victim of much obloquy, but the difficulties of her position are often overlooked. They might have staggered a wiser regent. Unhappily she had no strong man among her advisers, and it is doubtful whether she would have welcomed one had he appeared."

No wonder that Louis banished his mother; no wonder that when the strong man came forward, in the person of the "Iron Cardinal," he found his royal master pliable. For the tremendous purposes that Richelieu entertained he could not have picked a more perfect instrument.

Louis attained his majority on the completion of his thirteenth year, and at fourteen he was married to Anne of Austria. That poor little princess (who was one day to become a rather powerful woman, with a very definite will of her own) had made a much worse bargain than she fancied. Her sovereign lord was still taking black draughts, and going to bed in terror of ghosts, and his kennels received a larger share of his attention than his bride. Mrs. Patmore says:—

> "Those early months of marriage must have been a time of dreary disillusionment for Anne of Austria. No happy domesticity followed on the promise of the first day at Bordeaux. It was not until April 18 [they had been married in the previous November] that the young pair took even a meal together. Formal visits were paid by Louis to the Queen, and sometimes she would return them in his rooms, where he even rose on one occasion to the preparation of a little feast of sweetmeats for her, but was obliged to stretch himself, exhausted, on a couch before she arrived to accept the hospitality. A monarch and a husband lolling on his couch and playing with his silver soldiers during his queen's visit within a few months of marriage, must have damped enthusiasm.

Although the marriage of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria took place in 1615, the prince who was to ascend the throne as Louis XIV. was not born until 1638. Louis was not, like his father, a rake with whom no woman was safe, but he seems to have been almost destitute of natural and wholesome affections. He was, as the author says, a wry-minded and flabby creature, at once callous and effeminate. His personal reputation is by no means as hideous as that of Henri III., with whom the line of the Valois went out in black disgrace, but all sound-minded persons at his court must have viewed with contempt his unmanly friendships and pitiful bickerings with favorites of his own sex. Here was a king who could cook an omelet and mend a smock, and there is little else to be said about him. The favorites whom he alternately slobbered over and snapped at, died or were beheaded, and he ordered out his hounds and gave them no farther thought. As the hour for the execution of Cinq-Mars was approaching, the King, who at one season would not let him from his sight, pulled out his watch and exclaimed: "Ah! before long M. le Grand will be having a bad time." Such was the monarch in whose service Richelieu wore himself out at the age of fifty-seven.

Mrs. Patmore gives us finished sketches of every member of the royal family, and of the statesmen, soldiers, gallants, *viveurs* and *amoureuses* who at one time or another occupy the scene. Among the ladies is the charming and pure-minded Louise de Lafayette, who, beloved by the King in his anæmic way, "fled to the cloister lest she should be

* "The Court of Louis XIII." By K. A. Patmore. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

false to her own ideals and to her royal mistress." Among the men is the gay Bassompierre, courtier, memoirist, and stout soldier, whom, in one crisis of his career, we behold burning his collection of 6,000 love-letters. At least, he tells us there were 6,000 of them, and no one can any longer gainsay him. The story of Cinq-Mars is told in detail, and with a few artistic and gravely dramatic strokes Mrs. Patmore brings before us the scaffold on which he and de Thou yielded up their heads with brave courtesy.

There is an excellent, racy, and faithful chapter on meals, modes, and manners. Certain modes and manners of seventeenth-century France are none too easily described, whether in English, in French, or in Latin; and if everything were told, and the account were printed, writer and publisher would probably be introduced to the magistrate at Bow Street. Mrs. Patmore, with a sure instinct, has known how to avoid the shocking, while giving a very fair notion of the actual.

The chapter that follows, "The Court as Patron of the Arts and Literature," is charming too, but students of the French literature of the period will scarcely be satisfied with Mrs. Patmore's rather cursory treatment of Malherbe. Malherbe, although the school that he founded was only just coming into its own forty or fifty years after his death, is a distinguished name in a very distinguished century, and we are not permitted to question his genius. But let us once again take leave to insist that this is a book of quality.

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## A PILGRIM IN PORTUGAL.*

Who is the happy traveller? It is he who can lose his train and snap his fingers, his purse, and only feel the richer, who cares not whether he walks or drives, nor when he reaches his journey's end; who can dine off a crust, sleep under the stars, and find a friend in every man he meets. He reads no guide-book, but carries a classical library in his head, is ignorant of geography, but knows the beautiful in every land, cannot tell a cotyledon from a phagocyte, but is deeply learned in the human soul. In short, your happy traveller is the imaginative man. Unfortunately, he is seldom met with on his journeys. You may search the best hotels in every capital in Europe and find him nowhere; you may go to Switzerland for the winter sports and he will have escaped you, sail round the Grecian Isles in company with Dr. Lunn and miss him from your party, take a circular trip to India or the Nile and yet continue to avoid him. And you may travel throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and no one will so much as have heard his name. But go to your bookshelves and see if you may not learn something of his whereabouts. For has he not journeyed with a donkey through the Cevennes and walked the path to Rome, painted travel pictures in Italy or the Hartz mountains, and sentimentalised in France? Seated in an arm-chair by the fireside, you may wander in his company all over the world and share with him unfatigued the glories of adventure and the sweets of freedom.

There is, however, another sort of traveller, less happy, but not so rare. He journeys soberly and in comfort, taking with him a Baedeker, a kodak, and a fund of useful information. He is learned in history and agriculture, and only selects hotels where the *cuisine* is guaranteed. He is careful to visit every place of interest, taking accurate notes of all the local customs. On his return he writes a book of travels for the benefit of those who stayed at home.

Mr. Koebel has made the tour of Portugal, and his impressions are faithfully recorded in the volume before us. He tells us that Lisbon is famous for its lights, its lean cats, the Praca Don Pedro IV., some exceptionally fine water works, an aqueduct, and the Avenida da Liberdale. It boasts at least two excellent hotels and a magnificently situated Archæological Museum. Much of Old Lisbon is exceedingly picturesque, and the monastery of Belem and ruined Carno Church are well worth visiting. Particularly noteworthy is the Lisbon tramway service, the speed, efficiency, and enterprise of which put those of many another capital to the blush.

Beyond Lisbon is Cintra, whose beauties the attentive reader of Byron and Southey will readily recall. At Callores a gathering of peasants invites the attention of the student of human nature; there is an exchange of courtesies, strawberries, and cigarettes, and an examination of the local cheese. The Portuguese peasant is commended for the amiability of his disposition, his good manners, and the purity of his body linen. At Alemtejo the swine herds and shepherds offer further opportunities for analysis. They are simple and friendly, illiterate and conservative, living contentedly on bread, oil, and lentils, and clinging to their own arithmetical system and the old Moorish wooden plough. Between master and servant the relations are natural and unrestrained; the peasant brings his troubles to the master for solution, trusts to him in sickness, and jokes with him on equal terms. He is a hard worker, and there are few countries where men labor more consistently, with less supervision. Meeting him on the road, the stranger may be struck by his dilatory pace, but the cause is not indolence but justifiable fatigue.

> "It is seldom that both passing man and beast are not burdened to the exclusion of the possibility of any ambitious flights of speed. . . . The men are weary from their labors, if not from their loads; while the women in gorgeous petticoats, brilliant head gear, and with the few gold ornaments that represent their fortune in their ears and upon their breasts, go staggering beneath bundles of corn or hay that they have gleaned."

Cork forests and olive-groves are the background of the south, wild flowers are everywhere, over them hovering butterflies, clouded yellows, red admirals, swallow tails, and fritillaries. Lizards dart across the road, hawks sweep overhead, and by the side flits the hoopoo, with tufted head and brilliant wing. But the cork forest, as we are reminded, is not merely a beautiful, but a necessary, factor in the life of the Portuguese. The substance of cork pervades all things: chairs and doors are made of it, troughs for ducks and hens, drinking cups and ladles for mankind. "Doves fly homewards to cork cotes; bees buzz in and out of cork hives, and if dogs fail to sleep in cork kennels, it is because the peasant seldom owns a dog, and as for the dog, he owns a kennel more seldom still."

No book of Spanish travel would be complete without a mention of the bull fight. Mr. Koebel's account is vivid and spirited, but the reader will (or should) be relieved to hear that the Portuguese, unlike the Spanish, bull fight, is a comparatively humane affair; no horses are killed, and the bull returns to his stall only a little the worse for wear. The attractions of the performance are, indeed, more acrobatic than sanguinary, and skill in avoidance of danger is rated as highly as efficiency in attack. Here is an account of a neat *tour* played by the *forcados*:—

> "The devoted half dozen have gathered together again. With tense muscles they face their redoubtable opponent for the third time. Exhilarated by his late triumph, the animal charges again. This time the knot of men sways and yields; but its members do not scatter. As the bull dashes through, one man leaps upward directly in his path. He has clutched—and found a firm grip of the horns. With his legs astride of the very nose of the maddened animal, he is being swept with a rush through the air towards the barrier. But the others are racing by the side of the bull. One has seized his tail, and hangs like grim death to the appendage, while the remainder spring upon the flanks and clutch. In a few seconds the bull is motionless—held fast. No mere strength could effect this. The knack of the proceeding that holds this great body in leash is amazing. At the sight one wonders whether the *forcado* is not worthy of a less humble status in the ring."

The illustrations to the book are charming.

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## A BOTANIST IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

In ways undreamt-of by those whom illusive reports of vast treasures beguiled thither in olden days, South America has proved a veritable El Dorado. For there explorer after explorer has found in her fauna and flora a wealth

* "Portugal, its Land and People." By W. H. Koebel. Constable. 16s. net.

* "Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes: Being Records of Travel during the Years 1849-1864." By Richard Spruce, Ph.D. Edited and Condensed by Alfred Russel Wallace, O.M., &c. Macmillan. Two volumes. 21s. net

of material for knowledge of Nature's "works and ways," untouched by the artifice of man. Among those who returned laden with the riches of primeval forests, the late Richard Spruce has prominent place, and to no more capable and sympathetic hands than those of his friend, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, could the labor of reducing his copious journals and other records to order have been entrusted. Spruce died in 1893, and not until four years ago was Dr. Wallace able to command the time for that work. Outside the small circle of botanical specialists, Spruce's name is little known; hence the more welcome is the biographical sketch outlining the main incidents of a life which "the children of this world" would hardly pronounce successful, and which was one prolonged struggle with impaired health and narrow means.

Son of a schoolmaster, as were both Spencer and Huxley, and, like Dr. Wallace, for a while, a schoolmaster himself, Spruce's passion, from boyhood till death, was the study of plants, notably of the humbler orders, mosses and liverworts, which possess for the botanist the attraction of that vast antiquity held by the lower organisms in fee simple, and which, in the economy of nature, perform a more enduring service than the flowers, whose colour and fragrance delight the senses. An early convert to the doctrine of natural selection, he wrote in 1871:—

> "I am more Darwinian than ever. I feel certain that if we had all the forms now in existence, and that have ever existed, of such genera as Rubus, Asplenium, Bryum, and Plagiochila, we should be unable to *define* a single species—the attempt to do so would only be trying to separate what Nature never put asunder—but we should see distinctly how certain peculiarities had originated and become (temporarily) fixed by inheritance; and we could trace the unbroken pedigree of every form."

Wanderings on the moors and among the woodlands of his native Yorkshire, and such expeditions to the Pyrenees and other happy-hunting grounds as time and money permitted, produced in Spruce a well-equipped cryptogamist, and secured him encouragement and aid from Bentham and other leading botanists to explore the region stretching from the mouth of the Amazon to the mighty Andes. It suffices to quote the verdict of the veteran Sir Joseph Hooker upon the achievement of Spruce. "No doubt his monumental work on the Hepaticæ is his crowning one, and will ever live." Skilfully as Dr. Wallace has woven together the scattered record, the volumes do not furnish matter easy for quotation, and the reader in quest of references to such subjects as, *e.g.*, the manners and customs of people among whom Spruce spent fifteen years, will find these too sketchy to be of much service. Spruce admits that Bates's "much longer residence in Brazil enabled him to give a far more complete account of manners and morals," and in this matter the "Naturalist on the Amazon" will not be superseded. But we light upon a passage which occurs in a letter written from Barra do Rio Negro as far back as 1851, and which clerics of to-day may, perhaps, ponder with advantage:—

> "I wish you Englishmen would agree about some general comprehensive system of education. It is painful to read the accounts of the squabbles, and to see what narrow-mindedness exists, about a subject of such vital importance; and all this time your prisons are filling with young delinquents for whom the State has never provided any intellectual or *moral* training. Cannot this last be given apart from any *doctrinal* teaching? For really, at this distance from the scene of controversy, how insignificant to me do most doctrinal differences seem—more than half of them mere matters of opinion!"

A full index guides the reader through the miscellaneous contents of a work indispensable for fuller knowledge of the botany of South America.

## AVENGING CHILDREN.*

In "Avenging Children," Mrs. Mann gives us a sequel to one of her best novels, "The Memories of Ronald Love," and though her hand is as practised as ever, she would probably admit that the work is of her second best. Sequels are things difficult of achievement. Either the characters take their revenge on the author by growing out of all likeness, or else they stiffen and repeat the original impression they made on us. Mrs. Mann has reintroduced only two old characters, Ronald and his father, but both of these act in a wooden and lifeless fashion, as though they were tied down beforehand to a course of action over which they have no choice. "Avenging Children" is a variant of the proverb about the parents having eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth being set on edge, and though the moral is a sound one, we rebel at being led with a firm, but kindly, hand along the predestined path.

Ronald Love is the illegitimate son of the distinguished Norwich physician, Sir Erasmus Clough, who has contrived to shut the mouths of scandal-mongers by marrying off his mistress, the sweet, heedless Nancie, to Tilly, the market gardener. Poor Nancie has pined and died, and little Ronald has thereupon been adopted by the doctor's charming young bride, Eleanor. When the sequel opens, twenty-five years have passed, and we find Ronald, a man of thirty-one, is about to be taken into partnership by the Norwich cloth manufacturer, Mr. Blore, who is anxious that he shall also enter into a family alliance and marry Grace, his gentle, docile, and much-bullied daughter. It is the mid-Victorian era, the days of chignons and crinolines, and of domineering Paterfamilias with outbursts of tempestuous irritability, men who were "managed" by their womenkind. Grace, who pleads "I do not want to be married yet, papa," does not care for Ronald, but is in love with the handsome and dashing Alfred Clough, who visits her secretly every evening with the connivance of Matilda, her old nurse, and on this point, as in most other respects, Mr. Blore, who lectures and guides and guards his daughter, hedging her round with the most absurd restrictions, is left entirely in the dark. Very painful, and all too true to life, is this picture of the sensitive, nervous girl of nineteen, who is driven into accepting the man she has no feeling for, simply because she dare not face the paternal thunderings. Mrs. Mann is always at her best in her cruel portraiture of erring masculinity, and the fatuous Mr. Blore, "a man of the highest principle and the soul of honor," is relentlessly drawn. The scene of the dinner party, where the worthy manufacturer informs the whole table as to the exact system on which Grace has been reared, the details of "boiled bread" and woollen underclothes being conspicuous in the programme, is almost as good as some scenes in Miss Austen's "Emma." It must be conceded that Mrs. Mann, even when her psychological analysis seems faulty or overstrained, possesses the secret of making her characters live. But only an uncritical reader could be satisfied with the conversations between the rivals, the steady, deep-natured, manly Ronald, and the brilliant and high-spirited Alfred Clough, who, at bottom, is vacillating and shallow. Alfred, in his off-hand relations with his father and mother, in his haughty demeanor to Ronald, and in his sustained pose as Prince Charming to Grace, is exaggerated in drawing, and at times unreal, but Mrs. Mann has seized so well the essential build of his nature that he lives in our imagination. Ronald, on the other hand, is rather too self-denying and faithful, too consistently deep and true in pattern to convince us that the author has seen him from all sides. The man is there, it is true, but, like his father, the stately Sir Erasmus, he serves as a foil to the women folk, and we get tired of his negativeness. On the other hand, the women, Lady Clough with her mother's infatuation for her handsome son so strong upon her that she cannot be fair to Ronald in spite of her desire, and Grace, alluring in her adorable childishness and appealing timidity, have all the fine shades of feeling by which a character stamps itself on the reader's memory. Mrs. Mann follows her instinct unfalteringly when she writes of women, and if she has not created any feminine types so original as Thomas Hardy's Sue in "Jude the Obscure," she has drawn quite a gallery of everyday women, wives, mothers, and maids, all essentially feminine in their ruling impulses, and all true to their domestic environment. The parts of Mrs. Mann's novels are nearly always superior to their effect as a whole, and why this is so it is a little hard to say. In the case of "Avenging Children" Mrs. Mann seems to be telling us a true story known to her at second-hand, one that needed filling up and amplifying, if not reconstruction, by the artist. The crisis of the tale, for example, when Grace and Alfred Clough elope to London, and Grace is found after a search of five days by her father and brought back

* "Avenging Children." By Mary E. Mann. Methuen. 6s.

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to Norwich, alone, needs elucidation We understand, of course, that she is his wife in all but name, but the drama lies there, in Alfred's hot and and cold fits during this episode, and this the author, for some mysterious reason, shirks. Mr. Blore's headstrong imbecility is very true to life, and the passage we quote below is characteristic of Mrs. Mann's insight into the irrational basis of human obstinacy. Excellent also are many of the scenes that follow. Grace, practically forsaken by Alfred, who has fallen in love with an actress starring in Norwich, Miss Bella Ringer, is forced to confide her anguish to Ronald, from whom she had run away, and the ambiguities of Ronald's relations with her and Mr. and Mrs. Blore are all most natural in their irony Alfred Clough naturally makes a sad hash of his affair with Miss Ringer, but we are inclined to think that the story would have gained much in artistic poignancy if he had not conveniently been got off the scene by suicide. The moral, "men's pleasant vices are instruments wherewith they scourge themselves," is obtrusive, and destroys the last act of the drama; for Grace and Ronald ought to be brought together against all the forces by which society, time, and occasion keep them apart, but once Alfred is off the stage, the end is a foregone conclusion. On the whole, if Mrs. Mann fails in "Avenging Children," it is because she crowds her canvas with too many side developments, and does not restrict herself enough to the leading issues. The story, like all her work, is clever, and the following passage is a very fair example of her artistic energy:—

On the morning after Grace's return, her father had sought an interview with Sir Erasmus Clough.

"I have come here," the merchant began, "to tell you what I think of the conduct of your son."

The big, turbulent man was red and heated, he panted and spluttered in his talk; a painful contrast to the other, pale with anger, but restrained and dignified as ever in his bearing.

"I decline to hear it," he said. "My son is almost a boy still. In what they did the responsibility rests equally with your daughter."

"I have not spared my daughter."

"I can believe that you have not."

"And I do not intend to spare your rascally son. I have told him publicly, once, what I think of him. I have had, indeed, the gratification of knocking his hat over his eyes with my umbrella; a crowd looking on. In public or private, in future—wherever we meet, in fact—he will hear my opinion of him again. I am not afraid, as perhaps you are aware, Clough, of having opinions, or of expressing them. In whatever society I find him I shall express myself to him again; and shall probably knock his hat over his eyes as on the former occasion."

"You will find yourself in the position of being bound over to keep the peace, Blore," Sir Erasmus said with grim lips. "Now, be good enough to restrain yourself for a moment, and let me get in a word. An instant's consideration should show you that it is not to your advantage, or your daughter's, that our families should quarrel. After what has taken place, my son must marry your daughter. He will not shirk the responsibility he has incurred, and his mother and I sanction the marriage. If you like I will give you my word of honor to further it in every way."

"Never!" Blore cried. "Never!" he brought down his closed fist into the open palm of his other hand, and glared in the doctor's pale face. "I give you *my* word of honor, there, Clough. Man! if I meant them to marry, what do you suppose I separated them for?"

"It was the act of a madman. Don't ask me to explain it," Sir Erasmus said with cold contempt.

"Marry, did you say? Marry my daughter? No, nor touch her, nor speak to her, nor, while I can prevent it—and I swear to do it, or die in the attempt—come within a mile of her again."

There had been an intimacy of twenty years between the men; the doctor had been used to the violence with which the merchant's intentions had been expressed; unfortunately he had had, many a time, occasion to witness that his actions were as little dictated by expediency as his words.

"In your saner moments you will become aware of the folly of the position you have taken up. When you do we will talk this matter over again," Sir Erasmus said. His face was set and white, he looked at the crimson, boisterous man before him with a cold distaste in his steel-blue eyes. "In the meantime," he went on with still impressiveness, "I should like to say this. I am doing my utmost, wherever I go, to make the best of this foolish business, and to stop the tongue of scandal. I advise you, Blore, to do the same"

"The tongue of scandal?" Blore repeated. His expression changed; he looked at the other with a surprised questioning in his eyes. "Who dares, do you suppose, to speak of my child in connection with scandal?"

"You," continued the doctor levelly, "know the particulars of their flight, and are doubtless assured of the innocence of the relations maintained between the pair. But, remember, the world is not acquainted with these details, is not eager to believe them, when it is told. For the inevitable tittle-tattle you are responsible, Blore. You should have stayed with them until they were married. You have made a heavy, irreparable mistake."

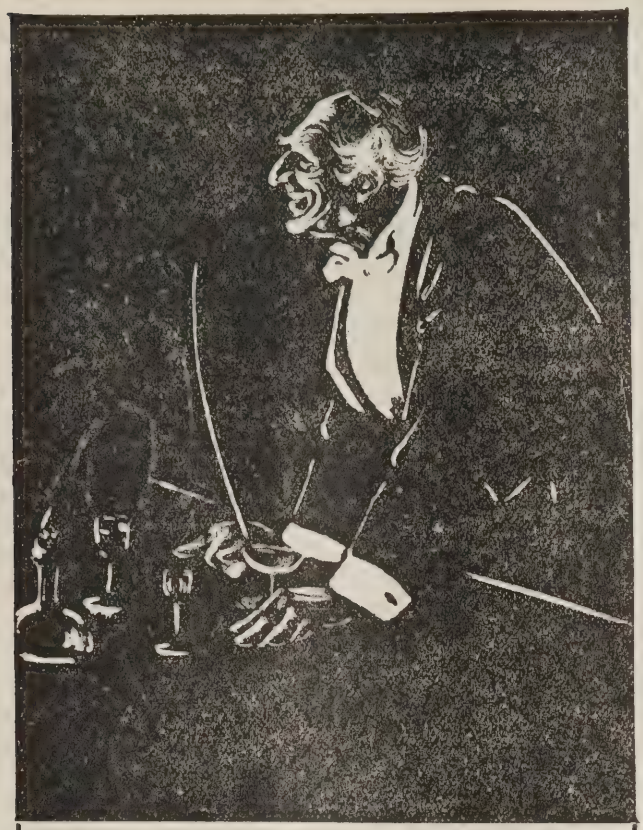
But while he said it he knew that Blore, poor bullying blunderer, was of that terrible order of man who, having made a mistake, abides by it, fights for it, dies to maintain its wisdom

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. C. H. Sherrill's "Stained Glass Tours in England" (Lane, 7s. 6d. net) has most of the good qualities which we noticed in this American writer's previous volume, "Stained Glass Tours in France." The arrangement is equally systematic, so that the utility of the work as a guide-book is not less; and we derive from the record of the Tours the same pleasurable impression of first-hand observation and genuine enthusiasm. The Tours are four in number and are planned according to periods, not places; that is to say, Mr. Sherrill has adopted the same period designation as exists in architecture, classifying them as Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, and Renaissance. Under this scheme, famous cathedrals which possess stained glass of more than one period are visited more than once. York, for instance, comes into three out of the four Tours. Mr. Sherrill does not confine himself to describing the glass of our world-renowned shrines. Secular buildings such as the Guildhall at Coventry and Bishop Abbott's Hospital at Guildford have come under his notice, and in several comparatively little-known country churches he has discovered good examples of stained glass. Generally speaking, this country is richest in glass of the Decorated and Perpendicular epochs. Examples of Early English are few; those of Renaissance work still fewer; and what there is of the latter is mainly of foreign manufacture. During the middle periods, on the other hand, France was too much occupied with the Hundred Years' War to produce much glass, and it was then that the English craftsmen brought their art to its highest achievement. Later, the influence of the Renaissance was only dimly felt in this department, and few of the home-manufactured results of the movement survived the attention of Puritan iconoclasts in the seventeenth century. Hence it is mainly to the Decorated and Perpendicular epochs that one must look for noble specimens of native stained glass. A notable feature of early and later English glass is the use of *grisaille*. As Mr. Sherrill points out, the English glassmakers recognised from the first that our grey climate prohibited the wide use of those rich, light-excluding colors so much in vogue in sunny lands, and, keeping in mind the fact that the first duty of a window is to admit light, employed *grisaille* with a free hand. By instances of this kind he shows how English stained glass, while largely owing its beginnings to Continental example, quickly acquired individual characteristics and developed along national lines.

* * *

To compress the main events of the French Revolution into less than three hundred pages, and, at the same time, to avoid making the record a mere catalogue, is no easy task. Mr. R. M. Johnston, Assistant Professor of History in Harvard University, very nearly succeeds in this double aim in his "The French Revolution: A Short History" (Macmillan, 5s. net). He begins by a brief discussion of the most important histories of the period in which he recognises Mignet's work "in its negative manner" to be to this day "one of the best general histories of the matter." He also points out that in Jaurès' "Histoire Socialiste" we have "a new phenomenon, history written for the laboring class and from the point of view of the laboring class," and that it "presents the Revolution under the aspect that gives most food for thought and places it most directly in touch with the problems of the present." A chapter entitled "Versailles," in which Mr. Johnston describes the results of Bourbonism, and another giving a statement of the economic crisis that led to the summoning of the States General clear the ground for the narrative portion of the book which ends with the year 1799 when Napoleon seized power. We think that Mr. Johnston does a little less than justice to both Mirabeau and Danton though his treatment



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may be prejudiced through want of space. His book is, upon the whole, the best introduction to the history of the Revolution with which we are acquainted.

* * *

In "My Life as Farmer's Boy, Factory Lad, Teacher, and Preacher," Mr. Adam Rushton (Clarke, Manchester 3s. 9d. net), who is a veteran Unitarian minister, provides us with an autobiography that alarms us by its proportions. It extends to about 350 solidly printed pages. Nor is this all, for we are informed when the end is reached that there is a second volume to follow, containing a trifle of some fifty-seven chapters. Prolixity notwithstanding, this autobiography includes sufficient about other people to save it from the reproach of an undue egotism. The description of the conditions of child labor in factories in the good old days has the piquancy of the first-hand; and the account of the Wesleyan revival, if one can disentangle it from the stream of self-interpolation and spiritual reminiscences that runs through it, is of some historical value. The great defect of the book is the absence of the selective faculty. We are treated to a great number of little autobiographies of men whose sole claim to the public memory is the fact that the writer knew them. Neither will posterity be greatly interested in reading here what Miss Marie Corelli wrote elsewhere on the subject, "If Christ were to come again." Again, much of the argument—of which there is enough and to spare—is given in dialogue form, a literary device that, so far from creating lightness of effect, adds ponderousness to themes already ponderous. Mr. Rushton's experiences were perhaps worth recording, but his book needed the careful and drastic editing of its over-long and occasionally incoherent pages.

# The Week in the City.

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| Steel Common ... ... ... ... | 77 7/8 | 80 3/8 |
| Union Pacific ... ... ... ... | 207¾ | 207½ |

Money remains superabundant and very cheap in spite of the fact that all the available gold in the open market last Monday was taken by Austria. The Bank's position is still very strong, and so far there seems to have been no difficulty in financing America's big crops. The wheat and oats of the United States are now mostly harvested, and a third of the Canadian crop is also safe. Great progress has been made with harvesting in the South of England. In many counties, notably Wiltshire, Somerset, and Gloucester, the farmers are having a year of record prosperity. Everything now points to some cheapening of the loaf; for the outlook of the sown crops in India and Australia is very good, and the Argentine drought has at last broken up. The trade recovery is slow, but I think sure. Iron and shipbuilding especially are beginning to revive. On the stock markets the break in the American railway market and some pretty violent oscillations have been a principal feature. The difficulty has been to decide precisely how ill Mr. Harriman is, and, secondly, how injurious to the stocks he controls and manipulates his illness is likely to prove. I have heard a very clever American, who knows Harriman well, predict that within ten years Union Pacific will be once more in the hands of the Receiver. The Underground Electric Railway report shows a further improvement, but there is still a deficit of £16,000 on the six month's working. And yet staff economies have been carried to what some think dangerous lengths. Armament shares have been a little uneasy owing to German newspaper articles in favor of a naval agreement. But the announcement of Baron Von Stengels anti-peace book gave them quite a fillip on Thursday.

### English Railways and First Class Carriages.

Even after all the reforms and economies of the last few years there are still some curious examples of sheer waste on our railway lines. Thus there is scarcely an English railway on which the first class carriages pay. On most they are a dead loss. Now why is this? Certainly not because there is no demand from people of moderate means for the certainty of quiet, cleanliness, and comfort. No; the prime reason is that the first class fares are purposely made exorbitantly high because the directors of a railway (having free passes over all the other railways) want always to have first class carriages comfortably empty so that their own travelling may be as luxurious as possible. For the same reason the supply of first class carriages is absurdly in excess of requirements. Hence one constantly sees a train with all the third class carriages crowded and all the first class carriages empty. If the ratio of a first to a third were as three to two instead of four to two, first class carriages would fill up and would pay very well indeed. In my opinion it would be a good thing to abolish free passes altogether. A short Act providing that no railway director may travel without a ticket on any line but his own would vastly improve the outlook in the Home Railway market.

### Mexico's Troubles.

Monterey, the capital of one of the Northern States of Mexico, is an important town with some considerable works and factories run by American and British capital. This city and the neighborhood have suffered heavily by fire and flood during the last month. Two thousand lives and much valuable property have been lost. Monterey is the official seat of Governor Reyes, the leader of the Mexican Opposition Party. He is now under the ban of President Diaz, who is said to be endeavoring to arrest him Anyhow, General Reyes has prudently retired from Monterey into the country, where he will probably remain until the political situation clears.

### Free Dandelion and Tonka.

"Aside from sausage and shrimps," writes the "Louisville Courier Journal" on the subject of the new Payne-Aldrich Tariff, "both of which are more or less widely used, the free list, under the Payne Bill, includes the following commodities:—

"Balm of Gilead, catgut, dandelion roots, dragon's blood, gambier, ivory tusks, junk, spunk, kieserite, myrobalans, moss, seaweed, plumbago, pulu, rags, turtles, tonka beans, manna and terra alba, not made from gypsum rock."

Here is good cheer for the American consumer. He can feed on dandelion roots and tonka beans sauced with balm of Gilead on days when the manna does not fall, and he can wash his meal down with a tumblerful of dragon's blood—though the tumbler, of course, will have had to pay a thumping duty. Dragon's blood, I am told, is a kind of furniture polish not yet produced by any American trust. Seriously, any Free Trader who wishes to strengthen the weak and convert the fallen should use a copy of the new American tariff as a missionary tract. No wonder the Tariff Reform League is so quiet upon the subject.

### Wool Prices and Dividends.

Fifty years ago, when people of all classes had less to spare, it used to be a maxim that when wheat was dear wool was cheap, and *vice versâ;* the reason being that the more money men required for the purchase of the prime necessity of life (bread) the less could be afforded for secondary necessaries, such as clothing. This summer, however, both wheat and wool have been abnormally high, and Australia has been remarkably prosperous, these being in good years her two staple products. How flourishing the pastoral industry has been is illustrated by the statement of Goldsbrough, Mort & Co., the big Melbourne company, whose profits for the year ending March 31st were £120,000, equal to about 12½ per cent. on the share capital. The management recommend a bonus of 10 per cent. to the staff on their salaries. Wool prices are perhaps dangerously high, but our woollen and worsted mills are well employed and the consumption must be heavy.

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 24.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

It now seems probable that the majority of the Peers, led by the extreme Protectionists and egged on by Lord Rosebery, will take a course equivalent to the rejection of the Budget. The form will apparently be the passing of a dilatory Resolution, such as that by which the Peers attempted to re-establish purchase in the Army. Gladstone was then able to call in the Crown and pass his Bill by Royal Warrant, but, as Finance Bills cannot be carried without the formal assent of the Peers, this course is barred. Ministers could resign; or they could pass the Budget Bill afresh under a form of closure, while the country welters in confusion; or (conceivably) they might ask the King to create peers or promise to create them. But, as no compromise is possible on the question of finance, such a course could only delay the issue, while the Liberal Party will probably feel that if the Lords wish to commit suicide, it is not its business to hold them back.

* * *

If these counsels prevail, the rejection of the Bill on second reading or the carrying of a hanging-up resolution will be followed by an immediate dissolution, with a call upon the electorate for power to force the Bill through and to settle for ever the question of the Lords' veto. If, on the other hand, the Bill be passed afresh, a situation essentially revolutionary will be prolonged for a few weeks, and, if the Lords refuse the measure a second time, a dissolution will take place in January or February instead of November. For the latter date the register would, of course, be put forward.

* * *

Meanwhile, the party reports show a most determined, united, and enthusiastic feeling on the double question of the Lords and the Land, coupled with splendid reports as to the prospects of an election. On the other hand, the prospect of rejection has already divided the Conservative ranks, the "Spectator" deprecating this course as too violent, and urging that in any case a Unionist victory at the polls should not be interpreted as a mandate for Tariff Reform. On the other side the Tariff Reformers, sensible that between the Budget and the Dukes, Protection is, for the moment, snowed under, are said to be willing to drop their opposition to some, though not all, of the Tory Free Traders. This, in its turn, means the practical, probably the final, disappearance of the Tariff Reform issue. The cry on the one hand would be "The Lords and the Land," on the other "No Socialism" and "Spare our old Nobility." Mr. Stutters, a well-known Unionist workman, urges in the "Times" that an issue thus joined might bring Tory democracy to an end. The Limehouse speech, says Mr. Stutters, "quoted through the length and breadth of the land sways the opinions of those who, even in politics, love novelty." And he adds that on the question of the limitation of the veto "the side which secures the greatest measure of popular support must win."

* * *

We observe that the Protectionists and Tory extremists, after raising ineffectual hands to Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, have set up an appeal to Lord Rosebery, who, appearing (as usual) at the psychological moment, is to lead the distracted host to battle. This new Veiled Prophet of Toryism is counted on, not, indeed, to propose the rejection of the Budget, but to declare afresh that it amounts to a "revolution," and that the House of Lords is within its constitutional rights in "referring" it to the electorate. Such a mode of reference might not be the best possible; but, failing a referendum by law, the Lords were the best available instrument. Lord Rosebery may disappoint these expectations, but this is the kind of language which he is expected to use. If this advice is tendered, it will certainly be taken.

[Since writing these lines we note that Lord Rosebery, verifying our predictions, has declared war on the Budget, and has stated that it must not pass into law.—Ed., Nation.]

* * *

On Saturday Mr. Churchill delivered a speech of great brilliancy in support of the Budget. He made excellent fun of the Dukes, who, he said, were like goldfish which blundered on to every hook they saw, and which it was no sport to catch. "Let us put them back gently, tenderly, in their fountains, and if a few bright gold scales have been rubbed off in what the Prime Minister calls the variegated handling they have received, they will soon get over it—they have got plenty more." In its fourth year of office the Government stood in a position of unexampled strength, strong in its past, and stronger still in its resolve to enter "the long avenue of social reconstruction and re-

organisation." Could it be doubted that the Budget was a tremendous reinforcement of all the good forces in the national life? The new scheme of insurance against unemployment alone would secure the industrial lives of 2¼ million workers. He quoted Bismarck to the effect that the Commonwealth should be an agency for establishing "practical Christianity," and insisted that the new attitude of the State towards wealth was not merely "How much have you got?" but "How did you get it?"—following up this epigrammatic statement by a striking analysis of the chief sources of modern wealth. The destruction of the Budget by the Lords would be a Revolution by the Rich, and the battle it provoked must be a fight to the finish.

* * *

Lord Crewe, speaking at Leamington on Saturday, dwelt with great weight on the Constitutional issue. He declared that all amendments to the Budget in the Lords would be carried at what the railway companies call "owner's risk." If the Unionist leaders meant to enter on a contest with the House of Commons, they ought to be sure they would succeed, as the Commonwealth succeeded against Charles I. Mr. Birrell also declared at Manchester that the Government would do their duty, and steer the Budget to its haven, though they would not allow the Lords to dictate the time of dissolution. Mr. Shackleton, the President of the Trade Union Congress, declared on Monday that the Budget was the "greatest financial reform of modern times," and that its only alternative was Protection, which was merely a scheme for increasing the cost of necessaries. On Wednesday Mr. Keir Hardie, the most powerful of the Labor leaders, declared that the new industrial reforms came from a Government more friendly to the working classes than any Ministry he had hitherto known.

* * *

The Licence Duties have been taken through the House at a leisurely rate. The Prime Minister has been in charge of this part of the Budget, while Mr. Balfour commands the little band of brewers that relieves the landlords who fought the land clauses. The chief tactical manœuvre of the Opposition has been to allege a number of hard cases, and to attack the proposal setting up a register of the compensation value on which the licence duties will be based. Mr. Balfour, setting up the signalling process again, declared this to be a fresh case of "tacking," having nothing to do with the finance of the year. To this the Prime Minister replied that it was necessary to make provision for future financial needs, and that to refuse this power to the Commons was to deny them effective control over finance. On Clause 32, which aims at an equitable division of the licence duties between the brewer landlord and the "tied" publican, the Opposition refrained from dividing, while insisting that the brewer would be able to shift the burden.

* * *

On Thursday night the Government were able to bring to a successful close the debates on the whole scale of duties—a result largely due to the skilful management of the Solicitor-General, who, like the Attorney, has brilliantly served the Administration. On the other side, Mr. Healy, breaking all his party bonds, has been the most vivacious, and at times the most ferocious, combatant. The final discussion arose on the proposed tax on clubs. This has been wisely advanced from threepence in the pound on sales to sixpence in the pound on purchases, and the Prime Minister calculated that this would yield £100,000 a year. The general line of the Opposition was to urge an equalisation of duties on clubs and "pubs." The Prime Minister replied that the former had no monopoly value, and "distributed" liquor among their members instead of selling it for a profit. Mr. Balfour ingeniously retorted that clubs ate into the monopoly value of public-houses, and that therefore the State should recover on this abstraction.

* * *

The Development Bill was read a second time in the House of Commons on Monday and referred to a Standing Committee. The Opposition were plainly disconcerted, and did not put their Whips on to the division, in which only seventeen Conservatives gave a hostile vote. Mr. Chaplin expressly approved Part I., and only one member for an agricultural constituency showed hostility. The strain of criticism came from Tory individualists of the type of Lord Robert Cecil, who described the Bill as an engine of corruption—ten times more noxious, added Lord Morpeth (a Protectionist) than Tariff Reform could be. The Chancellor somewhat minimised the scheme of motor roads, declaring that it would be mainly utilised to secure short routes round villages, and that some such plan was made necessary by the pitiful tale of child death from motor cars. But surely the lives of children on the public roads should be secured by enforcing reasonable speed rates.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has concluded an amicable arrangement with the Stock Exchange, under which he substitutes a new scale of stamp duties for the present scale, ranging from sixpence to 2s. The new scale goes up to 20s., but reduces the burden on average transactions. Still more important is the appearance of an amendment to the death duty clauses, which will be discussed next week. This enables the Commissioners to accept portions of the land of an estate in satisfaction of the whole or part of the duties. The land thus acquired may be disposed of "as Parliament may hereafter determine," and will obviously be available for small holdings. An admirable and fruitful provision.

* * *

The North Pole has been reached, though not, we fear, by Dr. Cook. On Monday a wireless message was received *viâ* Labrador from Commander Peary, who has sought the Pole for twenty-three years, and started last March from Cape Columbia, that he had "nailed the Stars and Stripes" to it, while a later message made over this much-disputed expanse of floating ice to President Taft. Peary was back from the Pole—where he stayed one day—by April 27th, when he rejoined his ship, the "Roosevelt." His later messages specifically declared that Dr. Cook's tale was a fable, and that the two young Eskimos who accompanied him had admitted that he went "no distance north," and kept within sight of land. Cook is also charged with having deliberately stolen a march on the regular Peary expedition, and to have taken Peary's Eskimos. The meaning of this charge is undoubtedly that Cook heard of Peary's success in August, when it began to be bruited in Greenland, and deliberately forestalled it by the legend of a triumph a year earlier—*i.e.*, April 21st, 1908, in place of April 6th, 1909.

* * *

Dr. Cook's reply to this direct challenge has not been satisfactory. He has declared his willingness to lay his observations before "a council of scientists from all nations," and that in due course he would publish a statement dispelling doubts. But he has evaded all specific questionings. The sceptical attitude to his story rests in the main on (1) the vague and rhetorical

character of his narrative, and the doubtful nature of his natural history and scientific suggestions; (2) the haste and inadequacy of his equipment; (3) the occurrence of grave specific errors, such as the repeated statement that he had registered a maximum temperature of 83 Centigrade, or 149 degrees of frost; (4) his failure to produce his diaries, observations, and instruments, which have been sent to America. Hitherto none of the scientists who have expressed qualified faith in him have been furnished with any documentary proofs. Mr. Stead has, indeed, endorsed him; but Mr. Stead has a weakness for all unorthodox discoverers, whether of this world or the next.

* * *

The "Times" has secured the publication of Commander Peary's first narrative, and, as far as it has been disclosed, it contrasts sharply with Dr. Cook's limelight phrasing. The speed of Peary's progress from Cape Columbia, which he left on March 1st, was astonishing, far greater than Dr. Cook's alleged pace of fifteen miles a day, which astonished the exploring world. His average on the outer and the return journey was actually twenty-six miles. But his equipment was incomparably greater. He started with seventeen Eskimos, 133 dogs, and nineteen sledges, with seven white men in charge, and seems to have made his final dash (which was begun near the 88th parallel) with five sledges, against Cook's one. He says nothing of the land which Cook claims to have discovered.

* * *

On Monday the Spanish troops in the Riff country drove the Moors out of the hills near Suk-el-Arba, and held the ground gained as an advanced position on the road to Zelouan. The troops seem to have been handled well, and the looting after the battle was highly efficient. The Moors, a body four thousand strong, fought desperately, and lost heavily before they made good their retreat on the main army. But the other news of the week more than counterbalances this success. That another division has been ordered out shows how serious a view the Spanish Government takes of its military task. Before the war began, the idea of the Spanish Government was to limit its liability to the peninsula of Melilla, in which the concessions lay. There was this much ground for these hopes. The Riff country was virtually independent of the Sultan, and was, indeed, in open insurrection against him. But since the defeat and capture of El Roghi, the leader of the Riff rebels, the Sultan has made himself master of their country, and this week his authority has been formally acknowledged. The Sultan has from the beginning held that concessions from Riff rebels had no validity, and now that he is actually as well as legally their Sovereign, a war on the Riffs for the protection of the concessions is a war on Morocco and the occupation of their territory an infraction of the Algeciras Agreement. The politics of the enterprise are as crazy as the campaign in itself is dangerous. Meanwhile, the work of repression continues in Catalonia, and Señor Ferrer, in whose release English people interested themselves two years ago, has been re-arrested on a charge of directing the recent riots in Barcelona.

* * *

The ex-Shah has left Teheran, and the sale of his public property may relieve the Persian Government of its more immediate financial embarrassments. The Government, putting a bold face on affairs, denies that anarchy exists in any part of Persia, and has organised and despatched a force to police Azerbaijan, the northern province. Its dearest wish, evidently, is to get rid of the Russian troops whose continued presence in the heart of the country weakens the Government and threatens its liberties. We do not know whether Sir Edward Grey has adopted on this question the strong attitude due alike to our rights under the Convention, our policy, and our sympathy with the constitutional Government in Persia. The "Temps" urges us not to be impatient for the withdrawal of the Russian troops; it hints obscurely at a forcible counter-revolution and asks us to wait until things have become more stable. But a country's independence is already lost if foreign troops are to remain on its territory on the chance of some trouble turning up. Russia is waiting evidently in the expectation that the financial difficulties of the new Government will drive it into her arms. That is just what we want to avoid. Persia may need European assistance in men and advice, and probably in money, too. But between advice and loans offered at the end of the bayonet and assistance voluntarily sought by Persia with full liberty of choice there is all the difference. The evacuation of Persia by Russian troops is, therefore, the first condition of a stable settlement.

* * *

The published text of the Manchurian Agreement, which was signed last Saturday, confirms the forecasts on which we commented last week. It is a very one-sided bargain, and in Western Manchuria it asserts, at any rate by implication, Japan's right to veto any railway construction by China. So far as railways are concerned, the open door is now closed. The United States, which, under the late Mr. Hay, always took a very straight and honest line when all the European Powers were scrambling for concessions in expectation of early partition, is indignant at the new Agreement; and it would be interesting to know how far the objections of America would carry her if China, for example, were to give an American syndicate a railway concession in the region affected by the new Agreement. The position of Japan in Manchuria is, of course, very exceptional, in view of her sacrifices in the war with Russia; but her action in the recent negotiations is none the less calculated to revive the old mischief of "spheres of influence." The "Times," we observe, still affects to regard the Yangtse Valley as a British sphere, and resents the intrusion of German railway enterprise. But the doctrine of spheres of influence, whether political or economic, is, of course, absolutely irreconcilable with the policy of the "open door," and for that reason it is to be regretted that our support should have been given to Japan in the recent negotiations.

* * *

Mr. E. H. Harriman, perhaps the most powerful of the many American personalities who, in the realm of commercial control, have grasped a monarch's power, died on Friday in his sixtieth year, worn out with the effort to run nearly 30,000 miles of railway, to dominate 30,000 more, and to "rig" their finance. Beginning with the Union Pacific, which his genius—he was a great railway manager—plucked out of decay, he grasped line after line until he attained a power unknown even in the land of railroad kings. In the act of buying and floating the stock of newly acquired companies, he made vast sums for himself and his confederates, until his wealth is said to have reached one hundred millions, a store greatly depleted in the panic. Unscrupulous as a financier, he did much to enhance the efficiency and carrying capacity of American railroads, and his last design was to enlarge the standard gauge. He had Napoleonic powers of work. "I have been a pack-horse all my life," he said, and he almost lived in the private railway carriage in which he flew up and down the American continent.

# Politics and Affairs.

## "THE LORDS AND THE LAND!"

THERE can be no doubt that a situation of the utmost gravity, which may easily develop into a state of Revolution, has arisen in the land. The House of Lords is being urged by its friends to seize the supreme power in the Constitution, and is likely to follow their advice. It is called on to set itself up above the Crown, which for two hundred years has ceased to exercise a veto on the acts of the responsible Government, and to aim at the destruction of the House of Commons in the historic function which the representative assembly has established after three hundred years of conflict with the Crown and with the aristocracy. This is Revolution. It dissolves the established theory and the continual, unvaried practice of British Government. It sets up a state of war between taxpayers and the taxing authority, between traders and their customers. It may compel the Crown to choose between the claims of the Peers and the cause of the People. It displaces law by anarchy, obliterating the group of understandings under which the three governing authorities in the realm act harmoniously, or at least peaceably, together. If such a course of action succeed, it must destroy Liberalism, and put an end to the party system, leaving Conservatism mainly faced by avowedly revolutionary forces. If it fails, the House of Lords must cease to exist.

Let us examine the grounds of the extraordinary and unparalleled contention of the Peers, premising that the Conservative Party, in endorsing it, will have surrendered its avowed purpose in politics. Calling itself the constitutional party, it will have broken up the constitutional traditions and implications. It will be no longer a Monarchical party, for it will have dragged the King out of his constitutional reserve, forced him into the party arena, and exposed him and his successors to every wind of unrest that may blow. It will not be a democratic party, for it will have set every element of democracy at defiance. It will not be even a party of property, for it will avowedly act in the interests of one kind of property, that of the great landowners. It will have abandoned the true ground of modern political controversy—the representative assembly—and discredited its own force in the battlefield where all its real victories have been won.

The Party of Landlords will also have chosen an ideal ground of conflict for us. For years every progressive combatant has prayed that the issue might be joined on the joint question of the Lords and the Land. The two questions have always been inseparable They are now to be united with a challenge to the old laws and customs of England, the right of the people to be taxed only by their elected representatives. In the act of "manœuvring for position," therefore, we shall gain everything that a general and an army desire. First a formal union of all our forces in the four kingdoms—Liberalism, Progressivism, Laborism, Free Churchism, Nationalism. Secondly, a fight on a measure which stimulates and maintains to the highest point the element of enthusiasm without which the Liberal Party fights in vain. Thirdly, a blow at an old and hated enemy, of whom it may be said, as of Richard III. on his bed, that in its trouble it can only summon up the forms of those whom it has wronged and embittered. Fourthly, a cause which closely touches the welfare of the people, and raises a clear ground of principle on the one hand, and on the other the fears of a small, favored class, which could disappear to-morrow and leave the country stronger and better for its loss.

Let us examine the point of tactics a little more closely. The Lords are being urged to reject the Budget. Why? Partly because they dare not in policy reject the land taxes, for then they would unmask their own selfishness, and alienate the liquor interest, the main strength of their popular support. But chiefly because they find that they cannot amend. The privileges of the House of Commons stand in the way. All amendments to the Budget Bill, all excisions, would be ruled out by the Speaker as a breach of the privileges of the representative House. Therefore, they cannot touch the land taxes alone, and must strike at them by destroying the entire structure of the Bill. The Lords must cancel the provision for relieving small middle-class men with families, for graduating the income-tax, and for taxing extreme wealth. It is clear that the forms which they adopt to achieve this end will, comparatively speaking, be of small importance. The Lords may throw out the Bill on the second reading by a simple motion of rejection. They may "hang it up" by a dilatory amendment, declaring that they reserve it for further consideration by the electorate. This is their more probable course, and we have little doubt that if it is commended to them by Lord Rosebery in his Glasgow speech, they will eagerly adopt it, hailing their new chief with enthusiasm, and trampling on the fears and cautionary tactics of their leaders, in order to be rid of the menace to their order. For such a plan possesses one obvious advantage. It enables the Lords to control finance, without seeming directly to destroy the taxing power of the Commons. They will ask, in fact, for a Revolution: in form they will only ask for a Referendum.

The result in either event will be the same. The working of the British Constitution is such that if the Lords refuse to the annual Money Bill the formal assent which alone is required of them, they throw the finances of the country into instant and complete confusion. So great faith have British citizens in the sole taxing powers of the House of Commons that they and their law courts accept as valid the mere resolutions which set up the new scales of taxes from the dates at which the Commons declare them to be operative. Whisky duties, tobacco duties, petrol duties, duties paid in life or discharged on death, all come into play. Millions have already been paid on them. If final sanction is withheld, the Treasury, indeed, would refund the merchants. But no one could reimburse the public. They have already been drawn upon for millions of indirect taxes. The Dukes will have paid little or nothing. They will have cut down their hospital subscriptions, and they will have destroyed the instrument which threatens their land. But the Drudges, if the Budget does not pass, will be doubly defrauded.

In hundreds of thousands of cases they will have paid the State its duties and the merchant his profit on them. In both cases they will possess an absolute moral right of recovery, and, failing a kind of national rush to the Courts, no means of making it good.

Far more serious will be the case of the annual taxes —the income tax and the tea duties. When the Budget falls to the ground, they fall too.* Not a penny of income tax can be collected. Not a farthing's worth of tea duty can be charged. Tea can be taken out of bond by the thousands of pounds; ships can flock to our ports packed with free tea. The tea duty for the coming year will be ruined, and speculators will reap immense fortunes at the expense of the Treasury and the consumer. Lesser but still vast gains will be reaped by the conductors of the whisky and tobacco trades. Every conceivable device for ending the confusion must produce financial trouble. Even the "Times" admits that eleven millions of taxes must be refunded. But, as Mr. Frederic Harrison points out, this estimate takes no account of taxes collected at the source, such as the income tax on invested property, which for the last half-year has been paid both on the old and on the new rates. On the other hand, the income tax on professional earnings has not fallen due, and a further cause of inextricable confusion and serious social injustice arises. In a word, if the Budget failed the Government would have to consider the negotiation of a loan, not of eleven, but of fifty millions, an operation which must cause a financial crisis of the most serious magnitude. In any case, great masses of expenditure must be left unprovided for. Only an oppressive tariff, or a thriftless loan, or a tax on the bread and backs of the poor, or all these devices put together, can fill the gulf. Well may the Tory statesmen pause and shrink, while the hotheads push them over the precipice.

Such are some of the industrial consequences of a rejection of the Budget. Their mere consideration is already spreading distraction in the ranks of those who contemplate or further such a course. The Parliamentary correspondent of the "Times" actually suggests that the Government should come to the rescue of the Lords and, entering with them into a conspiracy against the taxing power of the House of Commons, propose a Bill of Indemnity to sanction the unauthorised taxes—*i.e.*, to pass provisionally a portion of the Budget—up to the date of the rejection of the whole scheme. Such a fantasy may at once be dismissed. The Government would not propose it if it could, and could not if it would. A measure which would annul the control by the House of Commons of the annual provision of supplies would fall stillborn. Not ten Liberal members would support it.

But the Constitutional and political consequences would be even graver than the economic results of the rejection or the suspension of the Budget. They, indeed, would reveal at once the violent and reckless character of the action of the Peers. But the political situation would be far more important. Hands would have been laid on the Ark of our political Covenant. A handful of great landlords, anxious to escape their moderate personal share of a scheme of taxation, would have pulled down the essential fabric, the supporting stones and timbers, of the British Constitution. Since the Stuarts no English King has challenged the powers of the Commons in finance. The Peers have respected it, and the last great Tory statesman expressly warned them against the course on which they are now set. No precedents, no authorities, have been produced all through this controversy in support of such an action as interference with the powers of the Commons to tax or to remit taxes implies.

Nor can any half-constitutional, half-national, ground be advanced to cover such an action. The Budget is the most popular Liberal measure of our generation. The hostile agitation is dead; the answering movement in its favor is as brilliant a success as the Limehouse speech, of which a million and a-half copies have been sold. If, therefore, the Lords choose to plunge into a *plébiscite*, they must do so, not on any signal they have had from the country, praying them to relieve it of an oppressive or unjust or revolutionary measure, but because they are determined that either they or democracy must go under. They will have made the primitive appeal, "Thy Head or my Head." If they win, they destroy us—for a time. If we win, we destroy them.

How can the Ministry—thwarted in nearly all its political activities, and now threatened in the last stronghold of popular Government—receive such a challenge? Can there be a reasonable doubt that the answer must be instant, unequivocal acceptance; an immediate appeal to the people; a General Election within as many days or weeks of the rejection of the Budget as the processes of the law allow?

Other courses nominally, but not really, exist. The Government can resign, or they can set up the Budget again, probably in a curtailed form, and under the rule of closure. Theoretically there is something to be said for each course. But neither is commensurate with the action on which we may suppose the majority of the Lords, driven by their wild men, their Dukes, and their Protectionists, are determined. No Parliament, unless it were prepared to take up arms and renew the physical fight for power which ceased when the King became a more or less constitutional monarch, could postpone the appeal to the ballot-box for an unnecessary hour. The financial situation would demand it. The party, eager to be led against the foe, would call for it. The King could not refuse it. The nation would despise the statesmen who shrank, or even appeared to shrink, from such an issue.

One supreme consideration remains. It will at once be said that a Dissolution would mean that the Lords had claimed and had been conceded the totally new power of cutting short the life of a hostile Government, and also establishing the control over finance which Lord Salisbury denied to them. If the matter of the coming election were the re-discussion of the Budget, we should feel that such an objection was fatal. But no such limitation could be imposed. The real, the fundamental, issue would be the Veto. No Liberal Government could ever take office again till that question was settled and progressive administration lifted for ever

* See admirable letters on this point by Mr. Frederic Harrison and Mr. Alfred Mond in the "Times" of Tuesday and Friday last.

out of the maimed, timorous, dependent life which it has lived during the last four years. The moment the Lords reject the Budget, we are in the sphere of Revolution. Liberal statesmanship, stopped from legislating on land, liquor, education, the franchise, and now at last forbidden even to tax a nobleman, has come to the end of its resources; and the people must be called in to say who shall govern England and how.

## THE SAN GRAAL OF ADVENTURE.

The world has lost one Arctic hero in the brief space of a week, only to gain another. The mood in which the news of Dr. Cook's exploit was received has passed rapidly from hope to scepticism. But the success of Commander Peary, even before his narrative has reached civilisation, admits of no honest doubt. His character and his record stand plain for all men to read. For twenty years he has labored towards the goal which he has reached at last. He has lived meanwhile in alternations of total silence and world-wide glory. No explorer is better known or more generally respected among his comrades in adventure and his fellow scientists. His writings proclaim the simplicity and modesty of the man, as his records prove his courage and determination. Voyage after voyage has carried him at each attempt a little nearer to the Pole. In his final success there is nothing surprising. It is the crown of a great career, the career of a "generous spirit," which worked to the fortunate end, through youth and middle age "upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought." From such a man the world asks only one authentic sentence, that it may accept his claim. It knows, as his daughter put it, that "if he failed by fifty yards to reach the Pole, he would say so." The authentic sentence has come, and we are assured that behind it will be the full testimony, not only of Commander Peary himself, but of the scientists who accompanied him to assure for his observations the maximum of accuracy and for his records of the phenomena around the Pole the fullest value. The exploit has been no "vacation ramble." It is the last of eight long journeys, and the fruit of a life of endurance, suffering, and study. What will be its scientific value we do not know as yet. It is conceivable that some of Peary's earlier journeys, which broke no record in the struggle to reach the Pole, may be, like Nansen's crossing of Greenland, richer in scientific results than either of their dashes to the North. But as an adventure the thing has fallen out as every generous man and every romantic boy would have wished it to happen. The palm of glory has gone to the ideal "Happy Warrior." It has been wrested from nature by a sheer triumph of the human will, and by the old methods of ship and sledge, to which generations of explorers had trusted their lives. Three hundred years after Captain Henry Hudson's first essay, a sailor of the same race has solved the problem which he set. Had the achievement been delayed another year or two, it might have been some aeronaut with wings for sails, and petrol for dogs, who would have closed the record by entering a verdict of defeat against all who had attempted the task in the brave old pedestrian way.

There is little need to-day to write of Dr. Cook. His brief bid for fame raises a psychological as well as a scientific puzzle. It is at present impossible to accept his claim. If it is rejected, what folly or madness was it which could induce a man, who had already a certain position among Arctic explorers, modest if not unchallenged, to face the obloquy that awaits one who consciously makes a claim which must be mean if it is false? There is little need now to analyse his singularly unconvincing narrative. Its literary style alone conveyed a warning. A man who expresses himself in bombast is a man who values first of all the applause of the ignorant. The Crusoe-like adventures, the picturesque details about shooting Polar bears and musk-oxen with improvised bows and arrows, make a severe claim upon our faith. Much harder to accept is the assertion that Dr. Cook had accomplished in two months the journey from Etah to the Pole, though it is fair to say that on the final dash Peary went faster than Cook. The unfortunate mistake over the recording of unparalleled temperatures, explained away by the simple substitution of Fahrenheit for Centigrade, makes another element of doubt. Astronomers and physicists do not admit that his alleged methods of taking his bearings at the Pole could possibly result in accuracy. It was difficult to understand why an American explorer should have preferred to return home *viâ* Copenhagen, and elect to leave behind him the diary and the calculations on which his claim must be based. It is still more disconcerting to find that Mr. Whitney, whom Dr. Cook named as the bearer of these invaluable documents, is in no hurry to return to the United States, and has apparently been quite recently the fellow-traveller of Commander Peary, who none the less denies Dr. Cook's entire story. The fabric of evidence seemed from the first to be slight. There were no witnesses. There were no documents. But Peary's telegram to the effect that the two Eskimos who are said to have accompanied Dr. Cook to "the Great Nail" declare that he was never out of sight of land, leaves nothing to stand against all these disavowals, contradictions, and improbabilities, save the solitary voice of Dr. Cook himself. It would be harsh and rash at this stage of the controversy to pass a final judgment; yet this can hardly be a case of an explorer insufficiently equipped, sincerely believing himself, through faulty observations, to have reached a point which in fact he did not reach. Dr. Cook, unless he can prove his claim and confound his Eskimos, will stand confessed a deliberate thief of glory. Nor does he seem at present to be even a skilful or plausible artist. He shares with Madame Blavatsky the distinction of having interested Mr. Stead. There lies behind this claim of one explorer to have anticipated his more famous rival by a year some war of cliques and clubs and newspapers which we in this country can with difficulty follow. Against all the probabilities we have, however, to set the fact that the Danish officials in Greenland, who are not novices in Arctic affairs, promptly accepted Dr. Cook's claim. To a fair trial before an impartial jury of experts he is still entitled, whenever he chooses to produce his evidence. In the meantime, the only fact which interests us is that Peary reached the Pole in April of this year.

There is in all our minds some momentary spasm of regret at the thought that there is now one world the less for Alexander to conquer. The threshold of Thibet has been crossed; the Pole has been trodden; men sail below the surface of the sea, and flight becomes a commonplace. The limits of the unattainable are shrinking, and with each year some breach is made in the flaming ramparts of the world. Yet one may well ask whether this quest of the San Graal of adventure has really filled so large a part in the knightly life of mankind as poets are apt to suppose. Most explorers have had a severely practical end in view. Columbus did not sail to seek the baths of all the Western stars. He went to find a way to the Indies. Hudson, when he opened in 1607 the secular search for the North Pole, was simply a captain in the service of the Muscovy Company, determined to sail across the world's roof to "the islands of spicery." It is only in the last stages of adventure, when the alchemist has despaired of transmuting his gold, and the mariner of reaching Cathay, that the attenuated and disinterested passion, which alone seems to us romantic, begins to lure the explorer and the scientist. The rougher, simpler impulses are still at work, the passion for knowledge is quite unabated, and there are fallow fields enough for all to plough. One suspects that the record of a thorough exploration of Greenland would make better reading than the story of a dash for the Pole, and there are valleys in Albania still untrodden by any Western European since the Latins trampled through them in the effort to subdue the Eastern Empire. Time has its romance as well as space, and Dr. Evans has found in Crete adventures of the spirit more startling than any journey to the Pole. Mary Kingsley, exploring the West African mind, found kingdoms stranger than Timbuctoo, and more secret than Lhassa. The man who will tell us how the mosses and lichens flourish in the Arctic Zone will reveal for us more marvels than Peary can have found amid the desolate ice of the Pole. What has happened in this superb adventure is rather the laying of a ghost. It had walked for a good three centuries. It had haunted the dreams of boys, and lured aged captains to their deaths. It had filled these barren solitudes with the graves of better men than ever went to El Dorado. We can see it to-day the phantom it ever was. The brave, the necessary, the idle achievement is over, and still the seas beckon and the deserts call.

## THE ORIGINS OF WEALTH.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in his great speech at Leicester, did well to quit the close and somewhat sordid atmosphere of controversy in which the Budget is debated at Westminster, in order to bring home to his audience the ampler political realities involved in the great struggle in which the Government is engaged. No larger and more inspiring presentment of the task of modern Liberalism has been given in our time. It is the pride, not the rebuke of Liberalism, that it is distinctively a land of promise, that its adherents appeal more to the future than to the past, regarding "that which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do." But there was no vagueness in Mr. Churchill's vision. The urgent task of Liberalism he laid out in lines of sharpest realism, as he recounted in short, unsparing sentences those issues of poverty, degeneration, and waste which are gathered into the pregnant phrase "the condition of England." That phrase and all that it imports has too long been dallied with and shirked by Governments. It is, indeed, a legitimate reproach of Liberalism that it has waited so long and approached so timorously the inward diseases which Mr. Churchill designated "the enemies of Britain": "the awful gap between rich and poor, the divorce of the people from the land; the want of proper discipline and training in our young people; the exploitation of boy labor, of physical degeneration, the awful jumble of an obsolete Poor Law, the horrid havoc of the liquor traffic; the constant insecurity in the means of subsistence and employment which breaks the heart of many a sober, hard-working man, the absence of any established *minimum* standard of life and comfort among the workers, and, at the other end, the swift increase of vulgar, joyless luxury." Not one of these terrible diseases is new, not one of them but has been flaunted before our eyes for generations. Yet our theory of government has been so narrowly negative that in our boldest moments we have done no more than touch the fringe of these sores, glad to persuade ourselves to trust to the healing processes of a "Nature" which needed no conscious organised effort on our part. This era of craven toleration has now passed away. Its place is taken not, as its enemies pretend, by a Socialism which aims at displacing all individual initiative, all private enterprise, by an unlimited expansion of the State, but by a constructive Liberalism aiming to strengthen the foundations of society, by developing the latent resources of the nation, and securing for all its members such access to the common stock of material and moral opportunities as will enable each to make the most of his natural capacities.

This is the Liberalism to which the Government is now committed. Two phrases express alike its magnitude and its moderation, one describing the policy embodied in Mr. George's constructive measure, "the economic development of the United Kingdom," the other adopted here by Mr. Churchill, the "minimum standard of life and comfort." These are the two related duties towards its land and labor which the Government of every civilised State, aristocratic or democratic, old-world or new, is coming more and more to recognise. For the successful performance of this work of conservation and of progress a more conscious organisation of the national resources is needed, and the part taken by the State involves not only a rally of spiritual and scientific forces of reform, but a large provision of financial power.

It is this consideration that gives its larger significance to the new conception of Liberal finance contained in the Budget. If this enlarged positive career of the State is to be safely and profitably pursued, an adequate and secure provision must be made for the growing revenue required for these public services. If

the State is to insure a standard of health, knowledge, justice, employment for all its citizens, to maintain weak and deficient members, and to develop the natural resources of the country which lie outside the range of private enterprise, it must look to increased taxation for its livelihood and its outlay. This involves, as Mr. Churchill sees, a new and a more scientific method of taxation. The developmental policy of the modern State, supporting and assisting in so many ways the individual citizen, is represented in a great increase of wealth. This increase, thus largely due to public, not private, exertion, passes, in the ordinary course of industrial and professional life, into the incomes of individuals, and becomes their property. Their individual skill and energy have doubtless, in most instances, co-operated with the social forces represented by the State, and a portion of the growing wealth is rightly theirs. But not the whole. The State is entitled, and, indeed, required, to discover and to take those elements of income which, though held by individuals, really represent, not private, but public productive energy. This is the true justification of what is denounced as the "predatory policy" and the "inquisitorial method" of the Budget. When Mr. Churchill says, "We do not only ask to-day 'How much have you got?' we also ask 'How did you get it?'" the "Times," supported by a certain antiquated order of economist, scents a new and monstrous heresy. But in truth this question of origin is the most relevant of all questions for a public financier. For it is of primary and vital importance for him to take by taxation only those portions of private income and property which do not represent the necessary reward of individual labor, skill, or enterprise, and the removal of which, therefore, does not disturb the performance of these individual services. In other words, he must look as far as possible to what are "unearned" elements of income, however they may be designated—economic rents, unearned increment, monopoly profits, windfalls. These incomes, "unearned" by their owners, are earned by society; the results of social work and social wants, they are a rightful income of the State.

So far as the question of origin can be safely put and answered, it has long been recognised that such incomes have a large ability to bear taxation. Our future Liberal Budgets will aim, by careful experiments, to attach to the public revenue an increasing share of those values which come from national or contrived monopoly or scarcity, from legal privilege, from superiority of opportunity, or other economic force enabling a person or a company to get more than he requires to induce him to give out his productive energy. Those land values which grow "while men sleep," or are extorted by legal violence, those licence values which measure legal restraints on competition, are two of the largest and clearest instances of incomes whose ability to bear a tax is proved by enquiry into origin. Clearer, closer analysis of the intricate processes of modern industrial life show many other cases, not directly connected with land-owning or licences, where incomes contain similar elements of surplus. Where fuller revenue is needed, these surplus elements are proper objects of taxation, so far as they can be ascertained. We do not say that this origin is the sole test of taxability. Nor did Mr. Churchill. The State cannot be indifferent to the question of mere size of income. A large income, apart from proofs of origin, may be considered as carrying normally a proportionate ability to bear taxation.

So the progressive character of our income tax, enforced by the super tax, is a sound practical policy. For it unites the lighter deprivation of removing the top layer of a large income (whose expenditure can afford the minimum of satisfaction) with the legitimate presumption that the "unearned" element of any large income varies directly with its size. Though neither of these assumptions is precisely true, or exactly ascertainable, they amply justify the claim of the State to participate to a moderate extent in the incomes of the rich. Thus, while the question of search into origins is not a novel principle of national finance, its adoption as a primary principle in the determination of the taxing policy may fairly be described as "a new idea, pregnant, formidable, full of life." It is an essential to the new Liberal conception of the State.

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## THE CHANCES OF A MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

Any competent journalist who is fond of excitement, and does not mind risking his life in the pursuit of useful knowledge, might do well, after acquiring a little conversational Spanish, to invade the modern Republic of Mexico. So long as his inquisitiveness and the evil purposes of his journeyings are unknown to the officials, he will be at least as safe as if he were travelling in Texas or Montana. But if an infamous plot to disclose the truth were suspected, he might receive as short a shrift as a Spanish savant who fell among Riffs.

The Mexican Union (Estados Unidos Mexicanos) comes third among the American Republics in population, and fourth in size. From 1522, when Cortes was appointed Governor, to 1821—close upon three hundred years—it was under the rule of Spain. First an Empire was proclaimed; then in 1824 a Republic was established, which lasted till 1862, when Napoleon the Third commenced his ill-starred enterprise. Under French auspices Maximilian was crowned Emperor in 1864, but was defeated and executed with his Generals at Queretaro, in 1867, so that, from the time when the Spanish yoke was definitely thrown off, Republican government has clearly commended itself to the national sentiment of Mexico. Whether this Republicanism can be called a reality is just one of the questions which an independent inquirer might report upon at the end of his travels. After the downfall of Maximilian the Presidency of Juarez lasted until 1872; Tejada followed till 1877, and was succeeded by General Porfirio Diaz, whose seventh term, after an uninterrupted rule of thirty-three years, will come to an end on November 30th, 1910.

Even those who know Diaz best, and have studied his government at first hand, would hesitate to pronounce a simple sentence on him. That he should have received many professional eulogies, grossly fulsome and absurdly exaggerated, need not blind us to his merits. He has given Mexico many of the external conditions which

modern civilisation demands and requires. He has secured and encouraged a remarkably good system of railways, which are now being nationalised—an operation, it must be said, that is attended with considerable risk to travellers. By this means, and by the establishment of order through the greater part of a vast territory, he has induced a great flow of foreign capital, which has developed much mining and agricultural enterprise. Probably fifty millions of British savings are at this moment invested in Mexico. The French, the Germans, and the Americans are also busy in many parts of the Republic; and there is no doubt at all that wherever European wealth has been intelligently employed under European supervision, the natives have advanced in wealth and culture. In some parts Indian blood has mixed freely with that of the Spanish conquerors. The President himself is almost a pure Indian, and it is rather significant that his stern and often cold-blooded dictatorship has never given the slightest encouragement to that anti-foreign feeling which flourishes in Mexico, as it flourishes in China and Japan.

It is the habit of the politician throughout America to feather his own nest by direct or indirect means, and it would be too much to say that Diaz remains a poor man, or that he has prevented his colleagues from becoming rich. But he is honest, as honesty goes on that continent, and his influence in regard to public contracts has been on the right side. Enterprising Americans who cross the border find it surprisingly difficult to rob the Mexican public by bribing the public official. M. Limantour, the President's French Chancellor of the Exchequer, has amassed a great fortune; but his legislation and finance have been on the whole well contrived, and he has done much to establish the credit of Mexico in the eyes of the world. Like every new country it has its ups and downs, occasionally assisted by earthquakes, floods, droughts, and other natural disasters, as well as by the violent upheavals that attend speculative booms and reactions. Three years ago the country was in fashion. Mexico City swarmed with adventurers. Every other man had a mining prospectus in his pocket. Most of these worthies were from the North; and when, in the autumn of 1907, a financial panic swept the United States bare of money and credit the fictitious part of Mexican prosperity came toppling down as flimsy houses collapse before a whirlwind. The depression which has reigned in all the commercial and industrial centres of Mexico since that calamity is largely responsible for the political unrest of which we must now speak.

General Porfirio Diaz is in his seventy-ninth year, and the dispute for the succession has already begun. That there should be any dispute at all is not relished by the old dictator, whose plan is understood to be as follows. He will stand again, with his henchman, Corral as Vice-President. Then, after they have been duly elected, the President will visit Europe, leaving the government in Mr. Corral's hands, and if all goes well, General Diaz will soon afterwards resign the Presidency. Most unfortunately for the scheme of President Diaz, Mr. Corral is an Americanised Mexican from the border state of Sonora. The Americans of the United States are very unpopular in Mexico. It is not forgotten that they stole Texas, and their trading methods have often been so unscrupulous that the historical feud is kept alive by constant swindles. Accordingly, an anti-Corral faction has arisen, and political clubs have been founded in the large towns for the express purpose of defeating Corral, though all intention of opposition to the President has been carefully, and, no doubt, honestly, disclaimed. Nevertheless, in the circumstances of the case it was inevitable that this movement should be denounced by the Government Press as a seditious conspiracy.

When, therefore, the new faction found a popular champion in General Reyes, the Governor of Nuevo Leon, that gentleman began to feel the weight of Presidential displeasure. Divided between fear and ambition, he wrote a letter last July, in which, while disclaiming any wish to oppose the choice of President Diaz, he had also the temerity to assert that it was not for him to dictate to the consciences of the electors. In the hubbub which followed, a friend of Reyes was deposed from the Governorship of a neighboring province, and, after a public meeting of Corralists had been violently dispersed by an overwhelming crowd of Reyists in one of the principal cities, President Diaz sent a faithful general with a strong force of Federal troops to Monterey, the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon. General Reyes immediately retired to a distant health resort, followed, however, by troops with instructions (it is supposed) to arrest the recalcitrant Governor. But the proceedings against Reyes were interfered with by terrible floods at Monterey, which not only caused enormous loss of life and property, but damaged the railway lines. The latest information is that Reyes will return to Monterey, and that the utmost uneasiness is beginning to prevail in Mexico City. The execution of Reyes, who is popular with the army as well as with the people, might cause the outbreak of a formidable revolution, in which foreign property and the interests of European investors would be overlooked. The natives of Mexico are fairly tractable and industrious; but they have not passed the stage (what Spanish-speaking country has?) in which the possibility of a civil war is removed from the range of practical politics. On the whole, the present situation of Mexico, financial, industrial, and social, is highly critical. It will require all the skill and political experience of President Diaz and his Government to maintain peace, restore confidence, and re-establish normal conditions in the territories of the Republic.

## THE SITUATION IN THE TORY PARTY.

The rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords might seem—after examination—a thing impossible. So appeared, in the summer of ten years ago, actual and real warfare between the forces of the British Empire and two tiny South African Republics. Yet—as so often in history—the impossible happened yesterday: it may happen to-morrow. It happened, not by a deliberate effort of determination, but as a result of the policy of drift. It would appear inconceivable that a group, not merely of sober minds like the Tory leaders, but even of the wildest "backwoodsmen peers," could, in a cool hour, and with all the forces rightly estimated, accept a choice which must end either in revolution or

their own political suicide. But it may well happen that, inflamed by their popular Press, egged on by the panic of one class interest or the desperation of another, loaded with promises of violent action which may be sweet to the mouth, but bitter to the belly, they may find themselves before the end of October in a position the only practicable exit from which would be this wild declaration of war.

It is interesting, even at this moment, to analyse the forces which are tearing and upheaving the Tory Party: amongst those behind which are crying forward and those before which are crying back. Few of them are saying—or, indeed, can be expected to say—what is really in their minds; many are advocating policies by arguments or appeals which represent exactly the opposite of what they really think. All recognise that the rejection of the Budget would be a violation of the unwritten Constitution and a reduction into temporary chaos of the finances of the country. But all recognise also that such a rejection must result in a General Election. Whatever manœuvres may precede such an appeal, it is the people of the country, electing, not a House of Lords, but a House of Commons, which would settle finally the relationships between the two Houses. Nor would it be in the least degree possible for the Liberal Party to appear to be shirking such an issue.

There are four possible results of such an election, and four only.

The first is that the anti-Lord parties (Liberal, Labor, and Irish) would be returned with such a majority that not only the Budget would go through, but the veto of the Lords on all legislation be swept away.

The second is that the anti-Lord parties would be returned by such a small and uncertain majority that the Budget (perhaps reconstructed) would be passed, but that little further constructive legislation could be dealt with, and another election be certain in a few months' time.

The third is that the Tories would be returned by a small, precarious majority, large enough to remove the offensive features of the Budget, but powerless to accept the work of constructing a protective Tariff.

The fourth is that the Conservatives would be returned with such a majority as to be able to sweep the Budget away and construct a protective system.

Of these four possibilities the last may be ruled out as negligible. No one believes that either in November or in January next any such result is conceivable.

All Tories would dislike the first of these results, but with varying degrees of intensity. And the attitude of the various sections of the party is largely determined by the odds which they are prepared to risk against such a consummation.

On one side stand the bellicose party of Tariff Reformers, weak in the Houses of Parliament, but strong in the Press, mainly through the work of Mr. Garvin in the "Observer" and "Daily Telegraph," backed by the "Standard" and the "Pall Mall Gazette," and the exhilarating insanities of the "National Review." These are frankly prepared to risk the loss of the Lords' veto, because they have no particular desire to ensure its preservation. They have long ago ceased to care for the things which the Lords' veto is preserving. The Disestablishment of the Church or its ejection from the schools, one man one vote, reform of the land system, seem to them trivial things. Even the question of Home Rule is parochial in character, and as Paris was well worth a Mass, so eighty Irish votes are well worth "devolution." These men have set their minds on two objects. The first is the construction of a national Tariff upon which can be interwoven Imperial preferences. The second is a war with Germany, as speedily as possible; or, if war be impossible, such piling up of armaments against the Germans as will render England insolent in its domination of the seas. Both these are financial matters. Both are independent of the veto. Neither can be obtained without a Tory and Tariff-loving House of Commons. The extremists' position, therefore, is simple. They will risk without hesitation the existence of the Lords' veto, because it is of little value to their ideals. If the first possible result happens, they are none the worse off. They hope for a reaction after the Budget, with a Liberal Government wallowing in Home Rule and educational matters and in Welsh Disestablishment, while the work of the Tariff Reform missionaries—rudely interrupted by the Budget enthusiasm—may once more proceed in the country. They have a faint hope of the second possible result. Then there will be fishing in troubled waters, and perhaps, after a second election, victory. In any case, most of the hatred of the Budget and fear of the Lords' abolition leave their withers unwrung. They are out for bigger things than this right to check, but not to change, the kind of reforms desired by a Liberal Government.

Now, this party is gathering behind it, by appeals indited with tongue in cheek, all those backwoodsmen who really are acting from entirely opposite motives. Daily it calls upon them to "do or die": daily it asks them if they are still men, if they are the men that their fathers were. Daily it inflames them with the vision of a Socialist "Terror," the grabbing of the land or the collapse of aristocratic power. And the wild men are excited and stiffened by these appeals; they see themselves walking proudly, and not without dignity, to a struggle in defence of their order. These Radicals intend to destroy you piecemeal, they are told, is it not better to fight at the beginning? They believe it. If they thought the first result was in the least degree possible they would hesitate. The risks would be too great. Because they care most for the very things for which the advanced Tariff Reformers care least—the position of the Lords as a check to violent legislation, religious education for the children of the working classes, opposition to Home Rule, Disestablishment, and land legislation. Lip homage is paid to these things by this Tory Press, but its thoughts are far away. And the violent newspapers of the Tariff Reformers continually tell them that there is no chance of the first result; that the utmost they need fear is the second; that they are justified in demanding a "referendum" upon a "Revolutionary Budget"; that Lord Rosebery or some other impossible leader will go before them into battle; and that, even if they lose at the election, they will be in no worse position than they are at the present time. The Budget may pass, but it would pass in either case, the country will be grateful to the Lords for giving it an opportunity of expressing its opinion upon these proposals; the Liberals will return, if not completely overthrown, yet weakened and in part discredited.

It is against the hypnotic influence of this repeated asseveration that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour are contending at the present time. In the columns of the "Times" the official view is continually propagated, that, whether it be desired or no, the rejection of the Budget is a step of extraordinary gravity. Mr. Balfour certainly does not desire to return with a triumphant

Tariff majority and a huge deficit to be filled, on the other hand he would be prepared to sacrifice all the dreams of Imperial and Colonial consolidation rather than risk the destruction of the veto. The first result and the last are equally abhorrent to him. He would be happy in the third result, much happier in the second. He is waiting to know if there is any reasonable chance of the second or third being attained. He is, that is to say, a genuine Conservative, the representative of an aristocracy, contemptuous of Colonial politics, sceptical of all constructive programmes, on one side or the other. He is convinced that only by some kind of a miracle is the accepted order, which guarantees the continuance of the leisured and aristocratic life, to be maintained. Outside this order is a hungry mass (in his vision) of artless, bathless, ignorant, inexplicable proletariat, at whose patience and acquiescence in their resignation of all life's good things to a tiny class who enjoy the sunshine he is continually wondering. He has no personal fear, and would make a good end at the tumbrils; but he has nothing of that link of sympathy and understanding of the common people possessed by Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Randolph Churchill. And he has no intention—if he can help it—of risking the destruction of the Constitution in a vast proletariat uprising, for the sake of a constructive Conservative Programme which his intellect still repudiates.

The third and last party represent that small body of Free Traders who find articulate utterance in the columns of the "Spectator." They were all for the excision of the land clauses, which drove them into almost hysterical fury. But they are afraid of the result of rejecting the Budget as a whole. They were convinced, by some absurd chain of reasoning, that if the Lords threatened to reject, or rejected, the Land Taxes, the Liberal Party would acquiesce in this decision, and accept the Budget without them. To anyone who knows the spirit of either party, it sounds like the politics of the lunatic asylum. The Liberal Party would sooner have the Land Taxes without the Budget than the Budget without the Land Taxes. And such action by the House of Lords would immediately alienate the one interest upon which alone they can rely for popular support—the liquor interest, whose taxation the Lords would have accepted while exempting the big landlord. To-day they fear the great issue. The Budget is abhorrent to them, but the fear of the possibility of a permanent destruction of the veto is more abhorrent. They would rather bear the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of. They belong to that class of literary and intellectual politicians who can always be trusted to fall back on the "safe" course at the end.

Upon such a welter and turmoil the Liberal Party can gaze to-day with some degree of equanimity. They believe that if the Lords reject the Budget they can obtain a substantial, perhaps an overwhelming, victory. They believe that if the Lords pass the Budget, there will be such an eating of brave words, so many sore champions who have "protested too much," so many trades like the brewers and ground landlords who will cry out that the Lords have betrayed them through cowardice, that the whole Tory Party will be reduced to chaos and contending factions. Whichever the decision, the results to the Opposition can but be deplorable. The political world has been transformed by the Budget and the nature of the opposition to it. In a few short months great opportunities seem to have been thrown open to those who desire reform.

M.P.

# Life and Letters.

## "FIRED IN ANGER."

If you associate with war correspondents and military men you may sometimes hear them refer to their more peaceable fellow-creatures with a certain scorn as never having seen a shot fired in anger. It is their constant phrase for civilians who venture to express an opinion on war, but especially they keep it for soldiers and military correspondents whose experience is limited to the ringing plains of Aldershot. The touch of implied scorn is natural enough, for no one who has not seen war need speak of it, and a soldier never under fire is like a member of a Parents' League who never had a child. Deep down in man's nature there is the further instinct which drove even Dr. Johnson to say that every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier. And when Boswell objected that Lord Mansfield (then Lord Chancellor) did not, Dr. Johnson replied, "Sir, if Lord Mansfield were in the company of general officers and admirals who had been in service, he would shrink; he would wish to creep under the table."

So that we will excuse the touch of scorn, as natural to men of blood, and think only of the expression, how absurd the course of time is making it! "Fired in anger!"—it calls up a picture of a war-maddened figure, breathing out fury and slaughter against an impious and detested foe. We see him striking men down with rage in his heart, conscious of a righteous cause, inspired at the least with a savage's resolve to keep his hearth and bed unsullied by the loathly invaders of his habitation. We see Garibaldi purging his country from the oppression of centuries; at the worst we see Weiss and Laurent, in Zola's "Débacle," taking shots at the Germans as they crept up the street at Bazeilles, or Mr. Brown, with smoking rifle, standing defiant before the shattered overmantel of an Englishman's home. By such scenes all mankind is instinctively attracted, and if we may not rise to military scorn for one who has never seen a shot fired in anger, we do, at least, feel for him a certain pity.

But supposing we wished to free ourselves from this reproach, and took the opportunity of the only war now being waged on earth, what should we really see when a shot was fired? We should go to Melilla, and, dragging ourselves through the dust and heat for something over a mile up a rocky acclivity, we should welcome the yard or two of shade cast by the Camillos Fort, in front of which four six-inch guns are ranged, with less powerful guns on either side. We should see, with pleasure, that the officers are asleep in their tents, all but one, who keeps himself awake by sipping a cooling drink; and the men are all asleep in the ditches or wherever there is a speck of shelter from the burning sun—all but one, who is watching through a telescope. Slowly the hours pass, and perhaps a few people stroll up from the town on the chance of a little evening breeze and some shooting.

Suddenly the man at the telescope goes to the officer and reports he thinks he can see two or three white specks moving among the rocks on the mountain about three miles away, or rather more. Or, perhaps, a blinking message comes from the helio down the coast, suggesting a shot or two dropped at random into a defile in that direction. The officer stands up, the men are roused, the covers are taken off the muzzles of the four guns, with great effort the shells are placed in the breeches, their fuses so arranged that they will burst at 6,000 yards, the blocks are closed, the guns are sighted in the required direction, the officer utters a shout, and, amid great noise and columns of smoke, four elaborate constructions of iron, valued at £2 apiece, are hurled through the air till, after traversing the due distance, they burst with thin white wreaths of smoke, followed by distant reports, and fling a large number of bullets and fragments of hardware violently among the rocks. The performance is repeated two or three times; in the course of a day it may be repeated ten times. The spectators go away satisfied. They have assisted at a baptism of fire, though not at their own baptism, as they are in-

clined to boast. They have escaped the reproach of never having seen a shot fired in anger, and when they return to Spain they will enter their native town in khaki and a helmet.

It is the same with the rifle as with the shell. A young man, who would much prefer to be at home in the shop or workroom or marking time in a café's shade, is marched out and ordered to lie down and shoot at any figure he may see, or at any little puff of smoke that may rise from an old-fashioned cartridge. So he lies down and fires away manfully into the mountain-side about 1,000 or 2,000 yards away. Probably he enjoys some touch of the sportsman's excitement, for it is always just possible that he may hit something and see it fall. In some cases he feels also the emotion of fear, for if his rifle will kill at 1,000 yards, someone on the mountain may also have a rifle that will kill at the same distance when fired in the opposite direction. But he is said to fire his shots in anger, and of anger what trace is there in his bosom? Why should he be angry with a little white speck moving among the rocks, or with a puff of smoke behind a cactus hedge? He is no more angry than a boy with a catapult is angry with a sparrow, or a lion-hunter with a distant lion. He might almost as well be angry with the landscape.

It is partly a matter of range. To love the man who is obviously intending to kill you is an achievement only divine, and when a brawny creature with a long, sharp knife gets within two or three yards; when you feel his breath and see his eyes fixed with the purpose of drawing that long, sharp knife across your throat, then hatred rises and, joined with terror, produces the rage that exultingly fires the revolver into his head or plunges a bayonet through his heart. In ancient conflicts anger grew with fighting, just as appetite comes with eating, and up to the Peninsular War a wholesome wrath could be counted upon as soon as the order came to hold the fire till the whites of the eyes were visible, and then go in with the steel. It was a matter of kill or die, and the very absurdity of being killed by the foreigner opposite you sufficed to create the needful rage. But with the scientific improvement of armaments death has become less certain and war less personal. You cannot rage against an invisible foe, nor fire shots in anger at a dimly discerned microbe crawling on a mountain. For anger, like gravity, and some kinds of love, varies inversely with the square of the distance.

But chiefly it is the modern causes of war that are destroying the old impulse of rage. We know that famous passage in the "Sartor," describing how some thirty able-bodied men are taken from the British village of Dumdrudge, shipped away to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted; and how thirty French artisans from a French Dumdrudge are treated in the same manner, till, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition, the word "Fire!" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another.

> "Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest. . . . How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

Instead of governors, it is now the financiers, the capitalists, the shareholders who make the poor blockheads shoot; but the change only diminishes the ingredient of anger, for some men still find it possible to fight with anger on a king's or queen's behalf, but no man on a stockjobber's. What rage could Britons feel in killing Boers for the profit of Barnatos, or could Russians feel in killing Japanese for the Grand-Ducal speculators in Yalu timber, or the Spaniards now in killing Moors for the French concessionaires in Melilla mines?

Drop by drop the element of anger has exuded from the battle. We see it vanishing already in the days of chivalry, and in the half-hearted wars when Italian princes objected to the death of their beautiful and expensive men. From such scenes as the capitulation of Breda, in the well-known Velasquez picture called "The Lances," it has almost gone. Its disappearance was marked by such silly courtesies as the invitation to the enemy to fire first, and the introduction of diplomatic amenities on the field only reveals the degradation of warfare, just as the boasted amenities of political life only prove the unreality of parties. Anger alone is conflict's justification, and even the law finds condonation for murder in a rage. Stoic philosophers plumed themselves on their self-restraint when they said to a slave, "If I were not angry, I would flay you with the lash, but I will wait till I am calm." They did not perceive how much better it is to kill a man in anger than to order him six strokes on calculation, nor how much more degraded in soul the legal executioner is than the assassin of wrath. For anger implies a sense of justice, or at least of wrong, and a child's most unendurable enemy is the monster who beats it more in sorrow than in anger. What, then, is left for war? It is a chilly thing to kill a man either for fun or for fear, and if the ancient motives of hatred and anger are removed from battle, the best we can hope from our officers is the cold indifference of the judge, and from our rank and file the official cruelty of gaolers arranging a triangle for the cat.

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## THE BUSINESS OF MARRIAGE.

The mercenary side of marriage has always been a favorite theme of the male satirist. The anxious matron with a bunch of marketable daughters, angling in "Society" for eligible husbands, the maiden past her prime plying her craft with bolder and more conscious coquetry, the young beauty fresh from the schoolroom assessing the captures of her first season, have furnished coarse humor to a hundred novelists. Few have even had the heart to recognise with Thackeray the pathos, the tragic import, of this marriage-market. The sober moralists who have bewailed such mercenary intrigues as a profanation of true marriage and a sure source of marital unhappiness have, as a rule, failed equally to gauge the real issue. The breadth and the depth of the matter alike escape their vision. Imputing the fault to a levity of nature, or a too eager drive of sex, or to a dread of "social failure" on the part of woman—the three favorite male explanations—they fail to diagnose the case.

The view that every woman craves to be a wife and mother, that she wants to attach herself to a man and to serve him in a home, that her claims of self-development, and of careers and duties outside the realm of domesticity, are, except in rare examples of "unsexed" women, unsubstantial, still holds the field. Not only most men accept it, but most women. Does this consensus guarantee its truth? Not at all, if we admit the searching analysis of the psychology and economics of marriage and the sex relation given by Miss Cicely Hamilton in her book "Marriage as a Trade" (Chapman & Hall). Her argument may be briefly stated thus: Woman as she appears in civilised society to-day is not as Nature makes her; her bearing and conduct, her very thoughts and feelings, have been "made over" by man. Man, the physically stronger being, has been impelled, primarily by his sexual feeling, to keep woman in close personal subjection. Law and usage, through all the complex course of civilisation, have been constantly moulded so as to deprive woman of any option but to sell her person for a livelihood to a man. Any real power to acquire independent property or to pursue a profitable career in a business or profession, which should release any large number of women from the necessity of finding a husband, would evidently break the sex dominion exercised by man. To prevent any such successful revolt, man, with half-conscious cunning, has woven a whole fantastic code of ethics and of chivalry. She is to be the angel of the home, man is to protect and worship her, by gentle craft she is to influence him and exercise control in all the minor details of their life. Mother and housekeeper, she is to have, not pay, not liberty, but a subtler power and joy which proceeds from the sure

satisfaction of her nature as a woman. She must be screened from full personal knowledge of the harsher facts of life, she must not take part in the coarse struggle of politics or business for fear of damaging the delicacy of her nature. She should not be keenly intellectual, beyond the point of feigning an intelligent sympathy with the life of her husband: even in these days the blue-stocking is still at a discount in the marriage market. Men do not like a woman who can and will stand up to them in argument. Why? In the last resort, because intellect is a badge and an instrument of liberty. Miss Hamilton, in developing her thesis, lays, perhaps, overmuch stress upon the sex factor as the conscious guiding force. Male pride of personal prowess, as expressed in a life of luxurious display and ornament, has played a very important part in directing the life and character of woman among the well-to-do classes, and even by servile imitation among the poorer classes. The successful American who uses his wife as a pendant for diamonds has grafted on to the original desire of male possession an important secondary use.

But among our upper and middle-class life the real force of this economic interpretation of marriage is obscured by a host of refinements which have helped to preserve a more romantic view. It is among the working-classes that the difference between the masculine and the feminine attitude towards marriage stands out most clearly. Marriage is a voluntary matter for the man; for the great mass of women it is compulsory, their only practicable mode of earning and of keeping an "honest" livelihood. No one who fairly faces the damning fact that the normal wage for an able-bodied, capable working-woman is a "sweating" wage, definitely below the true cost of physical subsistence, can possibly dispute this statement. We may, and do, maintain that Miss Hamilton unjustly charges man with the conscious intentional contrivance of a situation which thus drives woman under male "protection," but the moral, almost the physical, compulsion is undeniable. The conditions of girls' and women's employment in most trades are so unremunerative, so onerous, and so degrading, that it is no wonder they are driven to declare "I would marry any one, to get out of this." Those who realise what this means for women, for marriage, and the family, will get a stronger hold of the meaning of the phrase "emancipation of women" than in any other way. Until women of all classes are free to choose marriage and maternity, not as a trade but as a vocation, "the family" will remain despotic, shorn of its finer spiritual uses, and out of keeping with the modern conception of personal liberty as the requisite of social progress. The suggestion that the brief romance of courtship affords any true condition for a choice in marriage, or that the survival of masculine affection is a sufficient guarantee against domestic tyranny, is hardly sincere. Though we hold that among the better-to-do classes the wife and mother has made a real advance in practical liberty of late, male predominance in determining most of the larger issues upon which the judgment of the wife ought equally to weigh is still the rule, while among large sections of the wage-earners family life is a frank tyranny, tempered by female "management."

This illiberalism of the family has reactions in the wider fields of politics. For despotism in the home is inconsistent with democracy in the city and the State. The abuse of law, custom, and morality, in forcing women into a single common mould determined by the desires of the ordinary husband, has been a chief retarding influence in civilisation. That such an abuse begets exaggerated protests is inevitable, and that such exaggeration shall be seized by man as a means of evading the real issue equally follows from the logic of the case. The treatment of this book by the English press bears out this interpretation. Miss Hamilton's work has received considerable attention as a witty rendering of a perversely paradoxical position; its brightness, even brilliancy, of literary expression has been turned into a pretext for escaping all serious consideration of its sociological thesis.

Now, her contention that "woman, as we know her, is largely the product of the conditions imposed upon her by her staple industry" deserves closer discussion, as one of the three or four fundamental questions of the age. We make this avowal more freely because we differ widely from the estimate which the writer appears to set upon the work of woman as wife and mother. We accept Miss Hamilton's account of the supreme wrong done by man to woman. It consists in setting up a single standard of character and life for her, thus educating her not towards free self-development along the lines of her natural capacities, but towards pleasing someone else, to wit, the prospective husband and father of her children. Now, this endeavor to make all women approximate to a single type is a flying in the face of Nature. "It is ridiculous to suppose that Nature, who never makes two blades of grass alike, desired to turn out indefinite millions of women all cut to the regulation pattern of wifehood; that is to say, all home-loving, charming, submissive, industrious, unintelligent, tidy, possessed with a desire to please, well-dressed, jealous of their own sex, self-sacrificing, cowardly, filled with a burning passion for maternity, endowed with a talent for cooking, narrowly uninterested in the world outside their own gates, and capable of sinking their own identity and interests in the interests and identity of a husband."

Although this vigorous portraiture of the wifely type may at first sight be resented as a bitter caricature by most men open-minded enough to read such a book, reflection will win from most of them a candid recognition of its substantial accuracy. There is a masculine desire to force or induce all women within their sphere of influence to conform to this ideal, and religion, education, literature, and art have all been subtly pressed into this service. The personality of woman and her individuality of character and career have thus been cramped and mutilated. But our account of the supreme injury differs from Miss Hamilton's. One quite amazing sentence in her book brings out this divergence. "To him the accidental factor in woman's life is the all-important." Sex and marriage are for woman merely an "accidental factor," one among many possible and equally desirable careers! Her protest is made on behalf of the right of every woman to live a complete life of her own for her separate well-being and enjoyment. Now this refusal to recognise the dominant part of maternity in the life of woman, this dogmatic assertion of feminine individualism, appears to us an utterly erroneous account of what "Nature" demands for woman. The notion of counteracting the egoism of man by setting up a corresponding egoism of woman is surely the most hopeless of all solutions and the most unworthy. The true rationale of the revolt of woman is based on recognising that the free self-development of woman and her choice of a career are essential to the progress of society

Part of the loss society sustains is due, no doubt, to the refusal of permission to women to engage in the arts and industries on equal terms with men. But a far graver injury consists in the evil effects which compulsory marriage and maternity produce in the character of the family and the home. A finer, freer, and more varied type of womanhood is needed, primarily, for the education and the elevation of the race. The free personality of woman, as of man, is not an all-sufficient end; the wide service of humanity must qualify such freedom. If man has learned this lesson ill, it is for woman not to copy his mistake but to correct it. The self-assertion of a sex, and of individuality within the sex, is no solution of this, the most perplexed of all our social problems.

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## THE EARLY MASTERS.

It would seem that, once in the course of the Ages, a pure flower of joy sprang out of the dark earth. In the works of the early German and Flemish and Lombard Masters—of any pre-sixteenth century Masters, in fact—

we get a glimpse of a world so much better than the real world, that it seems the latter must exist only to afford the materials out of which the world of the painters could be constructed. We all know that better country, that earthly Paradise of the old painters, where all fruits and flowers flourish together. We have seen the Holy Family rest on their flight into Egypt, under shaggy pine trees, by some brawling mountain stream, while the gay, stiff little angels, so alert and sincere, eternally unirritated and unfatigued, play bag-pipes and offer cherries to the Child. The writer confesses—it is doubtless his limitation—that when in a picture gallery he leaves all these things behind, and passes on to Flemish kermesses, and naked nymphs, "sea pieces" and battle scenes, powdered actresses, and vacant Royal children, a deep weariness falls on his spirit, and he feels that something is gone which is worth all the rest put together. Nothing makes up for the loss of these crude, naïve, sweet, childish things.

There surely could have been no happier life ever lived on earth than that of these old painters. They must have had a great gaiety of heart, a great blitheness of spirit, a great freedom from care, or, at least, power of detachment from it, to have painted as they did. "Worry is the worst dog in the pack," and it seems he must have been far from those who lingered with such delight on a goldfinch's feathers, or the white blossom and red fruit of the wild strawberries in the grass. It was surely in a golden, tranquil leisure that they painted all those details, the great pot of pinks by the bedside, the red and white silk of the diapered quilt, the scolloped valance, and the carved Evangelists at the four posts of the bed on which the Virgin falls asleep, in her painless passage to her Son. It is strange to think of the old painter whose name and personality has been absorbed in this scene, and who is known to posterity only as "le Maître de la Mort de Marie," "the Master of the Death of the Virgin."

About these pictures, almost alone of the works of men, there is nothing acrid, nothing gloomy, nothing bitter. Good is evidently victorious, even in its moments of deepest adversity. The martyrdoms are triumphs—the St. Sebastian who stands up, "as thick with arrows as an urchin is full of pricks," has already his palm. Looking on the dragons and the executioners—

> "We feel no horror, but delight,
> Because the colors are so bright,
> Likewise we note the specks of white
> And the great plates of burnished gold."

Compare any early Florentine or German "Decollation of St. John," with its ceremonious attendant angels, and air of unshaken faith in the triumph of righteousness, with a late sixteenth century martyrdom, or one of Rubens's scenes of torture, or with the horrors of some Elizabethan tragedy, like "Titus Andronicus," and you will see the gloom that descended on the human mind with the passing away of all that sacred butterfly world.

The world of the old painters is a world of good will to men of good will. It is a world where the good are good, and the good are always the merry, and the gorgeous and the bright. The bad *are* bad, and their cruelty and treachery are so flagrant and patent that no one feels a pained and puzzled sympathy for them. The pilgrim man is guided on his journey, as the angel guides the boy Tobias, and however badly things go wrong, they are not hopeless, and "la misericordia divina ha si gran bracchia, che prende ciòche si rivolge a lei." "Reality is a mass hard to penetrate," but the old painters penetrated it with the utmost ease. Fourteenth century writers of saints' lives often say in the course of their narration, "it pleases me to think that it was so." Above the earth is that heavenly court to which so many ladies turned their thoughts in the hour of their abandonment and disillusion—a court where there are no rivalries and no heart-burnings, where the Queen Mother is beloved of all the servants of the King, where St. Catherine is not jealous of St. Margaret, and St. Mary Magdalene does not intrigue against St. John the Evangelist.

Which is the loveliest of all these pictures? Which would one choose if one could have but one? Some three or four stand out—the "Adoration of the Lamb" at Ghent, Hans Memling's chasse painted with the story of St. Ursula in the Hôpital de St. Jean at Bruges, Carpaccio's "Dream of St. Ursula" at Venice, and the Perugino triptych with Michael and Raphael in the National Gallery.

It can never be again, that April morning time. The following passage from a fourteenth century "Life of St. Mary Magdalene" belongs to the world of the old painters, and is like one of their pictures in words. It shows the lovely thoughts which it was possible for men to have, amid all the wars and tumults of the outer world. The scene is the house at Bethany, on the morning of Palm Sunday. "I think, that all that morning until tierce, the Magdalene was alert and watchful for the return of any one to tell her news. . . . I think, that, at that hour, that is, about tierce, the first messenger she had sent returned in great joy with a branch of olive in his hand, and he came to the Magdalene, and immediately she saw him, she thought he was bringing good news. And the messenger began to tell of the events of the Sunday of Olives, as it is told in the Gospel, how the populace of Jerusalem went out to meet Him with loud shouts of joy, escorting Him into the city, and taking off their garments, and casting them to the ground, and also branches of olive. 'And behold, here is the sign; this branch of olive which I have brought is one gathered in honor of Jesus, and they cried with loud voices, "Hosanna in excelsis!"' And I think the Magdalene, full of joy, took the olive branch and carried it to Madonna, and told her the tidings with great gladness; and His mother rendered sweet thanks to God."

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## THE INFINITE SEA.

Geographically, of course, the sea is not infinite. Its moods, however, are demonstrably endless. If each tide were to take exactly twelve hours to rise to the flood and sob back to the ebb, a great part of the sea's changeableness would be lost. But missing coincidence with the sun's movement by twenty minutes, there must be thirty-six tides, eighteen full days before to-day's full tide will be repeated, by which time the days will be so appreciably shorter that, though clock time is kept, sun time will still be missed, while the varying height and speed of the tide during the sway of one moon is another factor that seems to postpone for ever the recurrence of a particular ocean scene. To these regular variants add the altogether incalculable changes of wind, cloud, sunshine, rain, mist, and atmospheric texture, and we have a complexity of variability that makes even a mile of sea-coast an endless panorama of surprise.

It is our delight this holiday-time to have a portion of the sea continually under gaze—to sleep with the sound of its angry or placid goings and comings in our ears; to have its briny breath in the nostrils without intervention of wall or window; to fall asleep watching it under moonlight, and awaken to find it enpurpled by the early sun. Some of its night mysteries have vanished with familiarity. We know which rock it is that greets the three-quarter tide with clapping; how the sound of thunder is produced; and which wind sucks deepest at the sand, or piles it up most in the place of the morning dip. We know to an inch or two how high the tide will come, and within ten minutes or so at what time it will reach its climax. Yet the sea has not lost that air of always attempting something it may not be able to achieve, or of doubting whether to continue its retreat into the very depths.

It is the crispness of encounter between our own element and another that we can never wholly conquer that makes the edge of the sea so fascinating. On our shore, that crispness is unusually accentuated by form, color and change of organism. At the headland a great

purple scar descends sheer to the sea. The waves leap up leaden blue, flinging up their white caps which have their answer in storm-time in straight, thin streams of land water pouring from the cliff brow. This morning, when a pelting south-easter riddled our tent as with bullets of rain, the streams were flung back over the cliff edge and went towering heavenward in trees of spray. In the bend of the bay, the shale and clay have slipped seaward in a medley of round steps, like the clods of snow that an avalanche produces, and the whole is clothed with luxuriant verdure right down to the sea. It is a tangle often waist-high—purple knapweed, clambering vetch, great pink-headed agrimony, rounding sharper irregularities into a softness like that of the clouds. The waves toss their spume into this triumphant flora, silencing for awhile the chirrup of the grasshopper and driving the bee from the sea convolvulus. In the rock pools we catch the snake-like spotted gunnel, and scarcely ten yards up the green bank we have seen the slow-worm reluctantly drag away its silvery coils as we climbed over its basking-place.

We know of the vetch and knapweed and hemp agrimony, because we slide and tumble through them on our way to the sea. In the middle distance they become mere velvet bosses, capable of intense brilliance when the sun strikes them fully. Then the cliffs fire with purple, the sea becomes turquoise and emerald, the sky glows like a bowl of sapphire, the whole scene is in the highest key of magnificent joy. We like to have the tide out beyond the flats for this mood. The sea loses a little of its turquoise when it is stirred with sand, and the brilliance of the deep water has a better neighbor in the flats of ironstone and shale and the miles of orange "pop-weed."

There is nothing of the monotony of sunshine this summer. Our bay is, in fact, far more often in some other mood. The wind strikes the note of rain, and soon the sky, the sea, the shore, are one leaden grey. Below, the solid sea or a sea of steel; above, an atmosphere almost as effectively wet, a sort of sea in suspense. A mile or two away, upper and under wetness run together in a neutral chaos. Dazzling gulls and a few bursting waves make the most of a perfect background for their whiteness. On another day, the sea just lay and brooded its next mischief or frolic. There was not a breath of air. The water was apparently dead-still, that is if we stood so back from the cliff edge as not to see the ripples with which it sobbed on the sand. Steamers came and went, leaving their trails of smoke, which clung to the cool mirror and stayed there in pointed heaps or crawled ever so slowly as the never-resting sea-current furtively moved in that deathly stillness.

Then dazzling white thunder-clouds moved in the far distance; anon black rolls of clouds came round the shoulder of the land, and presently the lightning leapt from sea to air, thunder crashed, the heavens were opened, and the rain descended, the cliffs streamed with water, mud, and stones, as everything seemed about to be overwhelmed with the power of the water. It was pitiable to see the little birds darting close to the earth as the deluge drove them from one shelter to the next. And, now will the thunder clear the air and settle the weather, or will it just bring round again the long procession of elemental effects that belong to an unsettled time?

This morning there is some blue sky and no rain. April clouds are scattered about like hounds strayed from yesterday's hunt. In a shiny pool about a hundred lapwings are standing, their heads all one way, and every bird doubled in the mirror. Round the northern headland comes a flock of them on the wing, thick-pinioned as no other birds are, lolloping and turning in unison, now black, now snowy white, as they turn; now glinting in a streak of sunshine; now passing beneath a cloud. Perhaps the plovers have got tired of this summer earlier than usual, and are about to flock along the shore to their winter quarters. Perhaps they know no more of the weather than we do, and are waiting to see whether sun or cloud is to have the upper hand.

# Present-Day Problems.

## THE HEALTH OF CRICKET.

A PARTY of English cricketers are going out to South Africa, and already the voice of the croaker is heard crying that this will not be a representative team; it will be not "England," but only "an English eleven." Well, for some of us, that has its consolations. If the players are happily conscious that they are not the very cream of English cricket and that the national reputation does not depend on every stroke they make, perhaps they will play with the lightness of heart, the spirit and the joyousness which are proper to the game—and have been conspicuously absent from it in the five Test Matches of this summer. Perhaps they will even bethink themselves on some occasion of that I. Zingari team which in the olden days drew lots to settle the order of batting, and if, greatly daring, they followed that example, perhaps their tenth man in would make a century, as did A. G. Steel, most brilliant of that I. Zingari band. But even in South Africa, one fears, cricket has become too grave an avocation for such frivolity.

Is there anything amiss with English cricket? If there is, it is not merely the record of the recent Test Matches that gives cause for the belief. Our failures there were but the symptoms of the sickness. It is conceivable that every Test Match might have been lost and no one of us had cause to shed a tear; only, if English cricket were at its healthiest and best, the great exhibition games would either not be lost or would be lost with greater credit to the losers. Cricket, said an old Sheffield newspaper in 1827, is "an exercise calculated to improve the physical as well as the corporeal powers of its votaries. There is something so manly and noble in this game, something so body-exhilarating, that we do not wonder at its soon making material inroad in the affections and favor of the public, and tempting them to exclaim:—

> 'Come, see what pleasures in our plains abound,
> The woods, the fountains, and the flow'rs around,
> Come, see the combatants, how firm they stand
> To face all dangers at the first command.'"

Cricket is still a "body-exhilarating" game, as the Sheffield writer elegantly says, but how far does that element enter into it to-day? To what extent is it considered by player or spectator in the great competitions? About as much, perhaps, as woods, fountains, and flowers abound at the Oval, or smoke-begrimed Bramall Lane, or stern Old Trafford. The fact is that if there be anything amiss with cricket, it is a sickness of a slow, creeping kind: a sickness which makes the game ever more and more serious, more and more an occupation for men who have to think not of its interests as a sport, not of the joy of rivalry and sheer pride in successful doing, but of their position and prospects as entertainers of the public, of the importance of keeping "fit," of not overstraining, of raising themselves high up in what Lord Hawke well calls "those beastly weekly averages"—of everything, in fact, which does not really matter when two elevens meet to prove, within a given time, which is the better side "at Crickets." It is a sickness of which statistics are one cause and the multiplication of Leagues and Cups and championships another. The Oxford Colleges are wise that refuse to hold League competitions instead of merely "friendly" matches—a type of game too tame to attract support in the world where the professional rules. No one, of course, blames the professional for looking after his own interests rather than those of the game from which he gets his living. But he is gradually bringing cricket to the pass which professional football now has reached for a good many years. In 1751, to quote again a Yorkshire newspaper, "the Sheffield authorities engaged professional cricketers to amuse the populace and so draw them from cock-fighting exhibitions." No very lofty ideals about this type of cricket, it may be admitted, nor about the contests waged for heavy stakes between famous cricketers. But it is to this type that we are now reverting. Soon we shall be

asking how we are to draw the populace from the exhibitions of professional cricketers. Only we would fain draw them to something more "body-exhilarating" than a mere exhibition of another type.

It is bad that the amateur element should be diminishing in cricket; it is not good that the professional footballers should be entering the summer game in increasing numbers. Amateurs are the breath of life to an eleven. It is to them one looks for carelessness of personal success, for zest in the game however fortune's balance is inclining, for keenness to the last ball of the day, for readiness to spend every ounce of energy while the struggle lasts, for equal alertness and endurance whether much or nothing depend on the fortunes of the match. One looks to them, too, to inspire these qualities in the team with which they play, and the great names of the past show that it can be done. (Not all amateurs play so. The Australians have been different men in some of their ordinary county matches from what they have been in the "Tests.") And alas! in some of the great county teams—Surrey and Yorkshire, for example—the number of amateurs is decreasing, and with the diminution comes a loss of alertness and determination to risk defeat in the hope of achieving victory. Kent, with its fine youthful team, points the way to better things; indeed, the success of such counties as Kent and Worcester would be of better augury than the continued triumph of the popular and wealthy clubs of Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire. Of the professional footballer we shall probably have more and more as time goes on. He has the leisure and athletic fitness; what more natural than that he should acquire cricket-skill which will bring him in a comfortable income during the summer months? But, once included in a county team, he must not risk too much; he must maintain his average; he must be slow and sure—there are, of course, exceptions—he must prolong his career into as many seasons as may be. Every man for himself, is the motto, and the devil take the game.

If there were many more amateurs passing into first-class cricket from the Public Schools and Universities, the sickness might abate, especially if they set themselves against all multiplying of mere show events and encouraged local cricket as a part of their duty to the game. But the number of amateurs does not grow, and, after all, though one laments their absence from the game, it is impossible to regret that so many men who might devote themselves to cricket are finding some worthier occupation for their energies. Games are for leisure only, though Lord Hawke's career shows how much time a man may devote to them with honor. The Jacksons and Spooners and R. E. Fosters who are partly or wholly lost to county cricket would be salutary influences on the field, but serious work in life, if less "body-exhilarating" than cricket, is more "noble and manly" than complete absorption in mere sport.

LANCASTRIAN.

# The Drama.

## PLUTOCRATIC PAGANISM.

ONE effect "Mid-Channel" cannot but have on all candid observers—it must confirm and enhance their respect for Sir Arthur Pinero as a sternly conscientious artist, determined, at all costs, to paint the world as he sees it. We may not like the world he sees; but that is our affair, not his. He has long ago ceased to give ear to box-office blandishments and managerial or critical expositions of "what the public wants." He depicts what he sees, he tells what he knows, unflinchingly and uncompromisingly, with a directness and power in which he stands unrivalled. It is possible and even reasonable to dislike his subjects, his touch, his tone; but it is unreasonable, and will one day be held impossible, to deny that he is a great artist.

"Will one day," I say, for it seems to me unquestionable that these later plays of his will take an abiding place in our dramatic literature. How long they will be acted no one can foretell; but they will be read so long as people are found to interest themselves in the plutocratic society of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They will be read as Hogarth's plates are studied to-day. I foresee a book of (say) two hundred years hence, to be called "The Culmination of Capitalism," in which, assuredly, there will be a chapter on "The Plays of Pinero." Of course, they will have to be read with a certain discount; the critic will have to allow for the author's personal equation. He will recognise, for one thing, that it is only a section, a stratum, of plutocratic society that is here depicted, and that not all, even of the rich, were so unidea'd, so sensual, so purblind. But, within its due limitations, the picture, I imagine, will be found terribly convincing—all the more so for the fact that the author does not set out to be a satirist. He writes, not without irony indeed, but without indignation. He says "Thus and thus does character disclose itself among the idle and luxurious town-dwellers of my time—men and women with no occupation or interest beyond gambling, dress, sport, and the satisfaction of the lower appetites—a generation without faith, without hope, and with very little charity. I show you, as in a clear, uncommenting mirror, some of the crises in their hapless existences. It is for you to consider what the social system is worth which begets such phenomena, and to fit them, if you can, into a rational scheme of things." It is the stupidest misnomer to call such a play as "Mid-Channel" a problem play. No problem is stated in it—much less solved—and no general view is indicated. It is hinted, no doubt, that a childless marriage is heavily handicapped when middle age has to be faced; but no emphasis is laid on the suggestion, which arises quite casually as a trait in the heroine's character. Think how M. Brieux would have—or rather has—elaborated the theme, and hammered the idea home! The contrast illustrates to perfection the passionless objectivity of Sir Arthur Pinero's manner.

"Mid-Channel," like so many other modern plays, is the tragedy of idleness. Zoe Blundell, the heroine, is the childless wife of a rich stockbroker. She has a handsome house in Lancaster Gate—a house, so far as we can see, without a picture or a book or even a piano in it. The "Sketch" is the nearest approach to literature or art that enlivens her drawing-room. She has no interest but dress to occupy the seventeen waking hours of her day. At one time she had a certain amount of social ambition. When she and her husband lived in Fitzjohn's Avenue, they were still climbing. They had their furrow to drive, and Zoe could further her husband's business interests by making herself agreeable to his associates. It was not always pleasant, but it was an occupation of a sort. Now, on the other hand, they appear to have clomb. Their ambition does not soar above Lancaster Gate: Mayfair they perceive to be unattainable. In Tyburnia their life stagnates, and peccant humors are engendered. Apparently they have not even the safety-valve of bridge. When Theo comes home from business—a business not absolutely abounding in nutriment for the spiritual nature—they have nothing before them but an interminable evening at home, or a dinner with some other wealthy people, as bored and boring as themselves, or a meal at a "cook-shop" with a couple of stalls to follow at "The Spring Chicken" or "The Merry Widow." Zoe, who has a certain bright attractiveness, whiles away the tedium of the day in the company of a little band of young men whom she calls her "tame robins"—Harry Estridge, Jim Mallandain, Cossy Rawlings, and (last, not least) Lenny Ferris. Theo is not positively jealous of her Cossies and Lennies; he probably knows that there is safety in numbers; but it annoys him that she should be all amiability to them, and all discontent and exigence to him. They have, in short, after thirteen years of married life, no substitute or supplement for the slackening sensual bond. In vain does Zoe expend all her art in her adornment. "As for my gowns or my hats—anything I put on—I might dress in sackcloth; he'd never observe it." Theo, though not essen-

tially cruel or vicious, is of a heavy, overbearing disposition; and the vivacity of Zoe's nature is not without a tinge of irritability. They have got so thoroughly on each other's nerves that they cannot meet without bickering; and it is in vain that their philosophic friend, the Honorable Peter Mottram, drops in and talks Roundabout Papers to them. A momentary reconciliation is only followed by a more violent quarrel. Zoe flies into a rage because Theo proposes to take her to a second-class hotel in Paris; and Theo flings out of the house, never to return.

This quarrel over a little more or a little less of luxury is symbolically excellent, but seems to me, from the point of view of character, a little abrupt. It makes Zoe's irascibility seem almost insane. Just at the moment when she is beaming at the prospect of the trip to Paris, and ought to be particularly careful to keep her temper in hand, she goes off into a tantrum over the difference between a swagger and a less swagger hotel! As I saw this situation looming ahead, I wondered what cause of quarrel the author was going to invent; and when it came I could not quite feel that he had risen to the occasion. I do not see how a woman who could behave in such a way at such a moment could ever be decently amiable even to her "tame robins." Her conduct here is that of an ungovernable and intolerable shrew, which is not my reading of her nature. The author, I take it, meant to convey, not that either her character or her husband's was radically impossible, but that each was fatally apt to rub the other the wrong way. After such an episode, on the other hand, one cannot wonder that the luckless Theo despaired of ever rubbing her the right way. This is the only point at which the actual character-development seems unconvincing.

From their separation onwards the unhappy couple sink deeper and deeper into the morass. The root of their tragedy is still the same: they have staked everything on a life of egoistic sensation, and when that fails them they have no resources to fall back upon—neither duties, nor interests, nor even any necessary and sedative occupation. The husband finds only intolerable boredom and self-contempt in the society of an addle-pated mistress. The wife clutches despairingly at a mirage of happiness in the love of one of her "pals," Lenny Ferris, a man five years her junior, who imagines himself devoted to her. But this relation, founded on disgust and disillusionment, quickly proves to be as torturing as the other; and in a series of close-woven, poignant, sometimes brutal scenes, occupying one summer afternoon, poor Zoe is bandied like a shuttlecock from humiliation to humiliation, until she hurls herself to nothingness from her lover's balcony. There is just so much good in her that she cannot part with the last shred of her self-respect, and live.

In saying that she hurls herself "to nothingness" I may appear to be begging a great question. But I do not intend any general negation of immortality; I merely assert that for this particular woman death could mean nothing but extinction. She lived in her sensations; and when these ceased there was nothing to continue. Here, I think, we can lay our finger on the characteristic which so often arouses a sort of hostility to Sir Arthur Pinero's creations—his people, take them all round, have never a soul to be saved. With a few doubtful exceptions, they have not a spark of spiritual life. They live in their senses, their affections, their social relations; but they are wholly innocent of any relation to the Unseen. The faculty of wonder is denied them: "there is no speculation in those eyes." They do not believe in anything from the roof upwards—and neither do they disbelieve. That aspect of existence does not enter their heads. They are careful and cumbered about many things, but never about the whence, the why, or the whither of their busy little gleam of consciousness. Were the world actually peopled with such pagans, the conception of immortality could never have arisen, so manifest is the impossibility of viewing them "sub specie æternitatis." This is not a criticism of Sir Arthur Pinero's art, for certainly such people exist in their thousands. They are, indeed, one of the characteristic products of our present phase of civilisation. It must be remembered, too, that when he has essayed to draw a man or woman with a soul, as in "The Thunderbolt" or "Mrs. Ebbsmith," we have not always shown ourselves very grateful. Nevertheless, one could wish that, if only for the sake of artistic relief, he would take a little more cognisance of things immaterial, of aspiration, of wonder, and of awe.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh has never done anything better than her Zoe. It is a performance which raises her above the very high position she has hitherto held. She was as good as possible throughout; but in the first and second acts she was quite peculiarly excellent. She indicated subtle shades, transitions, and interfusions of emotion with extraordinary skill, so that her performance had something of that shimmering iridescence which fascinates us in the best work of Eleonora Duse. Mr. Lyn Harding was good as the "dour" and heavy Theo, and Mr. C. M. Lowne played the philosophic Mottram with excellent geniality and tact. I am not quite sure about Mr. Eric Maturin's Lenny Ferris. It was a clever rendering of a certain type of modern young man; but was it quite the type the author intended? It is generally safe to assume that Sir Arthur Pinero gets what he wants from his actors; but I can imagine a more convincing performance of this part.

"Madame X" at the Globe Theatre is a solid, sentimental French melodrama, of a type much admired thirty years ago, and still, no doubt, attractive enough to a certain class of audience. It contains two acts of unrelieved tedium and two acts of more or less "sensational" interest, in which Miss Lena Ashwell finds an opportunity for some extremely effective acting. It is a pure article of commerce, wholly outside the dramatic movement, whether English or European. The box-office returns form its only valid criticism—a criticism which may, perhaps, be favorable, but scarcely, I should think, enthusiastic.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE VIEWS OF RUSSIAN LIBERALS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Two recent events of our Russian life have clearly shown how well THE NATION has understood the present state of "Reform" in Russia. The arrest and deportation, without any public accusation or trial, of the secretary of our greatest living man of letters, Count Leo Tolstoy (the police-constable forbidding Tolstoy to say good-bye to his friend!) and the sudden closure of the old and purely philanthropic organisation, known as "The Invalid and Deceased Writers' Fund," are explicit enough to reveal the peculiar kind of constitutionalism personified by MM. Stolypin, Isvolsky, and Co.

In his speech about "his Majesty's Opposition," Professor Miliukow was certainly thinking of his own line of action in the third Duma, forgetting the view of Russian Liberals. Now the true Liberals are, and always have been, loyal to the monarchy, and would like to be "the Opposition" in the English style. But their conscience does not allow them to establish illusions and to hide the truth.

The reality is: we have no constitution. The third Duma is a mere registry-department. The most arbitrary bureaucratic power everywhere prevails. The law is despised.

Such a system of governing a country as that of the Stolypin Cabinet kills initiative, stops economic and political progress, and engenders general discontent, confusion, and anarchy.

Pretending to fight an imaginary revolution and skilfully profiting by the unsteadiness or servility of some of the Duma party leaders, Russian bureaucracy is again becoming omnipotent, and has surrounded the Crown with a Chinese wall of hollow phraseology, incapacity, and selfishness.

M. Stolypin's Government is trying ingeniously to give the Russian Eagle a double aspect. One of its faces is

turned to the Western Powers, and puts on quasi-constitutional features (without which no foreign loan could be realised). The other one, looking to the East (Prussia included) sets up a Tartar system, protects the pogrom-makers, and sympathises with the furious anti-Semitism of the "Black Gang." Because, therefore, the reactionists, and all those who hate the idea of serious reform in Russia, are naturally attracted by the congenial temper and institutions of their Prussian and German-Austrian neighbors, we fear that the Anglo-Russian *entente*, so dear to us and so indispensable to both our countries, may be endangered.

We want a lasting understanding with England, which should lead to an alliance like that with France, in order to assure the peace of Europe. But we know that such an alliance, or even an honest *entente*, between English Liberals and Russian reactionaries, open like Doubrovin, or hidden like Stolypin, is an unnatural bond.

For the regeneration and greatness of Russia we want a real, and not a quasi, Parliament, with a responsible Cabinet; we firmly believe that only a truly constitutional Russia can be a great ally and an indomitable foe.

We are for fighting high-handed, arbitrary, and corrupt administration, whatever may be the shield under which it covers itself. Such an administration compromises the Crown before the country, and the country before civilisation. —Yours, &c.,

A Group of Russian Liberals.

St. Petersburg, September 5th, 1909.

## THE SET-BACK TO WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Amid the confusion of tongues and the whirlwind of unregulated emotion which have prevailed during these last four years, it has seemed to some of us best to abstain from words, even good words. But I feel, and I speak only for myself, that the moment has come for strong, definite protest against a policy which not only destroys any hope of our enfranchisement in the near future, but which—much worse than that—degrades the ideal of womanhood and exhibits a passionate unreason that says little for the intelligence of the women who adopt it. There are, we all admit, many women in the violent party, of high character and honest aims, who have been captivated by this new and strange fanaticism, but it is impossible to separate them from their colleagues. They must stand or fall by the policy they maintain, by the company they keep. Stone-throwing, muffin-bell ringing, spitting, face-slapping, the invasion of the private and domestic life of statesmen in the supposed interest of public questions, and now this melodramatic tomfoolery at Lympne Castle with lassoes, can never be described as "political" action by intelligent people, at any rate for long. Strongly as I have desired the right to vote, and steadfastly as I have worked for it for many years, I say deliberately that I do not desire to gain the right through such practices as these. If this policy, even in appearance, were to win, it would be disastrous. It would set a premium upon violence as a means of gaining social and political reform, and public life would become practically impossible for rational beings.

The militant party demand that the Government shall forthwith bring in a definitely conservative limited Bill and pass it before the General Election. No Government is entitled to do any such thing. It would be a dangerous precedent, indeed, to make so fundamental a change in the law until the will of the nation is known, and until the methods of enfranchisement have been thrashed out. To pass such a law now would be to legislate not only in the teeth of the electorate, but in the teeth of the majority of women.

I grieve over the fact—but it is idle to blink it—that the tide has, for the time, set strongly against women's suffrage among women as well as men, and that ebb is precisely coterminous with the militant policy. Great advances had been made during the previous thirty years, by reason of the higher education of women and the proved fitness of thousands of them for professional and public service. Their presence was welcomed on public bodies, and their success was measured in exact ratio to their tact and discretion. This line of policy proved persuasive, and brought Women's Suffrage into practical politics. To-day it is extremely difficult for wise and expert women to gain admission to civic bodies. The ordinary voter does not discriminate, he lumps us all together, is "sick of them rows at Westminster," as one of them put it, and votes against the woman candidate, however unimpeachable her qualifications.

But the question cuts deeper than this. The militant policy is based on sex-rivalry, sex-antagonism, things which nature forbids. All organic life is based on sex-affinity, sex-co-operation. There alone can growth and development be found. Rivalry and antagonism bring sterility, death. That is why I have always distrusted feminist movements. There was considerable excuse for them, no doubt, in the faulty framework of society and law which men built up in a sort of one-eyed way, without reference to women, but many men have been quick to see that women's hands were needed in the repair of this framework; and as the laws interfere more and more intimately with the industrial, social, and domestic life of the people, the national need for women's help became more and more obvious. But who will desire the help of these militant women in the grave counsels of government?

Physical force is the worst and, from the point of view of ethics, the weakest of arguments when it is used by men. Its use by women seems to me the denial of their womanhood. It finds itself in only too fitting companionship with the broken word of honor not to disturb political meetings and the defence of those broken words as justifiable "strategy." This is, indeed, "to debase the moral currency."

Viewed as tactics, the policy is deplorable, as anyone may see. Your own warning, sir, was clear enough last year: "the fate of women's suffrage in the near future depends on the impression made by women in public life." The exhibitions of political incapacity by a group of extreme women have, for the time—and for the time only—obscured the valid claims and faithful service of the majority.—Yours, &c., S. A. B.

September 9th, 1909.

## THE GORRINGE CASE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I gladly take the opportunity of assuring "Leodiensis" that I intended no personal discourtesy by my use of the phrase "special pleading," even if I am unable to accept the definition he gives of it as expressing exactly what was in my mind.

It will not be necessary to trespass on your space by following him through the whole of his letter. I am not an expert in rating matters—it was for that reason, not with any dark design, that I used his own figures to illustrate my point—and I shall not, therefore, offer any criticism of the figures and calculations he now sets out.

It is admitted by "Leodiensis" that rates and taxes are payments in respect of services rendered, and the gentle sarcasm with which he accompanies the admission may be accepted without comment. It will scarcely serve to disguise the fact that, in his statement of the value of the land at £9,000, this unobtrusive "fundamental principle" somehow got completely overlooked.

Now, while the economic return from one portion of the rates expenditure (police, sanitary services, &c.) may be more immediately and directly evident than that from another portion (poor rate, &c.), the return from that other portion, if more remote, is none the less a matter of experience and fact.

Broadly speaking, and taking the community as a whole, my position is that rates must be regarded as necessary outlays, as essential for the full development and successful carrying on of business as any other working expenses; and the fallacy of the claim that, but for these local levies, landowners would be able to demand higher tribute, lies in overlooking the fact that, in that case, there would be so much less to levy tribute upon. It would be just as reasonable to say that if manufacturers stopped spending money upon materials and wages, they would be able to pay more rent.

"But," "Leodiensis" argues, "there are other considerations. The incidence of rating is such that contributions are demanded in proportion to ability to pay, rather

than in proportion to the services rendered"—and he quotes figures to show that, in the Gorringe case, a considerable margin over and above the cost of the services is actually so demanded.

In proportion to the value of the land for a particular purpose, would be a more accurate description, and I am not at all sure that it would not be possible to establish a much closer relationship between that value and the services for which payment is demanded than "Leodiensis" seems willing to allow. Assuming his view of the matter, however, the position reached is this: that his original statement that the Duke could have insisted on a rental of £9,000 remains "obviously incorrect," inasmuch as part at least of the £3,000 is taken for services rendered to the efficiency of the land, and my criticism is equally found to be too sweeping, inasmuch as the whole £3,000 is not taken for that purpose.

My intervention, it would seem, then, was only partially justified; but the general principle that rates *as a whole* are working expenses, and must not be confused with fixed value or increment, is, to my mind, so important, even if its application is rendered imperfect in individual cases by rating anomalies, that I cannot feel unduly concerned at this conclusion.

But the most interesting feature of "Leodiensis's" letters is the mental attitude illustrated by his evident conviction that Messrs. Gorringe's contributions to the rates must naturally and properly be regarded in the light of payments made by the Duke of Westminster.

According to his view, the landowner pays the rates, because, if there were no rates, he could demand more rent. But why stop at rates? By the same reasoning, he also pays his tenants' income tax, together with every other form of public revenue; and as it is evident that, if the sole expense of a tenant were his rent, he could pay his whole income as rent, it follows that the landowners already "pay" the whole difference between the entire national income and what they now receive as land rent!

The "straightforward logic" of this proposition should commend itself to "Leodiensis."

Of course, in a certain negative sense, it may be said to be true; but it leaves out of account the vital fact that the national income is not self-created, but is the product of the people's labor, and that to it the landowner, as such, contributes nothing at all.

The statement that the Duke of Westminster already contributes largely to the public revenue, per Messrs. Gorringe's rates, bears the same relation to the realities underlying words as does the equally true statement that pins save thousands of lives by not being swallowed, and the Duke deserves exactly as much social and political consideration for his "payments" as the pins for their "life-saving."

One word, sir, as to the "elementary doctrine" that any subvention given in aid of rates would go into the pocket of the landowner. This is undeniable; but is it any proof that the landowner pays the rates? On the same lines, a subvention in aid of a manufacturer would prove that the ground landlord pays, say, his wages bill; or one in aid of your present contributor that it is the same ubiquitous philanthropist who really settles with the milkman and the baker. It may be so, but—I hae ma doots.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES H. ROBERTSON.

Muswell Hill, N.
September 7th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—All sympathy for Mr. Gorringe and abuse of the Duke of Westminster are out of place and only confuse the issue. When Mr. Gorringe became the lessee of the property he knew for a certainty the length of the lease, and when the term expired he had no grounds whatever for complaint. He had received all he had expected or was entitled to. Likewise the Duke was entitled to resume possession of his property. He had fulfilled his part of the bargain.

Suppose the Duke had agreed to deliver to Mr. Gorringe 1,000 bushels of wheat during each of the next twelve months; at the end of that period would Mr. Gorringe be entitled to dub the Duke a blackmailer if he would not go on delivering except at the then increased market price? If not, why not? Because land differs from wheat? So it does (and that is the foundation of the increment tax), but a bargain is a bargain, whether it relates to land or the produce thereof, and when it has been carried out as originally intended, it is an abuse of language to call one of the parties a blackmailer because he will not do something beyond. Would Mr. Gorringe have been a blackmailer if he had obtained from the Duke a new lease at a reduced ground rent? If not, why should the Duke, for renewing at an increased rent?

I believe that the increment tax, when properly explained, meets with the approval of most men; but it must not be advocated with vague claims for ex-lessees (for whom it does nothing and could do nothing) or with cries of blackmail (of which it proposes to take twenty per cent!). Such advocacy does harm, and the case for the tax is better without it.—Yours, &c.,

LEONARD J. CLEGG.

Sheffield, September 7th, 1909.

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## THE MOTOR ROADS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—You have rendered an important public service by calling attention to the proposal to provide special roads for motorists, independently of the County Councils, the Local Government Board, and the ratepayers. The present Government, with all its virtues, has an overweening love of creating "Boards" of all kinds, for social experiments of very doubtful utility, and of piling up expenditure in all directions, whether likely to be "remunerative" or not. By all means let motorists have roads of their own—the general public will be very glad to get rid of them—but let them pay for them, even if it should involve the creation of a "road tax" in addition to the other sources of revenue to be ear-marked in their favor. It is idle to suppose that the non-motoring public would pay for the privilege (?) of using the new roads, when there is to be no limit of speed for motors, which would become even more deadly than they are at present with a more or less illusory limit. If motorists desire to smash each other up, that is their own affair; but they ought not to be aided and abetted by the Government to entrap the general public into using roads which would be quite unsafe for ordinary slow-moving traffic.

If there is any money to spare, let it be used for the improvement of the existing roads, many of which are in a perfectly disgraceful condition. In many cases there are no footpaths, or "side-walks," so that pedestrians are constantly driven into the hedge, and sometimes even into a ditch, in order to avoid the scorching motor. The narrowness of some roads, of which we had an appalling example in the death of Lord de Clifford a few days ago, is a fruitful cause of accidents. In this case a steep hill, curved like the letter S, was only twelve feet wide, or less than the length of his lordship's car, which took the hill at fifteen or twenty miles an hour, to be speedily confronted by a couple of farm waggons, which, with their drivers, would have been smashed into atoms, had not the car been turned up the bank. This, probably the worst bit of road in the Kingdom, was quite unprotected by warning boards, and cannot be repaired until the Steyning Rural District Council can collect sufficient "subscriptions" (not rates) to pay for the work!—Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

September 7th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Joshua Brookes, does well in calling attention to the undemocratic character of a part of the Development Bill, which is framed upon the principle that the proceeds of a tax should be used in the interests of the class that pays it.

If this principle were adopted throughout, and it could be shown, for example, that the new licensing duties would be expended in the interests of the brewers, and the new land taxes for the benefit of the landlords, I venture to predict that all the storm of opposition that rages against the Budget would quickly die away. The wicked would cease from troubling, and the Government would be at rest.

But taxation would have become a farce, for it would then produce nothing for the State.

The new Bill may well be acceptable to motorists, for instead of protecting the public from the motor tyranny, it would leave the motorists free to use the ordinary roads without exacting from them even the modest payment they now have to make towards their maintenance. There appears, moreover, to be a grave danger that the Road Board, with its formidable powers, may be captured in the motor interest, which evidently means to make the attempt.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH E. SOUTHALL.

13, Charlotte Road,
Edgbaston, Birmingham,
September 4th, 1909.

## RIGHTS OF WAY.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your readers to a dispute of some years' standing in Cornwall, affecting the public rights of access to the coast, which once again emphasises the need for considerable reforms on the question of public rights of way?

This Cornish case raises the same public issues as were raised by the sensational struggles over the rights of public access to the Giant's Causeway and to Stonehenge.

In 1905, a local dispute at Prussia Cove, in Cornwall, resulted in an action, heard by Mr. Justice Buckley in London, between Mr. Louis Wilhelm Ferdinand Behrens and fishermen and others "concerning the right of public access to certain parts of the cliff at Prussia Cove." I can best describe the dispute by quoting from the speech of the judge in delivering judgment:—

> "The scene of the dispute in this case is laid upon a beautiful rocky piece of the Cornish coast near Marazion. . . . The Defendants are fishermen and others of a like station in life who have, most of them, lived there all their lives. The Plaintiff is a gentleman who, from the year 1862 and onwards, has resorted to this beautiful piece of country from time to time, and who ultimately, some eighteen months ago, became the purchaser of several acres of land extending to the sea, and including the sites of these beautiful places. Unfortunately, he has not made himself popular in the district. Being of opinion, whether rightly or wrongly, that he is within his rights, he took physical means to prevent the country people from using the disputed way. He dug a trench across the road immediately to the north of the purple and green ways, so that no cart could go that way, and also built a wall. It is material to note that this obstruction of the existing way was not made in the course of the erection of new buildings, or of any development of this part of the property for new purposes (although the Plaintiff says that this is what he had, in fact, in contemplation), but was made for the physical interference with the possibility of access. He also put a fence at the junction of the green way and the purple way. He filled up the gap leading to Pixie's Cove to a height of five feet, so that access could not be obtained to the Cove by the old path; and he planted the passing place."
>
> "It is a matter of regret rather than of surprise that the local inhabitants in these circumstances took forcible, although not justifiable, steps to assert rights which they conceived they possessed. They did so in a manner which is to be deprecated. They trampled on his hyacinths; they filled up his trench; they re-opened the gap to Pixie's Cove, and they demolished his fence. Local feeling has run high, and large and, I daresay, disorderly crowds have assembled to assert what the local inhabitants conceived to be their rights."
>
> "Under these circumstances, this action was brought. The Plaintiff asks for an injunction to restrain the Defendants from trespassing on the disputed ways. The Defendants believe that all the ways in question are common public highways."

As a result of this action:—

1. The judge declared that the public rights of way had not been established, although "the plaintiff must bear in mind that, in proceedings properly instituted, he might have great difficulty in maintaining that there is not, at some one of these places here in dispute, a public right of access to the foreshore for fishing."

2. The injunction was refused, "the plaintiff voluntarily disclaiming any intention of preventing the fishermen in the district from reasonably exercising their calling, or of refusing to permit the defendants or any members of the public to exercise reasonable passage to and from such portions of the foreshore abutting on the plaintiff's property for the purpose of fishing or enjoying the beauties of the locality as may not from time to time interfere with his own or his tenants' user and enjoyment of his property."

3. The defendants had to pay "forty shillings damages."

That was four years ago. To-day barbed wire fences, spiked gates, new walls, and disconcerting notice boards are strangely out of harmony with Mr. Justice Buckley's speech and with Mr. Behrens's disclaimer. The splendid cliffs and rocks and caves at Prussia Cove, King's Cove, Bessie's Cove, Pixie's Cove and Little Cudden are being gradually monopolised, and the public no less than the local fishermen are being gradually edged away.

Here is a case in which the local fishermen and the greater public who desire to enjoy the beauties of a splendid coast appear to be alike powerless. The local fishermen and others, who have not recovered from the financial strain of four years ago, cannot be expected to bear the heavy costs of fighting further cases in London. May I suggest that this case strongly emphasises the need for some amendment of the laws relating to public rights of way; such an amendment, for instance, as was suggested in the Session of 1906 in a private Bill:—

> "Where any way upon or over any land or water has been actually enjoyed by the public without interruption for the full period of thirty years, such way shall be deemed conclusively to be a public highway unless it shall appear that the same was enjoyed by some consent or agreement expressly given or made for that purpose in writing."

The Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, with its experiences, has also suggested the following clause as desirable in any new Bill bearing on this subject:—

> "The presumption that a way is a public highway shall not be deemed to be defeated or impaired because the terminus of such way is the seashore or the summit of a hill or cliff or a place of natural beauty or historic interest in private ownership."

Finally, may I suggest that it is desirable that there should be a public right of way round the coast of England, and that for this purpose the Coastguards' Paths should by legislation be declared to be the public rights of way? The Ordnance Survey Maps, already valuable, could be made more so if they could then be utilised as legal evidence for the existence of these public coastguards' paths.—Your, &c.,

FREDERICK WHELEN.

7, Chester Place, Regent's Park,
September 7th, 1909.

## GERMAN AND BRITISH ARMAMENTS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—As a Radical Englishman, I have read with distrust your comments on the few half-hearted expressions of regret at the expense of armaments, which have appeared in the German Press. Is it not time that our party learnt the main facts with regard to our relations with Germany? Is it not true,

(1) That the period of reduction of British naval estimates, 1906-1908, coincides with the period of the extension and acceleration of the German naval programme?

(2) That the laying down of the additional four battleships and the arrangement with the Colonies coincides with the beginnings of doubt as to the wisdom of the rejection of British overtures?

The facts of International politics are not to be learnt by a reference to our inner consciousness. Unless we learn and apply the lessons of history, our programme of social reform will perish with the destruction of the nation.—Yours, &c.,

REFORMER.

September 6th, 1909.

## THE MONOPOLY OF GIVING.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In reading your article, "The Handwriting on the Wall," the thought recurred to me that one monopoly hitherto, by their own admission, largely controlled by the monied classes, is especially the subject of envy to those not so advantageously situated. I refer to the monopoly of "giving." Surely many a rich man will admit he has there an unfair monopoly in the gratification of his wishes, a

monopoly denied to others equally wishful and worthy of indulging in the luxury.

Personally, I look forward to the time when such "giving" shall be rendered unnecessary and cease, owing to each man being paid sufficient for services rendered.—Yours, &c.

J. Edward Francis.

Athenæum Office, Bream's Buildings,
Chancery Lane, E.C.,
September 7th, 1909.

## "ASKING THE WAY."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—As one who has unfortunately had to produce an ear-trumpet when a stranger inquired the way, may I ask your correspondent why this should be an occasion for mirth, and why an ear-trumpet is more ridiculous than a fashionable lorgnette? He was "not prepared for the ear-trumpet," and is startled into italics. But is his knowledge of the world so small that he has no acquaintance and sympathy with the maimed, the halt, and the deaf? Let him enlarge his acquaintance and hope to enlarge his heart.

It is certainly not a pleasant thing to produce an ear-trumpet, and it is made harder by the fear of such an attitude as your correspondent assumes. But while the deaf people who will not avail themselves of helps and blunder about through all imaginable mistakes, like Aunt Maria in "Joe Vance" (we must all of us have laughed at her, though some deaf readers may have winced a little, too), may be fair game, surely those who do all in their power, and at no small cost to their feelings, to hear, are entitled to courtesy. Sir, my sympathy is all with the old duffer by the road side, for I know what it is to strive in vain, even in this way, to hear what is said

Without reflecting on your correspondent's manners, may I say that deafness is a rare touchstone of good breeding and good feeling; and I should be graceless and unthankful did I not add that one of its compensations is the general kindness and helpfulness with which it is met.

As for asking the way, a crowd of souls inquired of Dante and Virgil on the outskirts of Purgatory, and met the usual reply:—

"Voi credete
Forse che siamo sperti d'esto loco
Ma noi sem peregrin come voi siete."

*Purg.* II. 61-63.

—Yours, &c.,

V. I.

September 6th, 1909.

## CHINA AND JAPAN.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—A good many of your readers must have been grieved, as I have been, at the recent tone of your references to Japan, and particularly at the article on "The Ruthlessness of Japan" in your issue of the 14th ult. I hoped that someone better qualified than I am would have answered it in The Nation, but am disappointed to find that it has called forth no criticism from your readers.

I was in China last March, and, being anxious to see Port Arthur before returning home, viâ Japan and the United States, I went by rail from Pekin to Mukden, and thence to Dalny and Port Arthur. Fortunately, I found a cargo steamer loading at Dalny for Chemulpo, the port of Seoul in Korea, otherwise I should have had to return to Mukden and take the narrow-gauge railway in question to An-tung-hsien. The weather was bitterly cold, with occasional falls of snow. The line is, I think, of 21 in. or 24 in. gauge, instead of the usual 4 ft. 8½ in. It was laid by the Japanese engineers in the thick of the late war, and so roughly that derailments and consequent delays were frequent. In any case, two days were required to perform the journey, although the distance is only 189 miles, a halt having to be made for a night at Tsao-Ho-Kou, about half way. The merchants and traders whom I met in the district all looked forward with satisfaction to its being reconstructed of standard gauge in the near future, and pressure was actually being brought to bear on the Japanese authorities to get the initial steps accelerated. Everyone in the district stood to gain by the reconstruction, and none so much as the Manchurian farmers and traders. I was assured that the work would have been in progress last year but for the traditional procrastination of the Chinese.

Your leader writer speaks "of the utter disregard which the Japanese have invariably shown alike in Korea and in Manchuria for the rights and susceptibilities of the conquered." Everything depends, of course, on the point of view; notwithstanding the persistent efforts for generations of the Liberal Party, we are treated to similar criticisms from the Irish Nationalists. But even in my brief visit to Manchuria and Korea I was able to satisfy myself that a large proportion, if not a majority, of the most enlightened inhabitants welcomed the action of Japan, which they saw was opening up a new era of prosperity from which the natives would be the first to benefit. I believe that the future peace and prosperity of the Far East will depend largely on Japan and China learning to live together "in good intelligence," as the French say, and working harmoniously for the development of the resources of both countries. So far as I can judge, the leading men of both nations are striving towards this end, whereas the jealousy and ill-will of which we hear from time to time are mainly the result of Western interference, the outcome of Western selfishness.

I hope that the powerful voice of The Nation will be raised in favor of these interesting, intelligent, and hard-working peoples being left to work out their own salvation in their own way.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. Stevenson.

Glasgow,
September 6th, 1909.

## MALTA FEVER.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—May I trespass upon your space to draw attention to an article upon "Malta Fever and Goats' Milk," by Dr. Walter R. Hadwen, honorary secretary of the British Union for Abolition of Vivisection, in the August number of the "Contemporary Review"?

It will be remembered that some time ago glowing notices appeared in most of the leading papers, claiming the decrease of Malta Fever as a triumph of the research work which led Colonel Sir David Bruce to announce goats' milk as the cause of the malady. Further study of the case, however, throws doubt upon this conclusion, and nowhere could the arguments against it be better stated than in the above-mentioned article.

Here it is shown

(1) How the fever, known by the name of "Malta," is common to many localities besides that island, including places where goats' milk is never used.

(2) From precise data, given by Dr. Eyre, of a sea story, which Sir David Bruce eulogised as illustrative of the milk's action, it is shown that out of 90 people known to have drunk the milk during the transit of 65 goats from Malta, viâ Antwerp, to America, in addition to an unknown number of persons who consumed the same during a five-days' detention of the animals at Antwerp, only five could be convicted of suffering from Malta Fever, and that not by clinical symptoms, but by a laboratory examination after their recovery.

(3) The difficulty of differentiating Malta Fever from other fevers.

(4) By a careful examination of statistics, military, naval, and civil, is shown the curious fluctuation in the incidence of Malta Fever among the troops during the years that goats' milk was in continuous use; the abnormal rise during 1905; the abnormal decline during 1906, dating from January of that year, though the consumption of milk was not stopped until July; the inaccuracy shown in working out the averages of the former numbers of military patients; the significant increase of so-called "Simple Continued Fever" among the troops since the decrease of so-called "Malta Fever"; the disparity in incidence between the soldiers, sailors, and civilians.

(5) The apparent disbelief of Sir David Bruce in his own theory, for while asserting the cause of Malta Fever to be the presence in goats' milk of the minute organism, *Micrococcus Melintensis*, discovered in 1887 by a former Army

medical officer, he goes on to express his willingness to give his own name to the fever once the Maltese have extirpated the much-maligned microbe!

(6) The insanitary condition of St. Elmo Barracks, Malta, as testified to by soldiers' wives.

(7) The filling of the military hospital by the inmates of St. Elmo Barracks during the fever epidemic of 1905.

(8) The crowding of St. Elmo Barracks up to the outbreak of 1905, and the reduction in 1906 of the troops there resident to the low number of eighty-three.

(9) The reduction by thirty-one per cent., during 1905 to 1907, of the whole Malta garrison.

(10) The improvement in health resulting from bettered sanitary conditions; the lowered death-rate in parts of the island where the new drainage system is completed; the more or less stationary death-rate in the parts where such improvements have still to be undertaken; the benefit derived from sensible medical regulations.—Yours, &c.,

E. Douglas Hume.

September 7th, 1909.

## THE GOVERNMENT AND THE LORDS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Cabinet Ministers have been speaking plainly lately, and have hinted that, should the Budget be blocked, it will be their duty to tender certain advice for the purpose of removing the obstacles.

All this is excellent, but what of the aftermath? Will the Government continue to speak sterner and stronger after the Lords have been cowed into submission over the Budget, or will they resume the previous habit of gently roaring when measure after measure was flung contemptuously back at them at the behests of Mr. Balfour?

If they do, then slackness, weariness, and defeat will be the lot of the Party even as it was before the revival over the Budget, and deep disgust will be felt if the Government bring forward Welsh Disestablishment and a Reform Bill without forcing them through the Lords.

The tame acquiescence in the loss of the Education and Licensing Bills did them untold harm, and it is not too late for their re-introduction and forcible passing into law.

Discussing the permission given to Earl Grey in 1832 to create new Peers, Payne says: "This brief paper may be called the Magna Charta of responsible government. It established the right of a Ministry to break down, by some convenient means, a factious opposition in the Lords, and this right has never since been practically disputed."

Let the Government remember these words and complete its programme.—Yours, &c.,

H. H. Robson.

Glengarriff, Mariner's Road,
Blundellsands, Liverpool,
September 6th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## A NEW POET.

### THREE EXAMPLES OF HIS STYLE.

### IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING.

I thought I heard Him calling. Did you hear
A sound, a little sound? My curious ear
Is dinned with flying noises, and this tree
Goes whisper, whisper, whisper silently
Till all its whispers spread into the sound
Of a dull roar. Lie closer to the ground,
The shade is deep, and He may pass us by,
We are so very small, and His great eye,
Customed to starry majesties, may gaze
Too wide to spy us hiding in the maze.
Ah, misery!—the sun is not yet gone
And we are naked: He will look upon
Our crouching shame, may make us stand upright
Burning in terror—O, that it were night!
He may not come . . what? listen, listen now—
He's here, lie closer . . . "*Adam, where art thou?*"

### NOTHING AT ALL.

There was a man was very old:
He sat beside a little fire,
And watched the flame begin to tire.

He held his hands unto the heat,
And in a voice was half a scold
Informed Creation he was cold.

And very, very, feeble, too.
He could not lift up from his seat
To reach the fuel at his feet.

Perhaps, said he, God does not know
That I'm nearly frozen through;
He mightn't like it if He knew

That an old man cannot stretch,
When his blood's too weak to flow,
Frozen sitting in the snow.

. . . . .

Poor old chattering, grumbling wight.
God will hardly come to fetch
Wood for such an ancient wretch.

But He'll send you rain more cold,
To quench that little flickering light,
Just like this, and freeze you quite.
. . Men must die when they get old.

### WHAT THE DEVIL SAID.

It was the night time, God the Father Good,
Weary of praises, on a sudden stood
Up from His throne and leaned upon the sky,
For He had heard a sound, a little cry,
Thin as a whisper climbing up the steep.

And so He looked to where the Earth asleep
Rocked with the Moon, He saw the whirling sea
Swing round the world with surgent energy,
Tangling the Moonlight in its netted foam,
And nearer where the white and fretted dome
Of the ice-capped pole spun back a larded ray
To whistling stars, bright as a wizard's day.

But these He passed with eyes intently wide,
Till closer still the mountains He espied
Squatting tremendous on the broad-back'd Earth;
Each nursing twenty rivers at a birth.
And then minutely sought He, for the cry
Had climbed the slant of space so hugely high.

He found it in a ditch outside a town,
A tattered hungry woman crouching down
By a dead babe—so there was nought to do,
For what is done is done, and back He drew
Sad to His heaven of ivory and gold;
And as He sat, all suddenly there rolled,
From where the woman wept upon the sod,
Satan's deep voice, "O, thou unhappy God!"

James Stephens.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

As far as can be judged at present, the autumn publishing season promises well. Publishers are more hopeful than usual, and their announcement lists contain a great number of interesting titles and subjects. Messrs. Macmillan, for instance, promise us, under the heading of "Literature," three books of the first importance—a volume of verse, to be called "Time's Laughing Stocks, and other Poems," by Mr. Thomas Hardy, the third volume of Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prosody," and the sixth volume of Professor Courthope's "History of English Poetry," which brings the narrative down to the death of Scott and completes the work. Professor Courthope's volume, which has already been announced in these columns, deals with the influence on English poetry of the French Revolution. The point of view adopted throughout the whole work is that poetry is an imaginative reflection of the social life of the nation, and, after treating of the democratic lyrical movement in poetry heralded by Burns and Blake, Professor Courthope traces the influence of the political views of the Foxite Whigs on the work of men like Rogers, Campbell, and Moore. He also discusses the effects of the Revolution on the Lake School and its bearing upon Byron, Shelley, Keats, and others who belong to the later Romantic movement. The volume ends with a short chapter in which the author summarises the character of his "History" and explains his reasons for ending with the death of Scott. Professor Courthope is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of a work which no English scholar since Warton has had the courage to attempt.

* * *

UNDER the heading of "Biography and History," the same publishers announce Lord Acton's long-expected "Lectures on the French Revolution," a biography of Lord Kelvin by Professor Silvanus Thompson, the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Fortescue's "History of the British Army," "The English Church in the Nineteenth Century" by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, and Professor H. M. Gwatkin's "Early Church History to A.D. 313." Professor Gwatkin's aim has been to trace the growth of Christianity in its connection with the general history of the time, indicating the lines of thought, and noting the forces that made for change. He states in his preface that he has made no attempt to conceal his personal opinions. "The mere annalist may be able to do it, but the historian cannot, unless he accepts theories of determinism which turn Universal Law into universal nonsense, by refusing to recognise the plainest facts of universal experience. . . . Impartiality does not consist in a refusal to form opinions, or in a futile concealment of them under a lofty affectation of treating history scientifically, but in forming them by a single-hearted effort to realise their thoughts again, and understand their whole environment." Independent judgment and freshness of treatment are valuable qualities in a writer who treats of early Church history, and Professor Gwatkin's former work, as well as his preface, leads us to look for both in his coming volumes.

* * *

MESSRS. METHUEN'S list is, as usual, particularly strong in historical biographies. One of the most promising is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Marie Antoinette." The view taken is that Marie Antoinette's life resembles a Greek tragedy, the events that determined her fate being not accidental, but an inevitable result of the great alliance of 1756, a dynastic arrangement entered upon when she was less than a year old. Another book by Mr. Belloc is to be called "On Everything," and will be a companion volume to his last collection of essays, "On Nothing." It is chiefly made up of Mr. Belloc's contributions to the "Morning Post."

* * *

MEMOIRS of distinguished lawyers are noted for the number of racy and entertaining anecdotes which they usually contain, and Mr. T. E. Crispe's "Reminiscences of a K.C." promises to be no exception. Its opening chapters treat of London in the 'fifties of the last century, and give some glimpses of men of letters, actors, and actresses, with whom the author had acquaintance. These are followed by sketches of life at the bar, with reminiscences of past judges and advocates. Mr. Crispe gives hints to young barristers in regard to advocacy, elocution, and the best way of dealing with judges, juries, and witnesses, and also discusses a number of legal reforms which he holds to be desirable.

* * *

GOOD biographies of theatrical celebrities are rare, but in her book on "David Garrick and his Circle," Mrs. Clement Parsons showed that such a chronicle may be made lively and effective. She has now written "The Incomparable Siddons," which is intended to be a contribution to the study of acting, as well as a portrait of one of the most famous of English actresses. The book is not without literary interest, for Mrs. Siddons was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, while her long life enabled her to know both the London of Johnson and the London of Byron.

* * *

"THE DAYS OF THE DIRECTOIRE" is the title of a book by Mr. Alfred Allinson, which Mr. John Lane has in the press. The period abounds in picturesque figures and dramatic situations—Barras, Carnot, Babeuf, Madame Tallien, and Ange Pitou, are a few names that present themselves at once—and the crowd of adventurers who thronged the Luxembourg should furnish Mr. Allinson with plenty of material. Use is made of the diaries and correspondence of foreign travellers in France at the time, and by the help of these the author gives some vivid glimpses of the rural districts, and of Paris, in the days immediately succeeding the Revolution.

* * *

A BIOGRAPHICAL study of "Pascal" has been written by Lord St. Cyres, and will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Recent French criticism has cleared up several difficult points concerning Pascal's life and thought, so that the coming work will contain material that has not hitherto been brought before English readers. Lord St. Cyres writes from the Catholic standpoint, and it will be interesting to see how he deals with Pascal's attractive but enigmatic personality.

* * *

DURING the present month Messrs. Longmans will issue Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi and the Thousand," a continuation of the same author's "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Empire." Messrs. Longmans have also in preparation a new edition of Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," in which the editor, Professor W. J. Ashley, indicates, with their dates, all the changes in the text which show any variation or development in Mill's views. In the introduction Professor Ashley examines Mill's position in the history of economic thought, and an appendix treats of his influence upon later writers.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR RANSOME'S "History of Story-Telling: Studies in the Development of Narrative," is to be published shortly by Messrs. Jack. It consists of a series of essays, beginning with an account of early stories in verse, and ending with Gautier, French Romanticism, and Flaubert. Each essay is intended to be a portrait of some particular writer, together with an examination of his influence upon the technique of the art.

* * *

## BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Compiled and edited by Roger Ingpen. (Pitman. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

"Michelangelo." By Gerald S. Davies. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Inns, Ales, and Drinking Customs of Old England." By Frederick W. Hackwood. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Napoleon's Brothers." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. (Methuen. 18s. net.)

"Mimma Bella" By Eugene Lee-Hamilton. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

"Travels in the Upper Egyptian Deserts." By Arthur E. P. Weigall. (Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Epochs in the Life of St. Paul." By A. T. Robertson, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s.)

"The American Egypt: Travels in Yucatan." By C. Arnold and F. J. T. Frost. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

"Open Country." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"L'Inquiétude Religieuse." Par Henri Bremond. (Paris: Perrin. 3 fr. 50.)

"Les Napoléons: Réalité et Imagination." Par Théodore Duret. (Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50.)

# Reviews.

## DANTE'S SYSTEM OF MORALS.*

When Virgil and Dante have passed through the circles of Hell, wherein sins of incontinence are punished, and are pausing in the circle of heretics, Virgil explains to his companion the system of the three circles they have still to traverse. He begins by saying (Inf. XI., 22-23) that *injuria* is the goal or *finis* of all *malitia;* and proceeds to show that all the denizens of the lower hell have been guilty of *injuria*, either open (violent) or secret (fraudulent). Mr. Reade's book, of nearly 450 pages, is practically a commentary upon these words.

He maintains: First: that the term *malitia* is not (as is generally, and I think rightly, assumed) a translation of Aristotle's κακία, but is used in the strictly technical sense in which sins committed *ex passione* are contrasted by Aquinas with those committed *ex malitia*. And further, that "the *finis* of one who sins *ex malitia* is never the gratification of passion" (p. 228). Second: That *justitia* being a passionless virtue is (in its narrower sense) directly opposed to *malitia*, so that "only when passion is superseded by sheer *voluntas nocendi*, or, in other words, when the act is committed *ex malitia*, is there in the full moral sense a sin against justice" (p. 272). Third: That all such acts of injustice are prompted by *odium*, and "cannot be deliberately willed until mere anger or envy have given place to *odium*. . . . for to hate, and to will murder or theft for its own sake, are but two expressions of the same thing" (p. 264). The man who commits an injustice *ex malitia*, and in *odio*, therefore, "wills the crime because he knows that it will damage his neighbour: he does it without passion, and with cold-blooded deliberateness" (p. 262).

If all this could be made good it would certainly enable us to read the celebrated lines in question as a technically accurate statement, in which the word *finis* might be pressed to the very utmost. The injury inflicted upon another, and not any gratification or advantage accruing to the sinner himself, would, in that case, be the goal or final end and purpose of the injurious acts of every one of the sinners in the last three circles of Hell. The conclusion is sufficiently startling, and it suggests at once that Dante's technical accuracy in the use of philosophical terms is being defended at too heavy a price. It would involve us, for instance, in the conclusion that Jason (who is in the first *bolgia* of the eighth circle) seduced Medea neither from passion, nor from a desire to make use of her in his quest, but from a wish, arising out of dispassionate hatred, to interfere with her matrimonial prospects, to facilitate her passage to a disreputable life, and to bring discredit upon her father; for it is in these things, according to Aquinas, that the *injuria* of seduction consists (*Summa*. $2^a$ $2^{ae}$ cliv. 6. c.). Now an argument must be strong indeed if it is to support such a conclusion, and Mr. Reade's argument is weak—nay, his premises are positively and directly false—at almost every critical point.

At the basis of the whole edifice lies a complete misconception, and therefore misrepresentation, of the doctrine of Aquinas as to the difference between sins committed *ex passione* and those committed *ex malitia*. It is astonishing, and until one has checked it over and over again incredible, that so patient and diligent a student of Aquinas as Mr. Reade shows himself to be can have failed to understand a point at once so obvious and so fundamental. Aquinas defines sinning *ex malitia* as the deliberate preferring of a lesser to a greater good, and he illustrates it by the case of a man who loves "riches or pleasure" more, for instance, than "the order of reason or of the divine law." And he further explains very carefully that even the man who sins *ex malitia* does not love evil in itself, instancing "the lascivious man who would prefer to secure his indulgence (*frui delectatione*) without offence to God, but, of the two, prefers offending God by sinning to forfeiting his indulgence" (*S*. $1^a$ $2^{ae}$ lxxviii. 1).

The *finis*, then, in such cases, is exactly what Mr. Reade says it can never be, namely, "the gratification of passion." The man who is inspired by *odium* does, indeed, as Mr. Reade correctly maintains, do a wrong to another simply for the sake of injuring him, and finds his goal in the injury, regarding it as a *bonum* to himself, because it is a *malum* to one whom he regards as, in his whole being, repugnant and noxious to himself (*S*. $1^a$ $2^{ae}$ xxix. 1). But to regard all sins that are committed *ex malitia* as due to *odium*, is directly counter to the definitions.

What, then, is the meaning of the contrast between *passio* and *malitia?* It is very simple. The man who sins *ex passione* prefers the lesser to the greater good, only when directly under the blinding influence of the passion itself, whereas the other deliberately, and in advance, sets out to secure the lesser good in preference to the greater. Such, in the words of the Apostle, "*make provision* for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." Naturally the possession of wealth, of honor, or the gratification of pure hatred, may be deliberately preferred to better things, so that they too may give rise to sins *ex malitia;* but passion in the narrower sense is in no way excluded, and the man who is intemperate "*ex malitia*" is quite a typical case (*S*. $1^a$ $2^{ae}$ lxxviii. 4. c.), though Mr. Reade regards him as a paradoxical person, whom he confessedly does not know what to do with (pp. 289, 336). In short, Mr. Reade does not understand or recognise the man who in his absolutely or relatively passionless moments deliberately schemes and plans to secure the gratification of his passions when the time comes, whatever wrong it may involve; and, consequently, he confounds the absence of passion in the act of choice with the exclusion of the gratification of passion as an object. This vitiates his whole analysis, and reduces his conclusions to a string of psychological monstrosities.

It would be easy to show that the same radical mistake leads to a similar ignoring of plain texts, and consequently to a similar misrepresentation of the teaching of Aquinas as to injustice (Cf. *S*. $1^a$ $2^{ae}$ lxxxviii. 5. c., and many other passages); but we will turn to the more gracious and more grateful task of acknowledging our deep sense of personal obligation to Mr. Reade's study, in spite of its radical unsoundness. The net outcome of a careful perusal of his book, with the concomitant study of Aquinas, has been to bring the present reviewer to a far clearer conception than he had ever before been able to reach of the root ideas that dominate Dante's treatment of sin, both in the Purgatory and in the Hell. The following exposition is not Mr. Reade's, and in some respects it runs directly counter to his contentions, but it is rooted in his repeated and luminous statements that, in the Christian tradition of the thirteenth century, sins of the animal nature that we should call brutish, such as gluttony and carnality, are for that very reason regarded as less grave, or, at least, less fundamental, than sins of the spiritual nature, such as pride or envy.

Sins, for the most part, may be regarded under either of two aspects. They always imply inordinate affections, that is to say, what we should now describe as a false scheme of values. The sinner loves the absolutely or relatively unlovely. But in many, if not most, cases there is an objective as well as a subjective aspect of sin. It injures others or infringes in some way upon their dues. In the Purgatory sin is regarded primarily as ill-regulated affection; and here the disturbances of due order, induced by the appetites of the flesh, are treated as less fundamental than pride or envy, because the latter corrupt the affections at their very source, and teach a man actually to regard another's evil as his good and another's good as his evil.

Even here the actuating principle is not necessarily *odium* in the full technical sense; for if you envy a man (for instance) you only wish him ill in those things wherein he has the advantage of you, whereas if you hate him you wish him ill in everything (*De malo* X. 2. $1^m$). Nevertheless the domineering or envious man does seek the humiliation of others as a goal in itself. It is not that he pursues his good reckless of the evil inflicted on others, but that he seeks their evil as an essential part of his good. The gluttonous seek the lesser good to the neglect of the greater. The envious seek evil. Gluttony may be recalcitrance of the lower appetites against the rule of reason, envy involves treachery on the part of the ruling intelligence itself, not mere rebellion on the part of the subject appetites. In the one case the garrison has been overpowered, in the other it has been corrupted. Thus, in

* "The Moral System of Dante's Inferno." By W. H. V. Reade, M.A. Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net

the two lowest circles of Purgatory there is at least an approach (though an approach only) to the principle that Mr. Reade endeavors to find in the three lowest circles of Hell. The main point on which we are insisting, however, is that in Purgatory sins are treated primarily under the aspect of disorder in the affections, and for that reason pride and envy (the sins of the devil) are regarded as worse than sins to which the world and the flesh seduce our weakness.

In Hell, on the other hand, sin is regarded, successively, under both its aspects; first, as inordinate affection in the sinner himself, and, second, as injurious to others. The incontinent sins are treated under the former aspect (though without any implication that they do not actually inflict injury on others), but after the seventh canto, where internal evidence and tradition combine to indicate a "joint," we pass (through certain transitional cantos) to the contemplation of sins as inflicting deliberate injury upon others. The essential characteristic of these sins is that the injury they work is not incidental, but inherent in the act itself. The man who deliberately robs or cheats, injures his neighbor, not as an incidental consequence, but as an integral, essential and inseparable constituent of the act he directly contemplates. In this sense injury is directly aimed at and is an end, though (and here we sacrifice the one point which Mr. Reade gains) it is not necessarily or generally the true *finis* of the action in the sense of the thing for the sake of which it is done. It may be this; for *odium* may be, though in the case of the majority of the sinners in these circles it obviously was not, the principle of action. But the injurious intention is essential. Now, Aristotle points out that acts of deliberate injustice may be open (violent) or secret (fraudulent); and in another passage that they may be unhuman (brutish) or specifically human (vicious). The conception of "violence" in Aristotle's general philosophy (though not in this specific connection) includes all violation of natural tendencies; so that the motion of a stone upwards, for instance, is violent; and since it is natural to man to love God, himself and his neighbor, pure and disinterested hatred, or perverse love of the naturally loathsome, is, in a sense, violent. And monstrous proclivities of this order are placed by Aristotle (at any rate as understood in the Middle Ages) amongst "brutish" acts, as are also acts of abnormal cruelty and savagery; and since "mutilation" and rapine had already been placed by him amongst acts of violence, it was natural for Dante to equate the violently injurious with the brutally vicious. Hence the two classes of violent and brutish offences were amalgamated and systematised by him, were contrasted with secret or fraudulent wrongs, and were treated as less grave than these latter. This is as it should be. The open tyrant is a rebel against society, the secret peculator, forger, or instigator to evil is a traitor against society. Moreover, the latter group abuse the specifically human gift of reason, and so again pollute the fountain of good and turn it to evil. Lowest of all are those doubly treacherous, who trade on the natural confidence inspired by kindred or other special tie, for "injurious" purposes, whether their ultimate motive be avarice, or pure hatred, or any other passion or impulse.

Mr. Reade, as already stated, takes a different view on many of the points now raised. But it is rash to tax Dante with a "dishonest" use of words (p. 422). Even if he could bring home confusion or perversity to Dante, his own book sufficiently indicates that a man may be perverse without being dishonest.

P. H. W.

## THE POETRY OF JAMES STEPHENS.*

In the month that Mr. Synge's "Poems and Translations" came out there was published in Dublin a first volume by a new writer. "Insurrections," by James Stephens, had also the attitude of revolt. But while Mr. Synge's revolt is against art forms and art philosophies, Mr. Stephens's revolt is against an environment. Mr. Synge looks at the pictures in a Dublin exhibition, and says:—

> Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand,
> Ye plumed and skinny Shee,
> That poets walked with hand-in-hand
> To learn their ecstasy.
>
> We'll stretch in Red Dan Sally's ditch
> And drink in Tubber fair,
> Or poach with Red Dan Philly's bitch
> The badger and the hare.

Mr. Stephens looks down a Dublin street, and says:—

> Those rigid houses, black and sour,
> Each dark thin building stretching high,
> Rank after rank
> Of windows blank
> Stare from a sullen eye,
> With doleful aspect scowl and glower
> At the timid passer-by.
> * * *
> See in the doorway, squatting there
> Back in the blackness, rocking slow—
> That a babe can rest
> On the battered breast
> She urges to and fro,
> She croons no song, she prays no prayer
> If any such she know.

So far, Irish poetry has been written by those who are Catholics, by those who have reached the Catholic point of view through their Celtic sympathies, or by those who have adopted a cosmopolitan philosophy. Mr. Stephens has also adopted a philosophy, but in his characteristic verse there is an ingenuous Protestantism. An Irish Catholic distinguishes the Protestantism in the intimacy with the Deity revealed in the poem which Mr. Stephens names, "What Tomas an Buile Said in a Pub":—

> I saw God. Do you doubt it?
> Do you dare to doubt
> I saw the Almighty Man. His hand
> Was resting on a mountain, and
> He looked upon the World and all about it:
> I saw Him plainer than you see me now,
> You mustn't doubt it.
>
> He was not satisfied;
> His look was all dissatisfied.
> His beard swung on a wind far out of sight
> Behind the world's curve, and there was light
> Most fearful from His forehead, and He sighed,
> "That star went always wrong, and from the start
> I was dissatisfied."
>
> He lifted up His hand,
> I say He heaved a dreadful hand
> Over the spinning Earth, then I said, "Stay,
> You must not strike it, God; I'm in the way;
> And I will never move from where I stand."
> He said, "Dear child, I feared that you were dead,"
> And stayed His hand.

Mr. Stephens has substituted the street for the country road, and "the literary picturesque" of the country, so much exploited by contemporary Irish writers, has no place in this book. Nevertheless Mr. Stephens has the real folk imagination. It is most obviously shown in the little poem called "Seumas Beg." Here is the mind of a freakish child, a child for whom the folk-tale is within the covers of a "penny dreadful":—

> A man was sitting underneath a tree
> Outside the village, and he asked me what
> Name was upon this place, and said he
> Was never here before. He told a lot
> Of stories to me too. His nose was flat.
> I asked him how it happened, and he said
> The first mate of the Mary Ann done that
> With a marling-spike one day, but he was dead,
> And jolly good job too; and he'd have gone
> A long way to have killed him, and he had
> A gold ring in one ear; the other one
> "Was bit off by a crocodile, bedad."
> That's what he said. He taught me how to chew.
> He was a real nice man. He liked me too.

It is the mind of Seumas Beg that Mr. Stephens carries through all his own adventures. It is Seumas Beg who calls upon God to stay his hand. It is Seumas Beg who tells us of the old man who glowers over the fire in the grate—the fistful of red coal. In the best of Mr. Stephens's poems we get the notion of a child, or, at all events, of a little creature, freakish, friendly, and fearless. He delights in adventures, in irony, in feats of strength and cunning. It is significant that in his most characteristic love poem, "Fossils," the woman is won by the chase, by screams, by the victor's grip.

> And then she saw me creeping,
> Saw and stood
> Transfixed upon the fringes of the wood
> And straight went leaping.
> * * *

* "Insurrections." By James Stephens. Dublin: Maunsel. 1s. net.

Her hair swung far behind,
Straight as a stream, balanced upon the wind.
O, it was black, dipped
In the dregs of midnight with a spark
Caught from a star that smouldered in the dark.
It I gripped,
Drew for a moment tight,
Jerked with a victor's cry
Down in the grasses high,
Her to the hot, brown earth and threatened—daft,
And then she laughed.

In "The Rebel," "The Red Haired Man's Wife," "The Dancer," poems in which women speak for themselves, Mr. Stephens shows Browning influences. One feels that he is external also in pantheistic rhapsodies like "Nature" and "The Whisperer," though "Nature" has some fine stanzas, and the verse in the "Whisperer" has a real emotional quality. The language of Mr. Stephens's poetry is not distinguished in itself, but it is often used with startling aptness. His rhythms are not subtle in the sense that the rhythms used by another young Irish poet, Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan, are subtle, but sometimes his verse has charming music, as in the poem, "Chill of the Eve":—

A long green swell
Slopes soft to the sea,
And a far-off bell
Swings sweet to me.
As the grey, chill day
Slips away from the lea.

And in the rhyme of "The Watcher":—

He who is waiting
In the rain outside,
He who is standing
Where the dew drops wide,
He who is watching
In the wind must ride
(Tho' the pale hands cling)
With the rose
And the ring
And the bride;
Must ride
With the red of the rose
And the gold of the ring
And the lips and the hair of the bride.

It is in the arrangement of the piece that Mr. Stephens shows his technical skill. His poem, "Fossils," and the piece called "The Dancer," are examples of skilful dramatisation in verse. Mr. Stephens sometimes fails through his tendency to over-emphasise, and add to the significant statement. "The Dancer" is too violent for verse, and in "Teirg Gorabh and the Liar" a fine satire on the charming in life loses itself in an irrelevant denuciation of gold. The third stanza in "To the Four Courts, Please," adds a platitude to an extraordinarily vivid impression. Mr. Stephens must not lend his talent to the illustration of grandiose ideas, nor allow himself to be obsessed by theories of monism or pantheism.

"Insurrections" is an exceptionally able first book, and we have reason to believe that the writer has done better work since its publication. Mr. Stephens's poetry is certain to achieve a great contemporary success.

PADRIAC COLUM.

## TOWN-PLANNING AND A GUIDE TO IT.*

HERE at length we have substantially such a volume as has long and urgently been needed to bring together the varied knowledge too much scattered among groups of specialists hitherto often distinct, and which goes far to harmonise their varied points of view—geographic, historical and cultural, hygienic and economic, constructive and artistic.

The author's experience and qualifications, as a working leader of our excellent and increasing group and school of Garden City architects, are well known; and the practical chapters of his book, with its useful criticisms of bye-laws, and his experience of site planning and road arrangement, of plotting and spacing, of variety of design yet harmony in grouping, and the like, will not only be read with interest and profit by the technically competent and those desirous of becoming so, but by the intelligent layman who is beginning to feel his responsibilities and opportunities in regard to his own borough or city—and this whether he is practically to participate in the immediate enjoyment of such betterments as Mr. Unwin and his fellows so alluringly offer, or no. Architecture has, no doubt, always been one of the most readable and attractive of technical subjects to the general reader—but here is an unusual example of this. His opening presentment is quite the right one:—Starting with plans of two London districts, in Norwood and Fulham respectively, one an extreme case of the street-muddling, the other an ordinary sample of the site-spoiling, which have hitherto in the main taken the place of town-planning in our cities, he thence tactfully conducts us, used as we are to living among surroundings in which beauty has little or no place, first to realise "what a remarkable and unique feature the ugliness of modern life is," and how recent also; next, to see what art really is; not that external veneering of unnecessary "decorations," that slavish and wasteful imitation of these, which explains and almost justifies the harshest utilitarianism, but "the well doing of what needs doing." Thence straightway he takes us to the conception of "Civic Art the expression of Civic Life," which is the very touchstone of architecture true and false—the one arising from the needs and growth of a healthy material life and activity, and as its sensuous yet spiritual expression also—the other with its paper frontages gorgonised into stone, and its ornament useless as the decorations upon a coffin.

Next comes a chapter on "The Individuality of Towns," in which the reader is conducted upon an illuminating tour through cities, British and foreign, ancient, medieval and modern, and learns something of how to read town plans in their rationale, both geographic and historic, their qualities of use and art. This tour is, of course, personal, and therefore not comprehensive, but all the more it is the best of introductions to its subject, and prepares not only for the scientific monograph such as someone has next to write, but, what is still better, for his readers' intelligent observation and enquiry meanwhile. In the chapter "Of Formal and Informal Beauty," he puts the arguments reasonably for either side, yet each with a certain lack of intensity, which betrays the one limitation of the book. A writer sound and sane, practical and tasteful, he has as yet a touch of the paralysis of the too conscious student, and with this a limitation of creative fire. If this should come to him—as come it may—with some larger and statelier task than his suburban areas, one truly and fully civic, we might find in him for our generation that leadership which William Morris so nearly attained in the last but for his absorption by romantic luxuries, and which still awaits the man in whom the constructive efficiency of the city builder becomes infused and uplifted by the spirit of the poet. Yet this too will come in its season; and for the present need, that of an introductory text book for our own councillors and M.P.'s—for their constituents also—Mr. Unwin is the best of guides; and he has not only gone as far as his temperament and his prudence dictated, but left his readers where they can hardly escape going further.

Similarly, as regards the "City Surveys" which are advocated not only by the Sociological Society, but, indeed, on all hands, all grounds—geographical and historic, economic and social, ethical and educational, architectural and artistic—and which are therefore not only the needful preliminary of each and every town-planning scheme, but increasingly of all would-be efficient endeavors towards that organised effort towards city betterment, in each and all its elements and aspects, of which town-planners are but the heralds. That an architect should have put the case more convincingly than the sociologists have yet succeeded in doing is a most hopeful sign; while his touch of hesitation, as if these things were too scientific to be practicable, would have been abated had he known that though city surveys here, despite Mr Charles Booth's and other initiatives, are still only in the day of small things, those of the United States are now being systematically undertaken, and this upon a scale of unprecedented completeness, fully comparable to those of geology and other sciences, and even with funds far exceeding those previously devoted to any other scientific enquiry on record.

Within their limits, we avoid bringing up any of the small details of criticism such as the scrutiny of a volume of such varied elements naturally affords, or even dis-

* "Town Planning in Theory and Practice: An Introduction to the Art of Designing Cities and Suburbs." By Raymond Unwin. With 300 Illustrations. Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

cussing many matters of controversial interest; such matters may safely be left to the architectural and other specialist journals, and to the author in his next edition. It is better here to end as we began, by a hearty welcome to what is one of the most opportune and useful books of the year, and, indeed, more than this—one of the most hopeful, because illuminative and suggestive contributions to that uplift of our whole phase of life and civilisation, which we begin increasingly to see as the central problem of political and imperial politics.

## A SKETCH OF VICTORIAN LITERATURE.*

Mr. Magnus is to be congratulated on the point of view from which he approaches the study of our nineteenth century literature. We have no lack of hand-books which furnish condensed biographies of famous writers, together with appreciations of their work, sometimes fresh and suggestive, but more often repetitions of what has been said many times before. We have no lack either of gossiping compilations in which a great writer is made a mere peg for all sorts of tittle-tattle that has but the remotest bearing upon his achievement. Mr. Magnus's book belongs to neither of these classes. It has the merit of seeing literature as something living and moving, a noble stream in which man's love of beauty and truth is reflected. "The literary form," says Mr. Magnus, has, of all art-forms, "proved best suited to English inspiration, and to the literature of the nineteenth century, accordingly, we look for the spiritual evaluation of the works and business of that age." His "essay in criticism" is therefore more concerned with tendencies than with details, for his object is less to appreciate the writers separately than to discover the formula of the age, the main principles which urged them on or against which they re-acted.

The first section of Mr. Magnus's book covers the period between 1784, the year of Johnson's death, and 1832, the year of Scott's death and of the great Reform Act. The watchword of the period was emancipation, its predominant influence that of the French Revolution. The theme has been often handled, and in discussing the effect of the Revolutionary ideas upon Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, and Shelley, there is little room for originality. Such books as Professor Dowden's "The French Revolution and English Literature" or M. Charles Cestre's "La Révolution Française et les Poètes Anglais" have not, indeed, said the last word upon the subject, but they disclose its main lines and prevent other critics from going very far wrong. Mr. Magnus's treatment of the period is sound and judicious if we except his disregard of Burke, an omission which we find it difficult to explain. Burke survived Johnson by thirteen years, and his passionate hatred for the Revolution was, beyond question, one of the formative influences on the succeeding generation. Moreover, Burke's teaching that society and institutions have their roots in the past and are organic in their nature, was taken up and amplified by Coleridge, who, in his turn, became the prophet of a school that has left its mark upon our literature.

After examining, in a section entitled "The Transit through 1832," the forces that were to make themselves felt during the later years of the century, Mr. Magnus proceeds to the Victorian Age. Here he reaches more debatable ground. His main thesis, that the dominant fact of the age is the Darwinian hypothesis, and the readjustment of attitudes which it involved, can hardly be denied, but many of his particular judgments will not find equal acceptance. To describe F. D. Maurice as "a kind of Plato of Christianity," and to say that "in certain respects of style" Maurice is "hardly inferior" to Plato, is an inexcusable exaggeration. This, however, is not typical of Mr. Magnus's judgments. As a rule he tempers his enthusiasm with discretion. Meredith he classes, we think with justice, as "among the greatest English poets." "He offers the revelation sought in the morning of the century, and he rests it on no divorce between human knowledge and heavenly wisdom, on no antagonism of reason and faith, no compromise disguised by association, but on a real union of the two. . . . All his poetry is a prayer of thanksgiving for light manifest and truth full-grown." Tennyson, on the other hand, comes in for severe handling. His thought is pronounced superficial, and, after a close analysis of his rhythmical devices, the conclusion reached is that the "'crowning commonplace' of his own ideal was, perhaps, his mark as a thinker, recommended always by the charm of his perfect craftsmanship in execution."

His verdicts upon living writers are, we think, the least valuable portion of Mr. Magnus's work. He praises Mr. Kipling, and treats Mrs. Humphry Ward with the respect due to a novelist of distinction. The three pages given to Mr. Stephen Phillips are out of all proportion in a work of this scope, and might well have been given to Mr. Hardy, who is dismissed in three sentences. But upon the whole Mr. Magnus has performed a very difficult task with credit. His style is a thought too ornate, but his matter bears the impress of first-hand converse with the authors he treats, of care in interpreting them, and of a fine enthusiasm for what is best in literature.

* "English Literature in the Nineteenth Century: An Essay in Criticism." By Laurie Magnus. Melrose. 7s. 6d. net.

## THE STORY OF A CRIME.*

In "The Mount" Mr. Keary, who has several novels to his credit, shows the courage of his school of impressionism. The characters are introduced to us, and whisked away before our eyes in the hap-hazard, perfunctory fashion of life itself. Little scraps of information about people are interspersed with conversations giving clues to their motives and doings, and here and there, in pauses in the narrative, solid pages are devoted to their family history, and to an analysis of the effect of the environment of Hartlebury on the characters of its residents. The novel is not an easy one to master, and a reader who fails to reach Chapter XX. will have good reason for asking whether this lengthy chronicle of the social history and the past and present standing of the Ingrams of "The Mount" is worth Mr. Keary's conscientious pains. Granted that the distaste of the hero, Wilfred Ingram, "an officer and a gentleman," for the banality and flatness of the Hartlebury atmosphere is quite true to life, and that the manners of the villa residents, small professional men, leading tradesmen on the Town Council, and so forth, are cleverly caught, is it worth while reproducing so exhaustively the prosaic outlook of the provincial society of a Staffordshire manufacturing centre? In Chapter XX., however, a dramatic crisis is precipitated upon us, and when the last page of the novel has been turned, it is impossible to deny that this story of a man's life is a close study of the effect of uncongenial surroundings on an exceptional temperament.

The first nineteen chapters introduce to us a great variety of Hartlebury characters with whom Wilfred Ingram and his mother and sisters at "The Mount" are in social touch. Though "a high family," in the estimation of the townspeople, and sprung from the ranks of the country gentry, the Ingrams, a generation back, had dropped in the social scale. Wilfred himself, after a short career in the army, has been forced by illness to resign his commission, and has succeeded his father as the manager of the Hartlebury Brewery, now a branch of Allbury's, Ltd. Wilfred, more or less ignored by "the parvenus who composed the bulk of county society," is respected, though not liked, by the leading citizens of Hartlebury, such as the Mayor, Mr. Hector Robertson of the big chemical works, Mr. Miller, the borough surveyor, Mr. Leadbeater, grocer and ex-Mayor, Mr. Swift, the owner of town slums, and other lights of the Hartlebury Unionist Club. Little by little, in the confusion of minor issues, a serious situation begins to loom up. A Miss Margaret Vaughan, a beautiful girl, "with a face like a quattrocento angel," who has been studying art in Munich, returns to Hartlebury, and people begin to whisper that she has a *liaison* with her guardian and employer, Mr. Hector Robertson, whose loudness of manner and genial vulgarity are specially detested by Wilfred. All the latter's innate chivalry is aroused by these whispers and innuendoes which he cannot refute, and by the evasions and reticence of his mother and sister when it is a question of Margaret's

* "The Mount." By C. F. Keary. Constable. 6s.

coming to "The Mount." By an infinite series of tiny, almost imperceptible touches, the author succeeds in creating in us the conviction that Wilfred's morbid state of mind will lead him to decisive action of some kind; but we are shattered as by a bomb shell when the scene of Robertson's murder passes before our eye. The Mayor, invited to a *tête-à-tête* at nine o'clock at night in Wilfred's study, is asked to take an oath on the Bible that the report that he has seduced Miss Vaughan, his ward, is false. The Mayor refuses point blank, and then realising that he is facing Wilfred's revolver, makes a rush for his enemy, and, in the act, is shot dead. We are left with Wilfred gazing at the huddled body, confronting the monstrous fact of a murder committed on an automatic impulse, in a flash of temporary insanity.

That, psychologically, the ground for the murder has been skilfully prepared, is proved by the fact that we do not question that it happened as narrated. Its interest is that a deed so incredible, so senseless, should have emerged in a flash from the fog of Wilfred's moral indignation, refined impulses, active antagonism, and chivalrous instincts. With such an act in question, the flaw in the perpetrator's temperament is everything, and often it is the excess of fine qualities in the idealist's head or heart that destroys his moral balance. Mr. Keary, artful in his impressionism, leaves the exact nature of Wilfred's controlling impulses obscure, and it is curious that the inadequate analysis he contributes of Wilfred's gloom, indefinite fears, and fixed determination to "vindicate the principles of men of honor," does not weaken the illusion of the whole situation, but suggests that the author, like a well-meaning friend, is hard put to account for the action that he cannot deny. Mr. Keary's strength lies in the suggestiveness of his general picture, and he must be warmly congratulated on the life-like scenes that follow the murder. Luck has it that the plan of the old family servant, Turner, for getting rid of the body by throwing it down an old mining shaft in Brightman's Ground, is completely successful. The only person who sees Captain Ingram's carriage, as it turns at night into the lane near Brightman's Ground, is the youth Willie Sutherland, and Willie's lips are sealed, because he is romantically in love with Miss Ingram, "the pearl of womankind." An anonymous letter is sent by Willie to the police, containing the sentence, "Robertson's body in Brightman's Ground," and the Mayor's body is discovered. But there is no clue to the murderer, or any reasons known for the Mayor's murder, and Wilfred, living in a waking dream, has sufficient self-control not to betray himself.

The mental agony of comporting himself exactly as usual, of talking the murder over with the vulgar members of the Borough Council, of attending the funeral, of driving home with old Mrs. Robertson, and of listening to her pathetic confidences, constitutes the first stage of his punishment, which is followed by the intolerable strain of the scene of the murder re-enacting itself each night in the room in which his mother sits. The background of wearing anxiety, of the feeling of being watched by his womenkind, of being ill and off his balance, and of concealing it from all and sundry, leads Wilfred further and further into a solitary and inward life, and this takes shape again in a deepening religious sense of the vanity of existence. His interview, when it comes, a year later, with Margaret, is profound in its sense of the ironic futility of a deed that separates the two who might have loved. Margaret, womanlike, having divined that Wilfred has killed Robertson (who has never been much to her) out of a confused idea that she has been shamefully misled and mishandled, loves him because he has suffered for her, because she feels motherly towards him, because of his delicate and chivalrous nature. Wilfred, on the other hand, because she tempts him, and because she seems oblivious of her past with Robertson, feels that she has been all along an accomplice in the crime, that she has in a manner induced his crime. "Had he done all this for the sake of a girl who was not innocent at heart?" he asks himself. And Margaret recognises then that he will come to feel even hate for her. "You would despise and you would hate me in the end . . . for knowing. . . . And we should both feel miserable hypocrites before the world." The contrast between the two natures is subtly drawn, and we, with Margaret, understand that nothing can stop Wilfred's seeking to expiate his sin by converting other men to a sense of their sins. And, in fact, Wilfred ends by building a mission room in which he preaches to the workmen at Bartley's End.

An infinite number of glancing, indirect touches go to make up the moving complexity and lifelike casualness of the author's impressionistic picture. We would be the last to deny the author's clever workmanship, but he may perhaps not have realised that his novel is deficient in aesthetic charm. And this means that the story, the fruit of a genuine talent and much insight, must speedily perish. Does not this in turn reflect on the school of literary aims, of which "The Mount" is quite a favorable example?

## SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

"Further Studies in the Prayer-Book," by John Dowden, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh (Methuen, 6s.), is a volume supplemental to the earlier and smaller "Workmanship of the Prayer-Book in its Liturgical and Literary Aspects," which was so favorably received a few years ago. Bishop Dowden's learning in this field is exceptionally wide and accurate; he is an historian as well as a literary man, and he holds a brief on behalf of no ecclesiastical party. The volume contains papers on the meaning of the phrase "alms and oblations," on the minatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, and on other details, which have already appeared in print elsewhere; but there is also a good deal of new matter, all marked by the same knowledge and the same reasonable temper. As an historical work, the book frankly recognises how much the Prayer-Book owes to Cranmer and to his use of "Church Orders" put forth by the German Reformers, and it is thus a valuable antidote to many recent publications, which assume that the Anglican Liturgy is essentially pre-Reformation, both in language and teaching, and that it should be interpreted on that assumption. Candidates for ordination should be expected to know both Dr. Dowden's books; they are, moreover, quite readable for laymen.

* * *

"The Philology of the Greek Bible," by Adolph Deissmann, Professor of New Testament History in the University of Heidelberg (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. net), contains the four lectures delivered last year at Cambridge to the "Summer School of the Free Churches." They have recently been printed in the "Expositor," and are reprinted here with "a few additions that recent publications have rendered necessary." The titles of the four lectures are "The Greek Bible as a Compact Unity—The New Linguistic Records"; "The Problem of Biblical Greek"; "Septuagint Philology"; and "New Testament Philology." Dr. Deissmann's reputation stands so high in this department of study that there is no need to do more than announce the fact of publication. And people who know nothing of his subject may be grateful to him for his courteously worded preface, in which he expresses the hope that he has "forged another small link in the chain of Anglo-German reciprocity and friendship."

* * *

The somewhat rhetorical title of "The Beliefs of Unbelief: Studies in the Alternatives to Faith," by W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (Cassell, 3s. 6d. net), is based on a phrase of Dr. Newman Smyth's: "How many things hard to credit one must believe in order not to be a Christian." And the idea is worked out in chapters wherein the difficulties are discussed, first of atheism and agnosticism, and then of believing that Christ was an impostor or a myth, or that the Bible is a forgery, or a book of dreams, or only one of the Sacred Books of the human race. This last alternative is rather weak. Orthodox believers hold themselves free to accept it, within limits; and the inclusion of it rather suggests the "terrible infidel," to whom Cardinal Newman once humorously referred, as "not believing in the existence of the Bible." And, though there is some powerful writing in this volume, and there are thoughts in it, especially about the Bible, which arrest attention, the general character of the essays would seem to be too combative and rhetorical to convince those for whom presumably its arguments are intended.

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"Common Sense in Religion," a little book by Martin R. Smith (Longmans, 2s. net), written from the point of view of a devout theist, rather of the school of Mr. Voysey than of the ordinary Unitarian, is divided into eight chapters, which deal with: "What man may hope from his Creator"; "This life not the genesis of existence"; "The future, its prospects and opportunities"; "Religion"; "The Bible"; "A new reformation"; "The purpose of human existence"; and "The Religion of Common Sense." This last is, in the opening chapter, defined as "the product of reason, the completed work of reason . . . unassailable by argument or difference of opinion"; and the author assumes throughout that his views are the outcome of this "Common Sense." He is severe on all the Churches, but he does not show much familiarity with the spirit that now so largely prevails in them. His polemic is, in fact, somewhat old-fashioned, and it does not seem to occur to him that the personal theism which he takes for granted, and in which he clearly finds delight and satisfaction, might be ruled out of court as untenable by other people's "Common Sense." These capital letters are used throughout, and seem essential to his argument.

* * *

"The Analysed Bible," by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3 vols., 3s. 6d. each). The title of this work rather suggests the "Analysis Biblica," used in Tridentine seminaries, and there is, in fact, considerable similarity between the two. Both assume a certain homogeneity, which modern scholarship does not support, and also a continuity of development, in accordance with the order in which the books stand in the printed Bible; and this idea has long ago been abandoned by the critical school. In a word, Dr. Morgan's attitude towards the Bible is more that of Pius X. than that of any Protestant scholar of repute. But, when this has been said, it may be admitted that these volumes do afford "a broad and general idea of the scope and main structure of the Divine Library," in accordance with the author's claim; though the word "structure" is hardly one that a scholar would pass. But for preachers, for Sunday School teachers, and for the non-critical layman, the volumes will have much value, the sub-titles given to the several books being useful as a *memoria technica* to those who accept the Bible as a whole, in the sense that our grandfathers accepted it.

* * *

"My Belief: Answers to Certain Religious Difficulties," by R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D., formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford (James Clarke, 3s. 6d. net). This is a vigorously written book, on lines that are at once broad and conservative. Generally speaking, the position taken is that of the Ritschlians, but Dr. Horton is too independent a thinker to suffer himself to be bound to anyone's chariot, and the discussions cover a wider field than is enclosed within the purview of any theological school. Perhaps the wideness of the field makes the treatment in places somewhat thin; but both laymen and clergymen will find the reading of it as interesting as it is instructive. The author deals more frankly than Protestant writers usually deal with the possibility of a great Roman reaction in this country, but he also points out that the attitude towards Rome of the modern instructed Protestant, while it is more courteous and considerate than that of an earlier generation, is, by reason of the strength afforded by the "new learning," more convinced than ever in its opposition to the assumptions of Rome. The modern return to Paganism is also effectively handled.

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Is it Cosmos or Chaos? That is the ultimate question which faces every thinker who essays to examine the fundamental problems of man and the universe. Mr. G. H. Percival recognises this fact, and the title of his book is sufficient evidence of the character of his answer. "The Incarnate Purpose" (Williams & Norgate, 2s. 6d. net) is a series of "Essays on the Spiritual Unity of Life." The central theme of the book is that a knowledge of all the facts would show the existence of the same coherency in man's spiritual evolution as can be traced in his material progress in the past. The writer has much of interest to say on the mystery of suffering and the significance of prayer. The opening chapter on "The Spirit of Truth" pays somewhat unnecessary attention to the pretensions of Ecclesiasticism. These are, as he himself suggests, effete through the advance of scientific and historic research, and are not likely to interfere much in the future development of Christian thought.

* * *

"Epochs in the Life of Jesus: A Study of Development and Struggle in the Messiah's Work," by A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., Professor of New Testament interpretation in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville (Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net). This American writer has the advantage of an introduction to English readers from the Rev. David Smith, M.A., D.D., who regards this book as filling a niche that has not hitherto been occupied. It is a simply written account of the life of Jesus, emphasising the critical moments in his career, and drawing out their lessons on orthodox lines. He believes that "if Jesus is indeed the God-man, Son of God and Son of Man, the Virgin Birth is the only conceivable way for that great event to happen." Of the final scene on Mount Olivet, he says: "A cloud swept by and he was gone."

* * *

Professor Schmiedel's name has been well known in this country since he wrote his articles in the "Encyclopedia Biblica." Messrs. Adam & Charles Black have recently issued in one volume a translation of three of his contributions to the "Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbuecher," under the title of "The Johannine Writings" (translated by Maurice A. Canney, M.A., price 3s. 6d. net). Professor Schmiedel's aim is to arrive at what he calls the foundation pillars of a really scientific life of Jesus, and his exhaustive examination of St. John's Gospel is an essential preliminary step towards this. Whether the reader agrees with all his conclusions or not, he is compelled to admire the exhaustive character of the enquiry and the ability with which the Professor supports his various points. In the second part, he considers the origin and value of the Gospel, Epistles, and Revelation of John.

* * *

Christianity: Its Nature and Truth, by Arthur S. Peake, D.D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester (Duckworth & Co., 2s. 6d. net), is intended "to expound the truths of Christianity and the grounds on which they may still be accepted." Dr. Peake is an able and broad-minded Christian Apologist. He is aware of many of the difficulties which have to be faced to-day through the comparative study of religion and the criticism of the New Testament narratives. He is prepared to defend their substantial accuracy, and to maintain the supernatural character of the life of Christ. He defends the generally accepted positions with vigor, and the case could not, perhaps, be put more ably.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Charles Thomas-Stanford has culled a very various assortment of "Leaves from a Madeira Garden" (Lane, 5s. net). In other words his book is one half garden literature, based upon personal experiment and observation on his own estate during a winter sojourn in the island; and one half discursive reflections upon the geographical, social, and political aspects of Madeira, and on any other subject—such as the Canary Islands—that can be conveniently associated with that favored spot. What he has to say about the floral and arboricultural possibilities of the terraced Madeira garden is said gracefully enough and with indisputable authority, and his remarks on more general topics, brief as they are, contain sound sense and not a little humor. On the whole, he is disposed to be sympathetic to Madeira's "aloofness from the modern stream of improvements," the while he deprecates the presence of bad roads and worse things, the absence of telephones, and the Portuguese Government's paternal management of the country. Certainly we doubt whether even the most ardent Tariff Reformer in this country ever dreamed of a fiscal system such as that which Mr. Thomas-Stanford criticises. So thorough, indeed, is the protectiveness of its scheme of Protection—it appears to be based on the imposition of a three hundred per cent. duty on sugar, the staple industry—that it protects the home producer almost out of existence, by establishing in a few

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industries a standard of prices so artificial that the consumer will not pay them. In Madeira, we understand, the practice of doing without things that in other countries are regarded as necessaries has been brought to a fine art, the genial climate rendering this easier than it would be in less sunny quarters of the earth. Of the Portuguese in society and service Mr. Thomas-Stanford writes with kindly appreciation, recognising that the antiquated finance and the making of laws which cannot be enforced are no reflection on the graciousness of those who chiefly suffer by them. Madeira has not much history; but he summarises the little that there is, and tells us also of some recent instances of plague and riot, of local superstition, and of some unexpected articles, such as old furniture and books, that may be picked up cheap. The volume is pleasantly illustrated with half tone pictures of gardens and other landscape.

* * *

For most English readers the chief interest of Mr. Collison-Morley's agreeable volume on "Guiseppe Baretti and His Friends" (Murray, 10s. 6d. net) will lie in the glimpses it gives of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, and others of that famous circle. Yet Baretti holds a respectable, almost a distinguished, place in Italian letters, and is also the author of works both in English and French that require no apology. Johnson summed him up very well in one of his talks with Boswell. "Sir, I know no man who carries his head higher in conversation than Baretti. There are strong powers in his mind. He has not, indeed, many hooks, but with what hooks he has he grapples very forcibly." Baretti's view of Johnson may be put beside this judgment. "Johnson," he wrote, "was a real *true-born Englishman*. He hated the Scotch, the French, the Dutch, the Hanoverians, and had the greatest contempt for all other European nations; such were his early prejudices, which he never conquered." There was a close friendship, not unclouded by occasional quarrels, between the two men, and Johnson, as well as Burke, Goldsmith, and Garrick, came forward in Baretti's defence when he was tried for killing a bully who attacked him in the Haymarket. There is much interesting matter from Italian sources in Mr. Collison-Morley's volume. It gives us an admirable portrait of an eighteenth century man of letters who deserves to be remembered, both on his own account and because of the famous people who thought him worthy of their friendship.

* * *

Mr. M. W. Patterson makes no claim to original research in his "History of the Church of England" (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net), but he more than justifies his wish that it should embody the results of recent research by others. For a candid and trustworthy account of English church history, we know of no single volume that is better. Wakeman's brilliant sketch has had a great influence in disseminating Anglo-Catholic views, but the author's bias is felt on every page and his statements have not always stood the fire of criticism. Mr. Patterson's standpoint is almost that of the early Tractarians. He is not afraid to say that "the Reformation, so far from being a thing which requires apology, has been in every sphere of life, both in thought and action, the source of incalculable blessings to the English people," and in an excellent appendix on the sacrificial aspect of the Holy Communion he goes back to the main line of Anglican thought, and ranges himself with Hooker and Lightfoot. It is possible that for this reason his book may not find favor with the Bishops' chaplains of to-day, but Mr. Patterson is a trained historian and does not play fast and loose with facts in the interest of preconceived notions. The disinterested student will value his book all the more on this account. He will not find a better account in a brief compass of the history of the English Church.

* * *

"The Englishman in Italy" (Clarendon Press, 5s. net) is an anthology of verses "written by some of those who have loved Italy," compiled by Mr. G. Wollaston. The mention of Byron, Shelley, Landor, the Brownings, and John Addington Symonds is enough to show that a large part of English poetry has been inspired by Italy, and Mr. Wollaston has had a wealth of material from which to choose. There is, perhaps, too much of Archbishop Trench in the volume, and Swinburne is not represented. But every lover of poetry and of Italy will be glad to possess it.

# The Week in the City.

| | Price Friday morning, Sept. 3. | | Price Friday morning, Sept. 10. |
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As the magnates are still making holiday, financial activity has not yet revived in the City; but doubtless a flood of new issues is being prepared. A relapse in Mr. Harriman's health was followed by another relapse in the American railway market, and his death was marked by another decline yesterday. The parallelism will not help Wall Street in the eyes of the world. In other departments the markets have been quietly firm. Home industrials, home railways, and bank shares stand to benefit by the revival of trade, which seems to be definitely established by the Board of Trade Returns for August. The Cuban 4½ per cent. loan issued at 96 is thought attractive by many simply because it is expected that on some pretence or other the American garrison will return to the island. The subscription lists were closed on Wednesday almost immediately, and a premium of 2¼ was established. Thursday's bank return disclosed such an abundance of money that discounts which had been 1½ dropped back to 1 7-16. It is reported, however, that both Egypt and Russia will take gold in a few days.

### Franco-American Tariff War.

Information has been received at Washington from Paris to the effect that, dating from the time when the rates provided under the new Payne-Aldrich tariff take effect against France (*i.e.*, on November 1st), France will subject the United States to her highest rates of duty on all commodities. Nothing could more clearly illustrate the value of Free Trade, which gives us most-favored-nation treatment in all cases. The notice, as given in the "Moniteur Officiel du Commerce," of August 12th, runs in translation as follows:—

> "Through the application of these provisions [of the new tariff] in the American law owing to the fact that the United States did not insert in the arrangements with certain countries, among them France and Switzerland, any definite period of advance notification for ending the treaties, French goods mentioned in these commercial treaties will cease to benefit when entering the United States from the rates which are therein provided for.
>
> "This will occur on November 1st next. And reciprocally starting from the same date American goods mentioned in these treaties will cease to benefit by the lower rates which are applicable to them upon their entry into France by virtue of these arrangements."

The notice goes on to remark upon the fact that the treaties with various other countries are to be continued in effect for a longer period, and that thereby the countries benefiting from these provisions will have a corresponding advantage in the trade with the United States.

### Death of Harriman.

Mr. Harriman was a good specimen of a type which is passing away, a combination of the old railroad buccaneer with the modern gambler. He was really fond of playing the railroad magnate, making new lines, acquiring and improving old ones. I remember a leading man in Pennsylvania telling me that the engineering improvements made by Harriman, or largely at his instigation, on the Union Pacific during the last ten years have been quite extraordinary. What Harriman lived for, however, was the consciousness that he was about the biggest man in Wall Street. He loved the bustle and excitement, the violent perturbations and oscillations that the merest rumor of his intentions produced. His own enormous fortune was largely made by speculating on his own account with other people's money, and using huge funds of which he was trustee for gambling purposes. That the three men to whom he has left his "system" will be half as clever or dashing as he was is unlikely. But if they are twice as honest the genuine investor may be all right. There is, however, very great doubt as to how far the Union and Southern Pacific railroads are really stable and paying lines. American railroad accounts have always been ambiguous and deceitful.

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Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO. LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

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"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, at the Offices, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1909.

# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 25.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

There is reason to believe that the most active pressure on the Lords to throw out the Finance Bill comes from the brewing interest, which fought the licensing clauses in the Commons with little vigor, and is thought to be resting all its hopes on the action of the Peers. The brewers are said to have told the Unionist leaders that unless the Bill is thrown out they will decline to support the party at the next election. On the other hand there are definite reports of Lord Lansdowne's aversion from this course, and of Mr. Balfour's sympathy with his attitude. If this resistance fails, an immediate financial crisis supervenes. Tea duty and other taxes will unquestionably be withheld, and an attempt made to pour in consignments of free tea. The Attorney-General will then have to sue for taxes. A Commons' money resolution holds good during a session, and the question is whether its binding force would be lost because it was previously based on the expectation of the Finance Bill becoming law, and this expectation had been disappointed. It is doubtful whether this plea can hold good, the force of the Commons' resolutions having been affirmed by unbroken custom, and no defaulting taxpayer having apparently raised the plea that they required validation by the assent of the Lords and the Crown. Of course, their effect would cease with the dissolution or prorogation of Parliament.

* * *

Lord Rosebery spoke on Friday week at Glasgow to an audience which, under the familiar mask of an assembly of "business men," consisted in the main of Tories, and, as the volume of cheers which followed the speaker's tentative abandonment of Free Trade showed, of Protectionists. The main personal interest of the speech was its unqualified desertion of Liberalism. Lord Rosebery prefaced it by resigning the Presidency of the Liberal League, his own special "tabernacle," and followed it by also abandoning the Presidency of the Scottish Liberal Club. The speech, which was read, was at times lively and epigrammatic, but exaggerative and often contradictory in argument. It made an unsparing attack upon the Government, dividing them into "unconscious" or "puppet" Socialists and "conscious" Socialists, and treating the Budget as tending directly to Socialism, which, in its turn, was "the end of all, the negation of faith, of family, of property, of the Monarchy and Empire." This description, it appeared, was based upon the Land Taxes and the Death Duties, which preserve the old scales unaltered, or very slightly altered, on estates up to £20,000.

* * *

The speaker's passionate objection to these proposals was that they treated the rich and the Dukes—"a poor but honest class"—as if they were "criminals," though he added the usual paradox that such taxation soon reached "the very poor." For the rest, he dealt mainly in a set of laboriously collected and inaccurately stated hard cases, such as that of a millionaire dying without relatives, and only allowed to leave £750,000 to a partner who, dying also without a single blood relation, could only bequeath his friend a paltry half-million or so. This was not "taxation, but sequestration." The principles of the Budget were "contagious," and might be applied to all forms of property. Economically they meant that the Government was taking "great chunks of capital" from the nation and living, in spendthrift fashion, upon them.

* * *

As for the Death Duties, they had their "nauseous" aspect. Thus, instead of consecrating the memories of its dead South African heroes, the State waited on their corpses "like a vulture or a camp follower," to see if they had left any effects behind them. Lord Rosebery forgot to add that the "vulture" was himself, for the scale of duties prevailing during the South African War was fixed by his own Government. The evils of the Budget were political as well as economic, for it destroyed personal liberty and set up a pitiless bureaucracy, which was "strangling France." Personally, he was an "old Liberal," and the Government would never have dared to present such a Budget to the "centenarian Gladstone." If this were the only alternative to Free Trade, many, "though sadly and reluctantly," would cease to defend it.

* * *

On the point of tactics Lord Rosebery struck a different and characteristic note. He declined all responsibility. He would not advise the Peers in the gravest situation which confronted them since 1832. He had come to the "deliberate conclusion" that the Government wished the Lords to throw out the Finance Bill, and that they "dared them to do it" in the "Machiavellian" belief that this action would bring about their wicked purpose. Lord Rosebery seemed, therefore, to give his vote against rejection, for if this Machiavellian Ministry want the Lords to throw out the Budget it is because they believe that the country will back them, and as Lord Rosebery dislikes the

Budget and would like to see it destroyed, it would seem that he shares their belief. The other alternative is that Lord Rosebery thinks that the country hates the Lords even more than they hate the Budget. It is not surprising, therefore, that the speech has produced a "cold fit" among the extremists, succeeding to the hot fit of the previous week. Mr. Lloyd George, asked what he thought of the fiery speech and its tame conclusion, described it as a "soft-nosed torpedo."

* * *

On Friday Lord Rosebery issued his usual apologia in the shape of a foreword to the republication of his speech. His defence of his attitude to Liberalism is not that he has left it, but that it has left him—behind. Just as the Great Seal is broken up with the accession of each new monarch, and a new Seal substituted for it, so each fresh General Election a new "brand" is made for Liberalism. In other words, Liberalism has obeyed the law of progress, and he has not. But this, the renegade's usual plea, does not happen to be correct. Lord Rosebery has not merely stood still; he has gone back. He has repudiated Home Rule; he has recanted his old views on the taxation of land values; and it is clear that, if he dared, he would goad on the Lords to an attack on the historic privilege of the Commons. This is the attitude not of a moderate but of a reactionary.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Opposition remain acutely divided. The proposal of the Unionist leaders to secure, on terms, the re-instatement of leading "Free Food Unionists" (excluding Lord Hugh Cecil) as official candidates is bitterly opposed by the "Morning Post," which seems to carry with it Unionist opinion in the constituencies affected. It complains of Lord Robert Cecil that he is a mere individualist, opposed to the principle of State action, and that his attitude and that of the "Spectator" to the Budget and to the Development Bill give color to the Liberal contention that the opposition is a timid and selfish class movement. It admits that "a tax on corn is an essential element of the programme of Tariff Reform," and that the refusal of the Unionist "mandarins" to discuss the constructive side of Protection tends to make the whole policy look odious and out of date. On their side, the Moderates press their compromise, and accuse the Protectionists of intolerance. But the "Post's" argument shows that a great body in the Tory rank and file believe the anti-Budget campaign to have been a mistake, and they now call for the supersession of the Budget Protest League by the Tariff Reform League.

* * *

The death duties clauses passed through the House of Commons, after a rather mild opposition from Mr. Balfour and his party, contrasting significantly with the vehemence of Lord Rosebery's attack. Mr. Balfour admitted that this part of the scheme was more like a normal Budget than other portions of it. The Chancellor made an effective defence of his scale, pointing out that it was equivalent, in capitalised income tax, to 3¾d. in the £ ("threepence three farthings is the end of all things," he added, parodying Lord Rosebery), and that Sir John Pakington (a sort of Chaplin of the 'fifties) had attacked the Gladstone Budget of 1853 as a "war upon property." He made two concessions, reducing the period within which gifts *inter vivos* were counted in the *corpus* of an estate from five to three years before death, and excluding marriage settlements altogether. The extension of the Harcourt period of twelve months was, of course, intended to prevent the flagrant "tax dodging" which has occurred.

* * *

The Dukes are still popularising the Budget. The Duke of Bedford, following, it seems, a family tradition of courtesy, has written to his tenantry, who wished to make a present to Lord Tavistock, his heir, on coming of age, to say that, owing to "rapid changes" owners and tenants could not hope to maintain their old relations to each other. Therefore he could not invite them to join him in celebrating his son's birthday. If the Dukes lose their heads in the coming Revolution, our stock of manners will not be seriously depleted. Other precautionary measures against the coming Terror have been taken by, or, perhaps, we should say, on behalf of, the Duke of Buccleuch. The Duke had been asked to subscribe to the Nithsdale Wanderers' Football Club, and his "chamberlain" replied that "owing to the large prospective increase in taxation caused by the present Budget" his Grace was obliged to curtail his subscriptions. It was, at first, suggested that the Duke was a regular subscriber to the club, an innuendo which the Budget Protest League hastened to deny. The Duke has made a further insurance against Want by reducing the pensions of his old retainers on the Drumlanrig estate from 15s. to 7s. 6d. (not 10s.) since the Old Age Pensions Act came into force.

* * *

A strong business memorial in favor of the Budget has been presented by a number of representative men, who include such strong names as Lord Swaythling, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, Sir William Mather, Sir John Barker, Mr. K. Crossley (of Crossley Brothers), Mr. Figgis, and Sir Richard Stapley.—At the other side of the social scale, the Liberal agents report an unprecedented rush of voters for registration, especially in London. "We may want our votes, this time, governor," said one workman. Everything goes to show that the Budget will sweep the country from end to end.

* * *

An important change has been made in the structure of the Development Bill. In the Standing Committee, the Chancellor practically accepted an amendment by Lord Robert Cecil substituting for the Advisory Committee, on whose counsels the Treasury was to advance money, a permanent Commission, independent of the Executive. This Commission can veto any scheme, but its approval must be ratified by the Treasury. We should have thought the character of the Treasury for independence was a strong enough barrier against mere political running of the Bill, but the Treasury is a revising, not a spending Department. Also the House and the Committee seemed nervous, and it is well to be on the safe side. Mr. Lloyd George suggested a Commission of five, with a paid head, who is to be a man of standing, and a simpler procedure than that which the Light Railway Commission follows. The Opposition seemed much gratified, and the "Times" now hopes for the passage of the Bill, whose purpose it "always" thought to be "excellent."

* * *

The crisis in Greece, which it was thought had been settled by the retirement of the Royal Princes from the army, has recurred. It seems doubtful whether the Military League has as much support in the country as in the capital. At any rate, the passing of the Crown Prince through Patras and Corfu on his way to Germany was made the occasion of a great popular demonstration in his favor. He is reported to have criticised the Military League; he certainly was closeted for a long time

with M. Theotoki, the leader of the Greek Parliamentary majority, who subsequently, in an interview with the editor of the "Athenae," demanded the resignation of the Government, talked of wholesale disbandment of the army, and threatened that if the Crown Prince were definitely deprived of his command of the army the King was resolved to abdicate. He seems to have spoken not without authority. The King is known to be bitterly angry with the army, and the Crown Prince has shown a rather petty spirit in treating the demands of the League as marks of disloyalty to the Throne. Whatever else may be thought of the *pronunciamento*, it was certainly not disloyal to the throne. But M. Theotoki's attempts to form a party of King's friends and the indiscretions of the Crown Prince might easily change its character.

* * *

There are now 40,000 Spanish troops in Morocco, and it only remains for General Marina's strategy to unfold itself. His moves are deliberate, and it is to be hoped deep. It is not very obvious, however, why the occupation of Zeluan, on which he is advancing slowly, should clear the defiles of Gurugu between it and Melilla. Yet it was to avoid these defiles that the new base was formed at the eastern end of the Mar Chica lagoon. Señor Lerroux, Republican member for Barcelona, is apparently of opinion that the war is doing as well as could be expected; but he prophesies a great upheaval in Spain should the army meet with another reverse, or the Powers intervene to deprive Spain of the "fruits" of victory, as he calls them. Neither the one nor the other is out of the question; nor is there, unfortunately, any reason to think that the Spanish Government has made a more careful calculation of the political elements in her problem than she did of the military. The Consuls who were commissioned to protest to Mulai Hafid in the name of the Powers against his treatment of El Roghi, have been received in audience. The Sultan said that he thought it more humane to chop off rebels' hands than to execute them, that his people were not civilised, and that he was obliged to employ methods which had been abandoned in Europe, but that he hoped not to use the same punishments again.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Henderson has asked in the House of Commons whether the Government also meant to make representations to Spain on her methods of repression in Barcelona, but received a discouraging reply. Yet the state of Spain is bad almost beyond belief. In Barcelona alone 4,000 persons have been thrown into prison for supposed complicity with the anti-war riots; in the province the number is over 10,000. All the schools in Catalonia are closed, and none may be opened except by permission of the parish priest and the mayor. No civil courts are sitting, and all the prisoners will be tried by martial law. The best known among them is Señor Ferrer, whose danger has excited the warmest sympathy amongst Liberals and Socialists, particularly in France.

* * *

Documents have been published by the police which are said to have been discovered in his house and to implicate him in the wildest plots against society; but they carry their own refutation. Ferrer is a great educationalist, and founded the only secondary school in Spain free from the domination of the priests. It is his fame as an opponent of clerical influence on education that marked him out for punishment, both now and before, when he was arrested for complicity in the attempt on the King and Queen. "Ferrer's sole crime," writes Anatole France, "is that he has established schools. If he is condemned, that will be the reason." His arrest is an example of persecution of opinions, pure and simple. His friends, particularly in France, are working actively to save him a second time from the hatred of the Spanish Clericals, and there are ways in which our own Government could help to save Spain from the shame of Ferrer's death.

* * *

We much regret to record the death of Lord Tweedmouth, which has quickly followed his retirement from the Presidency of the Council. Lord Tweedmouth will be remembered in Liberal politics not so much by his administration of the Admiralty as by his really heroic services to the Gladstone Administration of 1892. It is safe to say that without Lord Tweedmouth as chief Whip, the Government, with its trifling majority of forty, could never have carried the second Home Rule Bill. His labors could only be appreciated by those who saw him and worked with him and shared the loyal enthusiasm which was of the essence of his character. Lord Tweedmouth in those days was not only a most attractive figure, but he embodied the genius of party management and discipline as we do not think it was ever realised by his predecessors. There are some men who give the best of their minds and characters to politics. This was the mark of Lord Tweedmouth's career, and, though his later years were heavily clouded, they hardly dim the memory of its most vivid passages.

* * *

On Wednesday Lord Rosebery delivered the address at Lichfield in commemoration of the bi-centenary of Johnson's birth. He well called Johnson the "sublime type" of John Bull, and thought all his literary work which men cared to read was contained in "two noble poems, the 'Lives of the Poets,' and the Dictionary." "Rasselas," the "Rambler," and the "Idler," he could not read, a too sweeping verdict, for "Rasselas" is nobly written, and if it is the mark of literature to express character, feeling, and wisdom, many of Johnson's essays deserve that name. Lord Rosebery repeated the rather exploded Macaulayan view of the ineptitude of Boswell, and exclaimed, "What a journalist Johnson would have been!" It would have been more accurate to say what a journalist Johnson was. Was he not the first of the Parliamentary "sketch-writers," who, to this day, affirm Johnson's approved principle of never letting the Whig (or Tory) dogs have the best of it?

* * *

Sir Herbert Tree produced on Tuesday night a translation by Mr. Fagan of Brieux's "La Foi" under the rather misleading title "False Gods." This is a really bold and important step in the emancipation of the drama. Sir Herbert Tree's power in the theatrical world has enabled him to outflank the censorship at a time when his less important colleagues are clinging desperately to it. In form an Egyptian melodrama, Brieux's work is, of course, thoroughly modern in intention. It is a "pamphlet" play, and though we could imagine a Roman Catholic objecting to its thesis and its conclusion, it has the merit of throwing on to the stage one of the greatest of historic controversies. It is a new sensation to see a play at an English theatre which makes us think of Voltaire, Pascal, the Modernist controversy, Socialism, and many other figures and causes at the same time. It is still more surprising to find such a work accepted for its intellectual sincerity as much as for its dramatic qualities.

# Politics and Affairs.

## "RATTLING INTO REVOLUTION."

If Lord Rosebery, having lost many gifts and all his opportunities, retains the power of self-criticism, he might search his heart to discover why the whole of his old party and the greater number of his new associates have received his Glasgow speech with indifference. An ex-Prime Minister formally transfers himself from Liberalism to Toryism, and not a soul offers to follow him. A statesman of parts sets out to destroy a Liberal Budget; and the ablest Tory journal rejects his lead, and tells him coldly that he belongs to an obsolete school of politics. His attack has not touched the Government, and if it has shaken anything at all, it is the little society that was set up a few years ago to keep his sinking head above the waters. We may, if we will, set down his failure to the general belief, justified by a hundred examples, that Lord Rosebery is neither a stable nor a sincere politician, and that his engaging personality is deficient both in character and in ideas. Or we may attribute it to the not unimportant fact that this diligent student of the crowd has for once spoken at the wrong moment and on the wrong side. Certain it is that though the Glasgow speech may have frightened those who were frightened already, the country remains unpersuaded and unaffected by it. The Prophet of Woe retires, unaccompanied, in the familiar direction of the desert, to nurse a luxurious sorrow in a number of not ill-furnished retreats, and to re-emerge a few hours later with some cheerfully trite comments on the character of Dr. Johnson; while common folk, who have to work for their living, make appropriate remarks on the deceitfulness of riches. What other treatment does a man deserve who merely supplies a fresh note of shrillness to the unmanly complaints of privilege?

But if our first criticism of Lord Rosebery's speech is that it is neither Liberal nor Tory statesmanship, our second is that it is the utterance of a man who at the close of a long political career has hardly realised what public responsibility and the practice of government mean. In this light the Glasgow oration is little more than a series of paradoxes and self-contradictions. What can be said of the public man who describes the State as waiting "like a vulture" on the bodies of the men who died in the South African war in order to collect—the death duties that his own Administration levied? If any theory lies behind these fantastic views, it is that the State, which guarantees the possession and transmission of wealth, and, in this country, now one of the chief pleasure-centres of the world, secures it in a position of exceptional amenity, has no right to take toll even of its superfluities in the hour when their possessor has ceased to enjoy them. Was that the theory of the "centenarian Gladstone" invoked by Lord Rosebery, the Gladstone who established the succession duties, and long before his death gave express approval to the doctrine of the taxation of unearned increment. Have we reached "the end of all things" and has Socialism come in with a flood, when, every kind of past accumulation being left untouched, the State proposes by small, slow, continuous, minutely regulated advances, to take one-fifth, not of the profits of future land speculations, but of that portion of them which social labor clearly creates? But we may well ask this irresponsible critic what financial basis he proposes for the modern State. Lord Rosebery passes over every tax in this Budget which presses on labor and industry, though its direct economic effect on individuals, in hampering their spending powers and cutting down their luxuries, is the same in kind as if they were all Dukes, and by his declaration that Protection is an incomparably smaller evil than the "Socialism" of which he conceives the Budget to be full, is ready to let in the flood of moral and physical ills that a harsh system of food and labor taxes carries with it. The only object in the great landscape of the activities of a working nation which catches Lord Rosebery's eye and fixes his tearful sympathy, is not the workmen, not the organisers and superintendents and carriers of our thousand industries, but just the class to which he himself belongs, or rather the two classes, the landowners and the higher ranges of dividend-drawers. Lord Rosebery speaks as the Chief Brahmin of this sacred caste. To it he is clearly prepared to sacrifice Free Trade, together with the attenuated ghost of his half-forgotten and now abandoned Liberalism. It needs some assurance to invoke the name of Bright in connection with two such causes as the English land system and the revival of Protection. Bright's conception of politics, limited as it was on the side of the activities of the modern State, went much further than Lord Rosebery's purely aristocratic vision, while Cobden's Free Trade propaganda was directly and logically associated with the destruction of feudal tenures.

Lord Rosebery's theory of politics belongs, therefore, neither to the old Liberalism, which he betrayed over Armenia, nor to the new, which he deserts to-day. It is the mere impulsive reflection of the unthinking timidities of wealth. What is its practice? Here Lord Rosebery, ever the most unfruitful of critics, is even more barren than usual. He proposes no alternative taxes. Beyond what the "Morning Post" calls "a few "platitudes" on economy in the Civil Services, a good cause with which we have never identified Lord Rosebery, he suggests no single source for a reduction of the deficit. But what of the Lords? The Budget is a plunge into Socialism, and Socialism, says Lord Rosebery, is the "end of all things." The Lords will, therefore, pluck the country back from the brink of ruin, and all will be comparatively well. Not a bit of it! During a fortnight's retreat for meditation, they will ponder the "Machiavellian" design of the Government to cajole and hustle them into rejecting the Budget, and presumably will defeat it in the conviction that the country, if appealed to, would become a willing accomplice in its own destruction. We must leave our readers to say whether this conclusion impresses them more with the insincerity of the Glasgow speech, or with its author's lack of spirit, or with the popularity of the Budget, and the hopelessness of looking to the Lords to destroy it. It is, we are afraid,

characteristic of Lord Rosebery that while he provides the rhetorical stimulant and the theatrical atmosphere amid which the Lords may "rattle into Revolution," he draws back from the task of effective leadership. Who, therefore, bids for Revolution—*vice* Lord Rosebery, "scratched"? Lord Lansdowne? Mr. Balfour? We see no sign. Lord Rosebery's speech is a signal, not to the heads of parties, but to private prejudice. A flighty artist in words, driven by the half-whimsical fears that beset an ingenious but essentially unpractised intelligence, may, indeed, distract the counsels of more responsible men. That is the only practical effect which it can exert on the course of politics.

## THE TAXATION OF CAPITAL.

This week's criticism of the Death Duties has mostly been devoted to a preternaturally solemn exhibition of the several eggs contained in the economic mare's nest which Lord Rosebery discovered at Glasgow. No feature of this revolutionary Budget, we are told, is so wantonly destructive as the increased estate duties. The high income tax, however injurious to the workers who are "found" wages and employment by the expenditure of the money upon which the State lays predatory hands, does not, except so far as it stops saving, impair the fund of capital which is the foundation of the industrial order. The moderate death duties of Sir William Harcourt, gladly accepted by the Conservative Chancellors who followed him, might reasonably be met by a special provision out of annual income. But henceforth the State will swoop down on the childless millionaire and claim from the defenceless stranger, to whom he wills his estate, a quarter of the land and of the other property. One of two things must then happen. Either the State will take bodily its share of the land and capital, thus reducing the amount available for private enterprise and employment, or else it will oblige the legatee to cut up the estate and find a market for the other investments in order to pay to the Exchequer its share in cash. This process must, according to the economics of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, cause a diminution of industrial capital, dislocate whole trades, and, by reducing the fund out of which wages are advanced to labor, spread unemployment far and wide over the land.

It is a curious sidelight upon the state of political education in this country that the economic instruction of these statesmen appears to have stopped in 1868, and that they still suppose the wage-fund theory to stand as an accepted doctrine of political economy. But we need not theorise upon an issue which can be submitted to the plainest test of concrete fact. Why should the assertion of the State's claim to a share of the property, which public protection and other social services have helped to make, cause any capital to disappear or to cease to work as capital? If the State took over, on the decease of a great landowner, a piece of his estate and devoted it to afforestation or the promotion of small holdings, in what way would industry or employment be detrimentally affected? It might, indeed, be urged that private management of land is more productive than public management, though that statement is difficult to square with the declarations of so many great landlords that they are really making next to no net income from their estates. But the levy of death duties can certainly do nothing to reduce the land, as capital. If, as will generally be the case, the State does not want to take over any of the land, but wants the death duty in cash, a portion of the estate must be sold. It may even be the case that, by a few such acts of transfer, some large estate may be broken into small estates. But this will only broaden the basis of land ownership, leading normally to a more productive use of the land.

Is the case really any different where the property on which the death duties are levied is the share capital of a railway or of some industrial business? No real capital will disappear from existence or from use: the buildings, machinery, materials, cash, goodwill, which constitute this capital, will none of them evaporate by process of taxation. A portion of them will pass to some new owner, who will buy them with his fluid capital, the savings which he has not yet invested. There will be no destruction of any existing capital, no disturbance of any existing industry, no loss of any existing employment. Of course, it is true that as a result of the death duties the State becomes possessed of certain wealth which otherwise would have remained in private hands. But this is not peculiar to death duties; it occurs equally in the event of any other tax. It is also true that some of this private wealth, if it had not been taken by the State, would have been used as capital. If, then, the State were to apply it all to unproductive expenditure, as the "Times" appears to think it must, there would be just ground for holding that the aggregate capital of the country had been impaired. But this assumption is entirely without warrant. There is no sense whatever in Lord Rosebery's indictment of the policy of death duties on the ground that they "enable Governments to spend capital as income." His confusion of thought is obvious. Portions of private capital do, indeed, pass, at the time they are taken, into the public income account for the year. But that does not mean that the public use or consumption got out of the wealth thus obtained is exhausted within the year. Truly productive or permanently useful expenditure of the State is not a conversion of private capital into public income, but of private capital into public capital.

We should be the last to deny that there exists waste in our public services, and we doubt whether the lavish expenditure on armaments, for which the Opposition are clamorous, is as serviceable as they contend. But this raises another issue, not for discussion here. Death duties, applied by the State to armaments, education, police, public hygiene, even to old age pensions, is rightly regarded as a capital expenditure incurred in the maintenance and improvement of the material and moral capital of the nation for the enhancement of its productivity. If this inclusion of the human factor under the term "capital," and the insistence that the funds expended on its improvement are capital expenditure, be regarded as exceeding the

purely economic use of the terms, we are willing to defend the extension, and to challenge Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour to denounce as uneconomical and damaging the taking of a tithe of a millionaire property in order to improve the education of the people. Nay, set the issue in its narrowest shape. To take from the rich a portion of their large unearned income or property in order to apply it to improving the material and moral condition of the workers, is a profitable policy in the sense that it will best contribute to the industrial and commercial progress of the nation. The object of all sound national expenditure is the maintenance and development of the resources of the nation, its land and its people. Such expenditure is not, indeed, exclusively directed to the furtherance of marketable wealth. But, so far as it makes for a higher standard of life, its true and prime motive, it inevitably improves the arts of industry, thus raising the wealth-producing capacity of the nation. So, whether taken on the wider or the narrower test, Lord Rosebery's charge is equally baseless.

## CHARACTER AND BUREAUCRACY.

The critics have already been busy for a week in discovering startling discrepancies between what Lord Rosebery said last Friday, and earlier utterances from the same mercurial temperament. It is a somewhat unprofitable exercise. One does not blame the chameleon for inconsistency. A wise man thanks its Creator for the versatility of its coloring. More interesting are the fundamental inconsistencies to be found within the speech itself. Its gravest passages are in the peroration where Lord Rosebery, a rich man addressing an audience of rich men, took a high moral line against "the new Liberalism," which he identifies with "Socialism." He declaimed against the new ideals of social assistance, ranging apparently from the Development Fund to Old Age Pensions and the various insurance schemes, partly on the ground that "men work better for themselves than they work for the State," and even more strongly on the ground that "character" demands as its basis a lonely and self-dependent individualism. He contrasted the "strong independent thinking," which the latter system produced in Scotland, with the danger of making a nation of parasitic "creepers," which he detects in the New Liberalism. That is an intelligible position. It is the position of a man in whose conception of "character" neither altruism nor sympathy nor the habit of mutual aid has any real part, for whom life is a warfare among the individually strong, and virtue is translated in wholly self-regarding terms. The ideal is to "strengthen, not weaken, character," which means in this contest to develop the harder, more combative and competitive, qualities. Mankind on this showing is capable of "virtues" for which "Socialism" would give no exercise. But midway between two passages of this kind, we suddenly encounter a wholly different vision. "Socialism" is, indeed, a beautiful vision, but wholly impossible, not because men are too good and too strong for it, but because they are too selfish. To achieve it, it would be "necessary to reform human nature from top to bottom," for we are "so individualistic at this moment as almost to seem in some cases to have approached selfishness." In one sentence unrestricted individualism is the goal and the ideal, the basis of religion, the State, the family, and the Empire; in the next it is the original sin which for ever renders impossible a closer organisation of society than the present. The contradiction is worth noting. It is more than an accident which might befall a hasty speaker. It would have been impossible to any mind which has a fixed vision, an assured outlook on life. It suggests that more fundamental than any lack of a political philosophy in Lord Rosebery's case is the want of a moral philosophy. He dislikes what he calls "Socialism" for the obvious and simple reason that he is a great landowner. But he cannot be sure whether he dislikes it because it is too bad for mankind, or because mankind is too bad for it.

Another puzzle confronts us when we pass from the speech itself to a little discourse which Lord Rosebery delivered afterwards by way of complimenting the North British Locomotive Company upon its formation out of three competing firms, which have now agreed to amalgamate. He could see "nothing but good in saving the waste, in the concentration, the union, of three great firms which produce the same article and wish to produce it as economically as possible. . . . They had joined forces to promote efficiency, and long might the word be their motto." One gasps in a momentary amazement on reading such a speech as this, delivered with hardly a pause for breath after the great oration against "Socialism." This company, to be sure, is not the State, nor does it profess to be working for the good of mankind. But the evolution of industry towards these great combinations and amalgamations marks none the less an emphatic departure from the ideals which seemed to reign in the attack upon the Budget. These amalgamations, whether they yet deserve the name of Trusts or not, have left behind them the theory of unrestricted competition which was the basis of the Manchester School. They have realised the inevitable waste of competition, and perceived that the blessed word "efficiency" drives them to methods of production in which the individual counts steadily for less, and the habit of co-operation as steadily for more. The self-made man of the epoch of Smiles, the independent producer who ploughed his own lonely furrow, have been left behind. The morals and economics of what one may call the "John Halifax" stage of industry are becoming as obsolete as the morals and economics of the Hans Sachs stage. So much Lord Rosebery seems to perceive when he talks as a man of business at a company meeting. But his practical experience has not yet modified his political theory. The significance of these great amalgamations is simply this—that they have destroyed Lord Rosebery's fundamental antithesis between the man who works for himself and the man who works for the State. In one sense, of course, every man works for himself, whether he is a policeman or a financier, a post-office official or a self-made manufacturer. He works for a living and the maintenance of his family. But it might puzzle a more ingenious man than Lord Rosebery

to explain in what moral or economic essential the employee of a big modern amalgamated joint-stock company differs from an employee of the State. Both have their places in a great organised hierarchy. Neither has any expectation of profit or gain other than the wage or salary which his regular services will bring. Zeal and intelligence may bring promotion and an increase of salary, ranging up to high "wages of ability," but they will not bring the indefinite and almost unlimited gains which stimulate the "captain of industry," the promoter and the financier. The more industry, in pursuit of efficiency, organises itself into a few non-competitive concerns, the smaller becomes the number of individuals who can be said to "work for themselves." Where there were thousands in that case before the industrial revolution, and hundreds in the Cobdenite epoch, there are only tens to-day. Take what view one may of State or municipal Socialism, the fact remains that the middle-class is becoming a salaried class, a comfortable proletariat, and bureaucracy, public or private, the prevailing type of modern organisation. Even of the directors of these great concerns one cannot fairly say, after the first profitable stage of "promotion," that they work solely for themselves. They are the elect of the shareholders, and in theory, at least, the custodians and representatives of their interests. The amalgamation is a bureaucracy over which the public has no control. The State Department is a bureaucracy over which democracy has a partial and nominal control, and might, if it were more vigilant and better organised, exert a real control.

Without a doubt the development of the New Liberalism does mean an increase of the bureaucratic machinery. To-day we are witnessing the enrolment of the new officials of the labor exchanges. Next year we shall have to create the human mechanism of the insurance schemes. At no distant date we may see the growth of a State industry of forestry, and probably the experimental nationalisation at least of the Irish railways. The movement as certainly keeps pace with a parallel concentration in private industry, which is also reducing the numbers of those who "work for themselves." Is this expansion of the organised mechanism, this contraction of the sphere of unchecked individual responsibility, the menace to character which Lord Rosebery evidently fears? Clearly it has its dangers. One is familiar enough with the traditional type of the civil servant—a young man whose aim is to evade the risks and stimulative efforts of competitive work, who hopes for a "permanence" and a "soft job," who does not dream of making his desk work any part of his real existence, and lives, so far as he lives at all, in the literary or social preoccupations of a somewhat ample leisure. Such a conception of life, if widely held, would undoubtedly mean a large subtraction from the vital energies and the productive capacities of a people. The growth of a class of "slackers" is, indeed, a sign of the times, for which the great accumulations of the last three generations are partly responsible. But while we watch the expansion of the civil service let us not forget the parallel and inevitable process which is going on in industry, or ignore the demoralisation which goes on almost unmarked among the more numerous army of drudges and clerks, who do their hopeless and aimless work in the mills of the commercial bureaucracy.

But this traditional portrait is false as a picture of the men who commonly rise to the higher posts in a great Government Department. One cannot glance at the reports of the factory or school inspectors without realising that most of them are making a conscience of what they do, that their work interests and stimulates them, that they are doing much more than the mechanical minimum, and that an ideal of social service is steadily in their minds. They are not working for themselves; they are working for their fellow-men. It is a crude cynicism which assumes that nothing but the hope of unlimited gain can spur to energy or evoke the manhood of a mind. The brief industrial experience of the nineteenth century based its reading of human nature on a purely transitory phase. Gain was not the chief stimulus of the medieval craftsman. It had even in the nineteenth century only a secondary place in the lives of scholars, artists, scientists, architects, engineers, and medical men. Generations of doctors have worked with incessant energy and self-sacrifice upon discoveries and inventions, which the etiquette of their caste forbade them to patent or monopolise. The really virile mind is more often an intelligence which desires to fling itself into some largely disinterested work of organisation or reform, discovery or social service, than a mechanism which will give forth its best only under the stimulus of great profit. The truly adventurous type of intellect may expand in the public service as well as in the field of speculation and commercial generalship, interesting as that is. The ideal of a disinterested yet energetic civil service is no contradiction of a broad human experience. A medieval craftsman, a Franciscan friar, a Jesuit missionary, a German scholar, a medical man of any age or race—to none of them would it have seemed so strange or so undesirable as it seems to Lord Rosebery. The development of bureaucracy is the inevitable consequence of the effort of modern society to organise itself for mutual aid and corporate activity, to attain the full "efficiency" which is possible only when the lower phases of competition have been left behind. It is too late to inquire whether we can do without it. The practical questions are rather, whether we have yet discovered the best conditions for its recruitment and promotion, and, above all, whether we cannot turn our old-world Parliament into a more competent engine of control.

## THE CASE OF THE POPHAM ESTATE.

In the famous speech at Limehouse, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave the people of England their first vivid notion of the working of their land system, he referred to a case arising at Richmond in which the Town Council had to pay £2,000 an acre for land required for workmen's dwellings, although the land had previously been assessed at only £4 an acre. Mr. Lloyd George's statements were challenged, but the controversy entirely established his main contention as to the marked discrepancy between the valuation of land when the public

had to pay for it and its valuation when it was a question of the public getting anything out of it. It is to be regretted that the dispute went no farther, for it affords a vivid illustration of the way in which a community may be shorn by a landlord who has the advantage over it, first, of holding land on its borders; secondly, of seeing the value of his land growing by leaps and bounds as the population increases and as the township begins to provide for social needs; thirdly, of compelling it to buy for public purposes at prices which its own action and expenditure have largely created; and, fourthly, of withholding his land from the market till such time as the top range of monopoly values may have been reached.

We propose, therefore, to give a short history of the recent growth of the estate in question, known locally as the Popham Estate. It consisted originally of about 250 acres of agricultural land lying between the great populous London suburbs of Richmond and Mortlake. In 1866, by a very advantageous sale to the London and South-Western Railway, a strip was cut from the extreme western edge of the estate, and the main part, a quadrilateral of about 210 acres, was left intact, divided from Richmond by the line of rails.. A few years later it changed hands, was disentailed, and nearly all the area we have described was mortgaged between 1884 and 1889 for a total sum of £16,000. At this point the public authority made the first of its many contributions to the growing value of the Popham Estate. The Richmond Main Sewerage Board, which was established to improve the drainage of the district, laid main sewers in the roads which bounded the estate, and Richmond's share of the cost of the whole system was £10,000. In the same year the London and South-Western Railway agreed to construct and maintain a bridge over their line, where it ran through the Popham land, on condition that the owners filled in the earthwork and maintained the roadway. Thus the first steps towards development were taken at the expense of others, and the same process was, as we shall see, followed all through the later history of the estate. The effect was immediate. In one year the mortgage sprang up from £16,000 to £29,000. Next year it was possible to mortgage about one-fifteenth of the estate for £7,000, almost half the earlier mortgage of the whole, or nearly the whole, area. In the same year the Sewerage Works were opened, and in 1892 Richmond had grown so fast that the boundaries were extended, and a large slice of the Popham Estate was included in them. Twelve months later the mortgage had grown to £43,000, and in five years it was possible to raise £70,000 on 238 acres, in spite of the fact that the older houses were naturally deteriorating, and that no new ones had been built.

Soon customers began to come in. The members of a social club, the Victoria Working Men's Club, required a site. They paid £160 for a morsel of ground just exceeding one tenth of an acre, so that the estate was already selling at the rate of £1,500 an acre. A large area of several acres was sold at a still higher rate. In 1900 a large building scheme was initiated, and 12 to 14 acres were let at ground rents varying from £4 to £5 a house. It is estimated that the total revenue thus received is over £1,200. The cost of making the roads has been divided between these ground rents and between the leaseholders and tenants. Unfortunately the ground rent, a high one for workmen's dwellings, drove the builders to choose two-storey flats of three rooms, instead of separate cottages, the rents varying from 6s. 3d. to 7s. 6d., while the tenants of the municipal cottages paid no more for their four or five rooms and gardens.

The closely packed community began to develop the usual needs. Their children required a school, and who but the Richmond ratepayers could provide it? The land was isolated, and the children could not be asked to travel long distances. So the Education Committee were forced, in 1905, to go to the Popham trustees for a site, and they obligingly cut off one of their 14 acres to secure it. This, like its companions, was rated at £5 an acre, but the ratepayers had to pay £2,000 for it, and to spend about £100 in making up the adjacent road. When they had finally equipped the estate with the means of education, they had laid a capital charge on the ratepayers of over £13,000, and an annual burden of several hundred pounds, increasing yearly as the estate develops.

Meanwhile, sales went merrily on. Richmond wanted a school, Fulham a cemetery. Twenty acres were bought for the latter purpose at £20,000, while Hammersmith purchased thirty acres for £30,000, with a liability to compensate occupiers of the land as it was gradually taken up. Again the local authority intervened. The owners had omitted to find any playground for their tenants. The Richmond Town Council proposed that the estate should make good this deficiency. The trustees then offered it a site which, as the railway line cut it off from the rest of Richmond, was practically an estate recreation ground. The terms on which this concession, if that be the right word to use, was made, were remarkable. On the working-class side of the estate the Council were required to build a 6-ft. wall, shutting off the tenants from the ground; on the other side a mere iron fence was to be set up so that the ground would constitute an amenity for any richer and newer tenants who might come in, but little enough for the older and poorer. On these terms the Town Council paid £2,000 for two acres, on account of which the owners were contributing just £10 a year to its treasury, and two acres and £350 were given in. As the authority discharged the whole cost of fencing and walling, the real price amounted to over £3,000 for four acres. Later on other works and amenities were added, and paid for, it is superfluous to say, by the public.

In 1906 occurred the transaction to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer referred in his Limehouse speech. The Richmond Town Council, as the result of a clearance scheme under the Housing of the Working-Classes Act, found themselves compelled to provide houses for 200 people who had been displaced. The Council chose a site which formed part of the Popham Estate, and the price asked was £2,000 an acre. At once a strong body of protest was formed, a Tenants' Protection Committee was set up, and it was represented to the Council that the land was inaccessible, that its cost was outrageously high, and that cheaper and less remote sites

could readily be found. The Council replied that they had already paid £2,000 an acre for the land on which they built their school, and Mr. Alderman Burt mentioned at the Local Government Board inquiry that the trustees first demanded £2,600 an acre for the school site, and had told him that they had sold other land in close proximity to that now suggested for more than £2,000 an acre. The opposition failed, but their prediction that, if the scheme went through, not one of the tenants of the old slum area could afford to live in the new cottages proved to be perfectly correct.

The letting of the estate goes merrily on. An area of thirty-five acres at the Kew end has been covered with shops and villas at a ground rent of about £80 an acre as against a previous ratable value of £5, and the total ground rents gathered in from a quarter of the estate amount to about £4,000 a year. As the law stands, in respect of these fifty acres, the owners make no contribution to the local rates. Now a new main sewer is being carried through the centre of the estate at a cost of £20,000 to the ratepayers, and the Popham Estate is responsible for at least half the present and the prospective increase of buildings in Richmond which has made it necessary. At the same time the disparity between what the estate has got out of the public and what it has contributed to them continues in an especially glaring form. About 100 acres of it are still let as agricultural land, and they are rated at about £5 an acre. Judging from the selling prices we have recorded, the owner considers this land to be worth about £200,000. On the other hand, £200,000 spent in bricks and mortar on part of the estate involved a contribution by the occupiers of about £5,000 in rates. The estate forms two-thirds of the parish of North Sheen, and when complaints are made that the rates have gone up 7d. in the £, and that they are higher in North Sheen than elsewhere, the official explanation is that newly developed estates add to the assessment of the parish to which they are attached, because all new houses go into the assessable value, whether they are occupied or not. On the other hand, the ground rents of empty houses escape local taxation, so that the occupiers pay not only for their own houses, but for an exceptional number of empty ones.

We will now give our readers a picture in miniature of the rise of the Popham Estate and of its relation to the ratepayers and people of Richmond. 204 out of the 210 acres of the Popham Estate were mortgaged twenty years ago for £16,000. Now less than one-fourth of the land has been sold to the ratepayers of Fulham and Hammersmith for £50,000; one-seventieth part has gone to the Richmond ratepayers for £6,000; only one-fiftieth part has been devoted to an open space, and for this a sum of £2,000 has been charged. One-fourth has been covered with buildings which pay a ground rent of £80 an acre, which is equivalent to a capital value of £100,000. The remaining half of the estate, which, the owners value for sale at £2,000 an acre, would yield £200,000, while other portions sold to clubs, companies, and individuals come to another £11,000. Thus we arrive at a grand total value of nearly £370,000.

What have the owners done towards the creation of this value? Ten new roads have been made at a cost of from about £15,000, half of which has been charged on the occupiers, while the other half is included in the ground rents. On the other hand, the Town Council have expended £16,500 on schools and playgrounds for the estate tenants. How would the Budget have operated upon this series of transactions? If the Land Clauses had been in operation during the last twenty years the ½d. tax on undeveloped land might have realised, after allowing for development expenses, 150,000 halfpennies, or £312 a year, £156 of which would have gone to the relief of the rates now burdened with the cost of developing this estate. We may fairly fix the unearned increment on the portion sold at £50,000. This again would have paid the tax of £10,000, which again would have been divided between Richmond and the estate. Summarising these figures, we arrive at the following results:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Land Value of Estate ... ... | £370,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Increment, say ... ... ... | 320,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Charges imposed by the Land Clauses:— | | | |
| (*a*) Undeveloped Land Tax | £312 | 0 | 0 |
| (*b*) One-fifth on any increase in land value above £2,000 an acre, which will be very small for the next few years, say, per annum ... ... | 188 | 0 | 0 |
| Total charges ... ... | £500 | 0 | 0 a year, |

£250 of which goes to local rates, as against £8,000 a year paid to the rates in respect of the same amount invested in building. Will even Lord Rosebery venture to call this an improper charge on this estate?

But the uses of the Budget do not end here. The real value of the Popham Estate is not as high as the monopoly value of £2,000 an acre which its owner puts upon it. The effect of taxing land at the artificial value assigned it by its owner would be to reduce that value in many cases by as much as one-half. Thus we shall at last arrive at a breakdown of the land corner round our towns, and be able to set up a reasonable scale of prices for houses, factories, public buildings, small holdings, open spaces, and the multifarious needs of our working communities.

## THE GOVERNMENT AND THE COUNTRY.

At the end of the fourth year of its existence the Liberal Government is approaching a climax which no carefully preconceived stage-management could have arranged with a more dramatic and telling effect, and which no council of statesmen could have thought out in a way more conducive to secure party unity and rouse party loyalty and enthusiasm. In whatever way the events of the next month may shape themselves, there can be but one final issue—a triumph for Liberalism. This exuberant optimism is not based alone on pride at a fine record of legislation, culminating in a great Budget which comprehends so much to satisfy the best aspirations of all who work for progress, and which has been fought with patience and persistence by the leaders, backed by the eager and willing assistance of the rank and file. Nor is it based on the dilemma and confusion

from which year after year, in season and out of season, our opponents appear unable to extricate themselves. But it is prompted more especially by the knowledge, at first uncertain, but now fully confirmed, that the country is behind us, and as ready as we are to fight any opposition and break down any obstacle that may stand between us and the accomplishment of our purpose.

Members are constantly returning to the House, not from holiday-making, but from campaigning in their own constituencies and elsewhere; and, whether it is rural districts or towns, whether it is in the North or in the South, in Scotland or in Wales, there is always the same report given of crowded meetings receiving the Budget proposals with acclamation, and of electors flocking to hear speeches, as if a general election were actually proceeding. Seats which were in danger now appear safe; the despondency and depression of a year, or even six months, ago is completely dispelled. Liberalism and Labor are joined in the fight, and even the Unionist voice of qualified approval is not uncommon. The length of the controversy, the methods of the attack, the tears of the Dukes, the unashamed clutching of money-bags by the plutocracy, the nature of the forces drawn up for combat—brewers, landlords, plutocrats, and peers ranged against the people, the users against the creators of the nation's wealth—all these features of the contest, which week by week have become more salient, have demonstrated, better even than reasoned argument, the justice and need of this great measure.

The Anti-Budget League's activity meanwhile is confined to posters of a childish nature and dissertations on appropriation and robbery composed at headquarters, and read out in small meetings to a selected audience. Except for Mr. Long, the members of the front Opposition Bench prefer to avoid facing the electors and to keep a discreet silence.

This enthusiasm for the Budget throughout the provinces, and even in London, is not fictitious, is not artificially engineered. It is a genuine expression of approval, and of a keen desire to combat the forces which too long have thwarted the advance of democratic principles. If there is one portion of the Finance Bill more than another that meets with special attention and receives the most complete and cordial support, it is the land clauses, which open out the view to a future of which many have been dreaming.

As to the action of the Lords, there is endless speculation. Among Liberals hopes may vary, but there are no fears, whatever the eventual decision may be. It is inconceivable that the responsible leaders should favor rejection. But the question is, have they any control over their wild and desperate colleagues, who will emerge just for this occasion from their various holes and corners? In the event of amendment or rejection, the course to be taken is clear enough, though some regret that a sharp weapon in the shape of a Veto Bill is not ready to hand for such a crisis. But more courage and determination is required of the Government if the Bill gets a safe passage through the other House, which, taking all things into consideration, would seem to be the more probable eventuality. Courage to renounce the temptation to prolong the life of this Parliament for another year or so, and determination still to fight the Lords, and to ask the country, on the record of their achievements, to return them again to office for another spell in which to continue their programme of social legislation—a question which, if put while feeling still runs strong and the tide of appreciation is at its flood, will receive a hearty and vigorous response.

It is a unique, historical opportunity. The Liberal Party cannot possibly expect the recurrence of such a moment in the lifetime of this Parliament, even if extended to its utmost limit, and much depends on the exact psychological moment chosen for a dissolution, because the collective imagination of the electorate is very sensitive. These are considerations which will not be ignored by leaders in whom the party, both inside and outside the House, have complete confidence.

A Radical Member.

# Life and Letters.

## TWO SORTS OF AMERICAN.

What does America stand for in modern civilisation? European men of culture, who have sought to assess the value of a new rising nation by applying those standards of achievement accepted in the refined coteries which they adorn, still issue judgments of disparagement as they contemplate the life of America. The average man, they admit, may be a little better fed, a little healthier and happier, less ignorant and torpid-minded than in the older countries. But the pattern of the civilisation remains crude and garish; there is everywhere a lack of ease and permanence; so much energy is still going out in material growth and structural repair that little remains for the cultivation of the finer arts of life. So it has been easy to construct from outside a plausible theory of the barrenness of the United States in art, literature, and other departments of disinterested culture. To most Europeans America has thus come to be represented as a great business world, dominated by a vulgar scramble for wealth and a profuse sensational expenditure. This spirit, though pervasive everywhere, has attained a more whole-hearted supremacy in America than elsewhere. So many outward and visible signs attest this supremacy of the purely quantitative standard of success. The architectural grandiloquence of America, the magnitude of business operations, the perpetual advertisement of size and number, speed and cost and distance, which falls upon the eye and ear, the scale upon which the movements of material apparatus are everywhere conducted, overwhelm the visitor. Thus one notion of the representative American is formed as that of the man who moves the largest masses of this raw rude energy, as if he, he alone and he peculiarly, embodied the meaning and the worth of America.

Such an American has just passed away, and the newspapers, as is natural, have been "full of him." Mr. Harriman played the great business game upon its highest level, that of finance, and played it with consummate skill, stretching to its utmost limit every rule of the game. Rising to the front as a stock speculator and gambler in the 'eighties and 'nineties, he fastened himself upon the railway system as the controlling factor in American industry. The very size of America gives dominion to the master of her roads. Partly by the exercise of genuine ability, an eye for neglected facts, partly by unrivalled audacity in the use of other people's money, he built up a number of broken, bankrupt railways into a solid, remunerative system, and, consolidating them with great trunk roads, became the virtual dictator, financial and industrial, of half the railroads of the country. So for the last decade Mr. Harriman, though stigmatised by President Roosevelt as "an undesirable citizen," may certainly be taken to represent more than any other man the spirit of business enterprise in America. It is hard to determine how such a man really stands among his fellow-countrymen. Success goes further in America than anywhere else, and many thoughtful people hold that the formal reprobation dealt out to a notoriously unscrupulous financier is easily outweighed by the meed of instinctive worship accorded to the winner.

If this were really what America stood for, it would be difficult to deal with her detractors. Nothing is easier than to paint a picture of corrupt commercialism under which the fundamental liberties of the Republic—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—have been degraded into a base lust for material luxury and selfish power, in which the many losers differ from the few winners, not in their motives and aspirations, but only in their skill or luck. But this would be a most unjust portrayal, for it would leave out of consideration another spirit of America, another standard of success. Follow the career of such men as Jay Gould, Rockefeller, and Harriman, read the detailed study of machine-politics in Ostrogorski, or the amazing revelations of municipal corruption in Lincoln Steffens's "Shame of the Cities," add the newspaper accounts of negro lynching, the official

statistics of unpunished homicide and of railroad slaughter, the histories of labor struggles between armed strikers and sheriffs' posses, and America, by all the rules of human history, must be slipping rapidly backwards into sheer anarchy.

The reason it does not is that there is another quite different type of American, who is always at work countering these disruptive influences. Men of the Harriman type have not really made America, they are not its true representatives, nor do they determine its career in the ultimate resort: they are what the border ruffian was to the true pioneer in an earlier stage, extravagant sports, whose wasteful energy doubtless contained some elements of use, but not in the direct line of civilisation. By a mournful coincidence we are able to illustrate this better, this saving spirit, by the name of one of the real makers of America, one of those quiet, yet ardent and industrious, workers for a greater commonwealth, who died a few days later than the great financier. This man bore a name which will live in his country's history, and awake a throb of noble sympathy long after that of Mr. Harriman has sunk into oblivion. Though there fell to the later William Lloyd Garrison no such strenuous part in history as that held by his great father through the turbulent campaign of liberationism, the same sense of public service possessed him, the same spirit of entire devotion to those causes which make for the attainment and enlargement of good citizenship. For many years he had given his time and energy to the special advocacy of the policy of Free Trade which he rightly regarded as a direct spiritual legacy from the labors of his father. For the wars of liberty are many. In the last generation slavery was the enemy to be crushed. But, as Lincoln himself in a moment of prophetic vision foretold, a new monstrous form was already beginning to exhibit itself, the power of gigantic corporations, laying monopolistic hands upon the land and railroads, extorting franchises and other privileges from State Governments, their creatures, and crowning their edifice of iniquity by the erection of a tariff whose moral infamy was even more injurious than its economic waste. In one form or another, every public-spirited man in America to-day is engaged in the struggle to free his city and his country from the coils of this monster of corrupted capitalism. The later generation of Garrisons were in the forefront of this battle, working in the Press, or on the platform, or in those rallies of "good citizens" which everywhere have gathered in defence of the liberties of the people.

The distinctive features of this type of good citizen are two, first his faith in the efficacy of moral appeals, and secondly his optimism. Perhaps one should say that these are but the two aspects of that definitely spiritual nature, that democratic idealism, which has always done the great deeds in American history, and which is so much more conscious and pronounced a character of American reform movements than European. This reliance upon moral or sentimental appeals is admirably illustrated by Mr. Lloyd Garrison's fight against Protection in his little journal the "Free Trade Broadside." The stress throughout is laid, not on commercial prosperity, or even upon the interests of the wage-earner and the consumer, but upon the really essential fact that Protection is a dividing and antagonising influence in the relations of men, of classes, and of nations, whereas free commercial intercourse is an instrument of that moral union which, by securing peace and promoting amicable intercourse, makes for the spiritual solidarity of nations.

The same faith prevails in all the countless little struggles which are carried on in the cities and villages of America against the greed and corruption of business and political machines and bosses. It is the persistent, powerful survival of the spiritual current of that puritanism which has flowed through American history, its revolution, its federation, and its civil war, moulding its formative principles and constituting what is sometimes called its "manifest destiny." It is precisely because there are many thousands of men and women born and bred of this spiritual stock and nourished in the faith that "the success of any great moral enterprise does not depend on numbers," that men like Harriman and Rockefeller, with all their financial power, are not destined to be the rulers of America. Not in Boston and New England only, but in the great fertile plains of the Middle West, and on the far-off Pacific slope, are men of the breed of Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, who know that the masses of their fellow-citizens are not mere money-worshippers, bondsmen to material success, but are capable of responding to ideals of justice and human fellowship. Our political philosophers are often scornful of what they consider antiquated doctrines of natural rights. But to the good American they still have a deep meaning and a powerful appeal, and the sons of Lloyd Garrison in the spirit, as in the flesh, have not shrunk from the duties involved in his widest assertion of the principle, "I claim to be a Human Rights Man; and wherever there is a human being, I see God-given rights inherent in that being, whatever may be the sex or the complexion."

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## MARBLE'S LANGUAGE.

It is hard to bring a trained judgment to bear on the subjects that have trained it; for familiarity and many associations, often unpleasant, have dulled their proper brightness. With what zest and admiration a student of literature or religion, already highly educated in character and criticism, would approach the Psalms or the prophetic books of the Bible, if he approached them for the first time! With what freshness of insight and perception a man who knew the world and the ways of men would read the Gospels for the first time at forty! But the thing is hardly possible. Though the Bible is no longer the basis of higher education, as it was some fifty years ago, it is hardly possible for an Englishman to know literature and the world without acquiring on his way an intimate acquaintance with its language and teaching. And so the familiar words slide off him, and the very rhythm of their sound leaves their beauty and meaning unrealised; or else they are tainted with dim memories of hassocks and pews, of unintelligible sermons and compulsory stillness, and of an impatient interval before breakfast.

Associations and familiarity are not bad; they are often a delight in themselves; but they benumb the sense of values. In the case of most educated men, it is the same with their Latin and Greek. Those are the instruments by which their judgment has been chiefly formed; but habit and years of boredom blunt their appreciation of the instruments themselves. An enthusiastic botanist in India asked a sapper if the men did not learn something about the trees, while making roads through the jungle. "Oh, yes, we learns a lot," was the answer; "we learns one tree's damned tough and another tree's not so damned tough." It is an exact parallel to what most public-school boys learn of the classics. Pindar and Persius are tough; Herodotus and Cæsar are not so tough. That is the main upshot of our learning, and a half-conscious belief prevails that the Greeks and Romans wrote books on an ascending scale of difficulty, graduated to suit the "removes" in English public schools. Few of us in maturity take the time or trouble to reconsider those classics. We leave them off, as we leave off football, or "the mile," and with much smaller regret. If we think of them at all, familiarity dulls our appreciation, just as it dulls our appreciation of our parents, and their true value is overweighted by memories of vain struggles to make sense, of lessons unprepared, of impositions, wrath, and the escape into sunny air.

Every great art has to be restudied at each stage of life, and our opinions of twenty years ago are no longer ours. We owe the more gratitude to scholars like Professor Wight Duff for drawing us back to reconsider those Latin authors whose well-worn names of Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and Livy, played so prominent, and on the whole so ungrateful, a part in our boyhood. His book, entitled "A Literary History of Rome" (Fisher Unwin) compels us to listen. To those who even dimly remember their Latin, there is something

irresistible in his style and arrangement, in his knowledge, and the temperate freshness of his criticism. He begins with the very origins of the Roman language, rooted in the strange admixture of races—Celts, Greeks, gloomy Etruscans, and the peoples we call Latin—who divided among them the length of that Saturnian land from the Alps to the Sicilian Sea, until Rome gathered them all under her imperial sway. And he carries us on to the end of the brief age—hardly more than two generations—in which the intellect of Rome reached its finest development. The book is so filled with the interest of mortality, it is so free from pedantic trammels and second-hand judgments, that there is only one thing we regret about it. We regret only that it ends. Professor Duff is, no doubt, right in urging that the close of the Augustan age marks a period and a change. It is true there is a change. Something has been lost in the Silver Age; we should say, perhaps, that it is hope which has vanished, rather than that language has declined. Yet we could wish that Professor Duff had carried the story onward till the appearance of the Christian Fathers put a violent end to that world of thought which seems so much more modern than their doctrines. We would have given much for just two chapters more to reveal the living reality of Juvenal's indignation, of Martial's sting, of those encaustic sentences in which Tacitus almost burlesqued the power of the Roman tongue, and of the mood whereby the Stoics of the study and the palace at last attained to the desired equilibrium of golden mediocrity.

The scroll of Roman literature is finished and rolled up. Like all great literatures, it expresses the distinct and incommunicable soul of a great people, and as we contemplate it there rises before us the image of the race which found an utterance in those words that still go winged from mouth to mouth. We see a people in many respects like a people we know better—religious without sanctitude; unspiritual but careful of old morality; conservative by precedent, but tolerating vast revolutions under constitutional forms; priding themselves on country life and rural traditions, while inhabiting the greatest city of the world; chaotic in theory and muddled in knowledge, but capable of organisation, and arriving punctual as the stars; despising all foreigners, but contemptuously tolerant of foreign ways; kindly in nature, but delighting in cruel sports, and too unsympathetic even to imagine the objections of the races they slaughtered or subdued; devoted to the State, and worshipping law as divine, but boiling with rage if the State or the law touched a single hair that was entitled to freedom. We see a nation of engineers rather than of architects, more successful in sewage than in sculpture, better at commandments than at visions, more respectful to property than to genius, honoring the god of landmarks side by side with the God of heaven, and the spirit of the municipal council far above the spirit of the dawn.

If every language reveals the character of its race, the Roman language was pre-eminent in that power. Clear, solemn, and brief, it is designed for proclamations, for laws, for the record of events, and, above all, for inscriptions. It is, as St. Praxed's bishop said, "marble's language, Latin pure, discreet." Up till yesterday our fathers found a Latin epitaph easier to write than an English, and to-day Professor Duff dedicates his book in Latin. The very sight of the letters reminds us of the keen edges of marble freshly inscribed. The form and order of the words is like the construction of a fortress, and in the masters of Roman prose the sentences are compact together, like the cubic stones that built the rampart from the Solway to the Tyne. It is significant that the man who first revealed the genius of that prose was Cato the Censor, the Sabine countryman, the author of books on farming, the scornful enemy of Greeks, women, and extravagance, the statesman whose foreign policy was summed up in the extirpation of Rome's one rival. Of all Livy's history, the most significant parts—the parts that are most characteristic of Rome and have most profoundly influenced the world—are just those untrustworthy chapters containing the legends in which Romans loved to see proclaimed the ancestral qualities of their race, discovering a natural kinship with Cincinnatus at the plough, with Curtius plunging into the gulf, and with the mother of Coriolanus when she made her great appeal to Woman's Fortune. But it is most significant of all that Cæsar, the greatest and most typical of the Romans, also used the language with the most forcible and succinct perfection.

Marble found its language in Rome, and wherever the emblem of the Senate and the Roman People appeared throughout the world, there arose the sense of marble permanence and severity. But, as in the endearments of a strong and silent nature, what unexpected pleasure arises when the marble suddenly glows and this language of silence becomes eloquent with passionate emotion! To that very contrast is due much of the peculiar beauty of the Roman poets. Into the language of cold entablatures they have infused the stir and crimson of our common life, and the surprise of finding there also the touch of mortal things gives to those memorable expressions a double worth. So it is when Horace smiles, or when Tibullus calls to his lover to meet him barefooted, with her tangled hair let down, or when Propertius laments the many ladies dead:—

"Sunt apud infernos tot milia formosarum."

And so it is when Terence shows the girl taking refuge for grief in her lover's arms—"flens quam familiariter"—or when he utters his famous "Homo sum." Catullus could fire that chilly language with every mood of happy and tortured love. "Odi et amo," he cries, and every lover knows his meaning:—

"Odi et amo: quare id faciam fortasse requiris,
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior."

In a single line Lucretius could picture the vision of man's generations handing on the torch of life, like runners in the torchlight game, and in three lines he could inscribe his eternal panegyric on the master whose soul had journeyed far beyond the flaming ramparts of the world and traversed the immeasurable Whole.

But more than all the others—more even than Catullus—Virgil possessed the secret of this power. Perhaps no ear till Wordsworth came was so sensitive to the still, sad music of humanity, and he compelled that language of stones to utter it. In the mere use of words he had Milton's gift of suggesting intangible associations and inner meanings. As Prof. Duff says in an admirable chapter:—

> "Words were by Virgil so experimented on as to raise in the mind indefinable associations, transcending the ordinary meaning and transcending ordinary experience. A sense is constantly produced as of some dim realm of moods almost beyond expression—a background consisting of another world."

Instances of that mysterious skill in words are abundant, if we did not forget them; instances, too, of that still deeper and rarer power of sympathy in all human things, of regret over the long sorrows of mankind, of misgiving under the burden of the mystery—the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world. It was a power hardly to be found again till it reappeared among our fathers little over a century ago; and it was a power that Virgil's imposed theme rather hampered than called out; but in unmistakable glimpses we discover it. We need not recall the "lacrimæ rerum," but rather let us remember such few lines as:—

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

Or:—

"Habes tota quod mente petisti,
Infelix."

Or:—

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus."

Or:—

"Quisque suos patimur Manes."

Or the great passage in the sixth book, beginning:—

"Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna:
Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silvis."

Those and the verses that follow are lines in which one might almost say that the Roman tongue reached its highest poetic accomplishment, and with the music of them vibrating in our memory we may close.

## THE COLORS OF SEPTEMBER.

Summer ends where it began—with a strong note of yellow. If we may say that it opens with the pale primroses, it passes to the yellow satin of the buttercups, then into the pink of wild roses, the red of campion, the purple of geraniums, the scarlet of poppies. In September it returns to its first love, with ragwort as its chief oriflamme. Nearly the same thing has happened in our gardens. The crimson glories of the roses are quenched, the heavenly blues of the larkspurs have faded, and September bees and butterflies make free with sunflowers, African marigolds, and golden rod.

The gold of spring is exhibited in a multitude of little dots. Primroses, daffodils, buttercups are single flowers, each content to fight its own battle, and producing their masses of color by a sort of mob law. The principal flowers of late autumn, in the other colors as well as in yellow, mass their blossoms co-operatively, either in close phalanx like the flea-bane, hawkweed, scabious, or in looser but not less effective umbels like the ragwort, yarrow, tansy, and hemlock. There is a lavishness about these discs of color, larger and more gorgeous than sunflowers, that nothing but a complete summer could produce. The stems that bear them upward are not the outcome of a mere month's growth. They are several feet high, and contain so much woody fibre that they will be here as mementoes of the blossoms they now carry, long after winter has done its worst on them. And it is now that Flora indulges in the luxury of flowers above flowers. Where the earth-borne primroses starred the wood, and where the roots now sleep, first the tall ragwort blossoms swim in mid air and beneath them there is a foot-high forest of basil afire with delicate pink. Under the hemp agrimony is horse mint, under the yarrow, wild pansies, under the tree, heliotrope, whatever the gardener chooses to put there.

The gold of the cornfields was quite another thing than the gold of buttercups. Anyone who had never seen bread growing could tell it for the heavy gold of fulfilment. The hundred-acre field was like a great lake, brimful of rippling waves. The hedge, close cut so as to hinder no air and harbor no birds, was just the height of the corn which tossed its ears against the trim hawthorn, and made one level sea from one shore to the other. It seemed that there was nothing in all that field but the grain for which the farmer tilled it. All the weeds were overtopped, and not till the reaper had laid the trusses low was it evident that convolvolus and buckwheat were climbing the stems and a wealth of other weeds was thriving deep down at their base. The grass fields that have been mown have a yellow, mellow green that they had at no other time of the year. It belongs also to the fields that have been well bitten down by sheep, but not to those wasted fields of dry, grey, uneaten bennets that have been too sparsely stocked. Those standards of poverty must remain till the spring growth pulls them down and hides them in beauty.

We have here no extended hill-tops aglow with heather. If it had been so, we should have scarcely been able to write of golden September. But there is another way in which to enjoy the heather than living in a world of it. It is that of coming unexpectedly upon a patch of it between corn fields. The Barrow field has fourteen acres of oats, and where they stop, without hedge or ditch of any kind, the heather begins, running off into the woods, where they dispute the carpeting of the aisles with bracken and blue-berry. This waste at the end of the Barrow field is delightful even beyond standing corn. The short, well-flowered bell heather alternates with tufts of dwarf furze covered with its yellow blossoms. It is an ideal autumn pleasaunce for the lizards and adders that we occasionally meet there, the lizards waxing fat on countless insects, and the adders knowing many places where they can find a sleek vole or dainty wood mouse. Beyond the purple-floored pine wood is another field, won with much kind treatment from the rule of the wild. All the gorgeous weeds of autumn seem to revel in it—spikenard, hawkweed, knapweed, poppies, and a wilderness of others that after a while group themselves as weeds of cultivation. The tangle is enlivened here and there with little heads of vivid purple, sometimes varying towards a cerulean blue. A new flower, neither corydalis nor purple vetch, nor viper's bugloss. What can it be? With some disappointment we find it to be lucerne, the alfalfa that has made whole sandy territories of America prosperous, but which is yet only grown in England to the extent of some sixty thousand acres.

Lucerne was to have reclaimed this field, and with care and science no doubt it would have done so, giving instead of cotton grass and weeds, two tons of good hay per acre. But the lease was short, and the patience of the farmer gave out. The field is tumbling back into the wild, and its agricultural value may already be written down as *nil*. So they are about to sell it as building land—most eligible sites for villas among the healthy pines, and very few miles from a railway station. We are curious to see whether it will fetch £50 or £100 or two or three hundred pounds an acre, and a ground rent of £10, £20, or £40, instead of its late agricultural rack-rent of twelve shillings.

From the hill's edge we can see much country, and take choice of whither we will go next. Five partridges whirr out from the bracken and go floating down the vale, throwing their shadows now on corn, now on stubble, and at length pitching into the mellow shelter of a swede field. The sun is at early afternoon, and flooding the country with those level shafts through clear air that account for most of the distinctive coloring of the harvest month. It gleams into the pile of standing wheat, and adds the color of the stalks to the bronzed perfection of the ears. It brightens up the stubbles and accentuates the gold of the stucks with indigo shadows thrown along behind them. It gives a sort of funereal liveliness even to the beans standing in their field in black bundles or going out to the stack-yard behind a team of glossy horses.

We have come down to the western side of an orchard, poured upon by the sun that has been fitfully ripening its apples these three months. Scarlet and highly polished, the old-fashioned cider apples shine astonishingly amid the unimpaired green of the leaves. On the mighty pear trees every pear on this side can be counted, though their slightly glowing russet is little removed in color from the foliage. The great green-and-yellow cooking apples hanging in the still air seem about to drop at any moment. Every now and then the thud of a falling cider pear accentuates the silence and the peace of the plenteous scene. Again the ragwort crops up as the decorator. The long aisles of the orchard are radiant with its yellow curds, and the silence sings with drowsy humble-bees carousing in one of the sweetest dishes of late summer.

Beyond the orchard the sun still lights up wild fruit everywhere. The oaks are full of points of light as it strikes on innumerable acorns. Gaping horse-chestnuts show the shining "buck-eyes" within their green husks; nuts are browning within their green cups; hips and haws are reddening where the roses and the May-blossom grew; bryony is studding its garlands with fruit first lemon-yellow, afterwards scarlet. But the glory of none of them equals that which has fallen upon the bushes of wild guelder. The flat young berries have grown canary-colored, then have plumped out large and round like red currants, and now are hanging in brightest, shiniest scarlet among fiery leaves like those of the maple. Poisonous, of course? Let him who has read all these lines be rewarded with a secret that shall put in his cupboard some pots of delicious jelly for roast mutton days. The wild guelder is called by the Canadians "high-bush cranberry," for they make of its berries a sort of cranberry jam that is said to have a very agreeable flavor. Yet we have met no one in England, even among returned Canadians, who has gathered and used this tempting fruit. Perhaps it is too precious as the supreme beauty of our English autumn.

# Present-Day Problems.

## LIFE IN A CAVALRY REGIMENT.

A WIDE open space of bare earth, dusty in summer, muddy in winter, with large ugly buildings round it or near it—this is the regiment's home. The space is the barrack square. "Square" (without the "the") means foot-drill—word of ominous meaning to the newly joined subaltern.

Twenty or thirty officers, five hundred or so of men, five hundred or so of horses, inhabit the place. There are four squadrons, and the men of each "mess" together. There are the barrack-rooms, the canteen, the stables, the riding-school, the "sick lines" for disabled horses, the chapel, the school, the married men's quarters, the sergeant's mess, the various "shops," the reading-room; slightly apart, the officers' quarters; at the entrance, the Adjutant's office, and the guard-room.

The year is divided into a regular course of work, beginning in March. The training of recruits, the training of "drafts" to supply the "linked" regiment in India or elsewhere, the training of the horses, the training of troops first, and then of the squadrons, one by one; these follow one another in a more or less regular progression. Then the regiment is ready, and in its turn becomes a unit in the brigade, which again becomes a unit in the division, handled by someone with a big name, part of a "Red" or a "Blue" Army, moving during September over Berkshire and Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, victorious or defeated. This is "Manœuvres."

After that the tension relaxes. Winter is the time for "leave," both for officers and men. Things are "kept going," but the regiment is short-handed throughout, until March comes round again.

The life in the officers' quarters cannot be said to be strenuous, judged by the standard of other professions. Hunting four days a week in the winter, polo as often in the summer, social functions in plenty, while away the time. "Stables" for an hour or more every morning—which means a little criticism and much looking on; "orderly" duty, which keeps the subaltern on the go from 6 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. once or twice in a fortnight; these labors are the occasion for bitter complaints, though the complaints are more, perhaps, a matter of convention than anything else. "Leave," and how to spend it, engrosses a large part of the officer's thoughts. He looks forward to manœuvres as a time, not so much of excitement and interest, as of excessive restraint, toil, and hardship.

Opinions differ much about work. "Dash and resourcefulness," say the books, are the chief needs of the cavalry officer. Many colonels consider that these can best be acquired on the hunting field and the polo-ground, and deliberately relegate all other means of education to the second place. Others believe in "staff-rides," map-drawing, and the like. A few believe in the study of books; but these are the most unpopular of all. The studious officer, unless he be also very sociable, is somewhat "out of it." He may not be "ragged"; more probably he is regarded as a mild kind of joke. He is never in the main stream of the regiment's life; always in a backwater.

The life is very expensive. It is hard to see how anyone, without many hundreds a year beyond his pay, could afford it. Hunting means two hunters; polo two ponies. Mess expenses—with a *chef* at (say) £150 a year—are high. The accumulation of silver plate—everyone who ever passed through the regiment having presented something—represents some expense all round, and continuous servant-labor for cleaning. Sometimes there is the regimental coach and four, and the regimental brougham, to be maintained. Finally, there is an extremely costly set of uniforms. This luxurious living does not mean that the officer cannot endure hardships. He can, and does.

But the chief feature of this life is its dreadful monotony. Drill, indeed, is not so dull as it seems to the civilian; but looking on at other people grooming horses and scrubbing bits, day after day, becomes after a time, to some men at least, intolerable. There is not much variety in the society functions. For the unmarried officer, the chief factor in life is the social atmosphere of the ante-room—the club-like place adjoining the dining-room. Here, on the leather-covered chairs, innumerable hours are spent, innumerable cigarettes consumed. It is pleasant and friendly and hospitable, but the unit is too small; the people who meet there are too few to make a society, and ineffable boredom is the result. Conversation, also, is too narrow in its range to compensate for the limited numbers. Three subjects predominate: sport, with its innumerable sub-divisions; women; and dress. Personal appearance is one of the serious preoccupations of life. This, like hunting, is frequently justified on principle, the principle that if a man is "smart" in his appearance he will be "smart" in his conduct throughout. All "shop"—discussion of military subjects—is rigorously excluded. The civilian who wanted to learn something about Army Reform, or the probability of a German invasion, would be disappointed. Cards, or the illustrated weeklies, occupy the evening. The Unionist newspapers—no others—lie on the table. The general tone is that of the jolly, sensible schoolboy, rather than of the grown man.

What of the "men"? They are largely drawn from the lowest strata of society; unemployment is still the chief recruiting sergeant. They come in increasing proportion from the towns—though they are not necessarily the worse for that. The Army, under the short service system, attracts a totally different class from the Navy. Yet, with such unpromising material, it is wonderful what progress is made. Education, under the influence of the Army schoolmaster, is rapidly increasing; the modern soldier is taught many things connected with his duties which promote general intelligence; disorderly conduct is becoming rarer; the standard of living is on the rise. The finest product of the system is seen, of course, in the non-commissioned officers. The sergeant-majors, the sergeants, and the corporals—here is the real soldier-class of England. Seen from below, they are grandees; the sergeants' mess imitates, from afar, the officers' mess. And they are little tyrants, too; an oligarchy, with practical power to admit to, or exclude from, their ranks; holding "Tommy" and his prospects in the hollow of their hand. But they rule, one feels, by right; every line of their bodies, every tone of their well-controlled voices, spells efficiency; they know their work, and they love it. One cannot despise a system which, from such raw material, creates a finished article like this.

These are the parts of the machine; how does it work? Between the officers and the men there is a gulf fixed. It is part of the system to make that gulf as wide as possible. All communications between the two are made through the non-commissioned officers. This distance, this absence of familiarity, breeds respect. It is reinforced by all the strict formalities—the saluting, the discipline. The smart, luxurious life of the officer-class marks them off, in the minds of the rank and file, as beings of some order superior to their own. They "look up to" them. The necessary subordination is maintained; and with it, the cohesion of the whole; a mechanical cohesion, it is true, but effective when it comes to the supreme test. The system is based upon the feudal spirit—upon the negation of the democratic ideal. In its turn, of course, it fosters that spirit in all who come within its influence.

But the question is legitimate: Could it be based upon any other spirit? Would it work on any other principle? It is not perfect. The finest cavalry that England ever produced—the cavalry of Cromwell—were held together by a very different bond. Again, a soldiery which contained all classes, as under Conscription, would refuse to submit to our present system; they would only accept military service on conditions of greater freedom, better chances, more connection between rulers and ruled. But when we consider the origin and upbringing of the private soldier as he is, we may well doubt whether any freer system would be workable. He belongs to a class in which snobbery is deeply implanted. He looks up to wealth. He

admires "gentlemanly" conduct far more than efficiency. He thinks less of the officer who has risen from the ranks—less, for example, of the Riding-Master and the Quartermaster—than of the cheery, sporting young men who take to their position of command with such ease and confidence. He accepts his position. He has not learned to substitute the discipline which is self-imposed for the discipline which is drummed into him from without. Other men, other manners. Meantime, the Army works, and works astonishingly well.

# The Drama.

## TWO KING LEARS.

What standpoint is one to adopt in estimating Mr. Herbert Trench's production of "King Lear" at the Haymarket? Ought it to be criticised as a long-run performance, or as a repertory performance? The ambiguous nature of his enterprise leaves us in doubt. Perhaps we may take it that Mr. Trench is a theatrical aviator who seeks to give his machine a good long run on the solid earth, before he soars into a precarious and untried element.

"But what can it matter," you may say, "whether the Haymarket is a long-run or a repertory theatre? If the performance is good it is good, if bad, bad; and Mr. Trench's intentions have nothing to do with the question." Not so! A great deal depends upon the point of view from which the performance is to be regarded. The manager of a repertory theatre is permitted, and even bound, to make experiments with imperfect material; whereas there is no reason why a long-run manager should attempt anything he cannot thoroughly achieve. A performance which is only one incident in a large artistic campaign may interest us by reason of its very imperfections; but a performance which stands alone, on which the whole resources of the theatre are concentrated, must be judged, so to speak, by an absolute standard. A repertory manager, desiring, and rightly desiring, to present as much Shakespeare as possible, must inevitably be content to give us intelligent approximations to this character and that, since it is manifest that no company could ever be assembled which could fill to perfection all the vast range of Shakespearean characters. A long-run manager, on the other hand, has no reasonable ground for choosing any particular play of Shakespeare, except the belief that he can fill all the leading parts in it, if not to perfection, at any rate with very high excellence.

Applying these principles to the case in point, we may say that a repertory manager, who is bound to do "King Lear" some time, shows courage and enterprise in tackling that giant problem early in his career, and making what he can of it with the resources at his command; whereas a long-run manager has no excuse for selecting that play, of all others, unless it be that he can lay his hand on a Lear of genius. This was clearly not Mr. Trench's case. Mr. Norman McKinnell is a most valuable actor, to whom we are indebted for much excellent work; but his qualities, with the exception of his fine voice, are precisely those which do him least service in Lear. What is the first characteristic that everyone associates with Mr. McKinnell? Is it not a dour, massive immobility? And what is the first requisite for Lear if not high-strung, hysterical mobility, instability, effervescence and ebullience? In the opening scene, where Lear is only the choleric, overbearing egoist, Mr. McKinnell was strong and impressive; but the moment we reached the point where the thing to be indicated is weakness, the creeping paralysis of moral and intellectual control, the actor ceased to do anything more than give a forcible reading of the lines—there was an end of physical and pathological impersonation. We ought to see the tempest in Lear's soul, shaking and racking his enfeebled and senile frame; whereas Mr. McKinnell was to the end a strong man, irritated and badgered, but never near the last extremity of agonised impotence. He was never really mad; the glint of insanity was never in his eye; the sallies of his frenzy seemed didactically ironic, and thus lost their harrowing pathos. His rock-hewn temperament proved itself incapable of putting on the flexibility, the spontaneity, the volcanic and yet tremulous impetuosity required for the part. It was Ben Nevis pretending to be Etna.

This is merely to say that Lear is the most tremendous and overwhelming part in the world's drama, and that Mr. McKinnell is not a tragic genius of the first order. His very intelligent rendering of the part would be acceptable enough as one of a series of Shakespearean studies; but it is not an achievement of high individual distinction. And "King Lear," more than any other of the great tragedies, is dependent on its central figure; for it cannot be said that the story is in itself theatrically effective, or that the subordinate characters are specially interesting. If we are not deeply moved by the great protagonist, we are apt to feel that this raw, grey world of monstrous barbarity and crime has been somewhat gratuitously evoked for our physical and spiritual discomfort.

A more touching and poetic Cordelia than Miss Ellen O'Malley could scarcely have been desired, and Miss Ada Ferrar and Miss Marie Polini made effective figures of Goneril and Regan respectively, though Miss Polini's diction was not always very clear. Mr. James Hearn's Gloucester was an admirable performance, and Mr. C. V. France, though in the first act a little too cutting in his tones, was on the whole a very good Kent. Mr. Dawson Milward, a capital actor, was scarcely suited for the part of Edmund, which Mr. McKinnell, by the way, was born to play. Mr. Charles Quartermain, as Edgar, improved as he went on: in the first scene his nervous, excitable manner conspired with an unfortunate dress to render him curiously unlike the part. Mr. Fisher White's Cornwall was strikingly picturesque, and Mr. Kenyon Musgrave was good as Albany. In the part of the Fool, Mr. Hignett had an impossible task imposed on him. When Macready, with many misgivings, restored the Fool to the acted text, he assigned the part to a woman, Miss Priscilla Horton. I would not have Mr. Trench do likewise, for women in male parts are always unillusive; but Macready's casting pointed in the right direction. The Fool should be a fragile, hectic stripling, a delicate and sensitive organism with a fevered rather than a frenzied brain. All Mr. Hignett's ability would not transmute him into such a personage. His fooling was heavy and frigid, and he was further handicapped by having to speak and sing many lines which could convey no sort of meaning to the generality of the audience. At risk of being denounced by the Shakespearean whole-hoggers, I hereby declare my fixed opinion that, in such a part as this, lines which cannot be understood without half-an-acre of commentary, should be resolutely cut—to say nothing of lines which are almost certainly interpolations of the clowns whom Shakespeare himself reproved. For the beauty and originality of Mr. Charles Ricketts's scenery there can be nothing but praise. One only wishes that Mr. Trench had had the strength of mind to revert to front scenes, and so get rid of the deplorable modern habit of dropping the curtain and making a long pause in the action at every change of place.

I gather from the daily papers that Mr. Alfred Sutro's "King Lear," otherwise known as "Making a Gentleman," was not a great first-night success. On the second night, when I saw it, the audience seemed to like it hugely; and, for my part, I can see no reason why it should not be popular. Its faults, or rather its limitations, are precisely of a sort to strike the disillusioned and would-be intellectual first-night audience; whereas its merits are eminently calculated to appeal to the wide middle stratum of the public, which cares neither for bitter realism on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, for poisonous twaddle, vended under the Lord Chamberlain's licence. I myself belong to the would-be intellectuals, and find "Making a Gentleman" a little too superficial and sentimental to stir my enthusiasm: yet I recognise and enjoy in it many excellent qualities—wit, vivacity, lightness of touch, scenic instinct, and honest human feeling.

The tale is soon told. A highly successful pickle manufacturer, who has married a woman of higher social standing, and lost her after a brief period of married happiness, adores the two children she has brought him, and devotes himself to making a gentleman and lady of them. He succeeds in making the son a good-natured but flippant and inefficient man-about-town; while the daughter, a heartless minx, marries a brainless booby who happens to be heir to a title. Having divested himself of much of his property for his children's benefit, the luckless Sam Carey loses the rest in speculation. He has just enough left to set up in business again, if only his son will join him; and at first the young man consents to do so. The father is overjoyed; he blesses the disaster which seems to have restored to him a son he had practically lost. But the young man's resolution presently wavers; and, acting under his sister's influence, he determines, instead of accompanying his father to Canada, to marry a very rich woman with a tarnished past. The father regards this union as a degradation, and turns his back on his thankless children, to start life afresh in company with a Cordelia who is his daughter only by adoption.

Now, this is far from a bad subject. Shakespeare, Balzac and Turguenev have encouraged a superstition that filial callousness is peculiar to daughters; but, as a matter of fact, there is ample material for poignant drama in the relation of a father to an estranged and unsympathetic son. In order to do justice to his theme, however, Mr. Sutro ought to have made the issue between father and son quite clear and trenchant. Either the son's marriage ought to have been unmistakably mercenary and degrading, or we ought to have been made to feel that the son was, in this instance, right, the father's objections to his marriage being conventional and egoistic, based upon his eagerness to undo the work of education, and remake the young man in his own image. Mr. Sutro has chosen neither of these alternatives; or rather he has chosen the latter alternative, and made old Carey act as though he had chosen the former. The Baroness von Ritzen, with her £20,000 a year, is an extremely charming, refined, and high-principled person, far too good for such a feather-brained young loafer as Archie Carey. The story of her past is never revealed to us, but we utterly decline to believe that it can have been anything unpardonable. Consequently Sam Carey's resolute adoption of the attitude of M. Duval towards Marguerite Gautier seems, so far as we can judge, wholly wrong-headed. We can sympathise neither with him nor with Archie, since neither of them takes the only rational course of inquiring whether the Baroness is really, or only conventionally, a tainted woman. By making her a thorough "bad lot," Mr. Sutro might have brought his play to a bitterly powerful close. Since he eschewed that course, his only logical alternative was to bring the Baroness on in the last act, and make her prove to old Carey, as she easily might, that his opposition to his son's marriage was nothing but egoism under the unpleasing mask of pharisaic conventionality. Carey is man enough to realise this; and the realisation would have brought the play to a satisfactory if not a wholly happy ending.

Miss Ethel Irving's exquisite and most winning performance of the Baroness, while it may probably make the fortune of the play, helps to emphasise the indecision of the author's design. Miss Irving has one fault—she plays too much with the furniture. Otherwise the sincerity and beauty of her performance are beyond praise. A very able character-study—by far the best in the play—is that of the incorrigible Rosie, cleverly acted by Miss Muriel Beaumont; but the kissing incident in the second act is overdone, and might well be omitted. Mr. Bourchier is never credible to me in such parts as Sam Carey, but he undoubtedly holds and moves his audiences. Mr. Kenneth Douglas is excellent as Archie, and Mr. Edmund Maurice is good in the purely conventional part of Lord Parkhurst—by far the worst in the play. Miss Agnes Thomas and Miss Athene Seyler do valuable service in minor parts.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Letters to the Editor.

## THE GORRINGE CASE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Sympathy with Mr. Gorringe or the Duke may be, as Mr. Clegg suggests, somewhat beside the question. But the one criticism of the Limehouse speech, so far as I have heard, has related simply to the taste shown, and that on the strength of the one word, "blackmail." Mr. Clegg's case of 1,000 bushels of wheat is not at all parallel. It concerns two men equally free, and neither of them favored by a one-sided law.

The important letter from Mr. John Lewis which you published last week indicates that Mr. Lloyd-George knew the facts of the Gorringe case and did not choose his language hastily. "The Duke was entitled to resume possession of his property: he had fulfilled his part of the bargain," says Mr. Clegg, and it sounds very simple and logical. His property was the land to which he was entitled by law and the buildings which by law passed to him because they had been put upon his land.

Mr. Gorringe also had a property recognised by law, and known as goodwill depending upon reputation. The enjoyment of that goodwill and reputation depended, however, on his remaining in the place where it had been built up. It may be admitted that for other reasons the land had become somewhat more valuable than at the inception of the lease. The buildings belonged to the Duke, though he did nothing towards putting them there. We have grown accustomed to that sort of "justice." But what of the goodwill?

When a man enjoys the reputation of respectability he regards the reputation as valuable. Suppose, however, that some secret of his origin or history would, if generally known, damage that reputation or his enjoyment of it. It may be something to which he attaches exaggerated importance, or owing to no fault of his own; something his father did or failed to do. Possibly a full statement of the facts would clear his reputation. The secret is closely kept, however, and the respectable man enjoys his reputation to the full, until one man who knows the secret threatens to tell abroad certain bald, indisputable facts which will destroy the reputation. He has a legal right to tell them. If they involve no real disgrace, or are capable of justification, the respectable man is free to follow up the other's statements with due explanation. He thinks it cheaper and easier to pay the man to hold his tongue. We call that blackmail, having no other word for it. The blackmailer does not even attempt to steal anything for his own use. He only refrains from exercising his legal right, and gets paid for refraining.

From Mr. Lewis's letter the only possible inference is that Mr. Gorringe knew he could only enjoy the goodwill of his own business, depending on the commercial reputation he had himself built up, by the consent of the Duke of Westminster. And he found he had to pay for that consent. The Duke could not have enjoyed the reputation or goodwill himself. But he could have prevented Mr. Gorringe from doing so. He had only to exercise his legal rights. He was willing to refrain on being paid for it, and on the whole Mr. Gorringe preferred to pay him for refraining.

Mr. Clegg does not raise the question of taste, but he alleges a simplicity in the transaction which did not exist. Mr. Gorringe had to pay for consent to enjoy something which was essentially his own, besides the market value of the land and buildings which the law concedes to the Duke. How often it occurs that a landowner insists on terms dictated by his knowledge of the leaseholder's inability to remove the particular business he has built up. Sometimes he over-estimates the leaseholder's willingness to pay for his own, and the result is seen in derelict works or abandoned businesses. The real value of the land arising from general demand is then seen to have been comparatively small, and the larger claim to have been based on the special requirements of a particular tenant's circumstances. Mr. Clegg must know at least one such case on a large scale within ten miles of Sheffield.

The increment tax is not going to cure this facility for levying "blackmail." As Mr. Clegg points out, it merely gives the Government a fifth of the "blackmail." But when the undeveloped land tax, so called, is extended, as all real

land reformers desire, lessors will be glad to enfranchise their leaseholders on terms of perpetual chief rent which will cure this glaring injustice. Mere tampering with terms of tenancy, such as Mr. Lewis hints at, cannot be contrived to cure it. The remedy lies with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the more unflinching he is the more sweeping and certain will be his victory.—Yours, &c.,

F. U. Laycock.

Hope, Derbyshire,
September 13th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Surely Mr. Clegg must admit that at the expiry of the lease taken from the Duke of Westminster by Messrs. Gorringe there were inextricably mixed a property belonging to the Duke and a property (viz., the goodwill of the drapery business) belonging to Messrs. Gorringe. If Irish landlords are restrained by law from appropriating their tenants' property, why not landlords in this country? In a similar case on the Westminster estate some years since the tenant, a chemist, obtained a satisfactory settlement, thanks principally to the now defunct "Echo" newspaper. The Duke's agents, after arguing as to their rights in the same manner as Mr. Clegg is doing, more or less ungracefully surrendered to the claims of justice. These pleas for the strict carrying out of one-sided contracts remind me that "Punch" once said some people's notions were that contract of freedom was freedom of contract. Mr. Clegg asks if Messrs. Gorringe had obtained a lease at a reduced rent, would they have been blackmailing the Duke? Unquestionably yes; had they been in a position to have enforced their terms against the Duke's will.

I cannot, however, see anything in the Budget that will better the position of persons in the position of Messrs. Gorringe. That can only come by legislation.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. Marriott.

249, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill,
September 14th, 1909.

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## THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Lord Rosebery's speech the other day in Glasgow has at least served one purpose. It has been educational. It is astounding how little educated people turn their minds to politics.

The other day, after the speech, I travelled with two educated, ordinary business men. They seemed to be not strongly party men on either side. Both of them united in condemning Lord Rosebery. Not, however, as you might have supposed, for his opposition to the Budget, though both approved of the land clauses in it, and of its general scope. Their opposition came from other grounds. They thought Lord Rosebery was mad.

To my inquiries why they thought the Pia Mater of his lordship's learning was over or under-heated, the one replied: "I've always pinned my faith on Rossberry. A grand speaker, Rossberry." "Yes," said the other, "and a man of property. My God, McInnes, I never thought to hear him talk such washy sort of stuff as yesterday."

I was still surprised, hoping against hope that they had misjudged the case, for no one possibly could have been so businesslike as either looked, when once again McInnes took up his parable. "Yes, aye, that is so, I'm a good Leeberal, and in conseederable sympathy with the Land Restoration League . . . that is, I used to be; but nonsense I canna' stand. To think of what a bagful of perneecious nonsense Rossberry talked in the City Hall"—Campbell broke in, "aye, Rossberry's a fluent speaker, never makes a snant." I pricked up my ears, and the hard-bitten Mac went on. "The unearned increment, just so. It's a fair scandal all Scotland should be owned by sixteen, or is it sixty, lords. I mind, too, the other day I was at Malling, and thought I'd go and take some photographs, over on a bit island, just opposite the place. Man, I could no get landing; a pairfect army of gamekeepers just stood me off. I say, the whole community impairted the value to the land, and it is only just that what a man has worked for, should be taxed and the proceeds be used for all. But Rossberry just says, the unearned increment does no' stop there. He says it just as well applies to every kind of wealth the community creates. Campbell, do you take the nod?" To do him justice, Mr. Campbell was quick enough at what we call the "uptak," and cut in at once, becoming much more Doric in his excitement. "Dod aye, I see the point. Why, losh me, what about a wee bit investment of my own in a thread company, if it comes to that? Ye ken the £1 shares are now worth £8, and some folk say the dividends range to seventy, eighty, or eighty-five per cent. Where would I be if unearned increment were taxed? . . . Lord Rossberry's fair mad, I'm tellin' ye." Then it seemed to me that thread is one of the greatest monopolies of modern life. Right to the furthest Hebridean Isles; in all the slums of the great towns, in English cottages, every old woman pays too much for her thread, on account of this monopoly. I saw a smaller firm (in my mind's eye, Mr. Editor) propose to start, let us say, in Paisley, to make thread. I saw their struggles, and, at last, imagined that they had received an order—let us say, from France. Then I beheld myself a managing director of the monopoly, and instantly saw what I should do. To send an ultimatum to the intruding thread-maker was (in my new capacity) the work but of the twinkling of an eye. I wrote at once, ordering the acceptance of the French order to be cancelled under pain of our company starting some works in Paisley to crush the interlopers out. Still in my new-found character, I opened next morning a humble letter from the offending firm, saying they had reconsidered the French order and found it would not pay.

Then I fell off into a doze till the train stopped and a voice said: "This ull be the Troon," and to it one of my fellow-travellers answered, "Aye, Troon. . . . Rossberry's mad, I tell ye . . . let them tax land, that's naitural; but tax the unearned increment all round, God, fair dementia. . . . Weel, I bid ye a good-night."

They got out of the train and stood, two sturdy, ivory-whiskered figures, in the rain, holding their black and shiny paper bags, one in his teeth, the other hooked on his little finger, as they turned up the collars of their coats. I fell a-wondering whether, if Mr. Lloyd-George should venture to lay a sacrilegious Celtic fist upon some of the great monopolies in which we all invest our money and receive dividends, made by the toil of the community, without an effort of our own, what would the directors of the great monopoly do to meet the difficulty? I saw at once that they would laugh at him and say, "All right, tax us, and we shut all mills, and then restart them in, let us say, Korea, and where now your reel of cotton costs you twopence, it shall be sixpence, and how will you like that?"

The unearned increment is wealth made by the effort and the presence of the whole community, not only on the land, but in respect to any industry in which some work and others hold the shares. Let Mr. Lloyd-George take heart of grace. By his democratic Budget he has shown the way for future Chancellors to derive an income far, far beyond the dreams of avarice, for every industry throughout the land, if it gives dividends, can only show them through the work of the community.

As for displacement of the capital employed, in the case that I have cited, the resources of civilisation, as Mr. Gladstone said, are not exhausted, and Mr. Lloyd-George would have the people at his back, if he desired to bring them into play.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

Ardoch, Culross, N.B.
September 16th, 1909.

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## AN EXPERIMENT IN RURAL HOUSING.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I have read with interest the correspondence you have recently published with reference to cottages in rural districts, and as the same problems your correspondents mention have faced us in this parish, you may like to hear of the experiment we have tried to remedy some of the evil.

This is a south coast village of about 1,000 inhabitants, a small proportion of whom are fortunate enough to live in good houses, well lighted and ventilated, with every modern convenience that makes for domestic comfort, and good gardens for their pleasure and profit; but the rest of the

inhabitants are huddled together in poor little cottages, many of them at least 200 years old, built often back to back, with tiny windows that barely open, bad roofs, crumbly walls, floors often below the level of the street, not one large bath amongst them all, the sanitary arrangements insufficient and barely decent, some with wretched little backyards, some without; in these cramped homes the majority of the population grow up strumous and readily exposed to the germs of diseases that can only be resisted by abundance of light, fresh air, and ventilation. All round the village there are acres and acres of land suitable for building, now let at a low agricultural rent, but held up in the hope that the place will some day become a residential district and large prices will be obtained for freehold building sites.

The rights of ownership are shared by two landlords. Some years ago we asked one of them, who owns the most suitable building land near the village, for an acre or two for the purpose of erecting working-men's cottages. Our proposal was met with scorn; we were told the land was too valuable as prospective sites for houses of a more ambitious kind—the present cottages were good enough—if we must have cottages there was land available about half-a-mile beyond the village, a position out of reach of such conveniences as drainage or artificial light, and too far for the men to go backwards and forwards from their work. So matters stood for some while, till last year we learnt that the lease of a very conveniently situated piece of land would shortly fall in: this was the property of the second landlord, to whom we represented the village needs and the suitability of this land for cottages. We were met in a most considerate and generous spirit, the various difficulties that arose were speedily overcome, and before long about one acre of land, divided into ten freehold plots, was offered for sale, the conditions being that the ten purchasers must be *bonâ fide* working-men resident in the parish who would, within twelve months, build their cottages for their own occupation, the plans being first approved by the vendor. There was no difficulty in finding ten eager purchasers, and in helping them to make the necessary financial arrangements: some had saved the necessary money, or were helped to find it by friends, others had most of the required amount advanced by their various employers on mortgage at a low rate of interest to be repaid by annual instalments, the balance being made up from their own savings. One set of plans was prepared and adopted by all: the cottages were quickly erected in pairs at a total cost, including the freehold of the land, costs of conveyance, builders' charges and share of laying a common sewer, of £285 per cottage, some spending a little more on the extra convenience of a bath-room or enlarged wash-house. All ten cottages are now occupied by their proud owners to whom the interest and pleasure of building their own houses has been intense, and the small increase of rent they now pay in repayment of principal and interest, amounting to about one shilling and sixpence a week, is amply compensated by the advantages of the new home and garden, and the self-respect gained from the sense of ownership. Others, also, have reaped a benefit, for the ten cottages vacated have enabled some of the worse housed to move into better quarters

I do not see anything exceptional in the conditions of our village life to prevent the experiment being tried elsewhere. What is most needed is that one or two residents of some influence should set the scheme afloat by finding a possible site, negotiating with the landlord for a lease or sale, and then secure that the right kind of men are given the opportunity of building. There are in every community a number of industrious, thrifty working-men who have some money saved, or who can command the confidence of others willing to lend on sufficient security, but the difficulty is to get them to combine for their mutual advantage; this they will be ready enough to do when a definite scheme is put before them which they could not easily have evolved themselves. It is also important that the small tradesman or retired publican with a little capital should not be allowed to get hold of such sites: he is always very ready to grasp cottage property as an investment, but when he gets it he generally proves the worst possible landlord.—Yours, &c.,

COUNTRY VICAR.

September 15th, 1909.

## THE SET-BACK TO WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—The letter signed "S. A. B.," in your issue of September 11th, is representative, I think, of a fairly considerable body of opinion. And, because I believe that those who hold such opinion are in general reasonable and sincere, I hope that you will be able to grant me space for a brief examination of the points which that letter raises.

I may premise by saying that I write in no sense as representing the militant party of women suffragists. I am not an advocate of the limited Bill. But I seem to remember that the earlier demand of the forward suffragists was for a Government pledge to introduce or give facilities for *a* Women's Suffrage Bill. In all the history of mankind reasonable demands have not been wont to grow more reasonable by refusal, but less so.

Nor have I ever adopted any of the special methods of the militant party. But in this regard I have never deluded myself by the plea that I am too "womanly," but rather recognised that I am too selfish—too fearful of the separation (during probable periods of incarceration) from my two-year-old laddie. None the less do I honor those women who have braved what I have not—personal insults, privation, and who knows what of domestic anguish—in defence of the principles they whole-heartedly support.

As for "the broken word of honor," I have nothing but reprobation for it, whether found among women or men.

But, setting aside questions both of individual preferences and of individual lapses, the wider considerations raised by your correspondent's letter seem to me to show a curious misreading of the facts.

She speaks of the proved fitness of women for professional and public service, and says, "Their presence was welcomed on public bodies." True; yet how came it that some years back—distinctly before the militant party's activities had been initiated—so retrograde a step in legislation was taken as the exclusion of women from certain public bodies where formerly they had been eligible to sit? Your correspondent speaks of the hostility now exhibited towards women candidates by "the ordinary voter," who justifies his attitude by the remark that he is "sick of them rows at Westminster." Does it strike her as satisfactory that women should shape their policy towards the attainment of the Parliamentary franchise by the fact that their election or non-election to those public bodies where their presence is admittedly necessary is determined by an electorate of that mental calibre?

For forty and odd years women have sued of that electorate the bare justice of being accorded the status of full citizenship, and not classed with paupers and lunatics in regard to the exercise of one important function of citizens. What was the reply, time after time, and (for our present purpose) in particular that time when the first Women's Suffrage Bill of 1906 was introduced and impudently talked out—that occasion from which precisely dates the present militant movement?

"S. A. B." is wholly right in the considerations urged with force and feeling in her fourth paragraph: sex-rivalry, sex-antagonism, are "things which Nature forbids." Let her look a little deeper and see how this unnatural state of things has come to pass. With whom—men or women?—rests the responsibility for having initiated, perpetuated, and increasingly embittered this sex-antagonism and refused sex-co-operation on any terms of equality? That which your correspondent speaks of as "the faulty framework of society and law which men built up in a sort of one-eyed way, without reference to women," is one long record of a policy consistently directed to secure the dominance of men and the subservience of women. The one-eyed builders must at any rate have kept their solitary optic keenly fixed on *that* object, for they have achieved it with remarkable thoroughness. "Without reference to women," is a phrase which, I confess, puzzles me, for the legislation I have in mind had close reference to women and always to their disadvantage. Take but a few instances: the inequalities of the marriage law, the bastardy law, the infamous C.D. Acts (repealed mainly through the heroic exertions of a woman, the "unwomanly" Josephine Butler)—in whose interests were they framed? Would women be worthy of their sex if they did *not* antagonise against such things as these? Take again

the legislative omissions, the national evils that cry to be remedied: is it contended that the large matters of intemperance, insanitary housing, contaminated milk supply, &c., would be now in their present condition if the sex most intimately and cruelly affected by them had had its rightful place in the counsels of the nation? True, indeed, is it that "the need for women's help became more and more obvious." Yet what steps have men taken to secure that help, to make what tardy reparation they can for the rotten structure resulting from their one-eyed performances?

No one, I think, "desires" to gain her right to vote "through such practices" as some of the violent methods adopted by the militant party, were other means practicable; but our *desire* to gain it peaceably has been flouted not once but times unnumbered; and it is not the least evil consequence of men's dogged obstinacy in the matter, that they are breeding against themselves in women of modesty and soul-refinement a bitter resentment for these odious methods which that obstinacy has rendered necessary.

The question "Who will desire the help of these militant women in the grave counsels of government?" is surely beside the mark. The qualities necessary and admirable in an attacking force are not always those most desirable in their successors upon whom devolves the work of administration in the newly-won territories. But it will ill become the enfranchised women of to-morrow to discredit and disown the militant section through whom, largely, their enfranchisement will have been won. Whether or not the help of these militant women will be desired in the grave counsels of government, that help is at any rate proving invaluable now in the attainment of a voice in those grave counsels for any women at all.

For, as tactics, the success of their methods has been emphatic. Where justice is withheld there is ancient warrant for the client to gain her suit by simply making herself a nuisance. Has your correspondent forgotten the case of a certain *unjust* judge and an importunate widow, cited not without approval by high authority? For very many years, supported by incontestable and "obvious" facts, women have paid men the compliment of assuming them to be, in general, reasonable beings amenable to methods of reasonable argument. Assured by countless painful experiences that they must be otherwise approached, some women have lately changed their methods accordingly. And the effect of their action during the past three years has, I venture to say, amply justified their course. The question of women's suffrage, so far from being set back, has been advanced during this time from the position of an academic thesis to that of one of the burning questions of the day. Those who are wise will see to it that it does not burn too long, lest in its consuming fires there be lost for many years to come the possibility of fruitful sex-co-operation after the vote has been secured.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. White.

Auchnabach, Ballinluig, Perthshire,
September 14th, 1909.

[Would it not be wise for our correspondent to look upon the other side of the shield, and ask herself what men either of "soul-refinement," or of average common-place judgment on politics, think of such "methods" as those pursued against Mr. Asquith at Lympne, and how their view is likely to influence their attitude to women's suffrage?—Ed., Nation.]

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I have just seen Mrs. Brailsford's criticism of my letter in The Nation of a few weeks back, and should be very much obliged if you would kindly permit me to make a formal protest against her parody of my remarks. Parody, however, seems to be a well-used weapon in the suffragette armory. Its popularity may explain the quaintly distorted mental attitude these ladies assume. I say "assume," because no one believes them to be quite so foolish as they pretend to be.

For instance, when Mrs. Pankhurst elected herself Prime Minister and announced that a particular measure (absolutely unnoticed by the "other" Government at the General Election) was to be passed "this Session," she, in her anxiety to hustle things, unfortunately omitted to provide herself with the machinery necessary to carry out the work she had undertaken, and when the Government refused to adopt her, or her policy, she at once resolved to teach them their business.

No one knew, or knows, better than the suffragette leaders that a successful attempt to force the woman's vote question to the front at all costs would shatter the Government. Here, then, was the opportunity for revenge ready to hand, and "Keep the Liberal out" became the war cry of the extremists.

Of course, if the suffragettes really believed that this policy would help their cause no one would blame them for doing all they knew to make it effective. It is certainly a popular cry, at any rate in the City and West End of London, though, personally, I have very little doubt that as it was born immediately after the Liberals came into power, it is not quite so disinterested as many of the wealthy suffragettes would have us believe, and it may even have a distinct value with such, independent of any question of the vote at all. The Liberal men and women, however, are not quite so stupid as the suffragette ladies would make them out. They see that after years of work the ideals of a lifetime begin to look like realisation, and now their only fear is not that the suffragettes will fight against them—that they can bear—but that they may pretend to fight on their side and that would, indeed, for a generation at least, "keep the Liberal out."—Yours, &c.,

Wm. S. Campbell.

September 14th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I wish to thank you for the letter which appeared over the initials "S. A. B." in your issue of last week. It is a cogent piece of writing that will be endorsed by many who have been favorable to the movement for the enfranchisement of women.

I can, out of a somewhat wide experience, endorse your correspondent's opinion that "it is idle to blink the fact that the tide has, for the time, set strongly against women's suffrage among women as well as men," and that the ebb is owing to the militants' deplorable proceedings.

"S. A. B." says, "during these last four years it has seemed to some of us best to abstain from words, even good words." But why? Has she, then, come at last to realise that this studied silence has been not merely a failure to respond to one's best instincts but also a tactical blunder?

Many of us have felt regret throughout this sorry business that the Constitutional suffragists, instead of persistently and emphatically showing their disapproval of the "passionate unreason" of the militants, have deliberately declined to find fault with their degrading and even brutal tactics—I hesitate to use the latter epithet, but we have it from some of these women that, in throwing iron balls through glass windows into a crowded meeting, they fully realised beforehand that they would endanger the lives of women and men.

The "silence" of the Constitutional suffragists has "given consent" to the party of violence and disorder, and therefore the former cannot escape their full share of blame for the set-back to women's suffrage.

But some of the lost ground might be regained if "S. A. B." and her friends would henceforth make it a feature in their propaganda to condemn, in adequate terms, the senseless proceedings of certain women who, if the enfranchisement of women had been their single aim, would ere this have candidly admitted that they realised the suicidal effect of their tactics.—Yours, &c.,

J. Rankine Finlayson.

Manchester,
September 14th, 1909.

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## THE HAYMARKET LEAR.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I witnessed the performance of "King Lear" last night, and would suggest a point or two, which, seemingly trivial, has yet its bearing upon the modern dramatic realisation of Shakespeare. It is necessary, under the stress of the stage appliances and contrivances of to-day, to concentrate the dramatic interest pre-eminently upon the development of the character of Lear himself. The imagina-

tive illusion of vastness of suggestion cannot be conveyed, but the psychological interest of what Professor Dowden calls the "purification" of King Lear offers in its gradations a dramatic intensity almost as highly pitched as the last acts in "Othello." Why, then, in Mr. Trench's presentment is there omitted that soliloquy of the King's before the hovel—Act III., sc. IV.:—

> "Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
> That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
> Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
> From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
> Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just."

This marks a fundamental crisis in the weaning of the old king from self-absorption to absorption in his kind—a transition from the particular kindliness to the fool, which comes just before, to a humanity universal in its application. Professor Bradley has pointed out that the insanity of Lear is such as "to stimulate that power of moral perception and reflection which has been already quickened by his sufferings." The character of the play is parallel to and woven with the spiritual regeneration. How, then, can the passage quoted above be said to negative the dramatic advance, which is the sole excuse for expurgation? One last point. Why must the pathos of the agony and death of Lear be dissipated by the rising of the curtain after the play is over—to show us a resurrected and self-satisfied King bowing to the plaudits of the audience? May not illusion be given some rein by an enlightened stage-manager?—Yours, &c.,

H. J. M.

September 14th, 1909.

## IF THE LORDS REJECT THE BUDGET?

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Do let us have some clear thinking in view of the great constitutional crisis before us—a crisis the like of which the country has not experienced since Cromwell's time. The question everyone is asking is, What will the Government do if the Lords reject or mutilate the Budget? There are three alternatives.

First—an appeal to the country. This, to my mind, would be simply playing into the hands of the Lords. Supposing the Liberal Party returned to power again with another large majority, what then? The best part of the first Session of the new Parliament would be wasted in driving the Finance Bill once more through the House of Commons, and the Lords would then gracefully bow to the "will of the people." But so far as pulling the teeth of the House of Lords is concerned, we should be just where we were. We should have done absolutely nothing to put an end to their veto, and to make the House of Commons supreme. The Lords would still have the power to bring the machinery of legislation to a standstill and to force a dissolution when they liked.

In the more likely event, however, of the General Election resulting in the return of the Liberals to power by a reduced majority, perhaps more or less dependent on the Irish vote, the position would be infinitely worse. It would be much more difficult to force the Budget through the House of Commons against an opposition reinforced and strengthened by partial success at the polls. Then, when it reached the Lords, is it not possible that they might reject it once more? The last position of the Commons would then be worse than the first. Surely it is evident to all that it would be the height of folly for the Government to dissolve in the event of the Lords rejecting the Bill.

The second alternative is for the Government to resign. This might be heroic, but it would not be war. It would be suicide. Mr. Balfour would jump at the chance of taking office. He would at once borrow the £50,000,000 or so, required for the current year's expenditure, and would then go to the country with the enormous advantage of being in office, if not in power. We have only to remember what a great advantage this gave Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman in 1905 to reject this alternative at once.

The third alternative is to answer revolution by counter-revolution. On the rejection of the Budget by the Lords let the House of Commons pass a resolution setting forth the unconstitutional act of the Lords in throwing down one of the main pillars of the Constitution, viz., the unfettered control of the Commons over the National Purse, and calling upon the King to come to the rescue of the Constitution by giving his consent to the Bill over the heads of the Lords, or by creating a sufficient number of new peers to pass the Bill through the House of Lords at the second time of asking.

The King, if he is wise, would accept one or other of these alternatives in order to save the country from revolution. If, on the contrary, he should refuse, he will only have himself to blame if his place in the Constitution, as well as that of the Lords, is thrown into the melting-pot.

The point I wish to emphasise is that such an unprecedented and unconstitutional act as the rejection of the Budget by the Lords can only be met in an unprecedented and unconstitutional way. Let the Government stick to power whatever happens until they have once for all abolished the veto of the Lords. If the Lords act in a revolutionary manner, the Government and the Commons must not be afraid to take up the gauntlet. They will have at their back the most enthusiastic support of the great mass of the people. The country is ripe for revolutionary methods of dealing with the Lords. It is sick of "ploughing the sands," and is prepared to go to extremes in order to lop off from the Constitution a mischievous anachronism which has been permitted far too long, and can never be got rid of by rose-water methods.—Yours, &c.,

Joseph A. Leckie.

"Kippen," Streetly,
Sutton Coldfield,
September 14th, 1909.

# Poetry.

## AN OLD HOUSE.

In fancy I can see thee stand
Again in the green meadow land;
As in thine infancy, long past,
When Southwark was a lovely waste;
And larks and blackbirds sang around,
As common as their children found
So far away in these late days.
And thou didst like a lighthouse raise
Thy windows, that their light could show
Across the broad, green calm below;
And there were trees, beneath whose boughs
Stood happy horses, sheep, and cows.
From thy back windows thou couldst see,
Half-way between St. Paul's and thee,
Swans with their shadows, and the barge
Of State old Thames took in his charge.
Ah, wert thou now what thou wert then,
There were no need to fly from men.
Instead of those green meadows, now
Three hundred hungry children show
Rags and white faces at thy door
For charity. We see no more
Green lanes, but alleys dark instead;
Where none can walk but fear to tread
On babes that crawl in dirt and slime.
And from thy windows, at this time,
Thou canst not see ten yards beyond,
For the high blocks that stand around;
Buildings that ofttimes only give
One room in which five souls must live,
With but one window for their air.
Foul art thou now with lives of care,
For hungry children and men poor
Seek food and lodging at thy door.
Thou that didst hear, in thy first hours,
Birds sing, and saw the sweet wild flowers.

William H. Davies.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

AMONG the papers left by George Meredith were several poems, some of which will appear in the volume already announced by Messrs. Constable. Of even greater interest is the fact that a large portion of an unfinished novel, "Celt and Saxon," is likely to be published this autumn. "Celt and Saxon" is a work on which Mr. Meredith was engaged on and off for many years, and we have reason to believe that the portion he had completed is quite as long as an ordinary novel.

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MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has been engaged during the past year upon a book of considerable length which is to contain his "last words." The work is now almost completed, but no decision has as yet been made as to the time of publication. Mr. Harrison's seventy-eighth birthday occurs within a week or so; and the anniversary will be interesting to the admirers of the most stalwart and athletic of English intellectuals.

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FATHER FOUQUERAY, of the Society of Jesus, is engaged upon a comprehensive history of the French Jesuits from the first organisation of the Society to its expulsion from France through the influence of Choiseul in 1762. The work is to be semi-authoritative, and the Jesuit archives have been placed at Father Fouqueray's disposal. The first volume will be issued towards the end of the year.

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A CHEERING announcement is that next month we are to have a new collection of essays by Mr. Max Beerbohm. Although "Max's" journalism is as witty and entertaining as ever, he has for several years allowed Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton to monopolise the field of paradox as far at least as books are concerned. "The Works of Max Beerbohm" and "More" are proofs that his criticism, with its very delicate form, is well worth a more permanent fame than weekly journalism usually secures, and the coming volume will be looked for with interest. The essays it contains are not dramatic criticisms, as may be judged from some of their titles—"The Fire," "On Seeing People Off," "Porro Unum," "Memories of a Midnight Express," "The Decline of the Grace," and "Whistler's Writing."

* * *

AMONG Mr. Edward Arnold's announcements is a volume of reminiscences, to be called "Memories of Fifty Years," by Lady St. Heliers. The book promises to be of special interest, for Lady St. Heliers—who will, perhaps, be more widely recognised under her former title of Lady Jeune—is one of the few Englishwomen endowed with the qualities necessary for the management of that peculiarly French institution, the salon. During the last thirty years of the nineteenth century her house in Harley Street was visited by the most distinguished representatives of the worlds of politics, law, literature, art, and science, and her receptions had a fame that was international. Her memories of the many famous people she knew can hardly fail to make one of the most agreeable books of the season.

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THE same publisher has in preparation a memoir by Mr. E. T. Cook of the late Edmund Garrett, at one time his colleague on the staff of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and later editor of the "Cape Times." Mr. Garrett was a brilliant journalist whose support of the policy that led to the Jameson Raid and, later on, to the South African War had some weight in determining the course of world-politics. His style was vivid and nervous, with signs of distinction that appeared in his admirable translation of Ibsen's "Brand," and suggested the interesting and original personality that inspired it. Ill health dogged his career, but as it led him to South Africa it may be said to have been responsible for the most exciting passage in it. Mr. Garrett lacked a thoroughly balanced mind, but he had a fine and charming character, and many must have regretted his association with such an enterprise as the Raid, and the views of the South African policy which it suggested. We may expect some fresh information in regard to the course of events preceding the war from Mr. Cook's volume.

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MR. G. K. CHESTERTON'S introductions to Dickens's novels in the "Everyman Library" have been collected into a single volume and, together with some fresh material including an "Introduction to Introductions," will be issued during the season by Messrs. Dent. The essays are fresh and suggestive, and the book is likely to prove an entertaining approach to the study of English social life as seen by Dickens.

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IN "The Return of Louis XVIII.," by M. Gilbert Stenger, an English translation of which is to be issued by Mr. Heinemann next week, we are given a picture, based on contemporary memoirs, letters, and journals, of the entry of the Bourbon family into Paris in the wake of the victorious allies. M. Stenger's purpose has been to paint the Bourbons "loyally, but pitilessly," and his book contains a fresh and informing account of the events that led to their definite overthrow in 1848. He writes with indulgence of Louis XVIII., whose sense of humor he believes to have delayed the final catastrophe. Another book treating of the same period is "The Bourbon Restoration," by Major John Hall. It will be published by Messrs. Alston Rivers, who hope to have it ready early in October.

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IN the current number of "La Revue Historique," Mr. Andrew Lang's "Maid of France" is reviewed in an article entitled "Encore un historien de Jeanne d'Arc," by M. Esmein of the Institute. "The dominant impression produced by Mr. Lang's story," writes the French critic, "is that he feels for the Maid the same passionate admiration which Carlyle felt for Cromwell, when he edited his 'Letters and Speeches.' Mr. Lang's adoration of Jeanne d'Arc causes him to hate her enemies with a fierce hatred, and among her enemies he includes not only those who were her contemporaries, but some in our own day, notably M. Anatole France, whom he regards as her detractors." M. Esmein then proceeds to discuss certain inconsistencies in Mr. Lang's book. He disagrees with him on the questions of Joan's military genius, her position in the French army, and the nature of her visions.

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MR. E. D. MOREL, who has taken a leading part in the efforts to put an end to the cruelties and misgovernment in the Congo, has written a book upon the subject, "Great Britain and the Congo," which will be issued early in October by Messrs. Smith, Elder. Besides an examination of the position taken up by the Foreign Office in regard to the question, and a clear statement of the moral issue involved, the book also contains chapters on the attitude of Germany and France.

* * *

A VOLUME of memoirs, by Madame Charles de Bunsen, entitled "In Three Legations: Tunis, Florence, The Hague, 1856-1872," is to be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. Among those mentioned in the book are the Emperor Frederick of Germany, Queen Margherita of Italy, Cavour, and Bismarck, and fresh information about the inside history of the unification of Italy and of the Franco-German war is promised.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"The Life and Letters of James Wolfe." By Beckles Willson. (Heinemann. 18s. net.)

"Jane Austen and Her Country-House Comedy." By W. H. Helm. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

"French Vignettes." By M. Betham-Edwards. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Memoir and Letters of Francis W. Newman." By Giberine Sieveking. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Beggars." By W. H. Davies. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"Through Persia from the Gulf to the Caspian." By F. B Bradley-Birt. (Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Study of Religion in the Italian Universities." By L. H. Jordan and Baldassare Labanca. (Frowde. 6s. net.)

"Socialism and the Social Movement." By Werner Sombart. Translated by M. Epstein, M.A., Ph.D. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Golden Treasury of Australian Verse." Edited by Bertram Stevens. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"Northern Lights." By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Seymour Charlton." By W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"Paul Verlaine." Par Alphonse Séché et Jules Bertaut. (Paris: Michaud. 1fr. 25.)

# Reviews.

## SHELLEY'S LETTERS.*

Mr. Roger Ingpen has accomplished a difficult, but doubtless also a delightful, task. The letters which he has brought together and placed in chronological order lay scattered in many quarters wide apart, in printed books, in journals, in manuscript. Much, indeed, had been done by his predecessors, by Mary Shelley, Mr. Buxton Forman, Mr. Wise, Mr. Bertram Dobell, and others. But nothing so nearly approaching completeness as these volumes has hitherto appeared. Absolute completeness, indeed, is not and could not at present be attained. But any additions which time may bring to light are likely to be no more than something of the nature of a supplement to this collection, which fills nearly a thousand pages. The letters here given number about 480, "considerably more than three times as many," declares the editor, "as have appeared in any one previous collection." Of these, thirty-eight letters, he adds, are printed for the first time, and upwards of fifty contain hitherto unpublished matter. Mr. Ingpen's notes are valuable elucidations of the letters, full of information, always to the point, and not erring through excess of number or of length. Here and there, no doubt, some slight inaccuracy may be detected, but Mr. Ingpen is an alert, intelligent, and careful craftsman. The illustrations number over forty, and add materially to the attraction and value of the book. Short notices of Shelley's various correspondents are prefixed, and the volumes possess the advantage of a copious index. We congratulate the editor and his readers.

For a newcomer to Shelley's poems it is rather a misfortune that he should possess a complete edition arranged in chronological order. If of a dutiful, submissive disposition, he is likely to begin at the beginning and falter upon the way which leads towards the true Shelley—the author of "Prometheus" and the "Ode to the West Wind." He ought to start with the poems written in Italy, and, having read these, work his way backwards to the Juvenilia. The origins become interesting when we know that which developed from them. Advice of a like kind might be given to one who comes for the first time to Shelley's letters. He might prepare himself for Mr. Ingpen's volumes by reading Garnett's charming little volume of selections published long since in the Parchment Library. Or, with Mr. Ingpen's collection in his hands, he might commence at p. 591, with the letter addressed from Milan to Peacock in April, 1818, and having read to the end, he might return to the earlier years. Of the fifty-three letters given by Garnett, whose taste and judgment in Shelleyan matters were almost infallible, only nine are of an earlier date than the letter from Milan just referred to, though in many instances, in order to include the best, delightful things were necessarily omitted. Much of the development of a man's mind lies in the gradual coalescence of faculties that at first work apart. Shelley's intellect and Shelley's imagination did not embrace and interpenetrate each the other during his earlier years, and the extraordinary beauty of his later prose and verse arises from the perfect union and co-operation of intellect and imagination.

It would be idle to name anyone as the best English letter-writer. There are many kinds of "best." Cowper is certainly the best; but no less truly is Horace Walpole, and in his own province no less truly is Shelley the best. Our most admirable letter-writers have not been women—though to surpass Jane Welsh Carlyle in her happiest achievements of the bitter-sweet kind were not easy. They have been men in whom dwelt something feminine, a feminine fineness in observing and interpreting the signs and symptoms of the spirit, a feminine tenderness (as with Cowper), or sprightliness, or exquisite malice. The "soul where man and woman meet," as Tennyson puts it, has the advantage of a two-fold range of perceptions. Shelley was not the eternal child, as Francis Thompson refashioned him that he might form the centre of certain bewildering fantasies, nor was he in any respect lacking in masculine strength of intellect and will; but he had nerves that thrilled and tingled to subtle provocations of pleasure and of pain like a woman's nerves. To the stirring of the lightest breeze or breath of beauty he trembled forth an instant, perfect, and melodious response. And no letters in the English language are so entirely a poet's letters, giving in words of aerial music a pure response to beauty, as those sent from Italy by Shelley at short intervals to his friend Peacock. Through these the genius of the woman-country "wooed, not won," is breathed to the male land of the North as it never was before and as it never has been since they were written. Never elsewhere has the luminous Italian atmosphere so saturated human words and filtered through them. There is in these letters no *bravura* writing, as there sometimes is in the eloquent descriptive passages of Ruskin; they are "spirit and fire and dew," because they were the spontaneous outflow of the poet's sensibilities and imagination. And, having read these letters, we can go back to the origins and conjecture as to how the eager, abstract speculator and the declamatory rhetorician of Shelley's nonage were gradually evolved into the poet.

Of the letters printed by Mr. Ingpen for the first time several are short business notes, of interest only as affording the student of Shelley's life a possible clue to other things; but some are welcome additions to our means of intimacy with his intellect and character. We had known that he communicated with Thomas Moore on the subject of those alterations which converted "Laon and Cythna" into "The Revolt of Islam," but we knew little more than the fact. "The truth is," he writes to Moore in a letter hitherto unpublished, "that the seclusion of my habits has confined me so much within the circle of my own thoughts, that I have formed to myself a very different measure of approbation or disapprobation for actions than that which is in use among mankind; and the result of that peculiarity, contrary to my intention, revolts and shocks many who might be inclined to sympathise with me in my general views. As soon as I discovered that this effect was produced by the circumstance alluded to, I hastened to cancel it—not from any personal feeling of terror, or repentance, but from the sincere desire of doing all the good and conferring all the pleasure which might flow from so obscure a person as myself." For a time Shelley was reluctant to effect the desired changes in the poem; but it is evident that he accepted the necessity and found a characteristic reason of his own for yielding to it. And this passage will remain as a justification of future editors who give the poem—"The Revolt of Islam"—in its later form.

A letter, also hitherto unpublished, written from Italy to Dr. Hume not long before Shelley's death, is of touching interest. Dr. Hume was chosen by Shelley to be the guardian of the two children, who by a Chancery decree were placed out of their father's immediate superintendence, and Shelley's choice had been approved by the Master in Chancery. Two or three years later Shelley writes from Pisa to the children's guardian: "Allow me to take this opportunity of inquiring into the present state of the health and intellectual improvement of my children. I feel assured, though I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, that you will excuse and comply with this request of a father who is the victim of the unexampled oppression of being forbidden the exercise of his paternal duties; suffering in his own person the violation of those rights and those ties which, until this instance, the fiercest religious persecutions had ever considered sacred. I only revert to my own wrongs—for the hour of redress is yet to arrive—that I may anticipate the gratitude which I shall owe to yourself and Mrs. Hume for the kindness and attention with which you doubtless perform all those (duties, I can hardly call them) to my unfortunate children, except those which none but a parent can perform. I doubt not when they shall be restored to me, but that the period which they have spent under your care will be remembered both by them and by me as having in some degree softened the inevitable ill of this unnatural separation."

The latest of Shelley's remaining letters was addressed from Pisa to his wife at Casa Magni. "How are you, my best Mary?" he inquires. "Write especially how is your health and how your spirits are, and whether you are not more reconciled to staying at Lerici, at least during the summer." Four days later came the end.

Edward Dowden.

* "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley." Collected and Edited by Roger Ingpen, with Illustrations. Pitman. Two Volumes. 25s. net.

## MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S PLAYS.*

THE three plays included in this volume evidently stamp their author as a man of wide and unusual power—power of style, power of thought, and power of dramatic characterisation and construction. They leave us, we confess, a little puzzled as to his personality and future. Mr. Barker is not, like Mr. Shaw, a defined, and in a sense finished, writer and man. We know what Mr. Shaw was, is, and will be—where we must look for the general direction of his assortment of gifts as a wit, a dialectician, and a critic of life. Mr. Shaw reads himself into all his characters; male and female, he creates them in his own image, and peoples a most diverting and seemingly varied world with copies and adaptations of the original, with foils and butts to set off their distracting qualities.

Mr. Barker has no such artistic fixity and no such personal end. Not only are the "three plays" all different, but they might have been written by different persons. We discover no special intellectual kinship between "The Marrying of Ann Leete" and either of the succeeding plays, and not much resemblance between "The Voysey Inheritance" and "Waste." Did the same hand really trace the delicate, sensuous, half-modish, half-poetic atmosphere of "Ann Leete," achieve the careful, almost labored, realistic painting of the Voysey family, and then dash off the hard, powerful coloring of the concluding play? A remarkable talent lies here; perhaps a very great one. Mr. Barker's literary faculty is in itself unusual. He is a serious and highly competent workman; he writes no dull or weak lines; he can be both allusive and direct, and now and then he approaches Ibsen's power of imparting to prose the incomparable emotional effect of poetry. What, then, is wanting in his work to give it a complete impression of mastery? Is it charm, or feeling, or variety of experience, or a deliberate suppression of sympathy and moral intensity in pursuit of a hard, clear intellectuality, or has a young writer, moved by various influences, but always searching for the most suitable form of self-expression, not yet found exactly what he seeks?

Leaving these puzzles, we may for the moment dismiss the two earlier plays, interesting as they are, and return to "Waste," the acute and vigorous study of political character which our illiterate censorship refused to license. Here, indeed, are the signs of a dramatist of consequence and authority. He has flown high; has taken all sorts of types in the field of action he has chosen to study; and though he sometimes emphasises and elaborates over-much, can write (as in the seduction and the suicide scenes) with unsparing sharpness and poignancy of touch. Perhaps those who know politics from the outside will be less impressed by "Waste" than those who watch it from within; and both classes may feel that this bold portrayal of the characters of the men who work the machinery of modern statesmanship needs some lightening, some suggestion of the existence of softer and more disinterested elements. A country which has known the elder Pitt, Fox, Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone, and supplied the stock from which Abraham Lincoln sprang, is not quite fully or characteristically represented by men like Trebell, Horsham, and Blackborough. Mr. Barker sketches these types with great humor and spirit, and they all exist, though Lord Charles Cantelupe seems to us more verifiable than any of them. But even in politics there is something deeper than this assemblage of astute manipulators of opinion or mild plotters for place and power, something, for example, which Ibsen, in his studies of the narrower stage of Norwegian life, rarely failed to supply. Take three events within the memory of the oldest living men—the achievement of Italian liberty, the overthrow of chattel slavery in the United States, and the unsuccessful attempt of Liberal statesmanship to give Home Rule to Ireland. All these events were either aided or thwarted by the Trebells and Farrants of their time. But the rather materialistic school of Socialism to which Mr. Barker may have gone for some of his political thinking either denies or ignores the dynamics of all these movements, and cannot therefore give a thoroughly faithful account of the actors in them, or of the forces which achieve the really powerful changes in the constitutions of States and the affections of peoples.

We come to Mr. Barker's method as a writer and dramatist, and especially to his most ambitious and carefully constructed piece of workmanship, the study of Henry Trebell. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Barker owns some, but only a partial, affinity to Mr. Shaw. Trebell is certainly a Fabian statesman; if his morals are super-manish, his political ideas are a little amateurish, and in nearly all of them we recognise the true Fabian brand. Trebell will square the circle, reconcile Liberalism and Toryism, make Lord Halifax and Dr. Clifford embrace in public, and reconcile all the interests by bribing each of them "fairly." *En passant*, in the intervals of his hard, ambitious drive to power and accomplishment, he has an hour of "drunkenness," which leaves a silly, selfish, helpless woman on his impatient hands. This relationship, and the hopeless entanglement it involves, make the really fine and persuasive feature of "Waste." And it is developed with a fineness of vision which stamps the artist. For the woman, Trebell cares nothing, and can care nothing. But her virtual self-murder, and the loss of his and her unborn child, bring him up sharp with ineluctable facts of life which he has chosen to ignore. First there are the political consequences. A public scandal is just averted; and here the motives of Trebell's fellow-statesmen are nicely balanced, and very dramatically set out. But he has lost power; and his associates in the scheme for a Tory-Liberal Cabinet, which is to bring about disestablishment, think it better on the whole to play the game without him. Ambition is thus defeated; the master-workman has lost his job, and may never get it back again. Then a dim sense of fatherhood has been suddenly crushed; so that the world's judgment, which he despises, rises against him, while from within unexpected foes emerge, and join hands with the exterior assailants. Thus beset, how shall the citadel hold out? The genius for action cannot plod his way back to power, and, if he did, the world might not really want him. The hard, pushing, concentrated nature finds unexplored tracts of life which he has not the time or the means to conquer. The dramatic and the spiritual problems thus coincide, and together lead to the inevitable catastrophe. A dramatist who can thus imagine and pursue a situation fixed in so rare a plane of thought and circumstance is of no common quality.

Mr. Barker always writes with distinction. "You love to think idly," is an excellent description of an idealist; "I can be pleasant to talk to and give good advice through the years that remain," of a kind, clever, disillusioned woman, with nothing left to live for. Such sayings could be quoted from nearly every page of these plays. They mark the excessive subtlety of Mr. Barker's method, which, in different modes, exhibits itself in each of them. His stage directions are minute, and exhibit the work of a keen intelligence, which realises and acutely notes the mental and moral development of his characters and the physical play which accompanies and illustrates the various phases of their thought and action. All three works require a somewhat broader, simpler, human element, the element which at some period of a great writer's experiences suddenly detaches itself from mere talent, from all imitative work, and reveals the resistless personality and far-reaching aims of genius.

* "Three Plays by Granville Barker: The Marrying of Ann Leete—The Voysey Inheritance—Waste." Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.

## THE PROBLEM OF AUSTRIA.*

No question is of more importance to England at the present day than that of the Balkans. To that question Austro-Hungarian politics form the key, and that key is neither in the hands of our Foreign Office nor of our educated public. A dozen newspapers have vilified Austria, a dozen cheap and popular works have extravagantly belauded Hungary, so that our ignorance of the first and our knowledge of the second have become equally distressing to those acquainted with the true condition of either country. That there is room for a work which deals with Austria-Hungary from the historical, political, and economic aspects, is therefore indisputable, but how far does Mr. Drage's "Austria-Hungary" satisfy these conditions?

No one will deny Mr. Drage some qualifications for his

* "Austria-Hungary." By Geoffrey Drage. Murray. 21s. net.

task. He has travelled far and met many prominent statesmen, both Austrian and Magyar, and has a wide experience in the criticism of statistics and of official reports. Above all, he looks on the world with tolerance, and on Austro-Hungarian politics with considerable impartiality, and with a real desire to do justice to both sides, and to present both cases in any dispute. This gift is far the most important of all qualifications for studying Balkan politics, and it is unquestionably possessed by Mr. Drage.

At the same time, when we begin to examine his work more closely we observe considerable defects. He explains that his book is not for scholars (p. viii.) but for the general public, but this plea can hardly disarm criticism. The system of nomenclature which he follows is best described as no system at all, and is, in every way, confusing. It is true that it may be pedantic to alter a well-known name like Kossuth or Goluchowski, but if the system is to adopt that at present in use it would be as reasonable to write Ofen for Buda as Klausenberg for Koloszvár. Again Mr. Drage claims that there is "an immense amount of information condensed" into his maps (p. ix.), a claim we can hardly endorse. The first six maps look remarkably like some which appeared in a series of small text-books on European history. In any case they show chiefly the changes in West Europe, mark hardly any towns in Austria or Hungary, and in at least one instance make serious errors as to the boundaries of the Balkan States, and are practically useless in all cases. The last six maps are very much better, but even they are not without faults, and might have been more carefully prepared. The best general map (p. 29), for example, is much inferior to the map in Mr. Seton Watson's "Racial Problems in Hungary."

We do not, therefore, feel confidence that Mr. Drage has worked up the best sources of information for his maps, an observation which applies with less force to his text. He has found it needful to contribute short historical introductions at different points, which are, in general, interesting and apparently trustworthy. But the authorities on which they are based are truly amazing. Such books as J. F. Bright's small volume "Joseph II.," and Lowell's chapters on Austria-Hungary in "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe," have no pretensions to be first-hand authorities. For the history of Austria-Hungary in the eighteenth century, the works of Arneth and Professor Marczali are essential, and we cannot find that either have been used. Similarly for the nineteenth century, the Magyar historians have been but slightly—the German not sufficiently—consulted. The result is a number of curious blunders—p. 2, "Don Juan of Austria" was, properly speaking, not connected with Austria at all, but with Spain; p. 25, "Confirmation of Hungarian rights and liberties at Pressburg (1748)" refers to the incident of seven years before, when the Hungarians exclaimed *not* "moriamur pro rege nostro," but "vitam et sanguinem"; p. 262, Emperor of Germany for Holy Roman Emperor, though popular, is inaccurate; p. 267, Széchenyi was certainly not the first person to address the Hungarian Parliament in Magyar; p. 455, Charles is III. of Hungary or VI. Holy Roman Emperor, II. of no country; p. 481, more than the Zips fell to Austria in 1772, and the Bukowina was not formally annexed till 1786. There are also a number of minute blunders: p. 276, Maygar for Magyar; p. 298, Federvary for Fejervary; p. 570, Supido for Supilo, &c. A more serious error is found on p. 293, where we have erroneous descriptions alike of the Hungarian county system and Parliamentary system before 1848. Accounts and views differ a good deal upon both, but Mr. Drage's account is certainly inaccurate and misleading. It is the more deplorable as the English public has the haziest ideas upon the subject.

Mr. Drage would, however, tell us that his history was only an introduction to the political and economic discussions of his book. Even in these latter we cannot feel complete confidence—except in the author's desire to be fair. For example, the whole account of the negotiations leading to the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina from 1878 downwards is journalistic in tone, and based on inadequate materials, though it is only fair to say that much of this part was probably written before these questions became of European importance. So it is with all the other questions treated—we have abundance of references to second-hand authorities—magazine and newspaper articles—a paucity of quotations from standard and recognised works. Here, again, the book is excellent for ensuring a general acquaintance with the subjects discussed, but we are not sure that we can always turn to it for reliance on particular facts.

The part of the book dealing with economic and social problems is the most original and important contribution, but even here we meet with some difficulties. We have only discovered one specific reference to Hungarian official statistics (p. 288), and should like to have much more evidence of a complete study of the Magyar statistical records than is afforded by the medley of miscellaneous books referred to by Mr. Drage, which are hardly any of them written in Magyar. The evidence of Mr. Drage's research even in this direction (which is specially his own) is, as far as Hungary is concerned, infinitely less than that presented by Mr. Seton Watson in his book on Hungary. Moreover, we are not always sure of his general conclusions. Thus, he tells us that labor is cheaper in Austria than in England. As a general statement this cannot be denied, but we believe that it has important exceptions. For instance, the wages of the Austrian cotton-worker are certainly much lower than in England, but, as one Englishman does the work of three Austrians, the price of labor for producing cotton per pound is probably more in Austria than in England. These statements were recently made to us by a great authority on the cotton industry in Austria. The lesson which they convey might well be applied elsewhere, and there is no sign that Mr. Drage has apprehended it. In general, we think, rather more careful study and reflection would have produced a much more valuable book.

Still, though we miss a good deal of scientific and systematic examination of sources, the general conclusions of the book seem on the whole correct. Whatever be the method, the result generally seems satisfactory. Mr. Drage often balances carefully between opinions, but is too candid to hide his own, as when he endorses—with admirable calmness of judgment—the view that the Magyar oligarchy oppresses the other nationalities of Hungary (p. 565). His views on the Anglo-German question (p. 721) are expressed with rather more obvious bias, but with real moderation. His general view that economic forces will be the solution of nationalistic disputes is perhaps unduly optimistic. One must remember that Universal Suffrage is as yet only in the honeymoon stage in Austria, and that Mr. Drage's interest in economics may, perhaps, influence his outlook.

On the whole the book is hard to characterise. It has the merit of analysing and digesting large masses of facts, and of revealing much that is new to the British public. From its subject matter it could hardly be brilliant; it is, none the less, seldom dull. From its methods of securing information it cannot always be accurate; but, on the large questions, it is seldom in error. To end as to begin—its crowning merit is an honest attempt to secure impartiality, not always perhaps successful, but none the less real, and this quality might well be imitated by more brilliant writers and more learned historians.

## TURKISH DELIGHT.*

A Greek girl, born a Turkish subject, returns, after six years' life in England and America, her mind stored with "occidental questionings," to visit her friends in their harems in Constantinople. The subjugated ladies welcome her back with enthusiasm; she is their "little blossom of the almond tree," "Allah's sun-ray," "little bride of the river," &c., and is petted, caressed, and tenderly condoled with on the misfortune of her single state. Long days are passed together in the luxurious Turkish houses:—

> "In the morning we would get up and spend a good part of the forenoon in the Turkish bath together. After luncheon we would lie about on couches, reading and playing cards and backgammon, or listening to the dramatic or spicy tales of the *miradjus*, the professional women story tellers. Then we would go for long walks, and sit on hilltops to watch the sun set."

Retinues of slaves stand ready to offer the ladies sweetmeats and sherbet, to rub rose-leaves on their bodies or

* "Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women." By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Constable. 5s. net.

perfume on their hair. For literature there is the French novel, for conversation the single but sufficient theme of love.

In obedience, however, to the promptings of her emancipated intellect, the visitor every now and again breaks through this exquisite atmosphere with the jarring note of an occidental interrogation. How is it possible, she enquires, to share a husband without jealousy? The sole response of the two wives in question is a burst of laughter and a mutual embrace. The next lady, the fourth wife of an elderly pasha, having betrayed in girlhood a "vigorous and original mind," and ideas on the relations of the sexes so advanced as to be considered by her early playmate "frightful," is challenged to explain the transformation of her mental attitude. With "a little scorn in her rippling young laugh," she replies:—

> "You dear little crest of the wave, because you have been studying and running around the world, 'improving' and 'enlarging' your mind, you think you know something. Why, you are as ignorant as my baby. You may think you are ahead of me, but really you are very far behind. The mysteries of the world, which you do not even dream of, are mine. You will never know them until you love a man and are his. Then——"

At this point her loveliness becomes "mystic and holy," and in a voice "tremulous and full of melody," she speaks of motherhood.

A third, a beautiful but unloved and childless third wife, is discovered painting. The writer, observing her to be possessed of considerable talent, enquires whether she would not care to go abroad to study To every suggestion, however, concerning the advantages of instruction, progress and enlightenment, the lady answers with monotonous sublimity, "What for?" A fourth devotes her youth to a study of the works of "Kant and Schopenhauer." After a fortnight of matrimony with a husband she has never previously seen, she makes the discovery that love is best, and throws her volumes out of the window.

All this, as the advertisement on the cover announces, "is a revelation to English readers." They had expected to hear of jealousy, discontent, and possibly revolt, and lo, all is joy, harmony, and religious exaltation. The ladies are apparently in such happy condition that they do not even covet the possession of a soul. "A woman has no soul," observes the erstwhile *esprit fort*. "It may be that if she had she would spend her life cultivating it, and forget that she had to devote herself to those to whom she must give a soul." Woman is "a one-thought creature," and stands for abnegation. Such heights of moral sublimity are rarely if ever reached by Western women, who, groping vainly after frivolous ends, are blind to the lofty ideals of the harem. "It is true," observes the writer, "that in Europe and America there are and have been women who sacrifice their lives for big causes." But the explanation is usually to be found in vanity or "that sentimentality which is so colossal in European women."

Some of this sentimentality has, however, unfortunately penetrated even as far as sober Turkey. Mrs. Kenneth Brown makes very merry over the harem Suffragettes. These "advanced" ladies wear corsets and Parisian gowns, swear eternal enmity to man, and frame a resolution that six of their number should be chosen by lot to kill themselves as a protest against the existing order of things. When the folly of their pretensions and the insufficiency of their arguments have been amply demonstrated, the writer goes on to describe how in a few sensible and well-chosen words she persuades the revolutionaries to moderate their ambitions, abandon corsets, and retain their lives.

The perusal of a very few pages of this work will convince the reader that the author's "occidental" point of view is a disguise of the thinnest material. Turkey, in Mrs. Brown's opinion—"although," as she admits, "recent political events do not seem to bear me out"—would be very much better off without the influence of European thought. There is much "charm and poetry" in the present system of feminine subjection, and the Turkish women, in the writer's experience, evidently hug their chains. Why abolish a custom that has the sanction of centuries, to attain an end which can never be won but at the cost of infinite difficulty, danger and pain? The argument has the force that appeals to instinct invariably command. For every one who desires an amelioration of the existing state, there will be twenty content to keep it as it is. Mrs. Kenneth Brown would drown the thirst for knowledge with a draught of sherbet, and quench the fires of revolution in a Turkish bath. But the movement over which she pours so much ridicule is mightier even than the forces of indolence, cowardice, and sensuality. There are women in Turkey to-day who hunger for liberty, women who would renounce peace, security, comfort and bodily delight, to satisfy the more difficult requirements of the spirit. There are women, on the writer's own admittance, ready to die for an idea. What does Mrs. Brown offer to such as these? Slavery—and a sugar plum.

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## "MARGARET HEVER."*

One closes "Margaret Hever" with a feeling of gratitude In place of the motiveless modern novel, weakly constructed, rich in manufactured incidents, superfluous figures, and unnecessary descriptions, the author has treated a serious situation, and developed it in a few significant scenes, while eliminating all the accidental circumstances and issues. Elizabeth Martindale no doubt owes something to the example of masters such as Maupassant, but her artistic directness and clarity are refreshing in a period when novelists fatigue us by introducing into their pictures a superabundance of trivial details.

The subject of "Margaret Hever" is the struggle in a girl's nature when invaded and hypnotised by the passion of a man whom she fears and strives to repulse. Margaret Hever, a tender, sweet and ingenuous nature, is happily engaged to Richard Cheyne, the distinguished writer, a man of European reputation and of singular intellectual fascination. But Cheyne is more than double Margaret's age, and though by the charm of his faith in her and of his "lately born hopes of which she was so much the centre," as well as by his courtesy and old-world dignity, he "has won her heart entirely, completely," the doubt is permissible whether, when she passes out of the stage of her girlhood, she may not learn and ask more from love. Cheyne himself sees in Margaret's slim grace, delicacy of taste, receptivity, and winning simplicity the qualities necessary for the woman who is to bring serene joy into his life, and to ward off the loneliness and the despondency that are beginning to weigh heavily in his bachelorhood. All the omens for their married happiness seem propitious till the day that Cheyne's cousin, Philip Hume, a young Australian writer, comes to him on a visit. From the first moment of their meeting Margaret is strongly affected by Hume's personality: she is embarrassed by his searching glance, by his brusque familiarity and by his stare of unconcealed admiration. She resents his assurance of manner, his unconventional conversation, and she is frightened by her own paralysis of speech in his presence. The author, in these pages, has drawn with a sparing, but sure, hand the confused but deep workings of a woman's instinct when the man, whose love is destined to conquer her, gazes at her. Hume, on his side, is possessed by Margaret's image. Of a passionate and wayward temperament, impatient of any restraint on his freedom, Hume has always followed his own impulses and considered the claims of his own egoism. In the ardent intensity of his self-willed temperament Hume shows the concentration of genius, and the mere idea of Cheyne's marrying such a girl, who is young enough to be his daughter, seems absurd and preposterous. Not feeling any scruples of delicacy or honor in the matter, Hume attacks Margaret openly on their second meeting and tells her she is doing a ridiculous thing in pretending to love Cheyne and that her marriage will be worse than a mistake. Margaret, much upset, declines to listen to him, and then, very femininely, finds it impossible to tell Cheyne of Hume's treachery, and of the hypnotic effect the latter has on her. How can she explain to him her fear when Hume looks at her and comes near? she argues. Is it her business to make trouble between the two men? Ought she not to screen Cheyne from all ugly annoyances and perplexing troubles? Besides, has she not exaggerated the whole matter? She feels it more and more impossible to

* "Margaret Hever." By Elizabeth Martindale Duckworth. 6s.

speak, and this decision, which corresponds to the awakening in her of the obscure forces of the germinating love passion, determines the *impasse* that follows.

The force of the main disturbing situation is aided, artistically, by the sureness with which the relations of the Hever household with Cheyne and Hume are drawn. Margaret's cousin, Nell, a bright, but hard and selfish, girl, comes to stay at the Hevers' London house, and Hume's frequent visits are at first attributed by everyone but Margaret to the charm of Nell's society. Gradually Nell discovers that she is being used merely as a stalking-horse for what she considers is Margaret's heartless flirtation with Hume, and her fits of jealous irritation and gloomy moping because Hume continues indifferent to her, alternate with days of hope and strained gaiety. Mr. Hever, a shrewd and suave lawyer, is suspicious of Hume's motives, while Mrs. Hever, a motherly and dreamy woman, takes a fancy to the young man and encourages his visits. Admirable in its ironic truth is Cheyne's attitude to Hume. The elder man, who has been given no clue to the real situation, and has always treated the young Australian as a spoiled child, has deliberately thrown him and Margaret together, saying to his fiancée, "I want you to try to—influence him, to be as tolerant as you can. He has had few opportunities of the kind." And the fact that Cheyne should be so uncomprehending, should be so remote from guessing her agitation, creates a gulf between them. This is often the case in the relations between men and women. The woman expects the man to divine what he has never begun to suspect, with the result that a serious falsity in their relations grows and grows alarmingly the more she feels the impossibility of confession. In "Margaret Hever," the logical course of this alienation is traced with fine exactitude. Cheyne's absence in the country for a few weeks puts Margaret at Hume's mercy; the intense earnestness of the young man's face hypnotises her, all the little obstacles she puts in the way of their meeting only increase his wrathful determination to win her, and when he comes near her and gets her to himself for a little while, she is alarmed at feeling quite happy and oblivious of everything round her. When he puts a shawl round her shoulders one evening she feels his touch thrill through her whole body; in fact, all the forces of passion in the girl that Cheyne never could awake burst into flower, and the fight made by duty and principle only fans the fire of love. In Part II. the author brings the situation to such a fine, perplexing point that the reader does not feel competent to decide whether Cheyne or Hume should disappear. In fact, there are two Margarets, and the sweet and passive girl that Cheyne knows hates surrendering to the passion that colors the new Margaret's dream. It is as impossible to say whether the atmosphere of devoted tenderness that Cheyne planned to throw round her would always have satisfied her, as to know whether Hume's concentrated absorption in his own feelings would be compatible with her married happiness. The author cuts the knot, finally, by an interview in which Margaret, who has temporarily succumbed, wrenches herself out of Hume's arms, and finds force to declare: "Your sort of love is nothing to me. I am not yours. I don't wish to be. . . . I loathe you and I loathe myself for loving you." Hume leaves her in his fury, and Cheyne arrives, "attentive and affectionate as ever," to find her grave and sad. The immediate crisis is over, but the future cannot be forecast. The author might, indeed, have put on her title-page Meredith's line as a motto, "We are betrayed by what is false within."

A first book by a new hand is of excellent augury when it leaves the critic speculating as to the author's future. The theme in "Margaret Hever" is handled with such firmness and reserve power that we shall await the author's next work with lively interest. Her talent is indisputable. It would, of course, be possible to lay one's finger on a few artistic shortcomings, and it is possible that a certain tightness in the narrative and the curt conversations indicate that the author is drawing largely on her experience of life and little on her imagination. It may be added that Margaret is a figure not quite so true to type as she appears on the surface. But to lay stress on minor points such as these would be ungrateful in the case of a novel of such incisive force and high technical excellence as "Margaret Hever."

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

Mr. Charles F. Warwick's "Mirabeau and the French Revolution" (Unwin, 8s. 6d. net) appears simultaneously with companion volumes on Danton and on Robespierre. Mr. Warwick's aim has been to group the principal events of the Revolution around these three men, each of whom is taken as representative of its prevailing principles and purposes during its three distinctive periods. Mirabeau, it is true, was never the recognised leader of any party and never won the full confidence of any, and it is scarcely accurate to take him as representative of any period of the Revolution. He was an adventurer of genius and the most dramatic figure of its early years. Mr. Warwick inclines to believe that the monarchy might have been saved had Mirabeau lived, but there is little doubt that his attacks upon the clergy lost him any influence he possessed with the king, and that his death did not affect the policy of the Court party. The fact is that Mr. Warwick's work is hardly worthy of a serious historian. His style is a mixture of the jejune and the rhetorical. He quotes freely from preceding writers, but his quotations are often without point and only suggest that he has not thoroughly mastered his material. For the life of Mirabeau he had an excellent guide in the biography by M. Charles de Loménie, but Mr. Warwick's want of judgment is especially shown in his handling of authorities. He takes whatever he finds and rarely shows any desire to sift evidence. All this is in marked contrast with another American writer, Dr. Fling, whose biography of Mirabeau, the first volume of which has already appeared, promises to be the standard work on the subject in English.

* * *

Dr. Talbot, the present Bishop of Southwark, is looked upon by many as an intellectual leader in the Church of England, and the little volume of sermons which he has recently published ("The Fulness of Christ," Macmillan, 1s. 6d.) will be read with interest on that account. If we may venture on a criticism, it is to say that Dr. Talbot touches on too many problems without touching on any of them thoroughly. In some cases it is not quite easy to see what he is driving at; his mind seems to be struggling with ideas which do not find adequate or lucid expression in his words. He says truly enough that Christianity is a life and not a system; but his volume conveys the impression that he is looking at that life through the medium of a system. If Christianity (as he expresses it) is Christ, its essence is the historical personality which appears before us in the pages of the Gospels as interpreted by historical criticism; it is not the metaphysical entity constructed three centuries afterwards by ecclesiastics. The old believer, in the person of Dr. Talbot, looks at the person of Christ as a metaphysical entity; the new believer looks upon him as a historical personality who lives in the Church as the supreme manifestation of the spirit of God.

* * *

Mr. Frank Podmore's "Mesmerism and Christian Science" (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net) is a careful and unbiassed survey of the history of mental healing from the time of Mesmer to that of Mrs. Eddy. Mr. Podmore regards Mesmer as typical of "a man who believes in a half truth because he chooses to believe, and by his force of will becomes himself the chief of his own dupes." At the same time he dismisses the idea that Mesmer was a mere charlatan, and is rightly severe on the men of science who formed the Commission to inquire into Mesmer's discoveries in 1784 and who through their professional prejudice "pronounced the rejection of a pregnant scientific discovery—a discovery possibly rivalling in permanent significance all the contributions to the physical sciences made by the two most famous members of the commission—Lavoisier and Benjamin Franklin." Mr. Podmore treats of somnambulism, healing by suggestion, the attempts made to use the hypnotic state as an anæsthetic during surgical operations, and the development of animal magnetism in France and Germany. His last two chapters are given up to Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, and many of the absurdities to be found in early editions of her writings are exposed.

* * *

With all its oddities of construction and style, its formless sentences, its lapses into extravagance in the descriptive passages, and its Corellian aptitude for the familiar treat-

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ment of "personages," "The Voice of the Orient" (John Long, 3s. 6d. net) contains a good deal that is enlightening and curiously attractive. The writer, Mrs. Walter Tibbits, is a convert to the Hindu religion, and the series of articles—one might almost call them rhapsodies—on India and its history, which are included in this volume, are colored by her enthusiasm for the new-found faith. The route travelled is from Bombay to Bengal, thence to the snow hills of Kashmir; Simla and the Holy City of Benares are the subjects of particular observations; and Anglo-Indian society is reviewed in what might be styled a song of lamentation. An inevitable reference to the Indian unrest attributes the cause of this to "the race prejudice, the personal rudeness and contempt shown by white people in railway trains and other places of contact," and not to any sense of Government injustice. One of the best essays is that entitled "The Lights of Home," which is a brief exposition of the fundamental truths of Hinduism in their relation to those of other religions, and a reminder that, before the day of Mrs. Besant and Madame Blavatsky, Hegel and Schopenhauer were attracted by its tenets. Mrs. Tibbits has one strange story to tell of an "ordeal by fire" ceremony that she witnessed, but otherwise she is sparing of miracles and mysteries, contenting herself, wisely, with a general appeal to the precedents afforded by the history of other creeds. One or two allusions to living notabilities do not evidence quite the same discretion; one—to one of our best-known social philosophers—seems to be wanting in taste. However, as a blend of Western and Eastern habits of thought, and of Western directness and Eastern mysticism in language, the book provides food for reflective study. It is, at any rate, unlike any other book on India that we know.

# The Week in the City.

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The American market has been a little quieter since the death of Mr. Harriman, whose keenness in manipulating his stocks and planning fresh coups continued almost up to his death. Only a few days before the end he was interviewed by a number of journalists as to his schemes for the future. Cheap money is still the mainstay of those who hope for steadily rising prices in the gilt-edged markets. Home railways and Industrials should soon begin to benefit by the improvement of trade. Rubber flotations continue on a large scale, and the rubber market is very active. This is a genuinely profitable field of exploitation in which English capital and English capitalists are far ahead of other countries. Investors, however, should choose their company with the very greatest care, and remember that high dividends are essential in view of the possibilities of a substitute being found, or of any particular estate being half ruined by some insect pest. A good deal of anxious attention is being devoted just now to the concerns run by the Canadians in South America English investors have been entrapped by alluring prospectuses into purchasing a great deal of watered stock at high figures. The chief danger for the moment is the Mexican Light and Power Co., whose big dam at Necaxa has been damaged by floods How much nobody knows; so investors had better be careful and await official statements.

### Money and Trade.

The money market remains a centre of doubt and interest. With a bank return so strong as Thursday's loans for short periods are likely to remain cheap for several weeks. But the demand for money from South America, Egypt, and Russia is becoming keen, and this fact has had a steadying influence on the discount market. Trade is admittedly improving all round, and this must soon employ more capital and credit. The Indian harvest has been a fine one, and Russia is supposed to have bumper crops. There is a distinct improvement in trade throughout the Midlands and the North, and the employment figures for August are quite promising, the gain upon August of last year being considerable.

### South American Railways.

The constructor of railways and the investor in railways both find a very profitable field in South America. It is really astonishing how well the principal lines have paid, and there seems to be no limit to the number of new ones that are required to open up forests, and mines, and areas suitable for corn or cattle. Figures recently published show that at the end of last year the different South American States had no less than 35,403 miles of railway line, distributed as follows:—

| | Miles. |
|---|---|
| Argentine ... ... ... ... ... ... | 15,746 |
| Brazil ... ... ... ... ... ... | 11,940 |
| Chile ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2,938 |
| Peru ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1,471 |
| Uruguay ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1,447 |
| Venezuela ... ... ... ... ... ... | 540 |
| Colombia ... ... ... ... ... ... | 450 |
| Bolivia ... ... ... ... ... ... | 400 |
| Ecuador ... ... ... ... ... ... | 316 |
| Paraguay ... ... ... ... ... ... | 155 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... ... | 35,403 |

The Argentine Republic and Brazil are leaders in railway mileage. In new construction, however, the greatest present activity is in Chile and Argentina, which supplied upward of 1,600 miles of new lines during 1908. Brazil added some 630 miles to the lines already in operation. These three countries possess nearly 30,000 miles of the total of 35,403 miles existing. Various projects are now under way which will extend the lines in operation in Peru and other South American States very considerably. It may also be mentioned that by far the largest portion of South American railways is privately owned, the principal exception being the Argentine, where about 2,000 miles were constructed and are operated by the government, including the Trans-Andean Railway.

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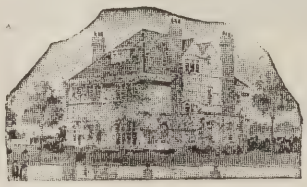

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# The Nation

Vol. V., No. 26.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1909. [Price 6d.
Registered as a Newspaper. Postage: U.K., ½d. Abroad, 1d.

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## Diary of the Week.

The great rival Bingley Hall meetings have been held; the Liberal meeting addressed by the Prime Minister being by far the more enthusiastic, hostile as was the centre. Mr. Asquith's tone was very firm and whole-hearted. Answering Lord Rosebery's charges of Socialism, he cited a cloud of non-Socialist witnesses in favor of the taxation of land values, ranging from Adam Smith, John Mill, and Gladstone, to Lord Rosebery himself. He showed that the death duties only involved an average rise of 1½ per cent. on the existing scales, and told Lord Rosebery sharply that as a peer he was both ignorant of finance and incompetent to deal with it. He again challenged Mr. Balfour to produce an alternative to the Budget, and to say whether he would advocate food taxes, and if so what taxes—duties on corn, meat, butter, or bacon? To this challenge Mr. Balfour, it need not be said, has made no response.

* * *

But the capital point of the speech was its impressive and uncompromising recital of the constitutional case. The idea of the House of Lords touching the Budget suggested the "most formidable and the most fundamental" of all the Revolutions since the Long Parliament. He quoted the significant preamble of Money Bills—namely, that "the Commons"—not the Lords and Commons—"of the United Kingdom have freely and voluntarily resolved to give and grant unto his Majesty the duties mentioned." These words were framed on the historic report of Coke and Selden in 1628, when the mention of the Lords was deliberately omitted, in spite of their protests. In support of the doctrine of the sole financial supremacy of the Commons he quoted a long catena of authorities—the elder Pitt, Wellington, Lord Salisbury—declaring that "even in the servile atmosphere of the Restoration," it had never been questioned. In finance, he concluded, the Lords were "impotent and the Commons supreme," rejection and amendment of the Budget by the peers being equally out of the question. If that doctrine were contested, the Liberal party were not only "ready, but anxious and eager" to take up the challenge.

* * *

Mr. Balfour's following appearance at Birmingham was carefully shepherded by the Protectionists, and was preceded by a visit to Mr. Chamberlain at Highbury, and a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, which, as usual, deliberately over-trumped the Balfourian hand. In this letter Mr. Chamberlain "hoped" that the House of Lords would "see their way to force a General Election," and declared that the Budget, which was meant to destroy Tariff Reform, found money but no "work," which was wanted even more than money.

* * *

Mr. Balfour's tone, save for its rhetorical acceptance of Tariff Reform as an up-grade policy, contrasted with the down-grade of Socialism, gave no specific adherence to the ex-Radical's doctrine of the right of the peers to force a *plébiscite* on a Budget. But he said that neither the Lords nor the Commons had the right to decide the issue, which must be remitted to the people. He denied that the Budget was a "poor man's Budget," for "any fool could destroy wealth," without benefiting the poor. Insisting that the old policy of Free Trade, which left capital to find its own market without State interference, was dead, he declared that the intervention which the Budget promoted must end in the "bottomless confusion" of Socialism. This double utterance has produced the usual uncertainty as to its meaning, and has revealed, for the twentieth time, that Mr. Balfour's intentional obscurity of expression distracts and divides his party. The "Morning Post" complains that Mr. Balfour has committed the party to Protection without defining what it means. But both the "Times" and the "Birmingham Post" of Thursday declared that the speech pointed to the rejection of the Budget by the Lords.

* * *

On Friday the muddlement produced by the last of Mr. Balfour's "great leads" increased. The "Times" modified its earlier note, declaring that, after all, Mr. Balfour had only upheld the right of the House of Lords to reject *a* Budget, but had not attempted to settle the fate of *the* Budget. On the other hand, the Protectionists were, or pretended to be, quite sure that he meant to destroy *the* Budget. So the welter goes on. Mr. Gladstone, speaking at Cinderford, declared that if the Lords rejected the Bill the Government would go to the country for the Bill and the whole Bill, for Free Trade, and for a change in the Constitution of the House of Lords.

* * *

We have reason to believe that the researches into precedents have revealed the remarkable fact that in no case has an omission to pay taxes imposed by a resolution of the House of Commons been made the

subject of an action at law. That is to say, the defaulter has never ventured to challenge the validity of the resolution, and to plead that it was an insufficient warrant for payment in the absence of an Act sanctioned by the two Houses. We do not know what the legal effect of this position may be, but it clearly argues the great moral and constitutional force of the sole action of the Commons in the matter of finance. For our part, we should like to see this actual state of things formally embodied in the Constitution, and all Finance Bills passed by consent of the House of Commons alone—*i.e.*, by the two parties concerned, omitting the Lords altogether. This point will, of course, be raised immediately after an election on the Veto. We see that Mr. Harrison asks the very pertinent question in the "Times" whether a formal revision of the Constitution could leave any of the powers in it—including the Monarchy—unaffected.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has confirmed the great concession to the rural landowners which he foreshadowed in his Budget speech. The concession takes the form of a *bonus* for the improving landlord. It was arranged with Lord Onslow, representing an association of landlords, so that with one voice the landowners are suing for favors and with the other denouncing their dispenser as a robber. At present the landowner gets an allowance under Schedule A of 12½ per cent. in respect of land and 16⅔ per cent. in respect of cottage property. These figures will stand, but if the landlord can show that he has spent more than this proportion of the gross rental on repairs and management, he may obtain an equivalent reduction in his income tax, up to a limit of 25 per cent. In other words he will not pay income-tax on his improvements. Both sides seemed willing to accept this concession, and the Tory statesmen and press were exuberant in their thanks. Such is the comedy of politics. The Chancellor has also agreed that the new roads promoted under the Developments Bill shall not be used exclusively for motor traffic—a valuable change.

* * *

The House of Lords has spent a characteristic week in mutilating the Housing Bill. The general method has been to deprive the Bill, both in its housing and town planning portions, of its merit of cheapness and simplicity of procedure. On Tuesday the Lords substituted for the easy method of compulsory purchase of land which the Government had taken from the Small Holdings Bill a much costlier plan borrowed from the Port of London Bill. This provides for a form of local inquiry by an outside person, who may force recourse to a Provisional Order. The Lords pressed the Amendment, though Lord Crewe warned them that it and similar changes would greatly impair the usefulness of the Bill. They also enacted that Housing Orders should lie on the table of the House thirty days, and that either Chamber should be able to stop them. They have also relieved County Councils and Councils of County Boroughs from compulsion by the central authority, and have almost destroyed the Town Planning clauses by setting up the machinery of provisional orders, which means great expense and great delay. Lord Crewe stated that if this amendment were carried, the Bill might as well go into the waste paper basket. But carried it was by a majority of 42, and unless Mr. Burns stands firm, a worthless Act must accrue from this mauling.

* * *

M. Cochery, the new French Finance Minister, is enjoying much better fortune than his predecessor M. Caillaux, and his Budget proposals are being well received by the Budget Committee and the Press. Apart, however, from the fact that he designs to meet the whole of the deficit of £8,000,000 by new taxation instead of settling half with borrowed money his scheme does not look very alluring. Five and a-half millions are to be raised from tobacco and liquor—that is, mainly from the working classes—some £800,000 from a host of little taxes on advertisements, motors, mines, &c., and only a million and a quarter by direct taxation. The direct taxes take the shape of a very mild increase in the death duties. The disproportion in the relative burdens imposed on property and labor makes the welcome given to M. Cochery's Budget by the Conservative Press intelligible, but it was supposed that M. Caillaux's suggested raising of the death duties on an equally modest scale set the Budget Committee against him. It looks rather as though what the Budget Committee struck at in M. Caillaux was the author of the income tax Bill.

* * *

The Austrian and Hungarian Ministries have been meeting to settle the estimates for the joint Budget, and some idea of the size of the bill for the Bosnian annexation is getting abroad. The "Neue Freie Presse" puts the joint estimates for this year at £33,000,000, or twice the figure for last year; £13,600,000 is attributed to the annexation crisis, and several more millions to the "Dreadnought" policy, which was one result of Anglo-Russian action. The "Arbeiter Zeitung" puts the total at £41,000,000; but even the most modest estimate is heavy enough to have caused a shock to Austrian and Hungarian opinion. There are insistent demands for stern reductions, and the difficulty of getting the Budget through the Delegations is intensified by the political chaos in Hungary. The Government, however, seems determined on building "Dreadnoughts," and the expenditure on the army during the Bosnian crisis has already been incurred, so that Austria is certain to be added to the countries whose finances have been deranged by the insane rivalry in armaments.

* * *

The talk has died down of King George's abdication, and if the draft of a manifesto to the Greek people, published in the foreign press, be authentic, he has made up his mind to bow to the superior power of the Military League. M. Theotoki's attempt to pledge his party against the officers has collapsed. His friends refused to follow him, and he has been compelled to concede them a free hand, and even to suspend his resignation of the leadership. There is little doubt now that a majority of the deputies will vote the army and financial reforms, including the dismissal of the Crown Prince, demanded by the army.

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The German Socialist Congress at Leipzig has finished its sittings. There were no scenes and no split, and neither Revisionists nor Marxists did anything to damage the best electoral prospect the party has had for many years. The two sections fought as usual, but the tide is pretty certainly with the Reformists. The Congress rejected a motion for the drafting of a programme as a basis of co-operation with the Radicals and it re-affirmed the Dresden formula of a revolutionary party, but it approved the support given to Prince Bülow's inheritance tax, and it rejected a resolution condemning any and every co-operation with non-Socialist parties. This last decision undoubtedly marks the growing strength of the Reformists, and the change is probably due to the increased weight of the

trade union influence. The Trade Unionists are inclined to condemn a policy of barren negation, and to press for concrete results, and as their opinions crystallise one may expect to see the German Social Democracy approximate much more closely to the English Labor Party.

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On Monday 15,000 Spanish troops moved out to the west of Melilla and came into touch with a Moorish force. Heavy fighting took place, and though the Spanish general claims a brilliant victory, he admits that reinforcements had to be summoned from Melilla, and that he lost at least 19 dead and 106 wounded. On the same day the Sultan issued to the Powers a formal protest against Spain's action in assembling over 60,000 men in the Riff, presumably with an ulterior object. Mulai Hafid disclaims all financial or other responsibility. The Sultan's protest renders Spain's political position in Morocco very difficult at the same time that her military position shows no improvement. The possibility of open war with Morocco is nearer, and even though the Powers take no public steps they are certain to demand guarantees from Spain in private. There are rumors that France and England have already intervened at Madrid, and a significant article in the "Times" probably reflects the nervousness and dissatisfaction of our Foreign Office with an aggressive policy.

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The prize for scurrility among the Dukes must clearly go to the Duke of Rutland. On Saturday this gentleman, who had previously declared that he would put a gag into the mouth of every Labor member in the country and keep it there—presumably while he was taxing their food—declared at Haddon Hall that the Government were a "pirate crew of political tatterdemalions," and that Mr. Churchill was a "wild and brutal Socialist," the violence of whose language was only equalled by the insincerity of his actions. The Duke further remarked that violent expressions were as a rule the sign of a weak case. The Duke is probably quite right in thinking that the Budget will diminish both the social influence of his class and their future power of living out of the labors of other people, and that it is meant to do so. But he and his friends seem to us a little unwise in making it so clear to the people of England that the country will be much better for the loss of a class so arrogant in speech and demeanor and so poor in public spirit.

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Australia is beginning a system of compulsory military service. Mr. Cook, the Minister of Defence in the Commonwealth Government, has introduced a Bill enforcing military training on boys of twelve, and continuing it up to the age of twenty. The force is to be divided into junior and senior cadets, the yearly table of drills diminishing with increasing age. The scheme will mean an annual military expenditure of about two millions to begin with. Its friends calculate that in seven years it will provide a force of 240,000 men—50,000 in the first line, 50,000 in the second, and 140,000 as a reserve.

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As usual the French and German manœuvres have vindicated the quality of the men and the machinery rather than the strategical equipment of the officers. There are the customary charges of antiquated tactics and spectacular display, but there is no question that in both France and Germany the men marched admirably and the supplies were excellently managed despite heavy weather. The French tried their new machine gun and found it to their satisfaction, but by far the most important and interesting experiment was in the case of dirigible balloons. The Germans employed the Gross—the Zeppelin could not be brought on the scene in time—and the French the République. In both cases the dependence of the dirigible upon the weather and its enormous utility under favorable conditions were demonstrated. The Gross, for instance, was waterlogged and had to descend on a rainy day, and a mist rendered the République useless, but on bright and fair days both the Gross and the République gave the completest description of the hostile forces spread out before them. The Gross communicated with headquarters by wireless telegraphy, but this was impracticable in the case of the République. With all its limitations the dirigible may revolutionise tactics.

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Both Commander Peary and Dr. Cook landed in America on Tuesday, Peary in Nova Scotia and Cook in New York. Cook had a boisterous public welcome, and the municipality is to give him an official reception. Peary, however, intends to shut himself up in his Maine home and refuse all public honors until the controversy is settled. Cook's narrative, as it has so far been published, throws no light on the problem, and a letter supporting him from the important witness, Whitney, is denounced as a fake. Cook, however, assures the world that he has brought his materials with him to New York, and that within a fortnight his proofs will be on their way to the Copenhagen University. Meanwhile Peary stands to his guns, promises a crushing refutation of Cook, but begins to regret himself that he sent Captain Bartlett home before the Pole was reached. There can be no doubt that his reputation has only to gain from his belated determination to keep silent until Cook has spoken.

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The presence at the Young Egypt Congress of delegates from the Nationalist Party and of Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Barnes, and the prominence given to its proceedings in the Press, show that Young Egypt is still a political force. The zeal and the character of the delegates, most of them University men, were impressive, and the papers and speeches of high ability. Several political tendencies were represented—though the Nationalists do not speak for the fellaheen—but the dominant note was insistence upon the fullest national independence and the immediate evacuation of Egypt. This last demand is not practical business. English opinion can easily be rallied to the cause of more liberal institutions in Egypt, but not in favor of evacuation. The winning of Constitutional Government is, however, part of the Young Egypt programme, and the Parliamentary support of the Nationalist and Labor Parties will prove valuable in educating English opinion.

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Two remarkable pieces of evidence on the censorship were given on Thursday by the Bishop of Southwark and Mr. Hall Caine. The Bishop said very boldly that he did not wish to interfere with the treatment, "free and bold, of what may be called moral questions, themes, problems, and arguments." But while he would give free play to the serious criticism of morals, he would put down indecency. This reverses the action of the censorship, whose net stops "moralities" and lets the indecencies through. Mr. Hall Caine also declared against the "dinner-table standard of morality" which the Censorship set up, and added that he had been completely turned against the Censorship by reading the evidence of its defenders—Mr. George Edwardes, Sir W. S. Gilbert, and Mr. George Alexander.

# Politics and Affairs.

## THE SIGNALS FROM BIRMINGHAM.

The "Westminster Gazette," in an amusing analysis of the reception prepared at Birmingham for Mr. Balfour by his watchful admirers of the Tariff Reform League, suggests that the Conservative leader has succeeded in maintaining his ancient and well-practised *rôle* of the "Veiled Prophet." For our part we are more interested in the proceedings of the Prophet who sits behind the Veil. The question is akin to that which M. Brieux raises in his play, "La Foi." Will the statue of Isis nod? If it nods, those who sit behind the scenes know who makes it nod. If it is motionless, we guess that the High Priest has had to stay his hand, or that the machinery has gone wrong. As usual, the witnesses differ on the question of fact. The most delicate of seismographic registers seem to record a slight inclination. But there is no room for doubting that the Highbury Priest has pulled the strings with his accustomed vehemence and decision. When Mr. Balfour—playing with the constitutional question as he plays with the fiscal problem—says that the question of the Budget is one which cannot be decided at Westminster, we light on a formula that can be used either to promote or to discourage the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords, according as Mr. Balfour's interests, or the strength of the party current, incline him to one course or another. But when Mr. Chamberlain "signals" from Highbury that he hopes "the House of Lords will see their way to force a General Election," no man has any doubt as to the meaning of the message for the party which, in the favorite phrasing of his devoted Protectionist "followers," Mr. Balfour has "got to lead." In this tactic, the titular chieftain is at once everything and nothing. Everything for the purpose of party unity, nothing from the point of view of policy. Be he "whole-hogger" or "judicious Tariff Reformer," he must take the next step which is necessary for the establishment and maintenance of a fixed and strictly pledged party of Tariff Reformers, from which every other interest is excluded. That object may be obtained by one General Election, or, more probably, by a series of General Elections. But some day, by the repeated process of weeding out the weaklings, it must, they think, arrive. Meanwhile, the House of Lords may look after itself. What does Mr. Chamberlain, its old enemy, the forerunner of the Limehouse policy, the ancient scourge of Dukes and mocker at those who neither toil nor spin, care for the House of Lords? A fig for the House of Lords! The Liberals may destroy the veto if they please. It is not necessary to Protection. That measure will be decided on the floor of the House of Commons, and the examples of the United States and of our own Colonies may be quoted to show that modern democracies can be lured into the Protectionist net, even though they lack the special organisation of privilege represented by the House of Lords.

This line of action is, therefore, openly presented to Mr. Balfour, to be rejected if he dares. He, a Constitutional statesman, is asked to assent to and promote the overthrow of the old British Constitution, so that a path may be cleared for a revolution in State policy more far-reaching even than the Budget. A pretty scheme; and as the vote of a hundred peers may be relied on to answer the summons from Highbury, we must all reckon that from this moment the fate of the Budget hangs in the balance, and that every preparation must be made for facing its rejection. But on one point we fancy that Mr. Chamberlain, who unfortunately is not now able to fight the battle he desires to direct, is out of his reckoning. Since he retired from the field the whole face of the struggle has been altered. The Budget might have been fought on the pretence that the greater part of the deficit, more especially the sums obtained by such imposts as the spirit and tobacco duties, ought to have been found by the "foreigner." But this line has not been taken. The entire force of the Protectionist party has been thrown into the opposition to the land taxes, which, if they were submitted to a *plébiscite* of British and Irish voters, would be carried by an overwhelming majority, including, we suspect, nine out of ten Tory workmen. No such passionate pilgrimage has been set up in Tory politics since the Corn Laws were overthrown. It is inevitable, therefore, that when the Dukes, having destroyed the Budget, turn round to advocate Protection, they will be met by a universal shout, "You pretend that you want to tax the foreigner; now we know that it is your own backs that you want to spare, and ours that you want to burden; our food, our clothes, our savings and businesses. And you have used your own votes in your own House to bring about this result, and to put up an everlasting barrier against all future schemes for taxing your rents and royalties." That is a perfectly truthful issue, and it is the issue on which we are going to sweep the country.

Mr. Balfour does, indeed, propose a counter cry of Socialism *versus* Tariff Reform. But he makes it perfectly clear that he, like the Dukes, regards "Tariff Reform" as an inverted kind of Socialism, which is to exercise that interference with the "natural" flow of capital into certain channels of industry which he declares to be the evil of the Budget, and, we suppose, of the Development Bill. He repudiates the old *laissez faire* doctrines, and insists that we must direct the industrial machine. "What we want is business," says Mr. Balfour, adopting one of the slippery formulæ under which Protection in every modern country has set up the machinery for the corrupt interference with politics by rival sets of manufacturers, struggling for a "pull" over their neighbors. Such a policy is simplicity itself. The landlords want more unearned increment and no taxes. The Tory manufacturer wants the same, only he hopes to make the State find his "increment" for him, by way of taxes to enable him to sell his goods dear, and to shut out inconvenient foreign rivals. For these two interests the Tory party acts, as it is its nature to act. On behalf of the first it has spent hours, days, weeks, and months in working for the extinction of the land taxes, rarely proposing a single amendment which was not designed to save the great landlords, the people who, like one of the Dukes, draw £10,000 a year in royalties from a colliery that paid no profit to those who worked it. Even if the land taxes be Socialism, the country is still prepared to accept

them, and to reject the other kind of Socialism in which the State is to be turned into a factory for the grinding out of rents and profits.

This is one issue; the other is so tremendous that it transforms the whole conditions of our politics. The Prime Minister said the right word in the right way in his powerful speech at Bingley Hall, that if the Lords touch the Budget they touch Revolution, for "in matters of finance the Lords are impotent and the Commons are supreme." Does any one dispute this? Does any one assert that the Lords have a "right"—*i.e.*, a Constitutional right as against a formal, non-effective privilege of saying "Aye" to a Finance Bill—to the rejection of the Budget? The moment that "right" is exercised, the facts will show where the true "right" lies. But the House that denies it put itself "out of law"; the political England that would be left after that doctrine had been successfully asserted would be unrecognisable. Unappeasable war will be opened up; and if we were not as sure of winning it, and of beating down the usurper, as are the Tory leaders of the coming crash to their fortunes which the wrecking policy involves, we should say that the reign of King Edward was destined to be one of the stormiest in our history.

## POOR LAW REFORM AND THE BUDGET.

THE practical policy embodied in the phrase "One thing at a time," upon which we, as a nation, pride ourselves, has its disadvantages. For things never stand utterly alone in nature, and the attempt to treat them so is a serious error for which one pays heavily in practice. It was, therefore, a timely interposition on the part of the Archbishop of Canterbury to remind the nation from his place in the House of Lords that the search for public revenue was not the only task which lies immediately before the country. An important group of practical proposals, commonly designated social reform, made part of the mandate laid upon this Government by the electorate, and among them the most urgent are those relating to poverty and unemployment. The history of these last years has not served to diminish the urgency with which these problems press for legislative solution. What must be described as a fresh outburst of poverty has accompanied the period of trade depression from which it is hoped the country is just beginning to emerge. The Archbishop reminded his wealthy audience of the existence of more than a million of their fellow-citizens who are at the present either in receipt of Poor Law relief or are dependent for subsistence upon private charity. The vast majority of this pauper class are the victims of physical or economic misfortunes for which they owe no personal responsibility. They are children, invalids, defectives, lunatics, aged poor, or other weaklings whose relatives are incapable of making adequate humane provision for their maintenance. Again and again this standing testimony to the failure of civilisation has been thrust before the faces of our legislature, to be subjected to some feeble palliative treatment. The individualism of Cain has always blocked the way. We have not been prepared to admit that we are our brother's keeper. We have commonly assumed that these men or their fathers must have "sinned," in order to explain their evil case. Never before have we been ready to admit that we, society, are the sinners, and owe reparation to our injured ones.

The Archbishop sketched vividly the change of head and heart that had occurred in the nation since the Act of 1834. It may be summed up in a single phrase, the recognition of social responsibility. This is no monopoly of Liberalism. Conservatives as well as Liberals admit the necessity of drastic constructive reforms affecting the condition of the poor. The Majority Report foreshadows a new policy as large and as expensive, were it fully carried into effect, as the bolder and compacter scheme of the Minority. Mr. Balfour, indeed, follows his Dukes in "booing" Socialism. But are he and his party prepared to repudiate the social obligation to remedy the intolerable grievances which their own Commission has disclosed? The forward wing of the Conservative Party has loudly acclaimed its willingness to introduce large measures for improving the condition of the people on lines not dissimilar from those to which the present Government has committed itself. It is only on the question of finance that a plain cleavage appears. The Liberals want the rich to pay out of their superfluity, Mr. Balfour and his Tariff Reformers want the working-classes to pay out of their poverty. For we still give sufficient credit to the intelligence of Mr. Balfour to refuse him the conviction that "the foreigner will pay."

The fight for the Budget, then, is no mere academic struggle for sound principles of taxation. It is the only means of securing a safe progressive revenue which will enable the Government to construct for the masses of the laboring population a decent standard of life and work. Though the measures which contribute to this task are many and are handled separately, the success of this great achievement depends upon the continued life and energy of a Government strong enough in the confidence of the people to carry out a complete organised policy. A sound beginning has been already made from several approaches. The Old Age Pensions Act, the Trades Boards Bill, the Small Holdings Act, the Town Planning Bill, and last, not least, the Labor Exchange Act, are valuable contributions towards the new social order. But it is no disparagement to these achievements to say that the greatest task still remains to be attempted, in devising a substitute for the present stagnant, degrading, inhumane, and wasteful Poor Law, and in supplying the important economic measures required to give efficacy to the machinery of Labor Exchanges, in dealing with able-bodied unemployed. The Prime Minister has again endorsed his former pledges for poor law and unemployed legislation, and the next session will see the introduction of at least one considerable section of the constructive work. We are glad to learn that the National Organisation for the Break-up of the Poor Law, formed to educate public opinion in favor of immediate action along the line of the Minority Report, is already casting the proposals of that Report in the draft of a Bill, which we hope the Government may see their way to adopting as a basis for legislative

action. Now that the Report has had time to sink into the mind of the nation, we feel confident that, whatever differences of opinion may remain regarding the exact nature of the administrative machinery employed, the fundamental principle of the Minority proposals is gaining an ever wider acceptance. We do not want another Poor Law, whatever it be called, which shall maintain a base, injurious severance between a large class of "destitutes" and the rest of the nation, which shall continue the wasteful overlapping between the various public authorities, and shall leave virtually untouched the origins of poverty and incompetency. This task, the greatest measure of social reform any English Government has been confronted with, can never be performed by a Conservative Government, for two reasons. In the first place, as the reception of the Small Holdings Act implies, they would never place upon the Statute Book a measure securing real equality of economic opportunities to the dependent classes in town and country from whose enforced toil, excessive rents, sweated wages, overcrowding, over-drinking, so much of their private wealth and power is derived. Secondly, their fixed adhesion to Protection as the finance of social reform inhibits the efficacy of such reform, since, by diminishing the productive efficiency of the nation, and by placing an increased share of this reduced income in the hands of landowners and favored manufacturers, it must continually create more poverty than it can cure. The success of any genuine reforms of the Poor Law and any genuine remedies for unemployment is thus indissolubly bound to the enforcement of the new taxation to which the Government is committing the nation.

## THE TACTICS OF VIOLENCE.

We hope that the general body of women suffragists will pause before they give their leaders full authority to pursue the tactics of violence which have been formally adopted and acted upon at Birmingham and elsewhere, and are avowed and excused in a remarkable letter to the "Times" by Miss Christabel Pankhurst. It is necessary to see what these methods are. They include gross personal assaults on the Prime Minister, and other members of the present Government, who cannot resent them physically on the ground of personal dignity and the feeling which forbids a man of refinement to strike a woman who attacks him. They also involve the throwing of stones or "metal missiles" into the private houses of Ministers, into crowded public meetings, into street throngs, and into railway carriages, without regard to the fact that physical injury, even death, may be the result. One of the women who threw a "metal missile" into Mr. Asquith's train, said that "she wished he had been in it," and the station-master at Birmingham added that she admitted to him she had aimed at a certain carriage because she thought it contained the Prime Minister. Presumably, therefore, she wished to injure him, and, indeed, it does not seem to us that between "metal missiles" and bombs, with wild girls excited by a vehement propaganda to throw them, a very considerable interval exists. It is clear that these criminal acts and intentions arise, not as an indirect and unpremeditated effect of the agitation, but as a deliberate development of it. Miss Pankhurst informs us that there have been two stages in the "militant suffragist campaign." The first, which contained no more violent incident than the persistent interruption of public meetings, in itself an interference with free speech, and the assembling of crowds to witness and aid attempts to "rush" the Houses of Parliament, ended when the Government declined to receive a deputation, and when women were excluded from meetings which they would have broken up. "The use of new methods," says Miss Pankhurst, "then came into play." Attempts were made to "force" the doors of public meetings, and when these gatherings were protected by a "countermove" on the part of the Government, "we took to the use of stones (time-honored political weapons)." The "crime" of resorting to "methods of violence," "repugnant" as they are to the suffragettes, rests with the Government, who must also, we suppose, be charged with the "danger to the general public" involved in a series of promiscuous outrages on public men.

We think we may say that these tactics are unexampled in British politics. If we are answered that there is a parallel in the case of the Irish Land League and the agrarian outrages which accompanied its agitation, we must point out that no such likeness exists. We are not thinking of the distinction—and it is a very real one—between the character of the quarrel between the Irish people and their landlords and the five-year-old agitation for securing the Parliamentary vote to some women. What we have specially in mind is that though "village ruffianism" played a part in that agitation, the central directing body took the line, we think with perfect honesty, of discouraging outrage, and successfully repelled all charges and insinuations based on the belief that violence was promoted or favored by the headquarters of the movement. The case of the Women's Social and Political Union is very different. The government of this body is autocratic, and its leaders have, wisely or unwisely, refused to conduct it on the basis of an average self-ruled body of political reformers. Its policy is dictated and controlled from the centre, and according to Miss Pankhurst, it is a policy of physical force. A few months of constitutional agitation in a free country have convinced its directors that there is nothing for it but recourse to the "time-honored political weapons" which presumably did the first murder. Cobden gave up a good part of a life-time to "agitating" Free Trade; nearly all the Chartists and the Radicals of the early nineteenth century died without coming into their kingdom, or after seeing but a very faint vision of it. Women, having succeeded notably in the not unimportant business of vividly interesting a part of their own sex in political business, and of converting a great number of men to the suffrage, must take to the one course of public action for which they are unfitted, and in which they are bound to fail. We suppose they will persist in it. But it is the action of a friend to point out that under the form in which they have resorted to force, they have laid themselves open to the most severe form of retort, and have left their leaders convicted, by their own words and by the form of political

association they have adopted, of a responsibility which was never sought by Mr. Parnell, never brought home to him, and never justly attributed to him.

Now let us examine the effects of the official resort to violence in the women's campaign. That the movement in its earlier and more innocent phases has quickened the political interests of many hundreds of women we do not doubt. But while it has conquered some new territory it has lost much of the old. We do not consider the practical exclusion of women from Liberal and Free Trade meetings and their partial exclusion from Parliament to be light matters. Nor do we concede that the exciting, sentimental, passionate side of the work of the Women's Social and Political Union, with its central appeal to women of leisure and property, offers a good kind of political training or provides a preparation for that fruitful and happy intervention of women in our public life which we sincerely desire. But what can they gain if they succeed on the violent side? They might just conceivably frighten, harass, bore, and exasperate some weak statesman into seeming to concede their demand. But no moral force would be behind such a concession, improbable as it is. Neither the Liberal nor the Tory Party would allow their chiefs to take so serious a step as the enfranchisement of women at the instance of a campaign of "nagging," with the threat and the use of physical violence at the back of it. And even if this measure of progress were achieved, the country, or, let us say, the mass of male voters, with whom the issue lies, would not endorse it.

It is at this point that the capital error of the suffragettes has occurred. They have, indeed, made two mistakes, both of them springing from the original miscalculation. They thought that women could use force effectively, when it was clear that they could not so use it, and they hoped to frighten men—not in itself a worthy end—when they have merely irritated them into a blank denial of women's capacity to act with discretion in public life, or into a more rational refusal to concede a great change of political power in response to a calculated resort to violence. What are the evidences of a change of opinion on this subject, in a sense unfavorable to the women's cause? We can only judge by the feeling in the House of Commons. The election of 1906 yielded a majority of votes—for the most part a careless and unthinking majority—for some kind of a Suffrage Bill on democratic lines. Where is that majority now? A shrewd member of the House of Commons, personally favorable to the suffrage, assured the writer of this article that he did not know more than half-a-dozen of his colleagues who both believed in and would press a Suffrage Bill. The Tories have drawn back from their earlier coquetting with the movement. The Liberals have been scandalised and affronted by the persecution of their leader. The Labor men disagree as a body with the limited Bill, and for the most part dislike its propaganda. As practical politics the cause has gone back, and the mere willingness of enthusiastic young women to endure great physical privations, in the hope that they may win converts to their cause, will not advance that special phase of the women's movement. It will cause the State some inconvenience, and it will give pain and regret to individuals. But it will not alter the fact that the question of the women's vote is submitted to a jury of men, which has been so handled by the women's counsel that small hope remains of a favorable verdict.

However, we do not expect that these arguments of ours will appeal to the "militant" section. They will go on, as men and women go on in wrong courses, because they do not know how to draw back. It is, therefore, a case for the general body of women suffragists to intervene before it is too late. They must have been grieved and affronted by much that has been said and done in their behalf, and they cannot, we think, any longer conclude with reason that their cause has been promoted by it. The idea of women declaring war on men is repulsive, because in such a conflict the best men know that the meanest and least imaginative "sex view," and that which is most unjust to women, will prevail, and that the innumerable benefits and graces that flow from a harmonious relationship between men and women will be ignored or despised. This is really the calamity of a wrongly directed political movement for women, and it is one which women themselves are best fitted to repel. In spite of the unfavorable appearances of the hour, we hope to see a Women's Suffrage Bill carried into law, though we cannot put our fingers on the statesman in either party who has the will or the power to do it. But many of the most powerful friends of such a policy are reduced to silence and to shame; they can only leave it to women to put themselves and their sisters right with a world which, on the whole, is still, we hope, willing to do them justice.

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## AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT.

Porto Rico, it was recently announced, is to have a new Governor, the seventh or eighth new Governor it has been privileged to welcome since it became an American possession. Unlike his predecessors, the newest Governor has a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, and the hope was expressed, in the cablegram announcing his appointment, that this accomplishment would "aid Mr. Cotton in winning back the good-will of the natives." The inference that all is not going well with the American experiment in the West Indies is, we fear, justified. The Americans have done a great deal of excellent work in Porto Rico, but they have not yet succeeded in winning either the respect or the affection of the people. They have built some four hundred miles or roads, over two-and-a-half times as much as the Spaniards built in three centuries. They have set up one hundred and sixty schools. They have established free trade between Porto Rico and the United States, and the duties levied on Porto Rican products entering American ports during the first year or two of the occupation—amounting to some £400,000—they voluntarily turned over to the insular Government. All the moneys raised in the island by local taxation, except ten per cent. to defray the cost of collection, are distributed among the townships, and are expended by them without interference from the United States. All the moneys raised by Federal taxation—custom dues and internal

revenue—are spent for the benefit of the Porto Ricans. The United States derives nothing in the nature of a tribute from her ownership of the island. On the contrary she loses by it. She pays out of her own pocket the cost of the local army, the revenue vessels, the light-house service, the coast surveys, the harbor improvements, the post-office deficit, the weather bureau, and the upkeep of the agricultural experiment station. She appropriated £40,000 to the relief of the islanders after the terrible hurricane of 1899. American energy has practically banished smallpox, and has greatly diminished anæmia among the natives. There can be no question that the island is better off materially than it ever was under Spanish rule. Trade has made considerable strides; land values have more than trebled. The people enjoy all the constitutional guarantees of American citizenship. They have an effective share in framing their own laws; they are freely admitted into the Civil Service; they have the advantage of living under a Government that, as Governments go, is honest, enterprising, and stable.

Yet they are not grateful, they are not happy. With every year that passes, their grievances seem to multiply and the gulf between themselves and their American rulers to widen. Last April they dispatched a delegation to lay their complaints before the American Congress, and a few weeks later President Taft felt obliged to send a special message to Congress dealing with the legislative deadlock in the island and recommending a far-reaching change in the organic law of its government. One of the grievances of the Porto Ricans is that they are now without a country. They have lost their Spanish citizenship and the United States has refused and probably will always refuse to admit them into the American Union. Another grievance is that, in spite of universal suffrage, they do not possess the reality of self-government. There are two Houses in the Porto Rican legislature, the House of Delegates, a popularly elected body, and the Senate, composed of five Porto Ricans and six Americans, the six Americans being also the heads of the chief executive departments. As there can be no legislation and no public expenditure without the consent of both these bodies, it follows either that the six Americans in the Senate get their own way in everything, or that there is a deadlock between the two Houses—the Senate, for instance, refusing to concur in legislation sent up by the House of Delegates, and the House of Delegates retaliating by declining to vote any moneys with which to carry on the Government until their measures are adopted. Again, by applying the American tariff to all foreign imports into Porto Rico, the Americans cut off the islanders from their familiar markets in Spain and France without furnishing them with a new one in the United States. This has been particularly the case in regard to the coffee trade, which is to-day considerably worse off than before the American occupation. Although the exports and imports figures as a whole are higher than they were in Spanish days, the increase is mainly due to the growing cultivation of sugar and tobacco, crops which for the most part are owned by absentee speculators in Spain and the United States. The flounderings of American lawyers among Spanish usages, the heedlessness of Congress in placing the island upon a gold basis almost at a moment's notice, and the laws enacted at Washington in the early days of the occupation, when the whole of America was in one of its periodic alarms over the trusts, penalising almost every form of corporate enterprise in Porto Rico, have all tended to hinder development and foster discontent.

But undoubtedly the most fertile source of friction between the Americans and their wards is the class of men hitherto sent to the island as officials and administrators. Here we touch a weakness that has already been painfully visible in the Philippines and Hawaii, and that seems likely to impair the whole American experiment in "colonial" government. Our own experience goes to show that, to rule successfully, a stable, competitive, high-salaried Civil Service is indispensable. But Americans habitually underpay all their public officials, and instinctively regard a system which does not make a clean sweep of all office-holders after every election as "undemocratic." Eleven years have gone by since the American plunge into Imperialism, yet nothing has been done to organise a colonial service that would attract the best men in the country. Moreover, the average American has no desire to rule. It is not a part of his make-up. He has neither inherited it in the blood nor does his school training supply it. A colonial career offers few inducements to him. If he is ambitious there is no country with one-hundredth part of the opportunities to offer that America throws at his feet. If he is pining for adventure, where will he find it if not in the United States? There is no problem of the younger son in America to supply an incentive to expatriation. The ordinary American youth shrinks almost as readily as the ordinary French youth from the idea of exile. He is unused to solitude; he is reared in an eminently sociable and gregarious environment; and the ideal of a comfortable old age on a pension hardly ever enters his head. The professional and commercial rewards open to him in his own country are so enormous and so tempting, and service under Government adds so little to an American's standing in his community, that the thought of accepting an office in the Philippines or Porto Rico seems almost like a confession of defeat in the battle of life. Moreover, Americans have little of the protecting, elder-brotherly feeling towards men of another color that unquestionably redeems the arrogance of British Imperialism. On the contrary, they are far more likely to feel a physical repugnance for the brown man and the black. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the governors in their dependencies should succeed one another with bewildering rapidity, and that the conduct, character, and personality of the officials under them should fail to win good-will for American rule.

## Life and Letters.

### THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

THE Johnson commemoration has caused many persons to ask what has become of the art of conversation through which his great personality and powers of mind have

come down to us in Boswell's inimitable record. The significance of such a question becomes evident when we reflect how small and how unrepresentative a part of such a man his writings were. Though Johnson wrote in many styles, and on a great variety of themes, he can never be said to have devoted himself to literature, unless it be during his seven years' task-work on his dictionary. Finishing that in early middle-life, he spent very little of his time and energy in writing. Nor was he a great reader, though he "tore out the heart" of a great many books. He lived for conversation, in the society of friends, with an occasional incursion of enemies. With some qualification the same statement applies to most of the best-known writers of that day. To Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan, literature was never an absorbing occupation. The living word figured more largely in the intellectual life of the time than the dead word. Why was this, and is it matter for regret? Perhaps we have even begged the question in treating the written word as dead. The issue rather may be stated thus: "How far can a wise or witty man acquire and communicate his wisdom or his wit in live company with his fellows, and how far in the colder and more formal mode of literary composition?" It is, of course, evident that no general satisfactory answer can be given to such a question. It is, we shall be told, a question of the man, the matter, and the company. Some men's wit lies locked in the coffers of their slow-working brains. Such a man was Addison, who "had but sixpence in his pocket, though he could 'draw' for fifty pounds." Others, like Goldsmith, may do poor justice to themselves in presence of a dominant personality, though Boswell does not, in fact, sustain the libel of Sir Joshua. Then, again, there are matters too abstruse or complicated for successful conversation. Coleridge, in his broken age at Highgate, could discourse with copious facility upon "Omject" and "Sumject," but as Carlyle discovered, a visit to such a sage did not allow much give and take.

Indeed, we may doubt whether philosophers as such are fitted for conversation. For they will be apt to impose a too rigorous system of tests and standards upon each topic as it rises. Neither a professorial expatiation nor a Socratic dialogue is conversation. To put two or more intellectual persons in a room is evidently no guarantee of effective conversation. They may smoke apart in silence for a whole evening, as is no doubt falsely told of Tennyson and Carlyle, parting with the solitary remark, "Eh, mon, but we've had a grand evening." Or one may get his innings first and carry out his bat. There is no conversation when two continuous talkers meet under such circumstances as the famous meeting of Brougham and Macaulay, when the eager waiting for a break evoked from the French visitor the whispered comment, "S'il tousse, il est perdu."

It is, indeed, often contended with some show of reason that conversation is too polite an art for Britons. If the practice of the renowned French salons be taken as authoritative, this would be true. The lightness of touch, the swift allusiveness, the easy changefulness of tone, admitting every sort of emotional expression and intellectual instrument, seriousness, pathos, irony, brief runs of logic, verbal play, even anger and invective, handling every matter, grave or gay, even holding fire for a brief moment in the hand—everything seems possible, if swift equal intercourse can be maintained among those who accept the conditions of "the game." For to Englishmen such an amicable intercourse of minds, expressing themselves with apparently complete spontaniety, must always retain some air of artificiality. And indeed it is evident enough that the conversation of our clubs and coffee-houses, when they were used for free discussion, never approached this ideal of the salon. In the first place, too much of the tradition of the cock-pit prevailed in them. The finer French art was truly social; as much a co-operative art as the elaborate contre-dances of the age, it involved as much self-restraint as self-expression. The topic must pass from mind to mind, from lip to lip, brightened, reversed, adorned, reshaped: no dogmatist must down it, no monopolist devour it, no fool degrade it. Now the conversation in the companies which Johnson frequented was not of such a kind nor devoted to such ends. It was too combative, too individualistic. There was doubtless much amenity, much excellent fellowship in these club or tavern gatherings, where a man could "fold his legs and have his talk out" among friends whom he met regularly, whose frets and foibles he well understood, and who were accustomed to sharpen their wits on one another. But "contending for victory" is apt to damage the finer fruits of conversation: sound argument becomes entangled with sophistry, facts are distorted, and false analogies, flourished with brilliancy, too often win the day. In Johnson's prime there was too much of this gladiatorial display. A meeting between the Doctor and Burke was no doubt magnificent, but it could hardly be called conversation. "That fellow," he said at a time of illness, "calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me."

Yet even in such contests, though the note of controversy was too much stressed, there was great gain. "Thurlow is a fine fellow, he fairly puts his mind to yours." Here, after all, lies the true worth of conversation. No reading of books, no printed disputation, can take the place of this direct intellectual contact. How much is lost by the failure of modern society to make adequate provision for this fruitful interchange of thought! "Modern society," wrote Mr. Leslie Stephen, "is too vast and too restless to give a conversationalist a fair chance. For the formation of real proficiency in the art, friends should meet often, sit long, and be thoroughly at ease." They do none of these things, and they think they cannot. But they are mistaken, they are slaves of superstitious valuations of time and methods. In the struggle between the spoken and the written word the latter has of recent times gained an evil ascendency; the knowledge of human nature and of life which can only come through personal intercourse, and which is even falsified by the bookish life, is gravely under-rated. Among the educated professional classes, in particular, bookish specialisation has gone far, not, indeed, to breed a race of recluses, but to banish serious matter from all ordinary intercourse, and to keep conversation upon settled conventional planes. Indeed, if one reflects for a single moment upon the accepted code of polite society to-day, its intellectual sterility becomes evident. In an age of specialism it is "bad form" to talk shop, that is, to discuss what one knows best and what is most likely to inform others; any sustained allusions to religion, food, sex relations, or even politics are placed under a ban which extends to all the deeper and more serious affairs of life. Of course, grave matters are broached, for their avoidance would be impossible, but their sensational surface alone is subject to discussion; there must be no attempt to open up inner meanings, or to focus reflection. We are not here thinking of the frivolous or light-headed majority whose conversation remains what it ever was, and is at any rate sincere, a fairly free expression of shallow thought and feelings.

It is among those who must be called the "intellectuals" that the defect, and even falsity, of conversation is so strongly marked. A light tone of banter, with a studied avoidance of depths, a perpetual recourse to the formal minutiae of the intellectual life, talk "about" scholars, artists, playwrights and their works, anything to escape the big and really interesting issues which everywhere are lurking underneath our conscious life!

The cause is partly timidity, but largely a mischievous and even a morose secretiveness, a really selfish refusal to give oneself away in any truly free and generous talk, to contribute to any co-operative effort to clear thought or win truth, accompanied by a distrust in this social mode of intellectual effort. It is sometimes maintained that, in a day when most men of intellect are writers, words of wit and wisdom are deliberately withheld for the profitable uses of the literary market. If it were so, one might urge that some enlightened Chancellor of the Exchequer should impose an undeveloped brain-tax, in order to stop such a churlish policy.

But we fear the real trouble is deeper- seated. The collapse of the art of conversation, we surmise, belongs to a state of society which is inimical to the true art of friendship. For real conversation is only possible among friends of long and settled intimacy whose sympathy is both deep and wide-ranged. Under modern conditions of "civilised" life a circle of such friends becomes a rarity: division of labor, change of residence, the excessive demands of print, the elaborated organisation of interests, the spread of material luxury—in a word, the restlessness and dissipation of our life—render very difficult that sort of intercourse of friends in which conversation of the best sort can really flourish.

## THE MID-VICTORIAN CHURCH AND CHAPEL.

We can conceive a scholar of the year 2009, commissioned by the Department of Historical Research to write an account of nineteenth century England, setting aside for "special reference" four writers of special interest and credit. The first would certainly be the authoress of "Pride and Prejudice," the second of "Cranford." The other two, we think, would be Anthony Trollope—the Trollope of the Barsetshire series—and the author who still calls himself "Mark Rutherford."* And we imagine that the "general heading" under which these writers would most naturally be grouped would be "Mid-Victorian Anglicanism and Dissent," with "cross references" to "Politics" and "Religion." At this point our author's difficulties would begin. "Barchester Towers" and "Mark Rutherford's Autobiography" are both works of genius, and they deal with almost the same period of time and the same general subject, namely, the way in which religious thought and worship were organised in provincial England fifty or sixty years ago. Yet it would be difficult to find a sharper contrast of style and literary treatment. The writers doubtless were widely different men, though both possess the same quietness of method, the same distaste for the mere *strepitus verborum*, the imposing clash and picturesque romance of words. Trollope was, above all, a humoristic writer, a dry impassive observer of life. "Mark Rutherford," on the other hand, is passionately interested in his subject, and of all English men of letters comes nearest to Rousseau in his power to make personal experience real—to speak of himself and to thrill his listeners with the story. And of the two writers, the latter, being the sincerer, is also the more trustworthy as an historical witness. Trollope's sense of fun, like Dickens's, overflowed when he worked on characters so purely comic as Mrs. Proudie or the Signora Neroni. In "Mark Rutherford," not only is the first-hand knowledge more intimate, but the image of the past rises untroubled by literary waywardness, and steeped only in the softened light of memory and emotion. And, therefore, on the whole, the Mid-Victorian Chapel is happier in its chronicler than is the Church and the Cathedral Close.

Indeed, Trollope, fair-minded as he was, and interested in Anglicanism, could hardly bring himself to discern any special spiritual texture in the life of the average Church dignitary of fifty years ago. He was acutely sensible of its dignity, self-restraint, propriety of bearing; and Mr. Slope, his nearest approach to a clerical villain, is still a long way off the malignant plotter of the "Curé de Tours." But he could not help conceiving the Establishment as a thoroughly Erastian institution, not vitally moved to extremes of "High" or "Low," but resting, broad-based, on endowments, the landed gentry, the State, and the diocesan system. Clericalism was a profession like any other; and the great thing in it, with an ample handicap for kind deeds, forbearance, and courtesy, was the race for preferment. A Bishopric was a good thing; a Deanery less good; a Canonry not to be despised. But the best of all was for your side to win; if you were of the Dean's party to see that he triumphed, if of the Bishop's to trample (without scandal) on the foe. Trollope's gallery of clerical portraits contains no saints, unless it be the rather negative Mr. Harding: even the fanatically upright Crawley is not allowed to draw any special consolation from the austere practice of his religion, but rather sustains himself in his trials by a kind of stoical ferocity. Nearly all Trollope's clerical books end with the double prize of a marriage *and* a preferment, as if the one human state were intolerable without the other. The play of morals is of the faintest and most ironical kind. Within the secluded circle, shielded from the grosser passions, appear in due order the clerical Vices and Virtues, gently pricking or restraining their subjects. The former, in due course, retire foiled. The Rev. Mr. Robarts almost, but not quite, outruns the constable. Archdeacon Grantly nearly wishes his father, the Bishop, to die before the Tory Government goes out, and his chance of the succession disappears. The weakness of Trollope's presentation, exquisitely humorous as it is, is that no visible cause for such a church appears to exist, unless it be an unintelligible preference of the English Crown and aristocracy for playing the game of clerical patronage. Trollope's parsons are shepherds without sheep; knowing neither the reproach of the Cross nor its glory.

No one can make this complaint of "Mark Rutherford's" pictures of the life of the small Dissenting chapel, Independent, or Baptist, or Unitarian, in the villages and market towns of the Eastern Midlands about two generations ago. Here the types are at once lower and more exalted, while the "professional" outlook is entirely changed. Even the parish of Hogglestock could hold no such tyrants as Snale and Hexton. Crawley warred with Mrs. Proudie and public opinion, not with the vulgar malignity or the more stupid arrogance which exudes from the petty masters of the rural tabernacle in "Mark Rutherford's" books. Probably no more cramping fetters were ever devised for the human soul than the old Calvinist theology, linked to a form of Church government in which the minister's happiness, good fame, and livelihood lay at the mercy of a diaconate of farmers and village drapers. For generations, thousands of sensitive men have groaned under this tyranny, and hundreds have gone down under it. Yet it has been a chief nursery of Liberal politics and social revolt in scores of centres of provincial life. Here are Pecksniff and Chadband, not caricatured, as by their creator, but set down literally and persuasively. Here are the utterly unspiritual types that for centuries kept going the fabric of evangelical Christianity in England. And here is the core of reality and profound religious sentiment which always restored and sweetened it. The present writer saw much of this life in his youth; "Mark Rutherford's" chronicles, astounding as they must appear to the uninitiated, seem to him photographic in their truth.

There is one difference between Trollope's and "Mark Rutherford's" account of religious forms in mid-century England; one is a picture of life, the other of a kind of death-in-life. Trollope's clerics are all, or nearly all, gentlemen. They are rarely even poor, and it would be excessive to call them sinners. Only a lighter or heavier touch of reserve, snobbery, refinement, ambition, honor, hypocrisy, high-mindedness, self-seeking, differentiates them. "Mark Rutherford's" are set in a much grosser frame of things—the frame of the shop parlor, the ill-lit, half-deserted country chapel, the "Dorcas meeting," the heavy mid-day dinner, and the ceremonial tea. They serve little circles of gossip and spite and fussy domination and average stolid human nature, here and there visited by a strain of pure aspiring thought and sentiment, or of defiance and revolt. They are either gross vulgarians, like Mr. Broad, or sly sensualists like his son, or stern, self-disciplined souls like the Calvinist minister in "Tanner's Lane," or heroic figures, struggling to the light amid incredibly mean surroundings, casting off one form of creed after another, beset by passion, weakness, sentimentalism, the craving

* "Trollope's Barchester Novels." Six volumes. Routledge. 5s. each.
"The Works of Mark Rutherford." Latest edition. Unwin. 1s. each

for sympathy and self-revelation, all the slight creatures and vain longings and sweet perversities of earth—like "Mark" himself. It is impossible to give an idea of how this great and little known writer contrives to fling on to this tiny stage the deepest shadows and the transfiguring lights of human existence, and to mix them with its common experiences; it is enough to say that to him, as to the singer's grave in Wordsworth's poem, those who think and feel will increasingly resort. Essentially his books are histories of English Puritanism, as modern Nonconformity has carried it on; and yet their tone and setting are much more than Puritan. They tell of the waste of rich temperaments and passionate energies which Puritan repression has involved; they tell also of the strength of mind which has survived the struggle, equipped with the moral force it provided, and prepared to meet the phases of spiritual and social change of which they are the most suggestive and convincing harbingers.

## IN MOTLEY.

A DOG smiles, but if, as philosophers used to tell us, laughter is the distinctive peculiarity of mankind, it is remarkable to what expense the rich and great have put themselves to remain human under the burden of their responsibilities and possessions. Most men laugh cheap, and their difficulty is to be solemn. Certainly, they love a music-hall for its comic song, and a circus for its clown. But if you suggested to the average wage-earner to obtain perpetual laughter by keeping Harry Lauder in the back kitchen, he would stare, even if he could afford it. Yet that is what the rich and great did for many centuries in this country, and in some parts of the world still do, so fearful are they of losing their human attribute among the cares of riches.

Ranged with black pages, monkeys, poets, and dwarfs, there is no question that kings and nobles kept a Fool as an essential part of their retinue. We are reminded of it just now by the performance of "King Lear" under Mr. Herbert Trench's direction, for Lear's Fool is one of the most delicate among Shakespeare's imaginations. But the Fool at Court was no mere poetic vision, no child's conception of happiness beyond the dreams of laughter. During at least forty generations of Christian history the rulers and owners of the known world paid and fed a man as a matter of course to make them laugh. Sometimes that was not his only office, for the Fool's other name of Jester points to better days when, as a minstrel, he sang of deeds that called for no grinning. Even the Elizabethan Fool is generally a singer too, just as a barber sometimes still retains the emblems of old surgery, and it is the subtle Fool in "Twelfth Night" who sings "O Mistress Mine," the best of love-songs. In Ireland also, where laughter was easier and the mighty hardly lived long enough to enjoy it, the Fool seems never to have supplanted the satiric bard, whose office was to make people, including his master, uncomfortable rather than jolly. But in the royal and baronial residences of Europe, the Fool's true function was not song or satire, but simply laughter, and in the English Court it was less than a century ago that the Fool's office became merged once more in that of the poet-laureate.

It need not surprise us that the Fool, besides being originally something of a poet, was often identical with the dwarf. From Homer down to the White-eyed Kaffir, gods and men have always thought deformity a fine subject for laughter, and if the very look of a Fool was enough to raise a roar, his value as a wit was proportionately augmented. We know from Velasquez with what delight the presence of a dwarf could penetrate even the gloomy Court of Spain, for the male and female monsters of the day are as immortal upon his canvas as his flounced princesses or Philip himself. We know that if two of these laughable deformities married in some European Court, the whole capital went into a paroxysm of amusement. Many of the best known Fools to our own Royal Family were in some way misshapen—too short, too long, or crooked in the legs; and on that account they were all the better received, just as the wealthy of to-day cherish pug dogs, dachshunds, and "toy Poms," with special affection for their deformities. Nor can we condemn our fathers for primitive merriment while we still see the maids giggling at a humpback, and when we recognise that a "funny" face is seldom beautiful, that a knocked-out tooth often gives a shrewdness to expression, that a stutter enforces the epigram, and a turned-up nose makes laughter catching.

It must have been a strange crisis in the life of a youth when he determined to be a Fool. Unless Nature had endowed him with some imbecility or dwarfish advantage—in which case his calling as village idiot or king's jester was but a Hobson's choice—how did he decide upon that profession rather than another? What were his qualifications as a boy for the career of Fool? Did he feel the wit quickening in his brain and spring it on a king, just as in youth we now spring jokes on the editor of "Punch" by post? Or, perhaps, his homespun parents larded his hair and, leading him up to the castle, blew the horn, crossed the drawbridge, and thus accosted their lord, who at that time occupied the position of a school-management committee:—

> "May it please your Lordship," they would say, "his mother and me, we don't know what to do with this here boy of ourn, he's that silly and blusterous. He's always a-sayin', and when he isn't a-saying', he starts doin' such as never. The things he do say, they be fit to make a cat laugh, let alone your Lordship, and as to doin', it's only yesterday he fixed a bag of flour so as the sexton coming in for a drop of ale lets it down on his head and covers himself white all over, whereby he warn't fit to be seen at the funeral after. And when she see that, his mother up and beats him, and says, 'That's just the sort of thing as his Lordship and the gentry do enjoy wonderful to keep 'em merry,' says she. So here we brings the boy to your Lordship in hopes you'll make a Fool on him."

Then, as a speculation in future merriment, the armored baron would take the boy into his retinue, shave his head bare, fit him a cap with ass's ears and the comb of a cock, hang him with bells, give him a bauble of a carved stick to play with, cover his body with patchwork, and make one leg yellow and the other scarlet, so that at the very look of him the lords and ladies might feel cheerful and inclined to laugh.

But the absurdity of the dress was not only for laughter. We know the advantages of a mask; what alien courage a domino gives to dancers, and a pseudonym to the critic of our books. In "King Lear" itself, even the excellent and sensible Edgar becomes a far more interesting character as crazy Tom o' Bedlam—so much more interesting that the poet himself seems to have forgotten that Tom was but a counterfeit. And thus, from behind his motley, the Fool could say things that no one would dare to say if clothed and in his right mind. It must have been a gruesome thing for the Fool if he failed in his profession and could not raise a laugh—as gruesome as when the man who lives by a daily joke sees the printer's boy waiting and the page is bare. Nor can we assume that, because the records of the Jesters are to us the dullest form of literature, it was therefore easier to be a Fool then than now. While Shakespeare lived, it was the duty of the King's Jester to divert the Queen when she was tired of playing the game, "Rise, pig, and go," with her maids, and it may well have been as difficult for him as it would be now to divert a literary dinner. The fashion of laughter changes fast, and we cannot doubt that, as far as laughter goes, those heavy-seeming Fools made their living as honestly as the Pierrots, Pantaloons, Clowns, and humorists who are the successors that democracy keeps. But laughter from behind his motley was not the Fool's only function.

From East to West, throughout man's history, a holy licence has been granted to Fools. It was early discovered how nearly insanity and inspiration might be allied, and a village imbecile is still called "the natural," as though he came closer to Nature's heart. He is called "the simpleton," too, and "the innocent," as though his mind were clear of complications, and his spirit incapable of sin. The same thought was in the poet's heart when he said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained praise," and when the Franciscans took the title of "the World's Fools," they

did but follow the tradition of the unlearned. In like manner an order of great simplicity fell to be called the "Fools of God," and in later times we come to Tolstoy's "Ivan the Fool," and the "Simple Fool" of Wagner's "Parsifal." Even in Court Fools something of that clear insight of innocency was expected—something of that intimate relationship to the heart of life.

"I wear not motley in my brain," said Touchstone, but Lear's Fool is the best example of wisdom lying hid in folly. One remembers two sayings of historic Fools that come near his: one when the Jester dared to hint to the King of France that his navy had been destroyed at Sluys, "Prythee, Sire," he said, "why are French sailors so much braver than English? For they all jumped into the sea and swam away, but not a single Englishman dared jump." And the other is a saying of the Jester to Charles the Bold, who was always boasting himself like Hannibal; "Uncle," he cried to the Duke, as they fled headlong after the great defeat at Granson, near Neuchatel, "this is the prettiest way of being Hannibal I ever saw." But in Lear's Fool, though he, too, tells the truth of things in parable, there is that delicacy, that gentleness of touch which we do not find in any of the historic records. He has the Fool's privilege of truth, and is gifted with the Innocent's keen perception, but his knowledge fills him only with grief, and far more than the King himself he feels the pain of the sore he touches. We hear of him first that, since Cordelia went to France, he had much pined away; but for one half-smiling complaint against the storm, he never laments his own fortunes; and he disappears in the middle of the drama with the words, "And I'll to bed at noon," in which some interpreters read the prophecy of a broken heart. Then, like a spirit, he disappears and is seen no more.

Like a spirit he disappears from the midst of chaos, for he has fulfilled the Fool's part, hardly of laughter, but rather of the classic chorus—the Spirit of the Pities that pervades the play and is its justification. And, from his example, we might possibly argue that in historic life the Kings of the earth, from the days of Lear, whom Holinshed tells us was contemporary with Joash of Judah, down to the ex-Sultan now dwelling at Salonica, with his Jester and eleven wives—we might argue that Kings had kept the Fool so constantly at their side, not merely for the laugh of folly, or even for the wisdom of the insane, but as a warning voice, an outside conscience, a slave that whispered of mortality, a dog of truth that could not be whipped to kennel. Time, which stirs even within the sheepfold of Royal Courts, has assigned part of the Fool's functions to the poet laureate, as we saw, and part to the Lord Chamberlain, who sub-lets it to the Censor. On the side of laughter, the Fool's duties are carried on without a breach; but to what official of modern times shall the King and Nation go for the wisdom of holy simplicity, or for the affectionate solicitude of a public conscience?

## THE UNDERGRADUATE OF 1670.

When Charles II. was on the eve of his return from his travels, he issued at Breda a declaration designed to hasten his home-coming. He declared "a liberty to tender consciences" where differences of opinion were concerned in matters of religion "which do not disturb the peace of the Kingdom." This was a qualifying clause; and it is wonderful how easily, in the judgment of some, the peace of a Kingdom may be disturbed. "John Bunyan, of the town of Bedford, labourer," runs an indictment of a year or so later, "devilishly and perniciously" abstained from coming to church, and went to a conventicle instead, "to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this Kingdom." Charles II. further qualified his declaration by making it depend on an Act of Parliament being sent to him "upon mature deliberation." His first Parliament sat eighteen years, and its maturest deliberation led to the Clarendon Code, the Test and Corporation and other Acts, which effectually cut England in two, as it remains to this day.

But our present object is not to write English history, nor to review "the mad work among the Presbyterian ministers" that Pepys predicted so accurately. Sometimes a new view is profitable—even if it is like that primitive Australian's picture of the emu sitting on her eggs, which he drew from the point of view (imaginary, let us hope) of one who saw the bird from beneath, looking up from under the eggs. The picture is historical, and, fortunately, it exists in reproduction. This shall give us our outlook for the moment. "Some things," wrote Bunyan:—

> "Some things are of that Nature as to make
> One's fancie Checkle while his heart doth ake."

In Cambridge then, about 1670, there was a zealous supporter of the Government and of the Church of England, Stephen Perry by name, a brasier. It was not every one whose conscience was so stirred, but Mr. Perry was a man to despise the insinuations of slacker neighbors, and flung himself heartily into the business of making the Conventicle Act a reality, and an efficient agency for the reclamation of England to sound religion. It was provided by the Act that if two witnesses swore before a Justice of the Peace to having seen any person, aged sixteen or upward, at a Nonconformist meeting for worship—five persons to constitute a meeting—the Justice might there and then fine that person, without seeing him or hearing any defence, five shillings, or in case it were a second offence, ten. Such proceedings had to be taken within three months of the offence. There was also a provision that one-third of the fine should be paid to the informers, but it is always well not to impute motives.

There was a fellow of Trinity, Thomas Slater, a benefactor of his college, who, as a Royalist, had been deprived of his fellowship under the Commonwealth, and by way of recompense was made a baronet after the Restoration. He was a magistrate of the county, and to him Stephen Perry went for a warrant, June 25th, 1670. Sir Thomas, it is to be supposed, could not well refuse, and Perry, with his warrant, set about his work. What followed he shall say.

"On the day following I went to Toft, and hearing that there was a meeting in John Waites his house there, Simon Priest being with me, takeing the cunstable with us we went thither, and found onely fower persons there . . . After that we had parted with the cunstable (having charg'd him to search the suspected places, which he did not) we went aside, and after that return'd again towards night . . . We came to the house of William Eversden, and knock't severall times, none answering . . ." William would not let them in; however, "in the meanwhile we saw the number of 15 persons conveyed out of a back-doore."

"The day following I alone went to Sir Thomas Slater, who (I makeing my complaint to him, relating all the passage at Toft) tooke the warrant of me, and I requiring a conviction of the persons, telling him that Simon Priest who lives within 2 or 3 doors from his house, would be ready. Then Sir Thomas Slater said he was not at leisure. The next day I went to him. Then alsoe he made answer that he was busie." And so it went on; Stephen perpetually calling, and Sir Thomas "busie" or "gone to looke after his harvest" or "not within," till at last they met, and "he said it was too late, the three months were expired." Then Eversden took steps and went to an attorney ("he himself an encourager of the fanaticks") and got a writ, perhaps for malicious prosecution, against poor Stephen himself.

Stephen Perry now saw he must look higher to "be back'd out from above." So he went to the Master of St. John's with "a narrative of the wrongs done him, ridiculously drawn up, to be presented (by all means) to the King or to the Duke." He also "could not forbear bragging among the boys that he had acquainted his Majesty with all his matters." Such zeal was rewarded as it deserved, for before very long he received a letter, which we quote intact:—

CHARLES R.

Wee have received your letter from the hands of our Secretary, wherein wee are informed of your complaints against Sir

Thomas Slater, Justice of our Peace, how he hath not proceeded according to the order prescribed in our late Act, ratifyed in our late Session of Parliament. Wee do will and require you in our name forthwith to acquaint the said Sir Thomas Slater to be more vigorous in his proceedings, or he shall appeare before our Council Board to answer those things objected against him. We do furthermore authorise you to goe on in that part of a loyal subject as you have begun and in our name to show these our letters patents to our Maior of Cambridge, that he may uindicate you with his authority in your office, delivered in the presence of our Chief Secretary

ARLINGTON.

Given at our Court of Whitehall February 17th, in the year of our Lord 1670, in the three and twentieth yeare of our reign.

Addressed: To our Trusty and wellbeloved Stephen Perry, Brasier, Cambridge.

It was perhaps suspicious that the seal bore the impress of a crown piece.

Perry at once took the Royal letter to the Mayor and one of the Aldermen, who both gave credit to it. Then, in his evil hour, he took it to the Master of St. John's "with a great deal of joy." But masters of colleges are not always as guileless as the public fancies. "I knew it immediately to be a cheat," writes the Master, "and suspected the Knave that acted it. With much adoe, I persuaded Mr. Maior and our Informer that they were both gull'd."

But Mayors are serious men, and not to be played with, and the Mayor went to the Vice-Chancellor. "Wee then," continues Dr. Turner, of St. John's, "convented the boy, and he could not deny it. His impudence is inexcusable, but we are all satisfied there was no malicious designe, but pure roguery. This I must needs say for him: He has bin studious and inoffensive in all his carriage, except this great misdemeanor, and he is one of excellent facultys. He comes to us from the top of Westminster Schools, and thought this but a Westminster trick, not consideringe the consequence." It is curious how it is "high-spirited young English gentlemen," "of excellent facultys," who need the friendly aid of tutors and masters of colleges on such occasions.

The Vice-Chancellor wrote to my Lord Arlington, enclosing the Royal letter with its crown-piece seal, and a humble statement by Mr. Lewis Maidwell, of St. John's, to the effect that he had written the letter, "not out of any ill intencion, but to make sport with the saide Stephen Perry, haveinge heard that he had sent a letter to the Kinge concerning Sir Thomas Slater and the fanaticks." As Mr. Maidwell took his B.A. a year later, it is conceivable that he was forgiven.

But what a picture the episode gives us of an older Cambridge, very like the present one in many ways, and yet how different! The undergraduate hoax never, perhaps, was aimed so high, but the spirit is not unknown in our day. It is such commonplace happenings, with the forgotten names and titles, old dates and details, that bring the past before us—the harried Dissenters, the decent Justice who does not like his work, the bright lad—and the real squalor of Restoration ways of promoting true religion.

# Short Studies.

## THE FLOWER-GATHERER.

"Herself a fairer flower."—MILTON.

So strong was the young beauty of the year, it might have seemed at its height were it not that each day it grew stronger. The new day excelled the one that was past, only to be outshone by the next. Day after day the sun poured out a great light and heat and joy over the earth and the delicately clouded sky. The south wind flowed in a river straight from the sun itself, and divided the fresh leaves with never-ceasing noise of amorous and joyous motion. So mighty was the sun that the miles of pale new foliage shimmered mistily like snow, yet each leaf was cool and moist with youth, and the voices of the birds creeping and fluttering among the branches were as the souls of that coolness and moistness and youth. If one moment the myriad forms of life and happiness intoxicated the delighted senses, at another a glimpse of the broad mild land stretched out below, and of the sun ruling it in the blue above, gave also a calm and a celestial dignity and simplicity to the whole. One after another the pools, the rivers and rivulets, the windows or glass roofs of the vale, caught the sun and sparkled as if Vega and Gemma and Arcturus and Sirius and Aldebaran and Algol had fallen among the meadows and woods.

On some days the sense of oneness, of wide power and splendor uniting earth and sky, of infinite simplicity, triumphed. On others the spirit was content to bathe and half lose itself in numbers, exuberance, complexity, in the odors and colors and forms, one by one, in the rich rising flood of the grass, in the hurrying to and fro of preparation that was nevertheless not over much troubled about the end.

The children seemed to be trying to gather all the flowers. It was their way of striving to grasp the infinite. They were scattered over the hillside, where the pale sward was made an airy or liquid substance by the innumerable cowslips nodding upon its surface, as upon a lake, that held their small shadows each quite clear. All day they gathered flowers, and threw them away, and gathered more, and still there were no less. The earth continued to murmur with blissful ease, as if, like the wandering humble bee, it were drowsed with the warmth and the abundance.

One child separated herself from the rest, moving down instead of across or up the hill. Often she went on her knees among the flowers, with bent eyes that saw only the hundreds close at hand. But from time to time she raised her head, her delicately browned and yet more rosy face, her gleamy hair, that was as pale as barley on her temples but elsewhere golden brown as wheat, her round and calm yet lively eyes, her restless happy lips—and looked steadily for a moment at the whole of earth and sky, and grew solemn, only to return to the other pleasure of the hundred cowslips just at her feet, the crystal and emerald wings among them, the pearly snails, the daisies and the chips of chalk like daisies. Tighter grew her hand round the swelling bunch. She slipped, the flowers fell, and not all were picked up again; and so there was yet room for bluebells when she reached the wood below. In the moister fields still lower there were kingcups of gold and cuckoo flowers pink and white, looking as if they had fluttered down from the sky; and for these also a place had to be found. The stitchworts of a hedge side lured and piloted her to the hollow, hardly larger than a cathedral, where a brook ran straight, for once in its life.

By the slow stream forget-me-nots made a continuous haze on either bank. She was now quite alone, under the old cherry tree of the forsaken garden at the water's edge. Six or eight huge crooked branches rising out of the rocky trunk bore up a dome that was all flowers. They were in rounded clusters as of bubbling snow, and close as honeycomb. The lovely freckled white smelt bitter and sweet at once. The flowers hummed with bees, and between the clusters were streaks and wedges of the blue. The child looked up suddenly at this glorious roof, and her smile of surprise passed into what would have been indifference, because the blossoms were inaccessible, if she had not caught sight of the forget-me-nots when the flight of a cuckoo that had been calling out of the cherry-tree carried her eyes away to where he skimmed the water. He did not fly far, nor cease to call while he was flying, or when he was seated on one of the alders by the brook. She looked at him as she was plucking the forget-me-nots. This narrow hollow was his room, she thought. Yet it was full of other songs. There were blackbirds hidden in the hazels, or clearly defined against the may flower or the bronzed flowering oaks. Thrushes talked and called out to her a hundred times: "Did she do it? Did she do it? Did she? Did she? She did, she did!" and she laughed. A swallow flew over his image in the water as if about to dive in after it, and then rose up and curved away. Smaller unfamiliar birds sang rillets and minute cascades of hurrying song. The gold-

crest repeated a tune like the unwinding of a tiny sweetly-creaking winch, like the well-winch at home. But the lazy cuckoo was lord of all.

Now she had filled both hands, and each time she grasped a new stalk some of the old fell out. So presently she laid them down in the grass to rearrange them. But she now noticed the tall sedges of the brook and wanted some. She looked round to see if anyone could see her doing this forbidden thing, and then went to the edge and stretched out her hand: they were too far. The water was gliding under her, flashing like brandished steel, and yet as clear as the air over the green stars of its bed. Everything had always been kind to her, and this water was one of the kindest, so playful and bright, so pure that sometimes they came far to fetch some of it in a pail for the house. She leaned out, and even moved one foot as if to step towards the green sedge. She lost her footing and fell, not quite reaching the blades as she splashed. She was scolded for getting wet, but never much, and she used to laugh as they were dressing her in fresh clothes; and to-day it was so warm. . . . It was an adventure. But her hair was all wet; she did not like that: and the water, though so pure, was not pleasant in mouth, nostrils, eyes and ears, nor could she get rid of it. Her hands touched the green stars; she could see them; but the sky was gone. She was surprised, indignant, anxious to be out. Why this cruelty? It was not a game to go on like this. She was angry . . . terrified . . . numbed. She could see nothing but water, she heard, smelt, breathed, tasted, touched water everywhere. Who could have done it? Something is cruel! . . Why? . . She could not bear it. No! No! Where were her flowers? Where was her mother?

She rose up a little, and saw the sun, and the cuckoo on the branch through the waves, and heard the man calling to his horses in the next field. Then solitude: all pleasure gone, love, light, warmth, movement was nothing, was over there, was past, or never had been, would never be again. It was better now. Sleep, sleep. But in the sleep, songs, visions of the house, forms and faces moving to and fro, and herself going in and out amongst them, far away, long ago, over there, in that other place. She was hurrying faster and faster, running too fast for her legs, carried away off them into the air, but swaying and rising easily and more easily now. She sighed as she seemed to float higher and lighter into soft darkness, into utter darkness, into nothing at all, where there was never anything or will be anything. The mud settled down. The stream flowed clear and sweet. The sun had not so much to do but that he could wilt the flowers lying on the bank. Life went on exuberant, joyous, august, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The cuckoo called. The birds' songs became so drowsy that they were not missed when they ceased, and only its own echo replied to the cuckoo. The child's white forehead was just above the water, and a fly perched on it and preened his diamond wings. A quarter of a mile away the dinner bell at home was swung merrily again and again by a strong arm that enjoyed the task.

EDWARD THOMAS.

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# The Drama.

## "LA FOI."

MIS-NAMED, and in some ways mis-produced and mis-acted, "False Gods" is, nevertheless, the finest effort of M. Brieux's gallant career, and a feather in Sir Herbert Tree's cap. Whatever else he may be, Sir Herbert is an idealist according to his lights. He "needs must love the highest when he sees it." He is not always happy in his method of showing his love, and he sometimes goes a-philandering after—false gods. But he always prefers the fine thing, as he understands it, to the merely safe thing; and that shall be accounted unto him for righteousness. Here he has taken an intensely serious drama of ideas, which has not even had the advertisement of Parisian production, and has staked the success of his autumn season upon a costly production in which he himself appears only in the fourth and fifth acts. This is a truly spirited and artistic policy, which deserves all appreciation. I trust that Sir Herbert's brilliant essay in spectacular philosophy will bring him in an ample reward.

As a rule I have little sympathy to spare for translations from the French; but "La Foi" is a quite exceptional case. It is hard to forgive Mr. Charles Frohman for wasting the talents of Miss Ashwell and Mr. Du Maurier on a couple of third-rate French melodramas. He owes us liberal reparation when the time comes for starting his repertory theatre. But though it is a great mistake to say that art knows no frontiers, this is perfectly true of philosophy. "La Foi" is in no sense a picture of manners; it is not even a historic or archæological reconstruction. It is simply a world-parable, an embodiment in dramatic form of certain general truths about the mind of man; and such a piece of literature is at home in any language and on any stage. It has neither the merits nor the defects of nationality. It is, indeed, an almost unique example of international art, for it is not even bound to its native soil by intimate ties of language or of poetic form. "Faust" and "Peer Gynt" suffer so greatly in translation that the universality of their thought avails them little when it comes to transcending the frontiers of their language. On foreign stages they are known either in debased forms or not at all. But "La Foi" is as translatable as a proposition in Euclid. It might have been written in Esperanto. Mr. J. B. Fagan's translation is, I fancy, vigorous and workmanlike. But, truth to tell, I paid no attention to the style of the play; I forgot that I was listening to a translation; which is at once a compliment to Mr. Fagan and a criticism of M. Brieux. It implies that with all his vigor as a thinker and skill as a dramatist, there is one thing he cannot claim to be, and that is—a poet.

His fable is very ingenious. A young Egyptian priest, Satni, goes abroad, doubtless to Greece, and returns a confirmed rationalist. He finds that Yaouma, his betrothed, has been chosen by the Nile-god to be his bride, or, in other words, to be drowned with all the honors, in order to ensure the annual rising of the river. She is fascinated by her glorious calling and election—to spend a blissful month, the admired, envied, and adored of all, then to lay down her life for the welfare of her people, and to awaken in Paradise, the bride of the supreme divinity. Satni's assurances that there is no such god, that the choice is made simply by the priests, and that the Nile will duly rise without her sacrifice, seem to her the most senseless of blasphemies. But it chances that, as she is being carried off to her splendid destiny, a sudden thunderstorm comes on, and the boat which was to have conveyed her is sunk. At once the people conclude that Satni has worked this miracle, and that his god is greater than theirs. In vain he disavows all miraculous powers. He is besieged with suppliants for healing; and some hysterical sufferers he heals in spite of himself. His reputation grows beyond all bounds, and at last he cannot resist the temptation to come forward openly as an iconoclast. "Yes," he says, in effect, "I will work a miracle—I will restore to sight the blind and suffering multitude, ground down by kings and priests!" He gathers all the wretched fellaheen, discourses to them on their miseries, shows that their gods are merely the instruments of their oppressors, and proceeds to overthrow the images they have adored. The fact that he can do this without being struck dead on the spot is regarded as the greatest of miracles, and creates a religious revolution.

But it soon appears that the people interpret the overthrow of their gods as an abrogation of moral law, and Satni has to combat an outbreak of robbery, vengefulness and licence—to the no small detriment of his popularity. His father is mortally wounded in a riot, and is tragically disappointed that Satni cannot work

a miracle on his behalf. His mother, too, turns upon him and curses him because he will not utter the approved magic formula at his father's wake. Moreover, there is a lady named Mieris, wife of a local magnate, to whom Satni's advent has been in a double sense calamitous. She has been blind from birth, and he disappoints her hope of a miraculous cure. She has lost an only child, and he destroys her faith in the Paradise where she will not only embrace but see her darling. On all sides his agnosticism brings with it either ruin or misery.

Now comes the time for Church and State to intervene and crush the heretic; but the astute old High Priest does not want to make a martyr if he can help it. He has a private colloquy with Satni in which he does not hesitate to confess that his religion is a sham and that he himself and his agents work the alleged miracles; but he declares that it is all for the people's good, the necessary order of society demanding that the King shall supply the people with suffering in this life, while the priesthood supplies them with consolation in the prospect of a life to come. Then he tries to overcome Satni's resistance, first by appealing to an ineradicable survival of superstitious awe in his soul, and secondly by working on his pity for suffering humanity. So successful is the latter experiment that Satni himself operates the bogus miracle which is to restore to the people the faith of their fathers. In the reaction that follows, Satni is assassinated. But Mieris, in the end, proclaims herself faithful to the new light, or new darkness, which he has brought her; for she cannot revert to "a religion that kills."

"La Foi" is a very complete and luminous exposition of the weakness and the strength of supernaturalism. But in one respect M. Brieux's choice of an Egyptian scene has hampered him. Though his Egypt is no more real than the Babylon of "Zadig," or the Bulgaria of "Candide,' it would have been a too glaring anachronism to equip Satni with a knowledge of the majesty and marvellousness of the universe as revealed by the cumulative research of fifty centuries. Consequently Satni's rationalism had to be frigid and purely destructive. For a warm human belief, founded mainly on terror, but partly also on love, he sought to substitute a cold realisation of ignorance, powerlessness, subjection to inexorable law. He was, in fact—and that quite necessarily—a narrow-minded dogmatist, whose irreligion was as purblind as the religion he assailed. There was some fervor, indeed, in his humanitarian enthusiasm; but being wholly unscientific, it was foredoomed. On the whole, then, his attempt to substitute mere negation for a positive faith, however barbarous, was not only hopeless but essentially cruel. The man who can live on pure reason is more, or less, than human. Emotion is not only the inspiring, but the sustaining element in life; and Satni's rationalism was entirely untouched by emotion. He sought to destroy an emotion and place nothing in its stead; and this M. Brieux shows to be, on any large scale, impossible. But at this negative point the validity of his world-parable ceases; which is as much as to say that it scarcely touches the conditions of modern thought. Satni's type of rationalism is, if not fifty centuries, at least fifty years, behind the time. We realise to-day that only religion can drive out religion, and that the man who professes to sum up the universe in a negative formula is not a philosopher, but a fool. In what does spiritual progress consist if not in the power to extract religious emotion from concepts which are demonstrably true, instead of demonstrably false?

The production at His Majesty's is very splendid and tasteful, but does not grapple quite successfully with the difficulties presented by the fourth act. M. Brieux has here imposed on his producer a problem which may possibly be insoluble, but which might certainly have been attacked with greater originality. Especially unconvincing is the passage in which the High Priest tries to rekindle in Satni's breast the inbred feeling of superstitious awe which (as he thinks) is never quite extinguished in any "child of the sacristy." We ought to feel that the recalcitrant priest is in some awful holy of holies, surrounded with mysteries and terrors unnumbered; whereas all we actually see is that he is suddenly left in the dark in the nave of a great temple; so that his moment of panic seems unaccountable. In dealing with the miracle at the close of the act, Sir Herbert has departed largely, and, I think, unfortunately, from M. Brieux's stage directions. But I am assured that he is following M. Brieux's text in making the statue of Isis invisible. Whether this be or be not the right course is a nice question of technique. It is the safe course, no doubt; I quite recognise the difficulty of making dramatically impressive the miracle of a bowing statue; but it is surely a pity if the modern stage, with all its resources of lighting, could not cope with this difficulty. If it could, the effect of the scene would be heightened threefold.

Sir Herbert Tree, as an actor, is never at his best on a first night. I hope that by this time he has seen his way to differentiating between his official, hieratic bearing and his unofficial manner in his scenes with the Pharaoh and with Satni. Mrs. Patrick Campbell made a very pathetic figure of Mieris, but the monotonous chant of her delivery seemed to me ill-judged. There is no reason why a blind woman should not now and then talk naturally. Mr. Henry Ainley was forcible and competent as Satni, his hardness being only too appropriate to the character. Altogether it cannot be said that M. Brieux owes any special debt of gratitude to his English interpreters.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

# Communications.

## THE HIGH TREASON TRIAL AT AGRAM.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—This famous and perhaps unique political trial is still dragging on. It commenced on March 3rd last, and as in all probability it will continue till the end of the year, it may easily prove the longest political trial of modern times. Its shorthand reports already extend to 7,000 quarto pages; indeed, they form a whole literature. But it would be a grave mistake to judge its importance by its length and volume. What in any legal and constitutional State would constitute mere police offences, even admitting all the evidence produced to be true, has in this case been converted into a monstrous and elaborate high treason trial, in which the fifty-three accused Serbs are charged with the serious attempt to detach five provinces from the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and to annex them to the dominions of Peter Karageorgevitch.

After six months of examination of witnesses for the Crown, we learn that the accused had not procured a single gun, or even a penknife, to carry out such vast designs. The proofs consisted mainly in the fact that the accused openly professed themselves as Serbs, organised gymnastic, literary, and economic societies under the Serb name, used Servian colors, sang Servian songs, distributed Serb newspapers, and spread national Serb feeling among the Orthodox farmers.

Lest the reader should be tempted to suppose that such innocent signs of nationalist activity are forbidden by law and thus, regarded from a purely legal point of view, constitute a criminal offence, I may at once mention that the above-mentioned national features are guaranteed to each nationality by the fundamental laws of both Hungary and Austria. How these laws are carried out by the ruling nation in Hungary is quite another question.

The Public Prosecutor in Agram, imitating Magyar persecutions of the nationalities in Hungary, adopted the same methods against the Serb Independent party in Croatia. Out of fifty-three prisoners no fewer than forty-nine are members of this party, whose twenty Deputies form perhaps the most active and tenacious section of the Croato-Serb Coalition in the Diet of Agram, and in the joint Hungaro-Croatian Parliament in Budapest. The Coalition is uncompromisingly opposed to the present constitutional

*régime* imposed by the Magyars upon Croatia, in consequence of the gallant struggle waged by the united Croats and Serbs in defence of Croatia's autonomy and the Treaty (or Nagodba) of 1868, between Croatia and Hungary.

It is true that by this Nagodba the judicial arm in Croatia is independent of Hungary; and this pretext served the Magyar journalists in their answer to their colleagues of the Parisian Press, when the latter appealed to them to exert their influence in favor of the accused Serbs. I say pretext advisedly. For the Croato-Serb Coalition, during its short term of office two years ago, realising that the liberties of the people are best guaranteed in the hands of honest and independent judges, voted the so-called "Law for the independence of judges." But since all laws voted by the Croatian Diet must pass through the hands of the Hungarian Premier, and be proposed by him to the Sovereign for final sanction, this law never reached the King, and never received his signature. The motives underlying this action of the Magyar Ministry in a purely autonomous Croatian matter are only too evident. The Magyars want to restrict even such little autonomy as is guaranteed to Croatia by the Nagodba. They want a free hand, in order that they may manufacture even such high treason trials as that which is now going on at Agram, in order to "pacify" Croatia and crush out all resistance, and at the same time to protest, like Pilate, before a horrified world, that Croatia, in matters of justice, is wholly independent of Hungary. Such an attitude can only be described as hypocritical. For the Ban of Croatia is proposed to the King by the Magyar Prime Minister; and the present Ban, Baron Rauch, was nominated against the will of the whole Croatian Parliament, and was publicly declared by Dr. Wekerle to be his "exponent" in that country. Every judge in Croatia (as also every other official) is responsible to the Ban, who can promote, degrade, remove, or dismiss him at pleasure. This practice has been specially observed in the present trial. Mr. Tarabocchia, the President of the Court, has been promoted over the heads of forty-three of his colleagues; Mr. Accurti, the Public Prosecutor, over thirty-six of his, in order that they might exercise their present functions, for which Baron Rauch thought them most adapted. Thus the Magyars first prevent Croatia from having an independent responsible judicature, and then, when all Europe protests against the barbarous proceedings at Agram, they throw the responsibility upon Croatia, which looks on helplessly at the travesty of justice committed in her name.

To return to the high treason trial. The prosecution, being unable to charge the accused with real treasonable crimes, proceeded to impeach the "intentions" with which they exercised their lawful rights and privileges. For example, there is an old Servian song which begins: "Willingly marches a Serb to war." This song had its origin in the old "Military Frontiers," where most of the famous Granitchars (the most valiant of Radetzky's soldiers) were recruited. The refrain tells how gladly the Granitchar fights for his Czar or Emperor; and the song is played by many Austrian military bands, and is regarded as highly patriotic from the Austrian point of view. But this song can be "anti-dynastic" and "treasonable," according to the "intention" with which you sing it. If you sing it with the "intention of popularising the Servian name, Servian history, Servian nationality, and the name of King Peter," you commit high treason. And who is the omniscient person who knows your intentions? Why, the Public Prosecutor. As he explains in the indictment, "all seemingly innocent songs, flags cigarette papers, window blinds, wine glasses, shirts, &c.," do not individually mean anything illegal, but when used with the aforesaid "intentions," they constitute high treason, punishable by death. And it is he who decides who has these sinister intentions, and who not. For instance, if you are a Magyarophil or a political friend of Baron Rauch you can sing Servian songs and wave Servian flags to your heart's content, and nothing will befall you. But if you are an adherent of the Croato-Serb coalition, then your "intentions" are treasonable, and you must go to prison. There are instances where persons actually cited in the indictment as being "suspicious" and "connected with Pan-Serb propaganda," were received most graciously by Baron Rauch and invited to a banquet given in his honor, simply because they professed themselves members of the Serb Radical Party, which seceded from the coalition. Over 100 sittings of the trial were spent in proving these unprovable "intentions"; in proving that the Serbs are enemies of the Croats and Croatia, and sympathise with Servia. The uninitiated reader may ask what racial antagonisms have to do with high treason in this country of mixed races. Such struggles exist between Germans and Czechs, Poles and Ruthenes, Croats and Italians, &c., and nobody ever thought of construing high treason out of them. Yet according to the Agram indictment, a Serb commits high treason by his antagonism to a Croat, nay, rather, by his adherence to the Croato-Serb coalition and his support of his Croat brethren in their struggle against the Magyars. The reason of these proceedings is clear. The union of the Serb Independent Party with the Croats has led to a stubborn fight against Magyar pretensions in Croatia, which bars Hungary from the sea; and Croats and Serbs when united, can always command a majority in the Croatian Parliament, despite official oppression and a scandalous suffrage system giving only 3 per cent. of the population the right to vote. It is but natural that the Magyars, accustomed to oppress the nationalities in Hungary at their own sweet will, accustomed also to have a free hand in Croatia under the notorious regime of Count Khuen-Héderváry, cannot tolerate so "abnormal" a situation as the cessation of the feud between Croats and Serbs. The present union must be severed at all costs—and hence the high treason trial. Circumstances favored the Magyars in the form of the recent Austro-Servian crisis. They gave their ready consent to the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina at the price of obtaining a free hand in Croatia.

There can be little doubt that the accused Serbs will be condemned if one considers the manner in which this unique trial has been conducted. The evidence put forward for the prosecution does not directly damage any of the accused. None of the 305 incriminating witnesses testified that they heard the accused say that "this country was once Servian and will be again," or heard them cry "Long Live King Peter!" nor does even the indictment itself impute these charges directly to them. It merely asserts that they have "caused these phenomena," while the witnesses said that "It was heard," or "It was said" that such "phenomena" existed. The deposition of the chief Crown witness, George Nastitch, which lasted fifteen days, did not bring out any substantial proof of the prisoners' guilt, although the whole fabric of treasonable charges rests upon his incriminating pamphlets. The documents which Nastitch produced as proof of the existence of a revolutionary organisation in the Southern Slav countries, consist of a few letters written to him by the chief prisoner Adam Pribitchevitch and his brother Milan, the latter of whom had passed over from the Austrian to the Servian Army, and who is said to be the author of the "revolutionary statute."* These letters, postcards, &c., were, according to Nastitch, written allegorically, so that the most innocent words really mean bombs and revolution. The fact is that Nastitch was merely an Austrian agent provocateur in Belgrade, who, after obtaining "proofs" of his connection with certain members of the club "Slavonic South" in Belgrade, invented throughout the Southern Slav countries a revolutionary movement, which, for reasons of political expediency, was only discovered—in Croatia.

The defence offered to produce witnesses to prove that Nastitch was in the service of the Austrian police—men associated with him in Belgrade, Serajevo, and Vienna, whom he instigated to blow up public buildings at Serajevo in order to prove that a terrorist organisation did actually exist, and who, being in want of money, collaborated with him for some time. Now he brands these men as common thieves, unworthy of credence. "They are all liars," said Nastitch. "If they are liars it is useless to call them here to testify," said the President of the court, showing clearly that he only accepts evidence on the one side. "We are very sorry, Mr. President," retorted a counsel for the defence, "that Mr. Nastitch did not associate with better men, whom we might produce here as witnesses." The defence also proposed over 700 witnesses to prove that the

* The main document reproduced by Nastitch in his pamphlet "Finale."

accused Serbs were peaceful citizens, who neither held secret meetings nor boycotted the Croats, nor had King Peter's picture in their houses, &c. These witnesses are for the most part Croats, men of the highest standing, Government and county officials, policemen, gendarmes, who, by the very nature of their office, ought to have observed the incriminated "phenomena," professors, priests, deputies, bankers, in short, men of unimpeachable character. The Crown witnesses, on the other hand, are men of low condition and no education, some actually convicted criminals, and all fanatical political opponents of the prisoners. The court allowed only sixteen out of the 700 to be examined, and even these only upon certain specific points of minor importance. Thus, by order of the court which is "seeking material truth," no one is allowed to challenge the statements of the witnesses for the prosecution—a state of affairs worthy of the Middle Ages, but one which shows that the condemnation of the prisoners has been resolved upon, irrespective of their guilt or innocence. Such incidents are only possible in an unfortunate country to which Magyar rule extends. A shameful outrage upon justice is being committed in Croatia, and we are powerless to prevent it. In our helplessness we can only expose the bare facts before an impartial European public, and invite it to express its disgust at methods so unworthy of a civilised state and of the enlightened age in which we live.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. Lupis
(Croatian Deputy in the Diet of Dalmatia).
Curzola, Dalmatia,
September, 1909.

# Letters to the Editor.

## "THE SET-BACK TO WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE."

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Mrs. E. M. White is in accord with me on so many important points that it is perhaps ungracious to point out more precisely where we differ, but in the interests of clear thinking will you allow me to do it?

She condemns the "broken word of honor," the "sex antagonism," she desires no more than I do to gain the vote by "odious methods," she is "not an advocate of the limited Bill," she writes "in no sense as representing the militant party," and yet she thinks their "help is . . . proving invaluable," and "the question . . . has been advanced" by their methods. If she thinks so, why doesn't she join them—join in the stone-throwing, the petty, vulgar personal annoyances, the rough-and-tumble conflicts with the police whose duty it is to keep the streets clear from unlawful and dangerous assemblies, and in the practical denial of the right of free speech to statesmen, many of whom support the very claim which these women imagine, I suppose, they are furthering?

But Mrs. White won't do that. She is willing they should throw the stones, and break their word of honor; but she won't do such things herself. She only pats them on the back for doing it—a position, I confess, which is an enigma to me.

Mrs. White is so annoyed with "the ordinary voter" that she declines to shape her policy in order to please him; she wishes, apparently, to get the vote without him. But how on earth can she get it without him? His votes in the ballot-box are the one and only means by which she can get it. Why then antagonise him? She says this annoying "electorate" has been "sued" "for forty and odd years" for this bit of "bare justice," and she speaks of "the reply" that has been given "time after time." Why, they haven't been "sued" once! Not once has the question of Women's Suffrage been referred to the electorate, and therefore no reply has been received.

The opinion of the House of Commons has been tested often, with varying results, but it is quite inaccurate to say that the "first Women's Suffrage Bill of 1906 was . . . impudently talked out." Mr. Dickenson, its sponsor, moved the closure, but the Speaker refused to accept it, for several reasons, it was understood, one of which was that Mr. Dickenson, I am happy to say, in his able opening speech, threw over his own Bill, as inadequate for its purpose. Nor is it accurate to say that it is "that occasion from which precisely dates the present militant movement." That movement began in the autumn of 1904 at Sir Edward Grey's meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. I saw it begin, and a heart-sickening sight it was.

If Mrs. White knew as well as I do the heroic and successful efforts of men to give women control over their own property and children, and to secure better conditions in their industrial lives, she would never accuse men generally of seeking their own "dominance" and women's "subservience," or of passing laws "always to their (women's) disadvantage." There are more men than women, far more, at this moment engaged in fighting "intemperance, insanitary housing, a contaminated milk supply," and the like. Women claim a more effective place in that crusade, that is all. The violent women, however, are busily engaged in barring the door.

For Mr. Finlayson's approval I am very grateful, but his rebuke for my "studied silence" does not wound. The disapproval of the constitutional Suffragists has been more widely known from the very first, among women at any rate, than he realises. That it was not made more public was due to a desire to avoid personal controversies among women, and an expectation and hope that so wild and unreasoning a movement would wear itself out. I wrote as I did because it has become a public danger as well as a public nuisance.

I have no wish to shield myself behind initials only, and therefore sign myself—Yours &c.,

(Mrs.) S. A. Byles.
8, Clarence Gardens, Hampstead,
September 21st, 1909.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—I should like, with your permission, to contribute a question of an urgent and practical character to the discussion on women's franchise which is proceeding in your columns. What effect will an early dissolution, whether forced upon the country by the Lords or hastened by the Government itself, have upon the prospect of the women's movement? In either event the Lords' Veto and the Social Policy of the Budget will be the "predominant issue." If the Government is allowed by its supporters to maintain silence on this subject, it is obvious that it will receive no mandate. If it receives no mandate, its victory at the polls would seem to involve another four years of governmental inaction. The question, we shall be told once more, was not "before the country," and, though we all know that no other question has been for the past four years so passionately and continuously forced upon the public mind, yet there is a risk that in 1909, as in 1906, it will not rank as a recognised "issue" at the polls. On the consequences of ignoring it throughout another Parliament, one need hardly enlarge. No one who knows anything at all of the women's movement can suppose that it is possible either to discourage or repress it. Its membership and its influence, even in the remoter provinces, steadily increase, and with them the number of women who are ready to engage in militant action, with all its consequences of imprisonment and the hunger-strike. Whether one thinks primarily of the sufferings of the women themselves, of the waste of so much energy and courage, of the disorganisation of public life, or of the discredit to progressive parties which seem amid these conflicts to pose as the opponents of a just cause, no man who pauses to reflect can deliberately wish that these four years of struggle should be prolonged to eight. Yet that must be the consequence of a refusal of the two historic parties to allow the extension of the franchise to figure as an issue at the coming election.

Two objections may be raised. It will be said that amid an absorbing struggle with the Lords, there will be no room for "side issues." That is true. But no Government ever does confine itself in after years to the main issue at the General Election which gave it power. The average elector is not thinking about Home Rule or Welsh Disestablishment. But already the Master of Elibank, in a sort of preliminary election address, aimed at Lord Rose-

bery's head, has mentioned Home Rule as one of the issues on which he will ask for the opinion of Mid-Lothian. If other Ministers follow that example, even in the most perfunctory way, they will satisfy all the requirements of the "mandate" theory. Compact bodies of voters can secure justice for a "side issue," even during a whirlwind election. It would be possible for the large group of members of all parties who profess, I do not know how sincerely, to have the cause of women's enfranchisement at heart, to secure for it a place among the items in the mandate.

It will also be said, no doubt, that a Dissolution alters nothing in Mr. Asquith's pledge. In a sense that is true. He dated his Reform Bill with a Woman's Suffrage Amendment in "a dim and speculative future." If this Parliament runs its normal course, that future may arrive next year or early in 1911. If a Dissolution intervenes, it is postponed, I suppose, until some time between 1914 and 1916. It will hardly be argued that a "pledge" of that kind, always receding and weighted with difficult conditions, should satisfy any body of women in earnest about their rights.

I doubt whether most progressives, who profess a theoretical acceptance of the case for woman's suffrage, have yet realised how large a responsibility Mr. Asquith assumed when he gave that "pledge." Let us, for argument's sake, assume that, despite Mr. Asquith's known antagonism to the principle of the suffrage, it was a sincere promise. It imposed a delay of uncertain length, prescribed an oddly indirect procedure, and asked for proof of the ripeness of public opinion very difficult to furnish. But much more serious than this was the condition that the enfranchisement clause shall be "democratic," or in other words shall impose adult suffrage. To me, as a Socialist, adult suffrage, were it attainable in any measurable time, would be preferable to any limited Bill. But time has to be measured now by the hundreds of women who every year are sent to prison for this cause. I see no movement for adult suffrage. There is, I believe, some league or other, which meets once a year to preserve the copyright of its title. The Trade Union Congress annually includes it among the hundred and one things which it desires. In an inert and flabby way, most "advanced" people are verbally ready for the greater change. But the masses have not even begun to think about it. All the propaganda of these past few years has been done for the limited Bill. The working-man sees that there is a case for giving a vote to women who are fighting their own battle in the world, to doctors, teachers, and nurses, to widows and single women who work in factories. But I am afraid he does not yet see the case for giving a vote to his own wife. The middle-class man is absurdly afraid of that bugbear, the majority of women, and cautious opinion dreads the sudden enfranchisement of so many inexperienced millions at once. For the limited Bill there is (or was) a substantial majority, drawn from all parties in the House. But who would venture to affirm that there is in this House, or will be in the next, without the aid of the Whips, a majority among Liberals and Labor members sufficient to carry an Adult Amendment? For a moderate Bill, which had all but arrived, Mr. Asquith suddenly substituted a vast scheme of change, which excites the maximum of opposition, which will secure the minimum of support, and for which no work whatever is being done either in the country or in the House.

I do not profess to know whether Mr. Asquith was consciously postponing woman's suffrage to the Greek Kalends. On one condition the difficult procedure which he laid down would seem to be worth adopting—that Liberals, having prescribed the heroic course of universal enfranchisement, should back it with all their forces, with Limehouse speeches, and organised leagues, with the weight of the party organisation and the Government's prestige. If they do less than this, they have rendered all advance impossible, by rejecting moderate measures, while refraining from the advocacy of their own larger plan.

To one plea for doing nothing no answer in these columns is required. Liberals, who did not cease to advocate the cause of Ireland when landlords were shot and cattle maimed, who insist that Indian reforms shall go forward in spite of terrorism, cannot make the violence of some "militant" methods an excuse for inaction. One need not contend that all women are fit for the vote. We always knew that the sex included the usual proportion of the drunken, the frivolous, the criminal, and the unfit. We know now that it also musters more than its normal allowance of courage and self-sacrifice. If all women were models of Christian resignation and angelic self-suppression, the sex would not deserve the vote. It would be fit only for chattel slavery.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. Brailsford.

32, Well Walk, N.W.
September 22nd, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Your correspondent, "S. A. B.," is mistaken in believing that the tide has set strongly against women's suffrage. It is not the fact that Suffragists find themselves increasingly unpopular in the country at large. On the contrary, women's suffrage is the one subject (except the Budget) which may be trusted to fill any hall in any town or in any village. It is the fact that every suffrage society finds its membership and its funds increasing more rapidly than ever before. It is, I am assured, the fact that the organ of the most violent society has a circulation of 50,000. It is the fact that after every by-election, a petition *from electors* in favor of women's suffrage has gone up to the new member, and that in most cases the number of electors signing would have been enough to turn an election. As to the manifestations of violence by Suffragists (which, personally, I regret), it should be remembered: (1) that such violence has been far smaller, both in degree and in extent, than that exhibited by men agitating for enfranchisement; (2) that it has been far less than has been employed against women in the course of this very agitation; (3) that, even in the most militant of societies, violence forms a very small part of the total activity, although newspapers (for reasons which I will not stop to analyse) abstain from chronicling the peaceful efforts which form nine-tenths of the whole propaganda. As to the election policy of the militant section (which, personally, I think mistaken), it is at least a perfectly lawful and peaceful policy which no citizen can be justified in denouncing another for employing.—Yours, &c.,

Clementina Black.

Hampstead, September 21st, 1909.

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## THE INSPECTION OF ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—Will you allow me, in justice to the Roman Catholic community, and pursuant to the request of some of their representatives, to remove a misunderstanding that has arisen on the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission?

Commenting, in that report, on the remarkable fact that the Local Government Board made no inspection, and possessed practically no official information as to the education of the 11,000 Poor Law children in the 269 certified and the hundred or more uncertified schools and homes, we said:—

> "In 1883 a London Board of Guardians inquired, with some anxiety, whether there was any Government inspection at all of the education in these certified schools, for which the Boards of Guardians were paying large sums. In consequence of this inquiry, arrangements were made, in the course of the next few years, for getting twenty-three out of the fifty-five Roman Catholic institutions—but no others—regularly inspected by the Inspectors of Poor Law Schools. In 1904 the duty of inspecting the education in these twenty-three schools (and in these only) was transferred to the Board of Education. . . . So far as we can ascertain, the education given in the other Roman Catholic schools, some of which have over a hundred boys or girls, and that given in the schools and homes belonging to other denominations or to no denomination—*apart from a score of institutions which happen to receive grants also from the Board of Education as being public elementary schools*—is, to this day, not subject to any inspection whatever."

It has been pointed out to us that this statement, whilst verbally not inaccurate, might conceivably be misunderstood to suggest (a) that the Roman Catholic schools and homes are less inspected than others; and (b) that they are in some way inferior or open to suspicion. I am glad to be able to place on record, on behalf of the Minority,

that neither of these suggestions was intended. Nothing in the work of the Commission led me to doubt that all Roman Catholic children, if not "boarded out" in Roman Catholic families, or placed by themselves in a "scattered home" under a Roman Catholic "house mother," ought to be placed in Roman Catholic institutions.

Unfortunately, by some unexplained error, we adduced (in a footnote not reproduced in any unofficial edition) as examples of schools in which the L.G.B. inspectors did not inspect the educational work, two boarding schools (the St. Paul's R.C. Home at Coleshill, and the St. Clare R.C. Orphanage at Pantasaph) which happen also to be classed as public elementary day schools under the Board of Education, *and were thus excluded by the exception in the text of the Report that I have italicised above.* The naming of these schools in the footnote was therefore a mistake on our part, for which we have done our best to make amends.

We are now informed by Mr. J. Harrison, of Leicester, that he has ascertained privately what is not stated in any official list known to us, that all but five of the fifty-five certified Roman Catholic schools have their educational work inspected under one head or another, either by the Board of Education or by the Local Education Authority, or by both. Only five, and these small and exceptional places, are at the present time not thus inspected. We gladly record the fact, and we regret that it is not officially promulgated. The Roman Catholic schools deserve credit for the alacrity which they have shown in welcoming the visits of H.M.I. and the Government grant.

But a larger question arises. We must again repeat our criticism that the L.G.B. in 1904, when it was understood that the inspection of the Education of Poor Law children as such, to whatever denomination they belonged, was handed over to the Board of Education, apparently transferred the educational inspection *as boarding schools* of only twenty-three certified schools and homes (and these all Roman Catholic); and did not transfer the educational inspection of the 246 others. Up to last year, the latter duty had still not been assumed by the Board of Education. The incidental inspection of some of these institutions *as day schools* does not suffice, nor do the visits of the L.G.B. inspectors compensate for the absence of inspection by H.M.I.S. Was it, or was it not, decided by the Government in 1904 that the educational inspection of Poor Law children as such, to whatever denomination they belonged, should be transferred from the L.G.B. to the Board of Education? Why has this not yet been done?—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE WEBB.
(Mrs. Sidney Webb.)

41, Grosvenor Road, Westminster,
September 21st, 1909.

## THE GORRINGE CASE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—My statement of the Gorringe case has at least had one noteworthy effect, in that, upon further consideration of it, and of the reasons with which I have supported it, Mr. James H. Robertson has been led to admit that his criticism was "too sweeping," for he finds that the whole of the £3,000 rate imposed from the land value is not, as he had asserted, taken as Mr. Gorringe's "share of certain definite services . . . as essential, in the main, for the carrying on of his business as the electric light and water he uses." On the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, I might be contented to accept this, were it not that I think I am entitled to the whole batch.

Before discussing this, however, may I refer to other correspondents whose intervention may also be regarded as a curious result of my statement—a statement which, as your readers may remember, was made tentatively and with a view to elicit the real facts of the economic and rating conditions? Mr. Lewis characterises one of my statements as "arrant nonsense." As he signs his name, whereas it is desirable for me to remain anonymous, it would manifestly be unfair and ungentlemanly if I were to retort upon him with similar language; whatever insulting phrases he may use cannot affect me as I hide in my entrenchment. He takes exception to my statement that Mr. Gorringe was "willing to pay £50,000," &c., and asserts that "Mr. Gorringe himself told me that he regarded the terms as so outrageous that he very nearly abandoned the scheme." I am afraid that Mr. Lewis has no remorse in dealing with his friends. If I recollect aright, shortly after the lease had been concluded on these "outrageous" terms, the business was floated as a limited liability company, and among the advantages enumerated in the prospectus was this eminently favorable and satisfactory lease, which Mr. Lewis reports Mr. Gorringe as calling "outrageous." The question is, was Mr. Gorringe playing upon Mr. Lewis's amiable susceptibilities, or did the person who drew up the prospectus endeavor to pass off stale fish upon an undiscerning public? For my part, I think the lease was honest. Probably it was not unfair; for if Mr. Gorringe were screwed up to the highest rent he was willing to pay—and of course I use the word "willing" in the sense customary with writers on economics—we have here the actual market price, the highest which the seller can obtain; and any question of Mr. Gorringe having "created" the value may be set aside, as not arising in an economic problem. Mr. Gorringe was sufficiently acute and able in a business sense to get back his own with interest before his lease ran out.

Mr. Lewis, however, provides a curious instance of the way in which it is possible to endeavor to support a case by arguments entirely destructive of it. The plea of Mr. Lloyd George, and, I may say, of the Liberal Party generally, is that the State is entitled to a large slice of what is styled the "unearned increment"; alleging, indeed, that the rise in value is due to the activities of "the community"; whereas Mr. Lewis, praising Mr. Lloyd George for taking his twenty per cent., is ready to stake his head—possibly even his business reputation—upon the fact that Mr. Gorringe, by working hard "for forty-five years to attract trade to a street possessing previously little or no commercial value," had by his labor "mainly created" the value of the land. It seems to me that, if Mr. Lewis's narrative is at all accurate, the Liberal theory as to "the community" creating the value cannot be maintained, and that his praise of Mr. Lloyd George might be better bestowed upon some person who was not showing a keen anxiety to take one-fifth of the proceeds of what Mr. Lewis evidently regards as an outrageous robbery. I note that Mr. Lewis characterises this anxiety as "far-seeing statesmanship," and, in the circumstances, I am not disposed to quarrel with his suggestion that there is "great confusion" in my mind, and that I am "evidently bewildered" by the variety of Ministerial counsel.

Mr. Laycock, of Sheffield, rejoices in my demonstration that one-third of the land value already is taken for public purposes; he regrets that the public do not take—apparently without payment—the other two-thirds. He asks what has the Duke done or given at any time for his two-thirds? I do not know whether Mr. Laycock has ever received anything for which he has not worked. If no man were entitled to own anything which he himself had not created, some people would be in a bad way.

Mr. James H. Robertson suggests that, in my statement of the value of the land at £9,000, I had "completely overlooked" the "fundamental principle" that we are supposed to pay rates and taxes in return for work done by the public authority which collects those rates or taxes. The truth is, the principle is so elementary and obvious that, until Mr. Robertson made discovery of it with such triumphant skreel on the pipes, I had not imagined there could be any necessity for stating it. That the public authority deigns to perform certain work—usually in a somewhat expensive manner—does not affect the fact that the money is taken for public purposes, as distinguished from private services. The preservation of the peace, for instance, is a public service, and not one rendered peculiarly on behalf of this plot of land leased by the Duke of Westminster to Mr. Gorringe; indeed, it might be said of any such individual plot that, if it were possible for it to be wiped out of existence, the general cost of preserving order would not be reduced by one penny. I am, of course, aware that you could not, on this principle, imagine the annihilation of the whole of London and still maintain the cost of policing it, my mental equipment not enabling me to follow a line of reasoning closely parallel to that by which Mr. Robertson would make the landowner "pay his tenants income-tax together with every form of public revenue."

I do not agree that "rates must always be regarded as necessary outlays, as essential for the full development and successful carrying on of business as any other working expenses." In the last twenty years, there has been in most cities a very large increase of rates. Can Mr. Robertson show that this increase has been attended with, and is the cause of, increased business? Is it not true that, in some cases, firms have found the burden so heavy that they have removed their businesses? Is it not also true that often, as a result of municipal expenditure—*e.g.*, in the construction of trams or of new streets—trade is actually taken away from many shopkeepers? I think if Mr. Robertson will exchange his theoretic method for that of inquiry from tradesmen, he will find the great majority asserting that the rates, so far from being an assistance to them in their trade, are, at any rate for the most part, a very serious hindrance. To represent them as on the same footing as manufacturers' materials and wages is, I fancy, inconsistent with any accepted economic doctrine.

Mr. Robertson, no doubt, honestly attributes to me "the evident conviction that Messrs. Gorringe's contributions to the rates must naturally and properly be regarded in the light of payments made by the Duke of Westminster." I did not say anything of the kind, nor is that necessarily my "mental attitude." What I do say is, that, so far as the increased value of the land is concerned, one-third of it seems to be taken for public purposes, and that, but for this taking, the Duke might have made Mr. Gorringe pay that third in rent. Mr. Robertson ignores the rates that Messrs. Gorringe pay out of their own pocket, on account of the buildings they occupy, which are not rented from the Duke. The only concern the Duke had with them, apparently, was to insist upon their being of a certain value and character; if the values were greater than Mr. Gorringe would have decided upon for himself, the Duke was a public benefactor, for, by increasing the value of the buildings, he also increased Messrs. Gorringe's contribution to the public service. Mr. Robertson forgets the investigations by the late Lord Goschen and others, from whom I could quote at length if I were not holiday-making in a "far countrie"—investigations into the incidence of the rates, showing clearly that, in many instances where businesses are concerned, and especially in agriculture, the tenant, in considering a new occupancy, naturally lumps together the amount of rent and rates as what may be called the base annual expenditure that has to be met, in addition to the immediately profit-yielding outlay on wages and materials. The two latter he can usually vary from time to time, as the courses of his trade requires, but the combined rent and rates he must consider as a fixed and first item in his calculations—and if the rates go up the rent must come down. Mr. Robertson admits that "any subventions given in aid of rates would go into the pocket of the landowner"; he says it is "undeniable," but he fails to perceive that, if, by means of such a subvention, say, from the taxes or from the profits of some great invention owned by the public, the whole of the public services were paid for, so that the necessity of rating disappeared, the whole of the £9,000 yearly paid by Mr. Gorringe on account of the tenure of his land would go into the pocket of the Duke of Westminster.

But, whether the amount which the Duke might take be the whole of the £3,000 now allocated to public purposes, or that smaller sum which Mr. Robertson now admits to be contributed in excess of services rendered, and which, therefore I suppose he will allow me to be right in regarding as coming out of the pocket of the landowner, I must ask if there is any other form of property or wealth on account of which such large demands are made by the public upon the owner?—Yours, &c., LEODIENSIS.

September 20th, 1909.

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*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is a bluebottle in the holiday ointment that one sees one's NATION at irregular intervals. Doubtless before now some other correspondent has commented upon the amazing bit of reasoning to which Mr. L. J. Clegg has put his name in your issue of the 11th. The Duke's action is not to be styled blackmail, because, if Mr. Gorringe had obtained a renewal at a reduction, such action would not be considered blackmail. Of course it wouldn't. If Mr. Gorringe had obtained a reduction, it could only have been because nobody else in all London, aye, or in all Great Britain, was willing to pay a higher rent; in other words, the rent, whatever it was, would have been the absolute market value rent. Mr. Gorringe had no means of bringing pressure to bear upon the Duke. The Duke was in the position of being able to exercise most stringent pressure upon Mr. Gorringe. He could throw into the scale against his tenant the capital of all his tenant's competitors, indeed, of the gigantic mass of capital always seeking industrial investment. Thus secured, he could screw out of Mr. Gorringe the uttermost farthing of rent.

Is such action blackmail, or is it simply hard bargaining? It is, of course, not blackmail in the original, the historic sense of the term, the sense in which it was used by Rob Roy and Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Is it blackmail in the current sense? It has at least this in common—that one of the two parties to the bargain is in the position of being able to exercise pressure upon the other. But does this justify our styling it blackmail? I think not, as the use of this term now involves the postulate of something dishonorable in the relation of the two parties. If I forge my father's name or seduce my mother's maid, the fact is as dishonoring to me as Jones's use of his knowledge of the fact for the purpose of extorting money from me is dishonoring to him. It is surely advisable to restrict the use of the term to such cases as these. But none the less is it necessary to distinguish transactions between landlord and tenant, such as that between the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Gorringe, from ordinary transactions involving bargaining. May we not style such transactions *greymail*?

The element which discriminates greymail from bargaining is the position of privilege occupied by one of the bargainers. If I am a collector of *Henri II.* ware, and know that Messrs. Wertheimer have a *tazza* for sale, I may find their price of £1,000 high; if I know that they picked up the object for a few shillings, I may find the bargain a dreadfully hard one, but if I accept I have no ground for complaint. It is open to me to refuse; Messrs. Wertheimer cannot force me to accept. If I do so, I do it freely.

But if I am a Bond Street shopkeeper in occupancy of premises for fifty years and having therein built up a business of world-wide repute; if my lease runs out and I am told I can only obtain a renewal at a redoubled rental, I am not *free* to accept or reject. Removal would in any case be a heavy expense, but, still more, as every retail trader knows, "address hath in it somewhat of the nature and substance of goodwill." The expression of that somewhat in definite financial terms is a problem from the solution of which even the best business man shrinks. Something he knows he must sacrifice. And so I enter upon the bargaining in a position of marked inferiority to my landlord. I have no argument I can use against him; he has most potent arguments which he can use against me. He can *greymail* me. And he does.

The point then is this: the urban landlord can greymail. And he is the only member of the community who can do so. Everyone else—artist, doctor, lawyer, financier, manufacturer, trader, artisan—bargains with the community to which he sells his services under the stress of competition, and hence upon fairly equal terms. Exceptionally skilful individuals may secure exceptional rewards, but the community gives that reward freely. The urban landlord has not to contend against competition—competition is his ally. It says much for the inherent divinity of discontent that instead of going down on his knees and thanking God fasting for his privileged position, he sets up a hideous howl when he is asked to make a small payment for his privilege.—Yours, &c., A LONDON LEASEHOLDER.

September 20th, 1909.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED., NATION.]

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## DANTE'S SYSTEM OF MORALS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—I shall be greatly obliged if you will allow me to make one or two comments upon the learned review of my book which appeared in THE NATION of September 11th. The writer of the review seems to think that he has demolished me, but, so far as I can judge, he makes two

attacks upon Aquinas (with both of which I sympathise), while my own position relatively to Dante is scarcely discussed.

First, as to a question of fact, I cannot conceive why I am charged with maintaining that *malitia* is not a translation of Aristotle's *κακία*. If by *malitia* your reviewer means Dante's *malizia*, I can only reply that one of my chief theses is that Dante does allude primarily to Aristotle. If, again, he is thinking rather of Aquinas, my point is merely that the doctrine of *malitia* was affected by other traditions besides the Aristotelian, a point too obvious to need defence. Again, when your reviewer finds it astonishing that I have failed to understand St. Thomas's doctrine of malicious sin, he wastes his astonishment. The information that he gives on the subject has been familiar to me for years; but the question is whether St. Thomas's own statements are consistent with a psychology which makes so rigid a distinction between passions and will. So far as Aristotle is concerned, I have myself remarked (p. 289) that the *intemperatus ex malitia* is a typical case, and, from the standpoint of human experience, there is no difficulty about such a sinner. On the other hand, when you bring him into contact with the technical psychology of St. Thomas, I think the difficulty is serious, more serious, perhaps, than St. Thomas perceived. But does the difficulty affect Dante?

First, however, I must touch on your reviewer's criticisms which relate to *odium*. Here again St. Thomas puts us in a difficulty, though mainly one of words. When *odium* is said to be the end involved in all deliberate injuries, the word must not be confounded with the "feeling" of hatred. A deliberate injury involves wanton disregard of *caritas*, and wanton disregard of *caritas* is *odium*. St. Thomas, indeed, ekes out his meaning with *superbia* (a point ignored by your reviewer), but even then his terms are plainly inadequate if we insist on comparing them with our ordinary use of words. When speaking of murder or some other crimes, it is appropriate to say that a malicious sinner wills an act "because he knows that it will damage his neighbor"; but in other connections, as I freely allow, *odium* has to be understood rather as meaning wilful indifference to the fact that a certain action must injure another. Was the act an *injuria?* Did you know that it was? Did you, nevertheless, plan to do it? If the malicious sinner replies affirmatively to these questions, he stands convicted of *odium*. From a modern point of view, there may be objections to this doctrine; but, as I do not conceive that they affect the interpretation of the Inferno, I shall not pursue them further. Now, as to Dante, my own position is that he has chosen to treat all malicious sins as technically *injuriae*, or, in other words, that no sinner corresponding in type to the *intemperatus ex malitia* is openly recognised in the Inferno.

Against this position your reviewer brings no arguments, but he cites the case of Jason, and I cannot imagine an instance more favorable to my own contention. Can anything be more certain than that Jason is punished, not because he placed his *finis* in carnal delights, but because he *deceived* two women? Dante states explicitly in Inf. XVIII., 92, that *inganno* is the sin, and he repeats it in line 97. Now *inganno* is a kind of fraud, and fraud is essentially injustice. Again, Jason did not, of course, "hate" his victims in the ordinary sense, but he wantonly did an act which he knew to be injurious to them, and he wantonly deceived them. In other words, *odium* and *fraus* were combined. To represent Jason as the *intemperatus ex malitia* is quite hopeless. How far Dante may have realised that malicious sin need not always be *injuria*, or how far he intended to combine the two aspects one cannot tell, but one may reflect that, if he had merely taken his stand on the fact that all actions caused by passion may eventually be caused by malice, he would have been in danger of making his lower circles a tiresome duplicate of the upper. Artistically, he had everything to gain by laying emphasis on the fact that all malicious sin must be a deliberate injury, either to God or to man. In conclusion I must express a mild astonishment that your reviewer has aimed all his shafts at my exposition of Dante's three lowest circles. That everything *except* the account of these circles is highly controversial I cannot doubt, but that Dante's malicious sins are all technically *injuriae* I believe to be indubitable, and my belief was much strengthened when I found that Father Busuelli, with his vast knowledge of Aquinas, had arrived at substantially the same conclusion.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. V. Reade.

September 21st, 1909.

## NEW INCOME-TAX NOTICES.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

Sir,—The Notices of Charge now being sent out for the current year have a slip attached, printed in red, stating that the allowances provided in the Finance Bill now before the House of Commons in respect of children under sixteen and in respect of earned income where the total income from all sources exceeds £2,000 but does not exceed £3,000 may be claimed by anyone entitled to them on a form for that purpose, which may be obtained from the Surveyor of Taxes immediately the Finance Bill becomes law, and we see from some of the daily papers that many people imagine that it is not necessary to send in their forms of return, claiming the ninepenny rate of duty on earned income, by the 29th inst., in accordance with the Finance Act of 1907.

We fear that unless your readers are warned, some of them will lose the reduction on their earned income for the current year, as the slip above mentioned only refers to the additional allowances provided by the present Finance Bill, and does not affect the question of claiming the ninepenny rate of duty where the total income does not exceed £2,000. The Act of 1907 expressly states that claims must be sent in before September 30th, and from our experience, since the year in which the Act was passed, the authorities have been very firm about not allowing the reduction unless a claim was sent in before that date.

Seeing that the reduction this year will mean a saving of nearly 36 per cent. in the tax on the portion of income that is earned, it is all the more important that a claim should be lodged in time.

Many taxpayers neglect to give notice of appeal within the ten days allowed for that purpose, from the date on the Notice of Charge, and consequently they give the Surveyor of Taxes the opportunity of refusing to allow the appeal, should they subsequently send in a notice. It is important, therefore, that everyone should be careful to give notice of appeal in good time, as it is the only opportunity they will have of appealing, no matter how excessive an assessment may be.—Yours &c.,

R. M. Currie.

The (Income) Taxpayers' Appeal Agency,
191, Victoria Street, London, S.W.
September 21st, 1909.

# Poetry.

## THE PICTURE.

The picture of a little child
Hangs on my wall and smiles: 'tis you
When you were seven years old—you smiled
Even then as no one else can do.

And yet, dear love, you never knew
Whom you were blessing then, nor how
The little curves that painter drew
Would be your lover's daydream now.

Had you died then, they would have said:
'Only a little girl is dead';
They could not (how could I?) have known
That, without seeing even or grieving,
My soul had lost beyond retrieving
The one soul born to be its own.

R. C. K. Ensor.

# The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE most interesting of the political books of the season will perhaps be Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's volume of speeches by Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill's style is not to the taste of his opponents, but at its best it is the most finished and literary oratory of our time. Both in Mr. Churchill's speeches and his writings occur passages which, for richness of vocabulary and power and balance of expression, will compare with the best examples of English prose, seek for them where we may.

* * *

THE autobiography of Princess Hélène von Racowitza, which Messrs. Constable announce for early publication, promises to be one of the most interesting memoirs of the season. Princess von Racowitza was, of course, the heroine of Meredith's "The Tragic Comedians," and the story of her love affair with Lassalle is told at length in the coming volume. Her mother, Frau von Dönniges, held a famous salon at Munich, and there Princess Hélène became acquainted with Hans Andersen, Liebig, and other notable figures, while her subsequent career at Berlin, at Nice, at Paris in the days of Napoleon III., and in the United States, where she stayed for some time among the Mormons and struck up a friendship with Madame Blavatsky, is full of romantic episodes. Among other matters touched upon are the strange friendship between Lassalle and Bismarck, his intimacy with Brandes, and the Princess Racowitza's relations with Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and, in later years with Richard Wagner. With such piquant materials to draw upon, the autobiography can hardly fail to make lively reading.

* * *

AMONG present-day publishers Messrs. Maunsel, of Dublin, enjoy a deserved reputation for introducing new writers of real power and distinction. Their autumn list is always awaited with interest, and this year it includes a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Padraic Colum's volume of poems, "Wild Earth," and cheap reprints of the late John Synge's "Poems and Translations" and "The Well of the Saints." In the "Abbey Theatre Series" we are to have three new plays—"The Cross Roads," by Mr. S. L. Robinson; "The Drone," by Mr. Rutherford Mayne; and "The Shuiler's Child," by Mr. Seumas O'Kelly. Other announcements are "The Day's Burden," a collection of political and literary studies by Mr. T. M. Kettle, M.P., and "Selections from the Prose and Verse of Charlotte Grace O'Brien," with a biographical introduction by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. Miss Grace O'Brien was a pioneer in the work of lessening the miseries which Irish emigrants had to suffer in their passage across the Atlantic, and receives a tribute in John O'Leary's "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism."

* * *

THAT there is a large number of people interested in Oriental poetry and philosophy is proved by the remarkable success of Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series. A couple of dozen of these little volumes have already been published, and several additions to the series are in active preparation. One of these is an abridged translation of the famous Buddhist manual, "The Path of Light," which, though it occupies among Buddhists a place analogous to that of the "Imitatio Christi" in the Western world, has never before been done into English. It has now been rendered by Mr. L. D. Barnett, Keeper of the Oriental Department at the British Museum, and will be published in a couple of weeks.

* * *

IT is now nearly ten years since readers had the pleasure of seeing a new book by Mrs. Meynell, so that "Ceres' Runaway and Other Essays," which was issued last week, is all the more welcome. Some of the papers now collected have already appeared in "The Pall Mall Gazette," and drew from George Meredith the remark that "they can be read repeatedly, because they are compact and suggestive, and at the same time run with clearness; the surprise coming on us from their combined grace of manner and sanity of thought is like one's dream of what recognition of a new truth would be." It may be remembered that a volume of Mrs. Meynell's essays induced Coventry Patmore to withdraw his statement "that no female writer of our time has attained true 'distinction.'" We hope that no such long interval will pass before Mrs. Meynell gives us yet another volume.

* * *

THE present season will see the publication of a new biography of Balzac and a new translation of his complete works. The translation, which is the first to give, in an unexpurgated form, all that Balzac wrote, runs to fifty-three volumes, and will be issued by the Caxton Publishing Company. The biography has been written by Mr. Frederick Lawton, and will be published by Mr. Grant Richards. Up to the present there is no adequate biography of Balzac in English. Miss Mary Sandars's volume, published a few years ago, contains some material that had not been printed before, and is excellent in all that relates to the facts of Balzac's life, but is not so successful in its treatment of his novels.

* * *

Two books dealing with trades that have played no inconsiderable part in our national life are promised for the present season. One is "Chronicles of Pharmacy," by Mr. A. C. Wootton, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The art of the apothecary bulks largely in fiction and has been associated with religion, superstition, science, and crime. Mr. Wootton gives an account of the more famous compounds that have been handed down to us through the ages, and also treats of the philosophers, physicians, alchemists, quacks, and adventurers, whose names are associated with the development of pharmacy. No such fascination belongs to the other volume—"The Grocery Trade: Its History and Romance"—but Mr. J. Aubrey Rees, its author, has aimed at relating the history of the trade from the fourteenth century down to our own time in a style that will interest the general reader as well as the student of politics and of social life and manners. Messrs. Duckworth are the publishers.

* * *

M. NESTOR FREMEAUX'S book on Napoleon, which was last year crowned by the French Academy, has been translated into English, and will be issued shortly by Mr. Melrose. Its title is "The Drama of St. Helena," and it gives some fresh facts about Napoleon's last days. M. Fremeaux comments adversely on the way Napoleon was treated by the English authorities, but his work is in no way partisan.

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THOSE who like to keep abreast with current French literature will welcome the appearance of the "Annales des Lettres Françaises" for 1908, which Messrs. Sansot have just issued. This useful publication is now in its third year, and contains a sort of literary diary, the books and plays which were made public each month being treated under separate headings. M. Jules Bertraut deals with literature, and M. Adrien Bertrand with the drama, and the notices, though brief, are detailed enough to give an excellent notion of the literary movement in France. The chief complaint to be made against the work is its tardy appearance, and it is to be hoped that in future it may be found possible to issue the "Annales" earlier in the year.

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BOOKS TO BE READ:—

"Garibaldi and the Thousand." By George Macaulay Trevelyan. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." By Arthur Symons. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Homer and the Iliad." By M. Stawell. (Dent. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Eternal Values." By Hugo Münsterberg. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

"One Day and Another." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 5s.)

"Tremendous Trifles." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen. 5s.)

"Ceres' Runaway, and Other Essays." By Alice Meynell. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Return of Louis XVIII." By Gilbert Stenger. (Heinemann. 18s. net.)

"The Advertisements of the 'Spectator.'" By Lawrence Lewis. (Constable. 6s. net.)

"Introduction to the New Testament." By Theodor Zahn. (T. & T. Clark. 3 vols. 36s. net.)

"The Holy Mountain." By Stephen Reynolds. (Lane. 6s.)

"The Paladin." By H. A. Vachell. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"Joachim Murat, Roi de Naples." Tome III. Par M. H. Weil. (Paris: Fontemoing. 12fr.)

# Reviews.

## THE CAREER OF FRANCIS NEWMAN.*

Mr. Tollemache, in his "Memorials of Mark Pattison," tells an amusing story of the Rector's annoyance on hearing an English lady inform a hotel acquaintance that "a brother of Sister Dora" had arrived. Professor Newman shared with Pattison the disadvantage of being overshadowed by a more prominent kinsman, and at times he resented the fact. He was, indeed, a man of sufficient distinction to stand on his own merits; the real drawback to his effectiveness was not that he was the brother of the famous Cardinal—it is one of the ironies of life that he should be so described in the inscription on his bust in the library of the London University—but that he was a man of to-morrow, perhaps of the day after, rather than of to-day. "I am anti-everything," he said of himself. He opposed alcohol, tobacco, sport, landlordism, theology, vivisection; he was a vegetarian, a humanitarian, an anti-Imperialist, an advocate of Woman's Rights. His worst enemies could not accuse him either of moderation in the form or of reticence in the expression of his opinions. "He could not beat about the bush in his beliefs; he would not keep them secret; he did not care for unpopularity in the least." This was in his family: the peculiarities of the three brothers were too marked to be accounted for by individual causes: of the second, Charles Robert, "we do not speak of him," he wrote to Miss Swanwick, "because he is as unfit for society as if he were insane."

It is difficult to-day to realise the narrowness of the environment in which his generation lived. In the religious world—and the family was religious—there was no ease or lightness: life was seen through a magnifying glass, and its details assumed unreal proportions. Can anything be heavier on hand than such an extract as this from the future Cardinal's diary?—

> "*Sept.* 30, 1821. *Sunday.*—After dinner to-day I was suddenly called downstairs to give an opinion whether I thought it a sin to write a letter on Sunday. I found dear F——— had refused to copy one. A scene ensued more painful than any I have experienced. I have been sadly deficient in . . . patience and filial obedience."

It is not surprising that such a "fireside clime" led to reaction: none but the most wooden natures could endure the strain. In 1826 Newman obtained a Double First and a Balliol Fellowship. His scruples, however, had begun: he felt himself unable to sign the Thirty-nine Articles; and consequently could neither retain his Fellowship nor take his degree. Under the influence of Lord Congleton and Mr. A. N. Groves, he became associated with the earnest men known later as Plymouth Brethren, and spent three years in missionary work in Syria. But he was drifting from received orthodoxies, and on his return to England he threw himself into the cause of social, political, and economical reform. That such work lies on the main line of religious progress is doubted by few to-day. "Drainage has an effect on spiritual life. Everyone probably will remember Dr. Nicholson's resolute assertion that 'even a stomach-ache could be a spiritual experience'!" But a few generations ago a reformer was regarded as half crank, half heretic. "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children" was adduced as an argument against anæsthetics; disgust was loudly expressed at "ladies bathing within reach of telescopes." The age was hidebound: it is not surprising that the revolt was emphatic. How it was to be done was secondary; the essential thing was to break through the hide.

In 1846 he was made Professor of Latin at University College, London. Here his success was qualified. His eccentricities of manner and even of dress were against him. He had no sense of humor. He did not know when he was making himself ridiculous. He wore, it seems, three coats—one above the other, the outer being green. The last six or eight inches of his trousers were leather to keep out the damp; his hats were ancient, and not over clean. His lectures were of varying quality. As he occupied himself more and more with extraneous work their interest declined. His reserve stood in the way of anything like personal intimacy with his pupils, and he was too much of an individualist to be generally either popular or influential. He would discourse on singular subjects. "I have a pleasant memory," writes Mrs. Tarpey, "of his holding a skein of wool for me to wind one wet afternoon, and of his telling me the while of his observation of a family of bugs. He had learned many curious things about their habits and customs, and formed a high idea of their intelligence."

His judgment was often confirmed by events. In 1850 he foresaw the Yellow Peril. He was a strenuous supporter of Kossuth. "Austria is only a Court and an army. . . Dickens is, in my judgment, a foolish man." He perceived that the end of despotisms would come when the masses were civilised, and not a day sooner. "'We without them cannot be made perfect,' seems to me the clue to European oppressions. While stupid barbarism exists in masses, it will be the tool of tyranny against the more educated and refined and wealthy." Right, not expediency, was his principle: nor, an armchair politician, did he care to mediate between the two. He disapproved of the policy of expansion, and blamed the Liberals for not reversing the steps taken in that direction by their opponents. "I cry 'Ireland for the Irish,' 'Egypt for the Egyptians,' 'India for the Indians,' *come what may* to the English Empire. But I have never read in history of any Empire being ruined or banned by Justice, Mercy, or Purity." His sympathy with the Gladstone government was limited. Mr. Gladstone was more open to ideas than any other Minister of his period; but he intensely distrusted him in the part of an "old Parliamentary hand." Irish as his leanings were, he disliked the Home Rule Bills and disapproved of the manner of their introduction. "Ireland needs the practice of local government, varying locally, before that of a central Irish Parliament. This forbids my desiring a complete triumph to Mr. Parnell." The new Liberalism, he thought, was caucus-ridden.

> "After such a transformation of the constituencies, I not only *expect—I desire*—the break-up of the Liberal Party. Little by little they have adopted the Tory idea of 'follow your leader': never think for yourself."

Nor was he blind to the questions of the near future. "Unless at a very early day the causes of un-employ be removed," he wrote in 1887, "we must calculate on frightful disorder. Evidently two measures are indispensable: (1) to stop our land from going out of cultivation; (2) to stop the demoralising waste of 135 millions per annum on pernicious drink."

His religious views mellowed with time. Dr. Martineau's colleague in the ministry, J. J. Taylor, asked him his belief as to immortality:—

> "I replied that the Most High never asked my consent for bringing me into this world; yet I thanked Him for it, and tried to glorify Him. In like manner He never asked my leave to put me after my death in this world into any new world; and, if He thought fit to do it, I am not likely to murmur against His will. But not knowing His will, nor what power of resistance He allows me, I do not attempt to foresee the future. I seem to remember Taylor's remark, that he thought I went as far as anyone could be expected to go."

"Paul is less and less, and Christ more and more," he said to a friend in his last illness; and we are told on Dr. Martineau's authority that "when he died, he wished it to be known that he died in the Christian faith."

* "Memoir and Letters of Francis W. Newman." By I. Giberne Sieveking. Kegan, Paul. 10s 6d. net.

## THE LAST KING OF POLAND.*

Mr. Nisbet Bain has performed a difficult task in tracing the decline and fall of Poland. The wrongs of that country are a familiar theme. We all know that freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell. Mr. Bain has set himself to investigate the problem how Poland, which had been a greater power than Russia, declined to a position which could not be maintained, and collapsed from internal dissensions, without being able to make one stand for freedom. It is not a pleasant duty that Mr. Bain has undertaken, and he has not sought to gild the pill. His object has been rather to enlist sympathy with Stanilaus the Second, the one statesman in the country who did for a time introduce real reforms. His book would have been better if he had not tried to combine

* "The Last King of Poland." By R. Nisbet Bain. Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.

two irreconcilable purposes. A History of Poland and a Life of its last King are not to be welded into one, and the effort to discharge the double function only serves to dislocate one without harmonising the other. This, however, is all that can be said against Mr. Bain's work. He has filled his pages with useful and entertaining information, collected with great care from original sources in the Sclavonic languages of which he was a master. He has thrown round Stanislaus a halo of romance which illumines the fall of the monarchy, and at the same time gives the King's own character an interest which, if it had been unskilfully or unsympathetically handled, it would not possess. The personal qualities of Stanislaus, like the national qualities of his subjects, were amiable and attractive. But they did not in either case conduce to practical success. The Polish Constitution was the triumph of individualism. The *liberum veto* really enabled a single Deputy to prevent any business from being done in Parliament. The King, though he saw clearly the need of thorough change if Poland was to survive, would often act on an impulse. The Polish oligarchy was not tyrannical or cruel, but its patriotism evaporated in fine phrases and good intentions. It had not the steadiness of purpose or the singleness of aim required for the fulfilment of social or political designs. Mr. Bain makes the Poles live, and writes of the past as if it were present. We can see as we read about the best of them how it was that their country was never safe. They provided against nothing which they did not see before their eyes. They trusted to the chapter of accidents. Every landed proprietor lived like an independent potentate, and his tenants or vassals regarded no one else as their master. The idea that joint action might be necessary against Russia, or Prussia, or Austria, did not occur to them, or at least they did not entertain it.

The Polish Catholics would not hear of other religious bodies being put on a level with themselves. They found themselves in a position of superiority and privilege which they had not made, which they altogether refused to abandon. Why should Dissenters, of whatever church, be granted what they did not possess? When the Duke of Wellington was induced to support Catholic Emancipation, he dwelt upon the fact that Catholics had fought as well for their country as any Protestants in the land. This argument, though it might have struck the Duke less than fourteen years after Waterloo, is a summary and epitome of the case for national union. In Poland there seems to have been no such feeling. There was the spirit of feudalism with all the loyalty and fidelity to which it gives rise. But there was none of the national spirit which the necessities of the time required. The King stood alone in his discernment of the danger and its remedy.

Mr. Bain's book suffers from lack of revision, and the tragedy of his premature death. But otherwise it is cleverly arranged, so far as the double nature of his subject enabled him to arrange it. He has brought out the wonderful temper of his hero, which enabled Stanislaus to bear with equanimity trials that would have broken down many a stronger character. If he did not know the meaning of responsibility, he was equally innocent of selfish ambition and disingenuous intrigue. Greatness in the worldly sense had been thrust upon him, and he was totally unprepared to meet its obligations. He saw clearly enough the situation in which his country was placed. He did not commit the mistake of supposing, like the Polish nobles, that Prussia would support him against the unreasonable claims of Russia, whereas Prussia was, on the whole, the more dangerous enemy of the two. It is impossible not to sympathise with a man so terribly hampered by circumstances, who met the ills of life with so much gaiety of heart. If he could have found materials for permanently reforming his country, or the means of defending her, or the opportunity of escaping from an intolerable position, he might have obtained a milder judgment from posterity. He had to make bricks without straw, to act as if things were different from what they seemed, and to rely upon supports that always eluded his clutch. Even his statesmanship was useless in such a predicament, and he could only wait for the inevitable failure of his efforts with the patience of a hopeless calm. He never complained or put blame upon others. If he had been allowed his own way, he would have acted with Russia, which was Poland's last chance. Mr. Bain has drawn the King's character and described the King's position with art and sympathy. Readers will find the personal part of his book by far the most attractive. The real fault of this volume is, as has been said before, that it combines history with biography in an indiscriminate fashion. Its excellence is to make the past live, and to bring back Poland before the eyes of a generation which had come to regard that country as an extinct volcano. Not since Miss Porter's forgotten "Thaddeus of Warsaw" has there been such a successful effort of this kind.

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## THE GOLD IN THE GARDEN.*

Gold has often proved to be an elusive commodity, especially when the means of acquiring it seemed particularly easy. We have been harboring suspicions lately of the garden gold, which was to flow in at the rate of from £600 to £800 per acre. These doubts arose in part from a degree of acquaintance with market gardening, and in part from observing that the frequent leaded column on the leader page of the daily paper which boomed French gardening dwindled down to the quarterly small-type paragraph near the police-court intelligence. When M. Blériot soared, the soil slumped. The home-coming of Lieutenant Shackleton placed M. Maraîcher under eclipse. Our misgivings grew out of two not wholly trivial considerations—the first, that the "plant" for mining the gold in the garden was a great deal more costly than the publicists knew; the second, that the taste of the British public for early Parisian forcing carrots and Cantaloupe melons was unproven.

The latest (and in many respects the best) of the string of books on French gardening which have appeared during the past few years does little to re-assure us; rather it confirms our fears that any soil in this country which becomes golden is much more likely to do so from absorbing the lost capital of eager speculators of the get-rich-quick stamp than from the harvest which it yields to steady industry. The present work gives the experience of Mr. Thomas Smith, the manager of Mr. Joseph Fels' French garden at Mayland, Essex, and it differs from most others which we know in descending to such prosaic, but important, details as a statement of monthly returns from market salesmen, and a profit and loss account for a year. The Mayland French garden is two acres in extent, and the figures show us that produce to the value of £766 4s. 6d. was sold in the first financial year, and that the cost of wages, manure, carriage, commissions, seeds, and packing materials amounted to £714 15s. 6d., leaving a profit (subject to rent and depreciation) of £51 7s. Thus the possible "£600 to £800 per acre gross" becomes £25 13s. 6d. net. This is not inspiriting, but we derive some consolation from the reflection that the returns may be expected to be higher when the garden has become thoroughly established, and the expenses may be reduced with greater experience. It would be unreasonable to expect the garden to show its best results in the first year.

We turn now to the question of capital expenditure. Mr. Smith gives us an estimate for the equipment of a two-acre garden, and it amounts to £1,290, but he warns us that at least £700 will be required to carry on until the garden comes into profitable bearing, and £2,000 is therefore his irreducible minimum. Mr. Smith does not expect the garden to pay its way at once. He suggests that the returns for the first year might be fixed at £800, and calculates that all this would be required to carry on the business for the second year. As he only allows £40 for rent, rates, and water, and £100 for the maintenance of the working proprietor, this seems only too likely. The gross returns for the second year "may amount to as much as £1,000." In the third and following years they should be still more, while expenses "should be materially re-

* "French Gardening." By Thomas Smith. Utopia Press, Worship Street, Finsbury, E.C.

duced," but it is not until after the third year that good profits are to be expected.

Mr. Smith writes thoughtfully and conscientiously. He is obviously anxious to avoid anything savoring of sensationalism. He does not permit himself to indulge any expectations of profit without good management and experienced workmanship. The most that we have to find fault with is an occasional weak expression, such as "if all goes well." Practical workers know that things are as likely to go badly as well, and that something must always be placed to reserve to cover loss from an unexpected difficulty, such as a sudden fall in prices or bad weather.

After reading Mr. Smith's book carefully, we are more than ever convinced that French gardening is not for the ordinary person, but the superman—that it is not for the casual reader of a daily newspaper to turn to as a ready source of wealth in the intervals of golf matches, but for the keen, strenuous, well-trained worker, who is equally well equipped with brains, energy, and capital. For such a man we can imagine no better practical guide than Mr. Smith's book. It tells how to plan the garden, how to equip it with suitable frames and other adjuncts, how to select and grow the various crops, and how to market. Moreover, it is excellently illustrated.

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## "CARLYLE'S FIRST LOVE."*

The "lang toon o' Kirkcaldy," in the year after Waterloo. Enter Thomas Carlyle, a dominie by profession, but as dominant by instinct, even at the age of one and twenty, as Wagner was when he was working with "the Ring inside him," as somebody has put it. He had come from Annan to run an opposition school to Edward Irving, only to find that his rival received him "with open arms," and with a wealth of passionate sympathy which did a world of good to the young man's head. His heart was set on fire by an ex-pupil of Irving, one Margaret Gordon—"genealogically and otherwise (being poorish, proud, and well bred) rather a kind of alien to the place." Her accent was "prettily English, and her voice very fine," but her aunt, Mrs. Usher, with whom she lived, was a "lean, proud, elderly dame," who talked "shrewd Aberdeenish in accent and otherwise." That settled everything. So Margaret wrote two "sisterly" letters to the young man, and four years later she married at St. George's, Hanover Square, Alexander Bannerman, banker, wine merchant, and manufacturer, of Aberdeen, who was ten years her senior. This much Carlyle students have known for thirty years; but until last year no one knew anything about the origin of Margaret. Then Mr. R. C. Archibald crossed the Atlantic, and in the course of a month discovered as much as all the genealogists had done in thirty years. The result is the present handsome volume, which represents the ransacking of material relating to Nassau in the Bahamas; Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington; Halifax and Charlottetown in his native Canada; St. John's, Newfoundland; Glasgow, Edinburgh, Kinghorn, Kirkcaldy, and Aberdeen; London, Lee, Greenwich, and Hereford; Dublin, Foxhall, and Rathmelton.

The book is a genealogical, rather than a literary study; but then Carlyle himself struck the genealogical note: "She was of the Aberdeenshire Gordons, a far off Huntly, I doubt not." So Margaret Gordon has proved a veritable siren to this enthusiastic young Canadian, leading him into by-paths, especially into the families of Gordon, Patterson, Guthrie and Bannerman, sound Scots, or of Scoto-Irish stocks, who have fascinated him because they had much to do with the building up of our Canadian empire in the unostentatious days when our countrymen acted, and did not merely talk, Imperialism.

The story begins in 1764, when a young Donegal man, Walter Patterson, was sent out to survey the Island of St. John, which came to be known some thirty years later as Prince Edward Island, in honor of Queen Victoria's father. The name of Patterson alone supplies much material for "romance." If Robert Paterson, the old fanatic immortalised in "Old Mortality," cannot be tacked on to the family tree, we know for certain that Elizabeth Patterson, who married Jerome Bonaparte in 1803, was a distant cousin of Walter Patterson, and shared something like his fate as ruler, for, after being Governor of Prince Edward Island for sixteen years (1770-86), he was recalled, and died rather miserably in London in 1798.

Patterson did what no modern governor dared—he became the father of two girls by a lady who lived and died plain Miss Hyde. The elder girl, Margaret Patterson, married in 1791, at the age of nineteen, a poor army surgeon named Alexander Gordon. If Gordon was poor, he came of good stock, tracing to the Gordons of Coclarachie, in the parish of Drumblade, Aberdeenshire, who had migrated, in the person of his grandfather, to Logie, in the parish of Crimond, on the opposite side of the county. The latter's first cousin was the famous Jacobite General, Alexander Gordon of Auchintoul, who had begun life in the Russian service, and wrote a life of Peter the Great, having married the daughter of Peter's favorite general, Patrick Gordon of Auchleuchries.

The surgeon died (on his way to England) in 1803, and his widow, Margaret Patterson, married another army surgeon, George James Guthrie (of Forfarshire origin), who was to distinguish himself in the Peninsular war. On retiring, he settled in London, and in the very year when Carlyle invaded Kirkcaldy he founded the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital.

The fourth family line opened up is that represented by Carlyle's rival for the hand of Margaret Gordon—namely, Alexander Bannerman, a staunch old Liberal, who was sent to the Reformed Parliament by his native city of Aberdeen. In 1851 he became Colonial Governor of Prince Edward Island, Margaret Gordon arriving in her native place, Charlottetown, as Governor's lady nearly fifty-one years after her birth. Verily genealogy, with its links and coincidences, is a fascinating siren, in whose service an enthusiast may forget the trouble of the passing hour.

Whether Margaret Gordon was the Blumine of "Sartor" remains a moot literary problem. Mr. Alexander Carlyle, earlier in the present year, decided, in his "Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh," that she was not; and we are inclined to agree with him. Certain it is that Margaret Gordon, prim and "sisterly" to the last, was not the equal of Jane Welsh. Truth to tell, the Carlyle interest in the volume is of minor importance. But it has proved the co-ordinating point of a mass of interesting notes on family history, tracing the careers of people who played their parts in the world with dignity, but who were never quite big enough to enter the recognised Valhallas. With its folding pedigrees and appendices, it is a book for a quiet hour and an arm-chair, when one can catch the enthusiasm of its author, and understand the extraordinary patience with which he has unravelled many tangles. It has found a most sympathetic publisher in Mr. John Lane, for the Bodley Head has become the best exponent of the art of printing the annals of the family.

* "Carlyle's First Love, Margaret Gordon, Lady Bannerman, an account of her life, ancestry, and homes, her family and friends." By Raymond Clare Archibald. Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

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## SATIRE AND REALISM.*

In "The Holy Mountain" Mr. Stephen Reynolds has produced a book which, though less valuable than "A Poor Man's House," is scarcely less original. The two books, taken together, form a social document of some completeness. These are, indeed, complementary. The author's sympathy with his S. Devon fisherfolk, because they are heartwhole in their virtues and vices, and of necessity face the hard facts of life with a courage that is not to be found in well-to-do folk who depend on the props of money, is inverted when he comes to deal with the shopkeeping burgesses of Trowbury. Part I. of "The Holy Mountain"

* "The Holy Mountain." By Stephen Reynolds. Lane. 6s.
"The Street of Adventure." By Philip Gibbs. Heinemann. 2s.

introduces us to the Trowbury trading class, and especially to the household of Mr. James Trotman, grocer and mayor, and to his cronies who foregather at the "Blue Boar," Mr. Ganthorn, Mr. Borbell the cattle drover, Mr. Clinch the draper, young George Potterne, the raffish son of a big farmer, and so forth. In the background hover minor characters, links in the social chain of Trowbury life, Miss Cora Sankey, the manageress of the "Blue Boar," and old Squire Burdrop; and in the foreground are two "young lady" shop assistants, Miss Julia Jepp, of "Clinch's Emporium," with whom the mayor's weakly son, Alec, is in love, and the knowing Miss Starkey, her confidant. It is a typical slice from the provincial loaf, one to be met with in every middling-sized town throughout the South of England, and the dull, coarse, peddling ways of the Trowbury burgesses, their incapacity for any ideas that rise above the level of the "Blue Boar," and the interests of their shops, local politics, and the squabbles on the Town Council are satirised by Mr. Reynolds with a savage harshness that recalls Swift, especially by the stress laid on unpleasant physical details. Fastidious readers may, indeed, be repelled by the earthiness of this picture of Trowbury, which is evidently the fruit of intimate familiarity; but they will be entertained by the audacity of the leading idea and the cleverness with which Mr. Reynolds handles the artistic machinery. Alec Trotman in an idle moment, while sweethearting with Miss Julia Jepp on the Downs, wills that Ramshorn Hill shall remove to Acton, to which suburb he is himself migrating, as a grocer's assistant, and the miracle is performed! The idea sounds, and is, fantastic, but the cool matter-of-factness with which the miraculous event is recorded is admirably supported by the *vraisemblance* of the tone of the "Halfpenny Press." The town of Trowbury, after a little gaping and staring at the news, goes stolidly about its daily business; but Sir Pushcott Bingley, Bart., the great Director of the "Halfpenny Press," motors down to the scene of the miracle, and determines to make Alec, as the miracle-worker, the man of the moment. The contrast between the provincial cunning of the Mayor, and the genial adroitness of Sir Pushcott Bingley is exceedingly well done, and Alec is carried off in the Director's motor car, and speedily booked for appearance as "the Mountain Mover" at a Monster Revivalists' Meeting at the Crystal Palace, and in the Church and Empire Ballet at the famous London music-hall, the Neapolitan.

In Part II. Mr. Reynolds broadens the base of his satire, and launches into an audacious and vigorous onslaught on the most staring manifestations, political, religious, philanthropic, and journalistic, of the spirit of humbug in English life. Satire, when genuine, is always justifiable, and, though timid, idealistic, and highly refined spirits may be wounded by the author's volleys of rattling grapeshot, which he discharges at Society in general, and at various forms of church and philanthropic humbug in especial, the justifiableness of his attack cannot be seriously questioned. The effect of such satire, though often distasteful at first sight, is to clear the moral air, and the reader who perseveres with the narrative of Alec's London experiences, and Sir Pushcott Bingley's far-reaching manœuvres over "The Holy Mountain," *alias* Ramshorn Hill, which is leased to a financial syndicate for religious purposes, will applaud most, if not all, of the hard hitting. Of course, the spirit and form of the novel being satiric, there are the usual satiric excesses and mercilessness shown in the attack. The weakness shown in certain chapters towards the close is due to the fact that the author, in the joyful arrogance of youth, does not discriminate between the objects within reach and the objects out of range of his arrows, and when he brings the Government and the Church into the quarrel of the religious sects over the possession of "The Holy Mountain," the satire becomes both unwieldy and suspiciously thin. The few passages of doubtful force are, however, not conspicuous, and the narrative rarely becomes wearisome, owing to the skilful manner in which the domestic scenes in the Trotman household are diversified with the London events. Looked at broadly, "The Holy Mountain" may be styled a satire on the mental life of the English middle-class and its commercial spirit. Mr. Wells has dealt with the same subjects in "Tono Bungay," and it is a good sign that, from a standpoint quite individual, though with weapons less brilliantly polished and finely edged, Mr. Stephen Reynolds should have sallied forth to challenge and encounter the hosts of Dagon.

In "The Street of Adventure" Mr. Philip Gibbs puts together an interesting novel of the life of the staff of a great London daily. Fleet Street journalism is a subject worthy to be etched and bitten in by a mordant genius in a bath of pleasing irony. Swift would have revelled in the spectacle of our Brobdingnagian world inclining a respectful ear to hastily-garbled reports of its doings, bawled at it, daily, through ten thousand journalistic megaphones. And have not cynics likened journalists to a crowd of active flies buzzing round the head of a patient, browsing ass? But, to quit uncomplimentary metaphors, the difficulty of seeing the Fleet Street world in just perspective against the background of the great world it chronicles, might baffle writers of more distinguished talents than our author. Trollope could have visualised the spectacle in his solid, thorough-going, earthy fashion. Meredith would have penned thereon corruscating and bewildering pages; and it is a loss to literature that Mr. Howells, that detached, cool observer, should have kept the disconcerting subject at arm's length.

It is a tribute to Mr. Gibbs that his impressionistic chronicle of the Fleet Street experiences of his hero, Francis Luttrell, should hold our attention throughout twenty chapters. Luttrell, a sensitive young man with an Oxford training and scholarly ideals, after starving as a journalistic "free lance," gets a post as descriptive reporter on "The Rag," a great Liberal daily with no circulation, and a disillusioned millionaire proprietor. The snapshots of Luttrell's colleagues—Bellamy the chief, Grattan the Irish war correspondent, Vicary the news editor, Bathurst the leader writer, Phillimore the literary editor, and of the special reporters, Codrington, Brandon, Quin, Miss Hubbard, and Katherine Halstead—are evidently taken from life, and the racket and strain and bewildering rush of the men's chase after "copy" in the daily race against time, are set down with atmospheric truth. The strength of the scenes lies in the peculiar London note of mental exhaustion, tiredness, cynical indifference, and nervous excitement which they exhale. The restlessness, emotional shallowness, intellectual agility, and general cheapness of journalistic life on "The Rag" are set against a background of the private, domestic affairs of most of the characters. One recognises Mr. Gibbs's artistic aim and intention, viz., to get the most varied tones and tints into his canvas, and relieve the general, shallow soullessness of the professional outlook by contrast with the deeper springs of human passion and human character.

But it is here that the author treads on dangerous ice. He has made the common mistake of being too lavish with his romantic coloring. The love interest, in the passages between Luttrell and Codrington and the beautiful Katherine Halstead, is treated too emotionally, and further, the sentimental episodes, such as the complication when Luttrell tries to befriend Peg, the cockney girl who is the mistress of his colleague Brandon, introduce a jarring note. If women are to be brought into the Fleet Street picture, a more restrained and dexterous touch is needed than Mr. Gibbs can boast. He is happiest, we think, in his concluding chapters, which set forth with convincing realism the financial crisis at the office of "The Rag" when the sands are running low, and when desperate attempts are being made to raise fresh capital from a group of wealthy Liberals, from Liberal Imperialists, from Peers, from City Jews, from anybody, in short, who has money to throw away.

This historic episode in the annals of the Fleet Street of the novel, with the final scene in which the whole staff, after being thanked in carefully-chosen phrases by the proprietor for their magnificent services, is turned into the street, and the lights are turned out outside the huge building, will not be criticised by journalists. The strain and mental worry of holding on to a precarious position from which men, better qualified, are daily trying to oust you, is perhaps over insisted on by the author, but in any case his novel, which has no dull pages, shows the aspirant the seamy side.

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## SOME TEXT-BOOKS OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.*

These books belong to Messrs. Methuen's new series called "Six Ages of European History," and are intended for use in the higher forms of schools. One interest of such a series is the indications it gives of the standard now required in history and the methods adopted in its teaching. The standard seems to be as high as is practicable, and there are many signs that history is winning the place it ought to hold in our educational programmes. In part this is due to the Universities, but the development of higher education for women has given an impetus to historical studies. Women have, of late years, won distinction in most fields of study, but they have done best in history, and it is not without significance that three out of the six text-books before us are the work of women who have had experience in its teaching.

The six text-books comprising the series cover the history of Europe from the extinction of the Western Empire by the resignation of Romulus Augustulus in 476 down to the end of the Franco-German war. It would be impossible to teach those who are still at school much more than a bare outline of the course of European history, but it is desirable that some definite period should be studied with more thoroughness, and these text-books are admirably fitted for this purpose. The boy or girl who masters one of them will be well-grounded in the period chosen, and put in the way besides of gaining a fuller knowledge of the subject. Each volume has a useful list of books, and in most cases these include some good historical novels. This is an excellent plan, for an interest in history is more frequently awakened by the reading of a novel than by any other means. One criticism we have to make upon the series as a whole is that some of the maps are very badly printed. The dotted lines marking boundaries are trying to the eyesight, and it is a pity that all maps were not placed at the end of each volume and drawn on a larger scale.

Professor Masterman has, in the opening volume, the difficult task of compressing the history of more than four centuries into two hundred and fifty pages. That, working within such a limitation and treating of so confused a period, he has managed to rise above a mere chronicle of events and to make his narrative fresh and readable is something of an achievement. The great difficulty in a book of this kind is to observe a proper proportion in the space given to each event, and here Professor Masterman shows an admirable judgment. The pages on Gregory the Great, on the Iconoclastic Emperors, and on Charlemagne's rise and administration could hardly be improved in their mixture of facts and sound and suggestive generalisations. We confess to some feeling of surprise at seeing the nine volumes of Milman's "History of Latin Christianity" among the books recommended to beginners, but Professor Masterman evidently has a high standard. His treatment of the period from the rise of Theodoric to the break-up of the Carlovingian Empire ranks with Church's "The Beginning of the Middle Ages" and the opening chapters in Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire."

Both Miss Lees, in "The Central Period of the Middle Age, 918-1273," and Miss Lodge, in "The End of the Middle Age, 1273-1453," are successful in gathering together the threads of European history during two complex ages. The persistence of the theory of political and ecclesiastical unity which survived the break-up of Charlemagne's Empire is well brought out by Miss Lees. The eleventh century was the age when the Church attained her highest degree of spiritual influence, and, though during the two following centuries her wealth and consequently her temporal power increased, her hold over people's minds gradually loosened until in the beginning of the fourteenth century the Papacy entered upon the "Babylonish Captivity" at Avignon.

With Miss Hollings's "Europe in Renaissance and Reformation, 1453-1659," we enter upon the modern period of European history. In Italy and in Germany the medieval conception of Emperor and Pope still endured, but England, France, and Spain had risen to the idea of nationality. Feudalism was disappearing and a spirit of individual revolt against caste or even class rule was springing up. It is a period of great interest, and, though Miss Hollings treats it well, her book would be more readable had she given fuller space to a discussion of the ruling ideas of the time.

The outstanding figure in Mr. A. H. Johnson's "The Age of the Enlightened Despot, 1660-1789," is Louis XIV., and the book opens with an examination of the reforms initiated by Colbert after Mazarin's death. Mr. Johnson rightly blames Colbert for his advocacy of a tariff war against Holland, then the chief industrial rival of France. Such a course was calculated to lead to war itself, and in this way "Colbert urged the king on that course of war in which he was only too eager to engage, and which was finally to ruin all efforts at reform." Mr. Johnson also pronounces Louis XIV. to be "one of the ablest men of his generation." This is difficult to maintain, for even if we do not go so far as Saint-Simon, who said the king's intelligence was "au-dessous du médiocre," we have the warrant of so high an authority as M. Lavisse for describing it as "ordinary, without initiative, and poorly equipped by an education which was, upon the whole, deplorable."

The last volume in the series, "The Re-making of Modern Europe, 1789-1878," by Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, is one of the best. The Revolution and the Napoleonic wars are clearly and succinctly described, while the later Revolutions in France, the Prussianisation of Germany, the unification of Italy, and other events in the period between 1815 and the Treaty of Berlin give the book a greater interest for the general reader than its predecessors can claim. Mr. Marriott finds the characteristic work of the nineteenth century to be "a revelation of the potent force of nationality as a principle of unification and a principle of disruption. Liberated by the French Revolution and emphasised by the Napoleonic wars, that principle founds its most conspicuous illustration . . . . above all, perhaps, in the political unification of the British race scattered in a hundred homes throughout the world." It is difficult to understand this statement, but it seems to show a confusion of the principle of nationality with the Imperial idea—two conceptions diametrically opposed to one another.

Mr. A. H. Johnson, the general editor, is to be congratulated on a number of historical manuals which, while useful for those who have examinations in view, will also help many other readers to a better grasp of European history.

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## BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS.

Although at the moment none of the ordinary school subjects is receiving special attention either from teachers or publishers, the autumn season for educational publications promises to be fairly active and interesting. Speaking generally, the new books announced or published follow well-established lines. An exception may be made perhaps in favor of geography, in which subject a long-deferred revolution appears to be in sight introducing more enlightened and stimulating methods of teaching. The objects aimed at primarily are to impart the "geographical sense" and to increase the value of geography as a subject for training the reasoning powers. Dr. Morley Davies's "Geography of the British Isles," published by Macmillan (3s.) is a good example of the new type of text-book. In the arrangement and method of this book importance is attached to geological formation as determining the natural division of the country into districts, while arbitrary political boundaries which tend to confuse children by distracting their attention from true geographical considerations are subordinated. The county division is used in the tabulation of the statistics with which the book is abundantly provided. "Bradshaw" also is summoned to the aid of the teacher. Another book on somewhat similar lines is Mr. George W. Webb's "A Systematic Geography of the British Isles," published by Methuen (1s.). The practical side of geography is em-

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phasised in Mr. B. C. Wallis's "Practical Exercises in Geography," published by Macmillan (2s. 6d.), which includes simple surveying problems, exercises in latitude and longitude, modelling from contours, and graphs connected with climate. Another type of geographical book is well represented by the Cambridge County Geographies, published by the Cambridge University Press, of which four examples—Kent, Essex, Surrey, and Sussex, all by Mr. G. F. Bosworth—have already been published (1s. 6d. each). These are reading books rather than text-books and are full of interesting historical and geographical information, with numerous illustrations and diagrams and a geological map. They should serve to inculcate in children the "county" spirit to which politicians have recently attached such importance, impressing on them at the same time the geographical significance of their native town or village.

In science there appears to be nothing of special interest from the point of view of class teaching. The Oxford University Press announce "The Story of Comets," by Mr. G. F. Chambers (6s. net), which should be added to the school library in time for the return of Halley's comet; and an "Introduction to the Study of Biology" (6s. 6d.) by Messrs. J. W. Kirkaldy and J. M. Drummond. Messrs. Dent have recently published two of their scientific primers—"Chemistry," by Professor Tilden, and "Botany," by Professor Reynolds Green (1s. each)—a series admirably designed for the man in the street, who aims at acquiring a general knowledge of the principles of science. We have also received from Messrs. Dent a delightful specimen of their "Open Air Nature Books," entitled "The Hedge I Know," by Messrs. W. P. Westell and H. E. Turner, illustrated by numerous colored plates, and published at the moderate price of 8d. The pond, wood, meadow, stream, and common are to follow. Another book on somewhat similar lines comes from Christophers, "The Scaly-Winged," a book on butterflies and moths for beginners, by Mr. R. B. Henderson of Rugby (1s. net). It includes in the last chapter (after a discussion of the morality of collecting) some useful hints on the gentle art of catching, killing, and setting. "An Apprentices' Course of Experimental Physics and Mechanics," published by Longmans, attempts to supply a real need, in view of the rapid increase in the provision of technical courses for apprentices.

"Problem Papers in Mathematics" (with answers, 4s. 6d.), by Mr. R. C. Fawdry, of Clifton, announced by Macmillan, deserves mention. An "Introduction to the School Geometry" (1s.), by Messrs. W. P. Workman and A. G. Cracknell, announced by the University Tutorial Press, is based on the recommendations of the Board of Education in their excellent Circular 711 on the teaching of geometry and graphic algebra, and, judging from the prospectus of the book, it should serve a useful purpose in preparatory classes.

The stream of language texts shows no sign of abatement; their number suggests, indeed, that the editing of school texts is a staple industry among schoolmasters. The Oxford University Press announce more than twenty texts in classical and modern languages. Mr. Murray has recently published "Textes et Questions," by Messrs. W. Mansfield Poole and E. L. Lassimonne, of Osborne (1s. 6d.), and a key (2s. 6d.), based on a novel and interesting method. Four of Mr. Murray's new series of Simplified Latin Texts will be ready shortly, the texts being Agricola, Camillus, Œmilius Paulus, and the Jugurthine War.

There appears to be less activity than usual in the making of books on education. The Oxford University Press are publishing shortly a History of Secondary Education in Scotland, by Mr. J. Strong, and Longmans have in the press another contribution to educational literature by the Head Master of Eton, entitled "Schoolboys and Schoolwork."

## BOOKS IN BRIEF.

In the concluding paragraph of "South Africa," the latest addition to the "Romance of Empire" Series (T. C. & E. C. Jack, 6s. net), Mr. Ian D. Colvin suggests that the opening of the United Parliament in Cape Town should be celebrated by a pageant illustrative of South African history. He has certainly done a good deal towards proving the pictorial possibilities of such a scheme in his preceding pages; for the book itself is a literary pageant, alive with movement and color, a series of historic dramas unequalled for poignancy by the story of any other colony. First, the Portuguese sailing in search of the Kingdom of Prester John, identifiable with Abyssinia; then the Dutch, planting the first settlement at the Cape; finally, the British, holding Cape Colony, first in trust for the Dutch, and then taking it over for themselves. These are the three main periods into which the history of South Africa may be divided. One of the most enjoyable parts of the book is the two chapters dealing with the administration of the Van der Stals, father and son, the servants of the Dutch East India Company. Excellent, also, is the picture drawn by the author of Dutch colonial life, as lived in Cape Colony and Stellenbosch before the influx of a cosmopolitan population, much of it undesirable, from Europe; a social life which, in its kindliness and its stately courtesies, must have borne a strong resemblance to that of Virginia before the American Civil War. The lurid episodes of the Kaffir wars are detailed with much circumstantiality, and a good attempt is made to apportion the responsibility to the right shoulders. Indeed, it is not until we come to what the author sadly terms "the family quarrel"—*i.e.*, the first Boer War—that we suspect him of any political bias, and even then he is disposed to put the blame on Gladstone rather than the Boers. Later references, however, to "the great work of Lord Milner" and the down-trodden Uitlanders, not to mention "the disgraceful peace" that followed Majuba, indicate the trend of Mr. Colvin's opinions on later politics. Fortunately, there is no space for much of this sort of thing; the history ends with "the disgraceful peace." We are spared the "romance" of the second war Moreover, the author should be applauded rather than censured for his omission of any account of the Rand's gold and diamond industries. Other writers have already treated this least romantic and most sordid phase of South African development, and its introduction into this tale of struggle and adventure, colonists and true Empire-builders, would have been nothing but a pity.

* * *

For a long time English readers have been without a short history of the Papacy, and we are glad to see that something has been done to fill up this gap by the publication of Professor Gustave Krüger's "The Papacy: The Idea and Its Exponents," translated into English by Mr. F. M. S. Batchelor and Mr. C. A. Miles (Unwin, 5s. net). Professor Krüger writes from a decidedly anti-papal standpoint, and his work is a criticism as well as a history of the institution. But his criticism is fair and balanced. He recognises the services which so many of the Popes rendered to European civilisation, and, in particular, admits the greatness and sincerity of Gregory VII. In a concluding chapter the future of the Papacy is discussed. A distinction, says Professor Krüger, is often drawn between the spiritual, the political, and the royal Papacy. "The royal Papacy, it is said, has disappeared, the political Papacy is doomed to decay, and only of the spiritual Papacy is it prophesied that it will continue." This is a view which the author refuses to accept. He holds, on the contrary, that, for the Papacy, religion and politics are indissolubly united. "The spirits of the great Popes still walk the world to-day, and they will continue to walk as long as there is a Roman Catholic Church." The translators are to be congratulated on this clear rendering of an extremely useful volume.

* * *

In her preface to "The Secret History of the Court of Spain During the Last Century" (John Long, 15s. net) Miss Rachel Challice tells us that her material "is gathered solely from Spanish sources," and that, in addition to documents at the Madrid libraries, she has also been able to make use of "personal recollections" related to her by Spanish residents. The announcement raises hopes which are not fulfilled. Miss Challice's pages have color and vivacity. The reader ignorant of modern Spanish history will gain from them some conception of its main events and its leading personalities. But the "secrets" revealed in the book do not rise above the small talk and gossip of the Court. Secrets apart, the history of Spain during the last hundred years makes a good subject for a popular book. The

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marriage of an English princess to the present king and the rising in Catalonia have turned attention towards Spanish affairs, and though, as her title indicates, Miss Challice is concerned with the life of the Court rather than the life of the people, those for whom the slightest doings of royalty possess a charm will approve her choice.

* * *

The cheerfully matter-of-fact way of writing about matters of spirit which is employed by the author of "Physical Science and Christianity" (T. Werner Laurie, 6s. net) is, at any rate, calculated to obtain a popularity for her book that might be withheld if the subject were treated less vivaciously. Miss E. K. Bates is a spiritualist who has already earned some literary reputation with two previous volumes, "Do the Dead Depart?" and "Seen and Unseen," and her latest effort may be described as a cleverly written supplement to the conclusions arrived at in these. The book is divided into two parts, the first of which deals "with the results of psychical research as they affect modern theology and modern science," and the second "more exclusively with the same subjects on their intrinsic merits." We have no hesitation in saying that the former part is the more interesting of the two. Decidedly it makes a stronger appeal to the human saneness and logic, on which the author is inclined to base the claims of spiritualism as a new religion, than is made by the record of spiritualistic technicalities and the recital of phenomena that follows, carefully curtailed as the mediumistic experiences are. However, the book, taken altogether, is a brightly-written piece of argument that should advance the serious consideration of a creed now shorn of much of the ridicule previously attached to it.

* * *

"Humors of the Country" (Murray, 2s. 6d. net) is a volume of humorous anecdotes and stories relating to country life and character, which were originally published in "Farm and Home." Naturally one does not expect to find an unvarying degree of humor or excellence in every one of these stories which fill nearly three hundred pages; and their arrangement under carefully classified headings has some of the portentous solemnity that chills one in an encyclopædia. We should imagine that many of them would be better recited than read. However, there are some amusing election and other yarns among them, and the joke-lover of really wide tastes will find an ample and wholesome variety.

# The Week in the City.

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### The Union Pacific Policy.

The Board of the Union Pacific Company, which met on September 13th, chose the Vice-President, Mr. Robert S. Lovett, as chairman of the executive committee, while Mr. Jacob Schiff, the head of Kuhn Loeb & Co. (now quite an old gentleman for such a task) was appointed director in place of Mr. Harriman, and Mr. William Rockefeller was appointed director to fill the place of Mr. H. H. Rogers, who died a few months ago. Thus no representation is given to either the Hill or Morgan interests; and the executive committee remain as before, "a Kuhn Loeb Standard Oil Board." The other members are H. C. Frick, Marvin Hughitt, R. S. Lovett, and Frank A. Vanderlip. It is now supposed in New York that Mr. Harriman returned hastily from Europe because he believed there was a conspiracy to supersede him, and to anticipate his own segregation scheme. This explained the sensational advance in Unions, and the decline on his arrival, when he stated that "segregation" was not in his mind at all. Similar arrangements have been made for the Southern Pacific. There is nothing in all this to make the stocks less speculative; but the disappearance of the central figure may in fact have that effect. A long decline of both stocks seems not improbable, especially if money gets dear in New York.

### Dearer Money.

The action of the German Imperial Bank in raising the rate of discount to 4 per cent. may be regarded as a signal of warning to speculators, whether in shares or commodities. It is in fact attributed to the fever of speculation which has suddenly laid hold of Germany; but has really more to do with the big Russian harvest, which has caused a sudden expansion of commercial activity in a country largely run by German bankers and merchants. The bar gold in our market is still going to Russia, and the stupid coffee legislation of the Brazilian Government, which expedites coffee exports at this time to an excessive extent, has been the cause of gold exports to Rio. As usual, some millions of sovereigns are required this autumn by Egypt.

### The Cerro de Pasco.

It is not many years, writes a correspondent who recently visited Peru and its mines, since the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company established itself; but now, at a height of 14,200 feet above the sea level, there is a flourishing town of 8,000 inhabitants engaged in working the copper, silver, and coal mines. The company has made a broad-gauge railway 80 miles in length to Oroya, and the town itself is in all respects a model. An exceedingly good hospital has been opened with highly qualified doctors and nurses. The cases are chiefly accidents, for the climate is cold and healthy and very pleasant after the mountain sickness has been overcome. This attacks almost all strangers, and the effects are usually felt for about a week. There are so many Americans engaged in the smeltry and mines that there are plenty of social amusements; two clubs, and bowls and baseball are played vigorously. Cerro de Pasco has a great advantage over many mountain stations, for the country is quite open, affording opportunities for riding and driving, and the view of the town, lying in a large hollow surrounded in the distance by a wall of snow peaks, is sublime. There is a large lake in the distance, and the green uplands stretch away to the snows. All round the foot of the rock in the centre of the town is a hive of industry. Indians everywhere, driving carts or herds of llamas, and the tall chimneys and smoke call up associations entirely unconnected with Andean scenery. One of the most striking features of the Cordillera is the docile and useful llama, which will carry a load of 110 lb. over the most difficult mountain tracks. This unique animal is like a small woolly camel, without a hump, and, besides its supreme value as a carrier, its wool supplies the Indians with warm clothing and its excreta afford them fuel. One of the great difficulties against which Peruvian mining has to contend is the enormous cost of transport. For this reason the gold mines for which Peru used to be famous in the early Spanish days are now little worked, and the country is no longer a gold producer of any importance. As far as Cerro de Pasco is concerned, this difficulty has been obviated by the Oroya railway. Last year the mine produced 50,000,000 lb. of copper and a considerable amount of silver. The coal mine, which supplies all the fuel required for smelting, produced 275,000 tons. The coal is not of very high quality, but it answers its purpose, and it is a great saving to have the material for smelting on the spot. During the last two years the company has exported nothing but pure copper and silver, for the freights on the Oroya-Callao railway are high, and it is therefore wasteful to send bulky merchandise by it. But, two years ago, when copper was dear, ore as well as bars were exported.

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Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING Co. LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."

Telephone No. Gerrard 4035.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," London.

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 119969126